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THE ARENA

B. O. FLOWER: EDITOR



Corruption in Pennsylvania, - by Rudolph Blankenburg
The Reign of Boodle in St. Louis, - by Lee Meriwether
The Divorce Problem, - - by Mrs. Spencer Trask

TRENTON,
N. J.

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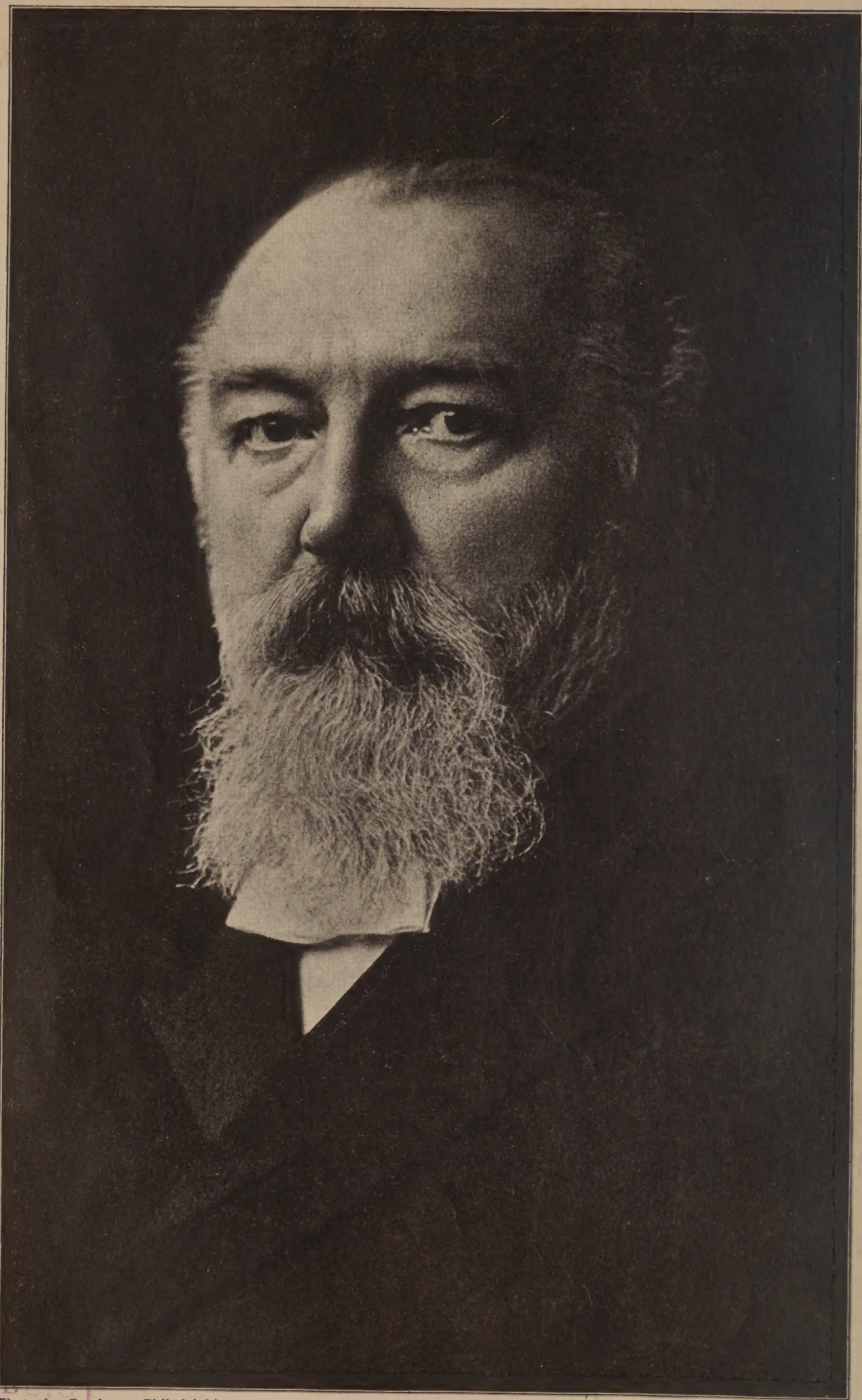


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RUDOLPH BLANKENBURG

*"We do not take possession of our ideas, but are possessed by them,
They master us and force us into the arena,
Where, like gladiators, we must fight for them."—HEINE.*

The Arena

VOL. XXXIII

JANUARY, 1905

No. 182

FORTY YEARS IN THE WILDERNESS; OR, MASTERS AND RULERS OF "THE FREEMEN" OF PENNSYLVANIA.

BY RUDOLPH BLANKENBURG.

"And the Lord's anger was kindled against Israel, and he made them wander in the wilderness forty years, until all the generation that had done evil in the sight of the Lord was consumed.—*Numbers* 32: 13.

LET US ardently hope that the Lord's anger will not prevail until all those who have done public evil, small or great, in our Commonwealth within the last forty years, are consumed. If his anger can be appeased only and good relations reestablished by the taking away of every man guilty of evil actions, whether of commission or omission, in public life, or as a plain every-day citizen, the death-rate will necessarily have to increase at an alarming rate and cause just fears that the United States Census of Pennsylvania in 1910 will cut a sorry figure and show a marked decrease in the population of the State.

One of the crying evils of the hour is the lamentable indifference of the average citizen to his public duties and the easy-going spirit with which he permits his municipal or State servant to become his master and ruler; and, as a natural result often the unchecked beneficiary of public funds without first passing the customary appropriation bills.

Another difficulty is the unconcern he exhibits when robbed of the most precious

privilege and rights inherited from his ancestors or bestowed upon him by the founders of our government. If he reads flaming headlines in his morning paper about an attempted robbery, his interest is instantly aroused, every line of the story is closely perused, his indignation knows no bounds and he may even mutter: "That fellow should be hung, and I would n't hesitate to help pull the rope." The same paper, in a parallel column, may relate the story of the grossest debauchery of the ballot, of thousands of fraudulent votes cast and counted at an election affecting the very life and future of the community, the crime committed, perhaps, under the shadow of Independence Hall. He glances at the head-lines, yawns, throws the paper aside and lights a cigar!

We find the Metropolis of the State of Pennsylvania, called the "most American City" in the Union, under the undisputed control of a late police-magistrate, a successful public contractor and a former saloon-keeper. The elation of our citizens should know no bounds when they contemplate the rare triumvirate who "by the grace of themselves and the indifference of the people" have virtually become proprietors and rulers of

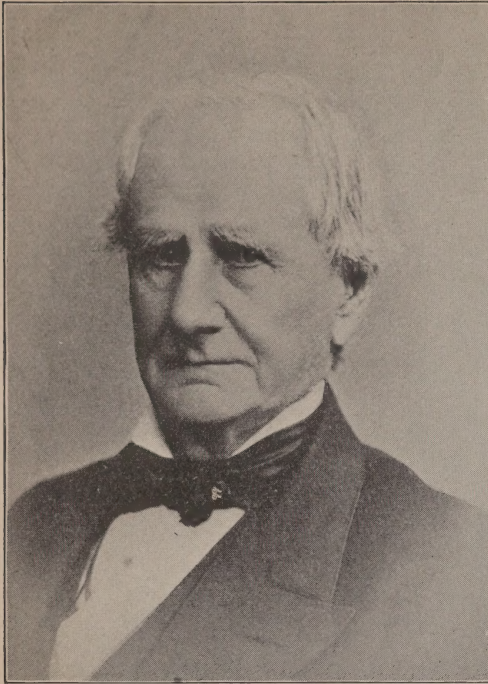


Photo. by Gutekunst, Phila.

SIMON CAMERON.

the City of Philadelphia, masters of municipal legislation, distributors of office, tithe-gatherers from dependent officials—from Mayor to scrub-woman—wizards of elections and general superintendents and arbiters of all that concerns the municipal welfare of "their loyal and obedient subjects."

Our political czars may well feel a peculiar pride in their constituency, for:

They control one Mayor.

They own ninety per cent. of City Councils.

They are Directors of Public Safety and Public Works.

They select and elect all but three Magistrates.

They police the Police.

They promote public education through sectional school-boards of their private choice.

They manufacture Republican majorities *a la carte*.

They care for machine tools and agents

after acquittal or conviction on criminal charges.

They keep our streets as clean as their politics.

They are "blind" believers in civil-service.

They decree our tax-rate.

These are a few of the accomplishments of our honored rulers. Their power and dictation are, more or less cheerfully, tolerated and acquiesced in by:

700 churches, ministers of the gospel and their congregations.

5,000 Sunday-school teachers.

2,500 members of the bar, graduates of our universities.

2,500 physicians, graduates of our universities.

1,800 active members of the Union League.

150 life members of the Union League.

900 members of the Manufacturers' Club.

10,000 members of other social, literary, business and reform clubs.

2,500 firms composing "The Trades League."

750 members of the "Ancient and Honorable" Board of Trade.

200 financial institutions of clean business record.

16,000 manufacturing firms, employing 250,000 hands.

10,000 business establishments, large and small.

500 building associations with a powerful, provident and respectable membership.

Then there are "The Mayflower Descendants," "Sons of the Revolution," "Society of Colonial Wars," and other hereditary bodies who glory in the virtues and accomplishments of their forefathers and are satisfied with carrying their honored names—to the grave!

We have in our midst a quarter-million honest, well-disposed men who could rescue the city if they would cultivate and

arouse the dormant public-spirit within them, if they would once awaken from the political turpitude and moral lethargy that has, almost continually for a generation, been their voluntary lot. They have been in the hands of banded spoilers, who levy tribute whenever the law is not too close upon their heels and who can be routed only by an uprising of patriotic, public-spirited citizens and the proclamation of a new Declaration of Independence aimed not at foreign foe but at a domestic oppressor, far more dangerous, insidious and threatening than any possible enemy or combination of powers against our country and its institutions from foreign lands.

The history of the infamy of Pennsylvania and Philadelphia under boss-rule, from Cameron to Quay, is of such proportions that it can be dealt with only in a general way and will be taken up in a series of articles, beginning with an introductory chapter on

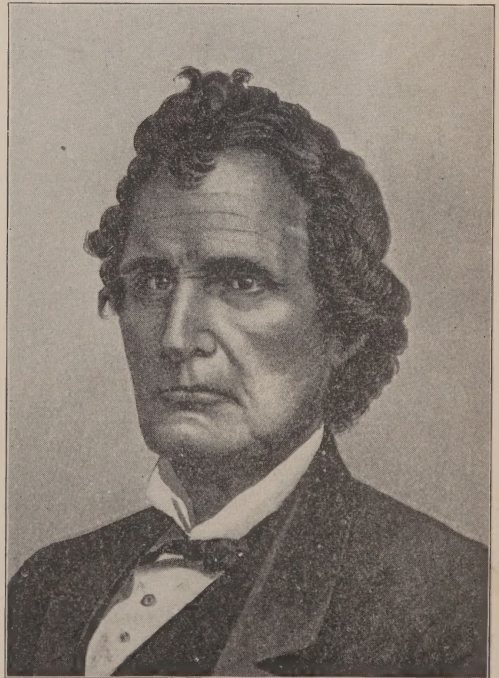
THE BIRTH OF CORRUPTION.

Senator Quay was not the author or originator of the corrupt system of politics in Pennsylvania, which came in later years to be fittingly described as Quayism; he found, when he commenced his debasing public career, a crude, cut-throat political machine which he perfected and elaborated until it became the most effective instrument of liberty-destroying power in American politics. The man who originated and laid the foundation for the unparalleled system of political debauchery which has made Pennsylvania politics a hissing and a by-word wherever the English language is spoken, was the late Simon Cameron. He broke into political parties and achieved success with the crow-bar and sledge-hammer, with a friendly burglar-proof safe, the closed doors hiding from public view compartments filled with persuasive boodle. His successor discarded the crow-bar and substituted the finest tempered file; the unwieldy sledge-hammer gave way to the noiseless pry; the

closed door of the burglar-proof safe to double-locked and guarded apartments on the political battle-ground, safe from public view but far richer in possibilities and rewards for the faithful than they had ever dreamed of under their first ruler.

Cameron was born of Scotch parentage, in Lancaster county, in the last year of the eighteenth century. As a boy he learned the printer's trade, edited a paper for a short time in Doylestown, the county-seat of Bucks county, and at the age of twenty-three removed to Harrisburg, to become the editor of a Democratic newspaper, and gradually, by shrewd and timely changes of his political affiliations, the dictator and the arbiter of Pennsylvania politics for a period of forty years.

His first leap into notoriety came through a shady transaction occurring during the administration of Van Buren, in which he was the authorized Government agent to pay the Winnebago Indians a large sum of money in consideration of their release of certain lands to the United



THADDEUS STEVENS.

States. Cameron was at the time President of a bank in Middletown, Pennsylvania, and it was charged that he deposited the specie entrusted to him to discharge the debt to the Indians, in his own bank, taking with him the equivalent of the amount in new bank-bills. He is also said to have equipped himself with a large stock of beads, gewgaws, and cheap finery of the sort that would be likely to strike the fancy of the aborigines. After having first induced the Indians to accept his new Middletown bank-notes, which they regarded as the prettiest money they ever saw, in payment of their claim against the Government, he proceeded to sell the cheap stock in trade to his easy dupes to an amount sufficient to cover nearly the entire payment he had made to them. He had left the specie in his own bank before starting on his mission, and he brought back nearly all the paper notes which represented the amount. Whether the story was exaggerated or

not, it won for him the derisive title of "Old Winnebago," which clung to him for a generation. This episode should have forever precluded his becoming an even secondary factor in the affairs of state, for a man who deliberately deceives and swindles the wards of the Nation should be shunned as much as he who would betray and rob his own orphan wards.

He entered into politics as the leader of a legislative bolt by which he was elected to the United States Senate as the successor of James Buchanan, who had become a member of President Polk's cabinet. The Democrats had a clear majority in the legislature at the time, and had nominated the late Chief-Justice Woodward to succeed Buchanan, but Cameron, who while professing to be a Democrat was a protectionist, quietly made it of interest to a number of Democrats to bolt the nomination of Woodward and support him for the vacancy. This created a deadlock, and the Whigs, finding they could not elect a candidate of their own, finally voted for Cameron, giving him a majority, and thus a stepping-stone to his unsavory prominence in the politics of Pennsylvania. He was defeated for reelection in 1849 because the Know-Nothing members of the legislature, who then held the balance of power between the Whigs and the Democrats, imitated the example and followed the tactics by which he had secured his first election with this difference, that they fused with the Whigs, voting for James Cooper, instead of Simon Cameron, Democrat.

In the election of 1854, the Know-Nothing party had become powerful enough in Pennsylvania to constitute a controlling element by endorsing the Whig candidate for Governor and the Democratic candidate for Canal Commissioner, both of whom were elected, their triumph carrying with it the complete control of the legislature. Cameron supported the Democratic ticket and had made a Democratic speech the evening

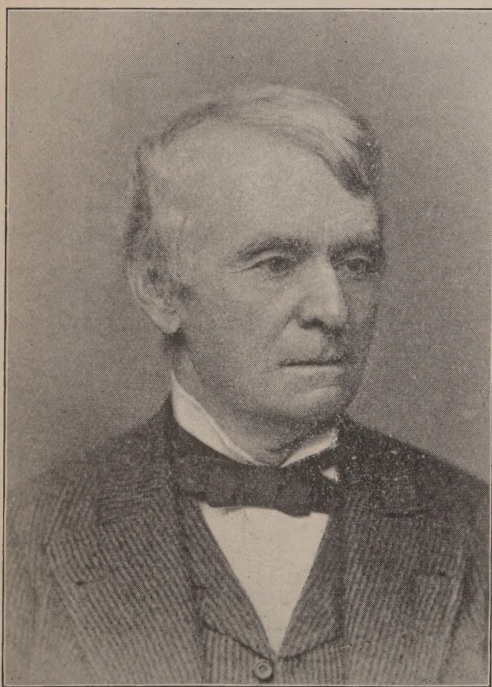


Photo. by Gutekunst, Phila.

ANDREW G. CURTIN.

before the election. Immediately after the election, over night so to say, he switched around, turned Know-Nothing, and became a candidate for the United States Senatorship. Andrew G. Curtin, who was then Secretary of the Commonwealth, was his chief competitor, but there were minor candidates enough to create a deadlock, and the legislature adjourned without electing anybody. The next legislature was Democratic, and Governor William Bigler, of Clearfield, was chosen Senator.

By this time Cameron had boxed the political compass with little success, but with an unabated desire to again become Senator. The legislature of 1857, which had to elect a successor to Richard Brodhead, was Democratic on joint ballot, by three votes, a temptingly small number for an unscrupulous aspirant for office and power to ignore. The late Colonel John W. Forney, was the Democratic caucus nominee, by the personal request of President Buchanan, and no one at the time dreamed that there was any doubt about his election. Cameron, after having been a Democrat, a Fusionist, again a Democrat and later a Know-Nothing had now become a Republican, having been one of the Republican candidates for elector on the Fremont and Dayton ticket in 1856. He still wanted to be Senator, but his disreputable business and political record failed to commend him to the new party which he had joined and which was composed chiefly of men of honor, principle and conscience. His name was proposed in the Republican caucus for the Senatorship, but was not seriously considered until State Senator Penrose assured the caucus that Cameron could command three Democratic votes if he was certain of a solid Republican vote. A confidential committee was appointed to ascertain the truth of this statement, and reported that it had an apparent foundation. The caucus then decided to vote on the first ballot for Cameron for United States Senator, and await results. Much to the surprise of

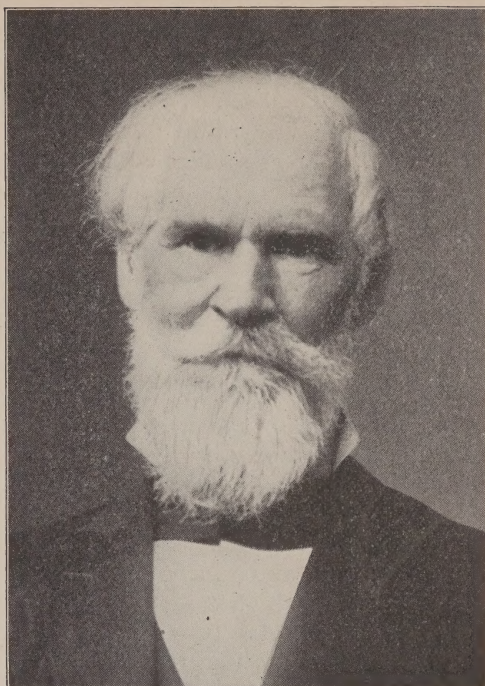


Photo. by L. C. Handy, Washington, D. C.

GALUSHA A. GROW.

the greater number, who were not initiated, three Democratic members of the House, Lebo, Manear, and Wagon seller voted with them, and Cameron was elected. The three Cameronian Democrats paid a heavy penalty however, for their partisan perfidy. They were driven from the hotel in which they boarded, and no other hotel in Harrisburg would receive them. They were hanged in effigy at their own homes, to which they dared not return, and were compelled to seek quarters in an obscure boarding-house in the lower part of the town.

Their perfidy drove them into ignominious retirement, branded by their indignant constituents as fit company for Judas Iscariot and Benedict Arnold. Cameron, however, took little account of the storm of indignation which followed his elevation to the Senate by what were boldly charged to be purchased votes. He was impervious to popular condemnation. Politics with him was mere business.

He thought no more of buying legislators or legislation than he did of purchasing a yoke of oxen or a pair of trousers. If he had, at that time, been overwhelmed and crushed by public wrath, if his betrayal of all that is sacred and dear to honest citizenship had been punished by political ostracism, Pennsylvania would never have sunk so deep, and the pages of her later history would not have been so black and repellent.

Once in the Senate, he began to have higher aspirations. While a member of a body containing such moral and political giants as Seward, Sumner, Wade and other pillars of the newly-formed Republican party, his bodily presence only was felt, for he cut no figure whatever intellectually or as a statesman. He prepared at once to intrigue and scheme to secure the Republican nomination for the Presidency in 1860. He was without the cordial support of the Republicans of Pennsylvania, whose leaders were men like Curtin, McClure, Wilmot, Stevens and Grow, yet he was able to make himself necessary to the election of Curtin, who secured the Republican nomination for Governor of Pennsylvania in that year, and to harmonize the party and make success at the October election possible, the majority of the delegates to the Chicago Convention yielded to Cameron's entreaties and voted for him for President on the first ballot.

In the meantime, having cunningly secured a pledge from David Davis, who was managing Lincoln's candidacy at Chicago, that if the latter were nominated and elected to the Presidency, he would be appointed Secretary of the Treasury, Cameron consented in return to have the vote of Pennsylvania transferred to Lincoln. As illustrating Cameron's ideas of statesmanship, he frequently afterwards reproached McClure for refusing to give him a cordial support for the nomination, saying that he could have been nominated and elected instead of Lincoln, and to use his own expressive language, he added: "We could all have

had everything we wanted." This was the keynote of the Cameron character. Responsible offices were not in his judgment public trusts to be wisely administered in the public interest, but private perquisites to be sought and gained for the pecuniary benefit of himself and friends. The thought of Cameron nominated and elected in the place of Lincoln makes one shudder even at this late date. It is appalling to contemplate what would have been the fate of this country if in the place of wise, honest, patriotic Abraham Lincoln an occupant of the White House had been chosen whose life and character were the very antithesis of our martyred President. We cannot enough thank Providence and the Chicago Convention of 1860 that we escaped this humiliation and peril.

The election of Lincoln and the war which followed have become history. With a great deal of persuasion and manifest reluctance, Lincoln ratified the bargain made with Davis, to which he was not a party at the time, and of which he was not made aware until after the election, by appointing Cameron to his first cabinet, merely changing the promised portfolio from the Treasury to that of the War Department. It is also a matter of history that in the great crisis which tested the statesmanship and administrative capacity of each of the men the President called to his assistance in the formation of his first cabinet, Cameron proved to be the one conspicuous failure, and was driven from the cabinet within less than a year at the imperative demand of a profoundly disgusted and indignant country. As Secretary of War, he gave more attention to the granting of fat contracts to his speculating followers than to the suppression of the Rebellion, with the result that the soldiers were provided with shoddy uniforms, antiquated guns that would n't shoot, and summer hats for winter wear. His dark and dubious doings aroused public indignation to the highest pitch. He was severely criticized and condemned by leading journals and statesmen of his

own party, while high officers of the army blamed him for much of the suffering their soldiers were compelled to endure. Representative Dawes, afterwards Senator from Massachusetts, led an investigation of the alleged abuses of the War Department that resulted in a scathing report against Cameron's method in administering the office and a vote of censure by the House. While Cameron some ten years later, occupied a seat as United States Senator from Pennsylvania the resolution of censure was expunged from the journal of the House of Representatives!

With great effort, a fifty-million-dollar loan had been negotiated with the leading financiers of the country, and when this had been expended and it was necessary to raise more money to carry on the war, the leading bankers of New York, Philadelphia, Boston and other financial centers peremptorily refused to advance another dollar until Cameron was superseded in the War Department by a man whose integrity and patriotism were unquestioned. Then a blow fell which made the callous Secretary of War wince, and he was bluntly dismissed from the position he had disgraced and into which he had forced himself by shameless political trading. President Lincoln, in January, 1862, sent a letter to Mr. Cameron by Salmon P. Chase, couched in this language: "I have this day nominated Hon. Edwin M. Stanton to be Secretary of War, and you to be Minister Plenipotentiary to Russia." Cameron was stunned and deeply humiliated by this unexpected missive, but he had no redress, except that by the interposition of the late Col. Thomas A. Scott, his Assistant Secretary of War, President Lincoln consented to withdraw this curt letter of dismissal, and permit Mr. Cameron to write a letter tendering his resignation. This was accepted and the late Secretary of War was banished to St. Petersburg, for that was what his appointment as Minister to Russia virtually meant. It is worthy of note in this connection, that in

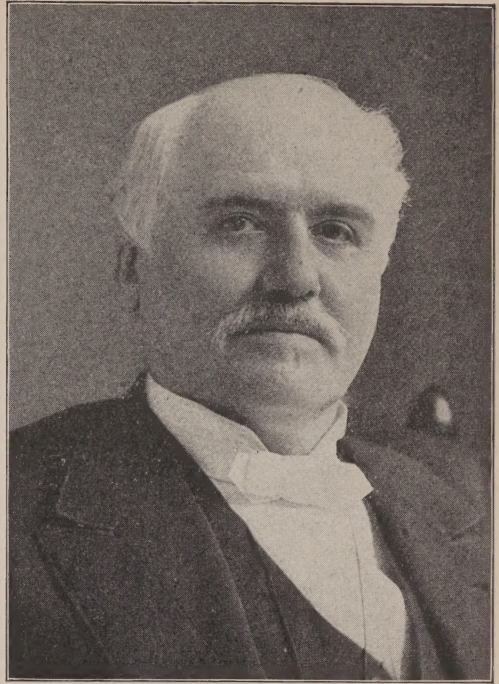


Photo. by Gutekunst, Phila.

COL. A. K. MCCLURE.

the change from Cameron to Stanton, the country secured a sternly-honest, capable and efficient Secretary of War.

Cameron retired to St. Petersburg with as good grace as possible, and within less than a year had formulated his plans to again break into public place through an election to the Senate at the close of the term for which he had been elected by Democratic perfidy and the vacancy in which had been filled by the election of David Wilmot, of Wilmot-Proviso fame. Fortunately for the country, and defeating Cameron's aspirations at this time, the legislature was Democratic by one majority on joint ballot, and although Cameron succeeded in securing the Republican caucus nomination over Wilmot, on the assurance that he could repeat the Lebo, Manear and Wagonseller stratagem, and secure his election by a Democratic vote or two, the sequel proved, that it was a game that could n't be played a second time. On the day the ballot was

taken for Senator, the aisles and galleries of the State House were thronged with a band of determined Democrats under the leadership of the redoubtable Esquire William McMullen, now deceased, of Philadelphia, each with a revolver in his right coat-pocket and his hand on his revolver ready for business. In the face of such determined surveillance and ready argument no treacherous Democrat dared to vote for Cameron, and Charles R. Buckalew, the Democratic caucus candidate was elected by one majority. Cameron was thus compelled to defer his Senatorial aspirations for four years, when he was elected to the Senate over Andrew G. Curtin, after one of the bitterest contests ever witnessed in Pennsylvania.

It was during this Senatorial contest of 1867, that Cameron's successor as the Dictator of Pennsylvania politics, Matthew Stanley Quay, who was a member of the House from Beaver County, and a professed adherent of Curtin transferred his allegiance from Curtin's leadership to that of Cameron, thus falling heir to the succession. Cameron was reëlected for a fourth term in 1873, and retired finally from public life in 1877, by the transfer of his Senatorial toga to the shoulders of his son, J. Donald Cameron. A review of his public career reveals the introduction into Pennsylvania politics, for the first time, of the corrupting power of money and the degrading principle that participation in public affairs is a mere scramble for power and pelf. Cameron's remark to McClure, already quoted, reveals his standard of statesmanship. The records of the Senate during the four terms in which he occupied a seat in that body, fail to show any measure of public importance associated with his name. His warfare to the point of extermination against other Republican leaders in Pennsylvania, shows that he realized, himself, that among statesmen he was a pigmy, and that his only hope of permanent success lay in driving every possible rival out of public life. When

he entered Lincoln's cabinet there were four Pennsylvanians who from the standpoint of real statesmanship were easily his superiors. These men were Andrew G. Curtin, the great War-Governor, Galusha A. Grow, then Speaker of the House of Representatives and the author of the "Homestead Law," David Wilmot, his own successor in the Senate, and Thaddeus Stevens, known as the "Great Commoner," and the undisputed leader of the House of Representatives. For Cameron to retain his supremacy it was necessary that these men should be driven out of office or their spheres limited to a single Congressional District. Grow, who had served five consecutive terms in the House, was easily robbed of his place by a legislative gerrymander of his district made at the dictation of Cameron, by which it became Democratic. Wilmot failed of reëlection because the Legislature was Democratic at the time, and Cameron was given the caucus nomination which proved to be barren. Wilmot was appointed to the Federal Court of Claims, and died soon after. Curtin was beaten by Cameron for the Senatorship in 1867 by methods which would not bear the light of day, and resentment at his unmerited defeat undoubtedly had much to do with Curtin's later adhesion to Greeley in the disastrous campaign of 1872 and his final migration to the ranks of the Democratic party. Stevens was an unsuccessful competitor against Cameron in 1867, and died shortly after. At the expiration of his third term as Senator Cameron had succeeded in driving from public life every rival that might become dangerous, and had fully established the era of littleness and incompetency which has disgraced the public administration of the second greatest Commonwealth in the Union for a continuous period of forty years. Grow, in his declining years, after having been deprived of a Senatorship which he had fairly won in an open public canvass before the people, by characteristic Cameronian methods, was finally permitted to reënter the House

and round out his career in that body. All the other conspicuous Pennsylvania Republicans of the war-period with the exception of Colonel McClure have been dead for years.

A word here as to the introduction of the corrupt use of money in politics. The beginning of Cameron's rise to wealth in his dubious transaction with the Winnebago Indians has already been referred to. This occurred during the Van Buren administration, and from that time forward he continued to put money in his purse by canal and railway contracts, and later became the beneficiary of the war tariff through the ownership of furnaces, rolling-mills and other industrial enterprises. Until the war-period wealth had not been considered in Pennsylvania an essential condition of eminence in public life. From the foundation of the Government, Pennsylvanians had been filling the high offices of the state because of demonstrated ability in the management of public affairs. It is not probable that any Senator or Governor for a period of three-quarters of a century had been a pre-eminently wealthy man. Cameron's rise simultaneously to wealth and political leadership introduced a new era in political management. While the corrupt use of money to secure his own elevation was never publicly fastened on him by positive and unimpeachable testimony the Lebo, Manear and Wagonseller episode left no doubt in the public mind that he was the beneficiary of corruption. His own view of the subject may be fairly inferred from a remark he is reported to have made to the late Christopher Magee, who was one of his political protégés. Magee had been elected City Treasurer of Pittsburg when a very young man, and upon the expiration of his term, Cameron, who had taken a liking to him, advised him to retire from politics and get rich before engaging in public affairs again, clearly indicating that he regarded riches as the only certain stepping-stone to political preferment in Pennsylvania in the future. That he did all that he

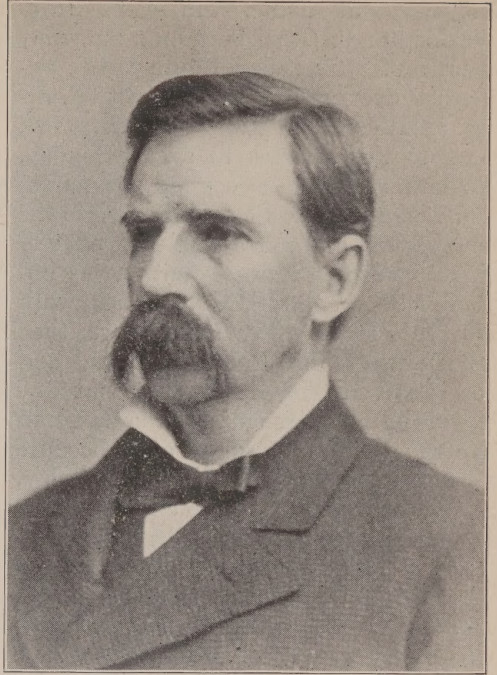


Photo. by Gutekunst, Phila.

J. DONALD CAMERON.

could to make this an essential condition of political success during the period in which he controlled the politics of Pennsylvania will hardly be disputed by any one at this time.

The absolute domination of the executive and legislative powers of the State by Cameron cannot be better illustrated than by a recital of the circumstances connected with his resignation and the transfer of the Senatorship to his son in 1877. Cameron had still two years to serve, and would in all probability have reelected himself at the expiration of his term, had he so decided. He had, however, failed to induce the incoming President Hayes to continue his son, Donald, in his cabinet as Secretary of War, an office the latter had filled during the closing period of Grant's second administration. Piqued at his failure to dominate the new administration, he determined to elevate Donald to the Senatorship while he still had the power, and thus entail the Cameron dynasty upon the Commonwealth while

he was still living. He came from Washington to Harrisburg on a Saturday afternoon. The legislature had adjourned over until Monday night following, and the majority of the members had gone to their homes to spend Sunday. No intimation of the coming resignation and deal had been allowed to get into the newspapers, and not a single member of either House was aware that it was impending. A consultation was held with Governor Hartranft, Quay, who was then Secretary of the Commonwealth, and Robert W. Mackey, who was at that time one of the most influential of the Cameron lieutenants, and a plan of procedure agreed upon. On the following day, Sunday, the Republican members of the House and Senate, who still remained in town, were looked up one at a time and marched down to the residence of J. Donald Cameron, on the river bank, where they were confronted with the new aspirant for Senatorial honors, who informed each in detail that his father had resigned, or would resign, and that he was a candidate for the succession. Each visitor was pressingly requested to pledge his support to this transfer of the Senatorship from father to son on the spot, without waiting to consult with his constituents or colleagues. Taken unawares, the pledge was given in most if not in every instance. On the following day every train was watched and every Republican legislator was taken by the arm as he stepped from the train and escorted to the Cameron mansion where the Sunday process was reenacted until pledges

enough had been secured by this combination of surprise and pressing personal request to constitute a majority of the Republican caucus. This having been secured, Governor Hartranft sent a message to the two Houses during the Monday evening session announcing the resignation of the elder Cameron and requesting a joint convention of the two houses to elect his successor. It was the profound conviction of the leading members of the legislature at the time that if these pledges had not been quietly secured in advance the resignation would not have been placed in the hands of the Governor. As it was, the people of Pennsylvania were neither apprised of the elder Cameron's resignation nor consulted in the least about his successor until the transfer had been consummated. The legislature of the second greatest state in the Union had been degraded from a body of supreme law-makers, representing four-and-a-half millions of sovereign people, to an assemblage of automatic puppets, representing nobody but a political dictator. Thirty years of Cameron had erected upon the ruins of a supposed representative government a wily and autocratic dictatorship which took no notice of intelligent public sentiment. That dictatorship was perpetuated and its power rendered absolute for another quarter of a century by Matthew Stanley Quay, whose career and characteristics form one of the most striking episodes in our political history.

RUDOLPH BLANKENBURG.

Philadelphia, Pa.

GEORGE FRISBIE HOAR.

By EDWIN MAXEY, M.Dip., LL.D.

Of the Law Department of the University of West Virginia.

IN 1826 John Adams died. He had lived through and been a prominent actor in one of the most interesting periods of our history. To him was given the privilege of seeing thirteen British Colonies transformed into an independent Republic. It is a noteworthy coincidence that in the same year that the Commonwealth of Massachusetts lost this honored son, there was born within her borders another who would have enriched any Commonwealth, and to whom it was given to see the Republic transformed into a nation. The development of the United States within the space of those two lives challenges the admiration of the world. A sense of immediate loss forces us to consider the latter of these lives.

George Frisbie Hoar was born in the historic town of Concord. His grandfathers on both sides had taken active parts in the Revolutionary war. His mother was the daughter of Roger Sherman of Connecticut. His father Samuel Hoar, was one of the ablest lawyers at the Massachusetts bar. Thus heredity and environment combined to produce a strong, vigorous New Englander.

At the age of sixteen he entered Harvard College, which was then a very small institution compared with what it is to-day. The course of study was the fixed classic course given in the ordinary denominational college; very little attention was then given to the sciences, and there were very few elective studies. He did not make a brilliant record in college. According to his own account, he wasted a great deal of his time. But the same was not true of his course in the law school. Here he applied himself conscientiously and under the guidance of Greenleaf, Parsons, Parker and Dexter laid the foundation of a legal education

upon which for more than half a century he has been rearing a superstructure.

His professional life was spent in the practice of law at Worcester, Mass. From the start he gave promise of exceptional success, so much so that in the second year of his practice he was invited by Judge Washburn to form a law partnership with him. Soon after entering the partnership Judge Washburn took a six months' trip to Europe, leaving Mr. Hoar to look after the practice of the firm. During his absence he was nominated for governor by the Whigs. His election left the remaining partner in possession of one of the largest practices in the state, an extraordinary thing for one not yet thirty years old and but four years a practitioner. In the securing of it there seemed to be something of luck; but it took more than luck to hold it successfully, which he did until his election to Congress in 1868.

Though kept very busy with his law practice he found time to take an active part in the development of his adopted city. He was the founder of its Free Public Library, also of its Polytechnic Institute. To him is due the distinction of having made before the Legislature of Massachusetts the first public address in behalf of technical education in this country. Such acts are no mean tribute to his foresight and no slight evidence of his usefulness as a citizen. In addition to this he found time to render two years of service in the Massachusetts Legislature, during which he drafted and secured the adoption of the Practice Act, which has formed the basis of civil practice in that state for more than half a century. He was also one of the first to champion the factory legislation in which Massachusetts has been the pioneer in this country.

From the time he reached his majority he took an active interest in politics. He was one of the founders of the Free-Soil party and later of its legitimate successor, the Republican party. He organized the latter for its first successful campaign in Massachusetts. He favored the nomination of Abraham Lincoln in 1860 and did effective service toward electing him. There is nothing in Mr. Hoar's whole political career in which he felt so much pride as in the part which he took in the formation of the Republican party. He was an ardent anti-slavery man and felt that this was the most effective way of promoting the anti-slavery cause.

In 1868 he was elected to Congress, of which body he has been a member continuously for thirty-six years, since 1877 in the Senate. So long a term of public service is certainly remarkable. But what is more remarkable, he never sought an election or a reelection. Neither did he, like all too many of our Congressmen and Senators, ever convert himself into an office-peddling agency. He gave his time conscientiously to the business of legislation. His conception of the duties of a legislator forms a refreshing contrast with that of "Tom" Platt and Matt. Quay.

Though an ardent partisan he was frequently at variance with the views of his party, yet he never bolted. He believed in reforming the party from within rather than by going over to the enemy. As a result of this policy he always retained his influence in his party, an influence which though not always sufficient to control its actions has nevertheless always been respected by the thinking men of his party. The bolter, upon the other hand, loses whatever influence he had in his own party and rarely acquires more than a temporary influence in the councils of the enemy. Partisanship is not *per se* an evil and becomes such only when used to attain unrighteous ends.

As an orator he was handicapped by a thin, piping voice, yet some of his speeches have been masterpieces when judged from the standpoint of incisive argument. But in spite of a poor voice he was always listened to with attention, for it was known that he would always say something worth remembering and that he meant what he said. Intellect and sincerity seldom fail to gain a respectful hearing. It has been my pleasure to listen to him a number of times, and, in common with all others who have heard him, I can never forget the impression made upon my mind when I heard him for the first time. He could not electrify his audience as many men can. While he was by no means lacking in wit, the style of his discourse was in general that used in addressing the judges of a supreme court. Never did he resort to cheap clap-trap methods for gaining applause. If the logic of his utterances did not commend them, he was content to fail.

Neither before nor after entering the Senate did he become rich. His tastes were not along the lines of high finance. He chose rather to use his money for the advancement of institutions of an educative and benevolent character, for the purpose of gratifying his taste for the best literature, and in travel. For some years he had the distinction of being one of the few Senators who could get their checks cashed for small amounts only. During the thirty-six years he had been in Congress there had not been the shadow of a suspicion that he had ever been mixed up in any scheme for the reducing of graft "to a really beautiful handicraft." His private as well as his public life was never tainted with scandal. A product of American institutions, his character represents much that is best in American life.

EDWIN MAXEY.

Morgantown, W. Va.

THE STRUGGLE OF AUTOCRACY WITH DEMOCRACY IN THE EARLY DAYS OF THE REPUBLIC.

BY E. P. POWELL,

Author of Nullification and Secession in the United States, Our Heredity from God, etc.

THE STRUGGLE for autocracy began as soon as the government was organized. The birth of two parties took place in Washington's cabinet; Alexander Hamilton was the nucleus of centralization; Thomas Jefferson of home-rule. Hamilton had proposed in the Constitutional Convention a President for life; a Senate for life; Representatives selected by the Senate. In Washington's cabinet his course was constantly along this line. He expressed a hope that the National government would ultimately triumph altogether over the State governments and reduce them to entire subordination—"dividing the larger states into simpler districts." Madison parted from Hamilton, because "he wished to administer the government into what he thought it ought to be; while I endeavored to make it conform to the Constitution." Hamilton wrote that he considered the Constitution and the Union "a frail and worthless fabric." Jefferson avowed his belief that Hamilton intended to "subvert step by step, the principles of the Constitution—leading to the overthrow of the republic, and the establishment of a monarchy." He wrote at a later day: "Hamilton and I were pitted against each other, every day, in the cabinet; like two fighting-cocks."

We see here the origin of a struggle that has never ceased—perhaps never will. Each party was sincere; one was unscrupulous. In 1798 John Adams was President, and represented the autocratic element; but, as it always happens in a centralized government, there was a conflict for headship. Hamilton assumed to be leader by endowment of genius; and he dictated measures to Congress as if himself the President. It was all-important that the Federals who then held the

power should retain it. In their own judgment, at least, it would be criminal neglect to let the government pass into the hands of the democratic people—home-rulers, Jacobins, atheists. The autocrats named their administration of affairs "The Government of The Best." Cabot said: "I hold democracy to be the government of the worst." The chief organ of the party said: "A democracy is always intolerable." Adams himself was at this time with the Centralizers. In 1798 he said: "As to trusting to a popular assembly for the preservation of our liberties, is the merest chimera." Hamilton, at a banquet in New York, responding to the toast, "The people," struck the table with his fist, and exclaimed: "The people! it is a great Beast!" With such views, it is no wonder that he urged on Congress to pass an Alien Bill, permitting the President to send out of the country any foreigner without trial, who came under suspicion. Following this came a still more autocratic measure; permitting the arrest and imprisonment and fine of anyone who printed, uttered, or published any scandal against either House of Congress or the President. This was Hamilton's idea of a republic. These laws were enacted by Congress, without the endorsement of President Adams. One Congressman, in Vermont, was arrested while stumping for reelection, and was fined \$1,000, beside being imprisoned four months in a cold, damp jail, in inclement weather. His offence was saying that "President Adams had an unbounded thirst for ridiculous pomp and foolish adulation." Ten printers and editors were prosecuted, and either fined or imprisoned. Judge Peck of Otsego county, New York, was arrested for circulating a petition for the repeal of the outrageous

statutes. The people began to organize for resistance; and throughout the whole country they looked to Jefferson as their leader. The democracy was taking shape against autocracy; home-rule against centralization. Several of the States protested through their legislatures. Such laws were held to be invasions of, not only popular liberty, but of State rights. Virginia and Kentucky refused to allow the obnoxious statutes to be enforced within their limits. Madison strongly sided with Jefferson. Adams, already highly indignant at Hamilton, began to nourish sentiments more closely allied to the democracy.

In 1800 Jefferson was elected President although the clergy and politicians had united in pronouncing him to be a most dangerous character. He began his administration by causing the abrogation of the Alien and Sedition Laws; impeaching those judges who had packed juries and made stump-speeches from the bench. He established the government on the principles of the rights of the States and the rights of the people. His followers were not the aristocratic, nor even the best educated or highest born. This class of citizens had been Tories during the Revolution; they were now opponents of democracy—they were “The Best.” Jefferson avowed the principle as fundamental, that we could “trust the common people, with honest hearts, better than the select few with educated brains and selfish disposition.” He was right. He established the republic on the basis where Samuel Adams, Franklin, and Washington intended it should be placed. In the Declaration of Independence he has wedded the Golden Rule to politics; he now identified the common people with good government. The autocrats, being turned out of office and power, began a desperate plot to split the Republic and create a Northern Confederacy—consisting of New England, New York and possibly New Jersey. Timothy Pickering, who had been in Washington’s cabinet, wrote that he held “such a

measure would be welcomed in Connecticut and New Hampshire; but that New York must in some way be made its center.” Governor Griswold of Connecticut wrote: “The project which we formed was to induce, if possible, the legislatures of Connecticut, Massachusetts and New Hampshire to commence measures which should call for a reunion of the Northern States.” John Adams bristled with indignation when he discovered the plot, and went over with all his soul, and his friends, to aid Jefferson to sustain the Union, and to secure popular rights,—no Adams was ever disloyal. This move of the dethroned Federals involved the election of Aaron Burr as Governor of New York, with the agreement that he should be made the President of the proposed Confederacy—if it could be brought into existence. Hamilton, who hated Burr, with whom he had constant conflict, refused to help him, and therefore opposed the conspiracy. What Hamilton sought was not a lot of petty republics or confederacies, but a mighty Western Empire, with himself as the imperial head. Burr was Vice-President, but he accepted the offer of the plotters, and was nominated Governor of New York. The New England Federals not only labored with pen to elect him, but aided in stumping the State. Governor Griswold wrote that Burr was the only man who could “break the democratic phalanx.” If a separation could be secured, he believed that “the New England States, New York and New Jersey could be united.” Burr carried New York City; and failed in the whole State by only 6,000 votes. The quarrel with Hamilton, which had long been exasperating, was now unendurable. One or the other must be disposed of. It fell to the lot of Hamilton to fall before the pistol of his antagonist. The party of “The Best” was not only broken; it was now shattered beyond possible recovery. On the autocratic side there were left ten thousand jealous, selfish leaders—the ablest lying in a duelist’s grave; the ablest

statesman gone over to the Republicans; while Burr, in most ways their peer, was in exile. The full programme of Hamilton had been: (1) Alliance with England; (2) War on Mexico, Cuba, and all other Spanish possessions; (3) A standing army of 50,000; (4) A military régime for the nation; (5) Alien and Sedition Laws to suppress opposition; (6) The subordination of the States, and the absorption of their power in the Central Government. His programme had woefully failed; and the first struggle of autocracy and centralization to destroy State rights and local self-government ended fortunately for the people and mankind.

That a strongly-centralized government was necessary to secure administrative strength and vigor was soon disproved. Jefferson had written the Declaration of Independence which the Federals denounced as mere theory; yet under his administration the taxes steadily decreased; and the national debt, which had been going up under Federal rule, now as steadily went down. Inaugurated with simplicity, he began an administration of economy. In 1803, while negotiating with France for enough of Louisiana to enable us to use the Mississippi river, the news came to him that Napoleon would sell the whole territory. Jefferson closed the bargain as speedily as possible, and appealed to Congress to confirm the purchase. The United States thus became possessed of more new territory than enough to cover all the original thirteen states,—but how much more neither buyer nor seller could determine. Expansion thus went on without consolidation of government and without an increase in the army. Jefferson carried into office the conviction that he belonged, not to a party, but to the whole people. In him the people saw an almost flawless leader; and nearly *en masse* became his followers. The Federals had increased the national debt eight millions in five years; Jefferson decreased it five millions in two years. An era of prosperity dawned—the first that the country had

ever experienced. The world saw a wonderful sight. On the other side of the Atlantic there was one man who preëminently believed in autocracy; on this side there was one man who preëminently believed in the power of the people to govern themselves. Napoleon built an empire brittle as glass; Jefferson built a republic strong and elastic as steel. As President of the Republic, without a political convention behind him, he wrote his own platform. It will be found in a letter to Elbridge Gerry. It so thoroughly embodies the principle of democracy and home-rule that I give it almost entire:

“I do then, with sincere zeal, wish an inviolable preservation of our present federal Constitution, according to the true sense in which it was adopted by the States; that in which it was advocated by its friends,—and not that which its enemies apprehended, who therefore, became its enemies: and I am opposed to the monarchising its features by the forms of its administration, with the view to conciliate first a transition to a President and a Senate for life, and from that to a hereditary tenure of these offices; and thus to worm out the elective principle. I am for preserving to the States the powers not yielded by them to the Union; and to the legislature of the Union its constitutional share in the division of powers; and I am not for transferring all the power of the States to the General Government; and all those of that Government to the executive branch. I am for a government rigorously frugal and simple, applying all the possible savings of the public revenue to the discharge of the national debt; and not for a multiplication of officers and salaries, merely to make partisans; and for increasing, by every device, the public debt, on the principle of its being a public blessing. I am for relying, for internal defence, on our militia solely, till actual invasion; and for such a naval force only as may protect our coasts and harbors from such depredations as we have experienced; and not for a standing army

in time of peace, which may overawe the public sentiment; nor for a navy, which by its own expenses and the eternal wars in which it will implicate us, will grind us with public burthens, and sink us under them. I am for free commerce with all nations; political connection with none; and little or no diplomatic establishment. And I am not for linking ourselves, by new treaties, with the quarrels of Europe; entering that field of slaughter to preserve their balance, or joining in the confederacy of kings to war against the princi-

ples of liberty. I am for freedom of religion, and against all *manœuvres* to bring about a legal ascendance of one sect over another; for freedom of the press; and against all violations of the Constitution, to silence by force and not by reason, the complaints or criticisms, just or unjust, of our citizens against the conduct of their agents. And I am for encouraging the progress of science in all its branches.

“THOMAS JEFFERSON.”

E. P. POWELL.

Clinton, N. Y.

LIGHT VERSUS LEGISLATION.

BY KATRINA TRASK.

(MRS. SPENCER TRASK.)

IS DIVORCE justifiable or unjustifiable?

Is it righteous or unrighteous?

That is the question men and women are asking themselves to-day.

In the meantime, like “jesting Pilate,” they “stay not for the answer,” but rush into the divorce-courts.

The home, the family, society, are threatened by a growing evil. Society and many sociologists—debating the complex problem—plead for uniform divorce-laws, as a remedy for the evil.

The Christian Church, of all denominations, also turns to legislation—both ecclesiastical legislation within the Church and combined effort to secure State legislation—as the best way to bring about reform.

Is this the wisest way? Divorce is a symptom, merely; the disease lies back of it. No physician, be he physician of the human body or of the body-politic, finds conditions really helped by treating the symptom. Stop divorce with laws, and perhaps a worse evil will spring from the same source which will not have been touched by the laws—except to be aggravated. It would be better to let the

evil of divorce rage somewhat longer, than to check the symptoms and have, from the organic trouble, some greater evil develop—for the last state of society might be worse than the first.

This is by no means a protest against law; certainly not against State law. It is rather an appeal for light instead of law. It is an appeal to the virtuous and vigilant criers upon the house-tops to turn the power of the zeal that is eating them up to the propagation of light rather than into the effort to secure legislation. Let the *motif* of the cry of the crusade be changed from laws to light. Light drives out darkness. Let the light really shine, and reform on this matter will come as an evolution, not as a coercion. Let the reformer preach and teach the honor of self-respect, the dignity of pride in meeting and conquering a condition, the fine heroism of staying at the post of disadvantage, the ethics of mistake, and, above all, the supreme obligation of this generation to that which is to follow—the obligation to teach and train the children of this generation that the mistakes which are bringing the evil now upon us may be avoided in the years to



KATRINA TRASK

Photo. by Lorey, Albany, N. Y.
THE ARENA

come. Let the energy, that is now being fused to shut down the lid, go into the knocking away of the walls of the pit. Let us find the best way to train the children; the best way to give them a new vision of the significance and potentiality of love and marriage; a new standard of values, to teach that purity is not a negative quality, but a positive virtue; that innocence is not ignorance, and that ignorance is a crime when one enters upon a contract sealed with vows; that a complete knowledge of, and preparation for, so supreme a mission as marriage, with the Divine ordering of procreation, is a moral obligation. And should not the Church, the palladium of Christian civilization, be the first to do this—to proclaim a more convincing gospel of light? Surely it would bring a more fundamental reform than any that could be brought by the restriction of law.

The Church, in its various denominations, claims to be the Church of Christ, and to bear witness of Him, to show forth His purpose, to teach His word.

Woe be unto the Church, if the spirit of the Christ be hidden by the letter of the Church; if the mission of the Church overreaches the mission of the Master; if the teaching of the priests be other than the teaching of their Lord.

Light not legislation was the mission of the Christ. He taught not with negatives; He taught a transcendent positive. The Ten Commandments with their reiterated negatives were transformed into two commandments with their blest affirmatives. Instead of canons, Christ gave men the beatitudes. His supreme gospel was not a gospel of interdict, but a gospel of opportunity.

The priest of the old dispensation put on his garments woven of many threads and brodered phylacteries; his splendid ephod upon his breast, his perfumes and his oils of anointing;—he went in and out between the purple curtains looped with gold; and passed judgment on those who had broken the law, putting them apart

from human intercourse, and pronouncing them unclean.

The Lord Jesus Christ walked on His weary way without ephod or priestly robe; and when, at the well, He met the woman of Samaria, who had had five husbands and was living then in sin, He drew not His garments away from her, but asked of her a simple friendly favor; and then to her He offered the everlasting gift of Living Water.

Christ troubled not with local conditions, with social institutions, or even with social evils. He concerned himself with preaching and teaching a luminous positive which—reaching the hearts of men, and transforming them—would work outward for the betterment of those conditions. He wasted not the hours of His mission in dealing with issues; He taught, instead, the righteousness which would avoid issues. He legislated not for men's acts; instead, He poured forth the virtue within Him to project light into the source from which the acts would spring.

When one of the multitude said unto Him: "Master, speak to my brother, that he divide the inheritance with me," there can be no doubt that some question of justice and equity must have come into the matter. But Christ concerned Himself not with that; instead, He answered: "Man, who made me a judge or divider over you?" And then, to each—to the brother who claimed and to the brother who withheld—He preached *the same* sublime truth: "A man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth." The persuasion of those words must have made the brother who claimed ashamed of his claiming, and the brother who withheld ashamed of his withholding; and yet Christ had judged neither. Harken unto His words: "For I came not to judge the world, but to save the world."

The Christian Church would gain a tremendous dynamic force, if it would follow the procedure of the Master; if it would concern itself less with legislation

and more with light; if it would have less discussion of dogma and more determination to seek and find the surest way to change men's hearts, the most effective methods of educating and inspiring men; if it would contemplate the fact that no accomplishment, coming from an outward reform through legislation, can be of much spiritual gain, or hold a regenerative power; and that it is only the reform which comes from within, through the quickened hearts of men, that is a real reform.

The making of laws does not stimulate the spiritual life of the Church. Those who agree with the righteousness of the laws will not need them; those who do not, will go elsewhere to fulfil their desires. And thus the Church has lost its opportunity.

When the representatives of the various Churches meet in their separate conventions, the combined intellectual, spiritual, and practical forces of those various bodies should be concentrated, with searching energy, upon one problem; *i. e.*, how best to reach the hearts of men and women. There should be deliberation and discussion of the most advanced educational methods—psychological, metaphysical, and spiritual,—to use in giving man a new conception of his spiritual heritage. It is this, the Church should do to fulfil the warrant of its existence.

The picture lately shown in Boston of the Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church strikes chill upon the mind and heart. There were gathered the picked men of the Protestant Episcopal Church; they had not met as a body for three years; they will not meet again until three more years have passed; and most of the precious time and energy there, were spent in debating a canon of exclusion!

Of course, the triennial Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church is a legislative body, and, it might be urged, its purpose is to legislate for the Church—and that only; but it is the only representative, authoritative body of the

Church, and where—if not there—should the note be struck, which will express the mind of the Church, that those who are looking on from outside will understand its aim and its ideal? Where, if not in this Convention assembled, are we to look for the attitude of the Protestant Episcopal Church, towards questions of life and morals? (The Church Congress is only a voluntary body for the ventilation of individual opinion and debate; there is no conclusion reached, no formula set forth authoritatively of a working principle.) A pastoral letter always comes from the House of Bishops from the General Convention, and one of its prominent divines has well said: "Although a part of the deliberation of the Convention consists in making laws, yet it does not exist for that purpose; its chief object being to quicken the life of the Church." Therefore, it would not be outside of the function of the General Convention to strike a new note—and the fact that it does not would seem to prove that the Church has accepted the fact that the best way to deal with the evil of divorce is through the stricter binding of ecclesiastical laws, rather than by the lighting of the candle and the putting it into a candlestick that the light may be seen of men.

There was much eloquence, much strenuous zeal, fine rhetoric and persuasive oratory expended in the Convention touching the canon on divorce and remarriage. What a stimulating and tonical effect it would have had upon the Church, and upon those who are looking at the Church with critical and analytical eyes, if the zeal and eloquence and oratory had all gone into the reform of marriage; the resolutions to enlighten and instruct every marriageable man and woman; to enforce grave deliberation, examination, and investigation, on the part of the priests as to the fitness of the children of the Church to enter into the estate; and, into an earnest asking and seeking to find an effective way to disseminate Christ's luminous positive

among its members, to arouse them through their own conviction to the value of the renunciation of freedom, and the glory of victory that overcomes conditions instead of running away from them.

But if the wisest men in the Convention agreed that legislation on the subject was necessary for the Church, why did they not base their canon on convincing arguments, and let the discussion be on broad and conclusive lines?

For days, two factions of this body discussed at great length, and with much vigor, what Christ meant by his words on marriage and divorce (in Matthew, 5: 32; Matthew, 19: 9; Mark, 10: 11-12; and Luke, 16: 18.)

The echoes which reached the outside world from the Convention of this same body, three years ago, were of this same discussion, then prolonged and finally left undetermined.

When men like the members of that Convention are assembled—men of such strength and fineness of character, who are conspicuous for their ability, consecration to duty and the work of regeneration for the world—does it not seem a sacrifice of opportunity for them to throw their energy into the debate of single utterances of Christ?—especially when those utterances were in most cases answers to questions the Pharisees asked Him, tempting Him (in which case Christ always gave a subtle and oracular answer), and, in every case, were said from—and said to meet—the conditions of the day in which He spoke.

Has not the time come for the Church to realize practically the immense value of a *vital* not a *verbal* interpretation of Christ's supreme gospel—an all-round grasp of its philosophic meaning, a well-balanced conclusion from the many-sidedness of that word—which is the most convincing presentation of truth in all literature, where it is not concealed by the swaddling bands of man's interpretation, nor set forth in single sentences which contradict the manifest spirit of the whole?

Christ's Word—like truth—is broader than a single sentence. The ultimate is more than the incident; and when they seem to contradict, we may assume that we have misunderstood the incident.

This does not touch upon the well-worn discussion of the inspiration of the Bible. Whether the Bible is inspired or not, whether one takes Christ's words as philosophy or as creed, it does not alter the advantage of treating them in our interpretation with the largeness and well-balanced common-sense with which we treat other words. Granted that the word is inspired by God; it is surely the more necessary that we bring to bear upon it the intellect made by God.

Progress—scientific and intellectual—must be either of good or evil. If of evil, let us have none of it, in any department in life. If of good, why deny its evolved benefits to the interpretation of the word of life?

We are constantly striving for a clearer, wider, more comprehensive reading of the classics. Not only do we make new translations to keep pace with our vocabulary and new historic data; but we bring to bear upon all literature and practical subjects of life the before-unseen forces discovered about us and within us. "We are at the dawn of a new and better conception" of those forces. "The latest discoveries in astronomy make us," as Brierly has so well said, "the denizens of a roomier universe"—and we interpret all nature with a new understanding. The revealed psychic phenomena which is causing a new consciousness to emerge within us, is being applied in many directions.

Shall the Church stand still in the utilization of these evolved forces? Shall it not read the Gospel anew in the light of a larger interpretation?

Translations and revisions should be made, of course, constantly, to keep pace with the evolution of language and knowledge. But that is not sufficient; our intellect with its finer perceptions, its newly developed forces, should read it

with the larger vision that has come to us through those forces. We should strive for a wider, fuller, more comprehensive, more subtle interpretation of the fine shades of meaning which are not translatable.

To do this is a proof—rather than otherwise—of a vigorous and dauntless belief in the reality of the Gospel. And it would seem to be in the highest sense following the command of the Master to strive to get that second sight which He yearned to find in His disciples.

Sad, indeed, was it for Him when He was upon earth. He walked lonely. He spoke, and those beside Him had no second sight—they had eyes and saw not. They translated His words of life into literalism that must have been a heavier cross to Him to bear daily than that final cross of Calvary.

There is no more pathetic note in history, appealing to the heart, than that uncomplaining refrain of Christ to his disciples: "How is it that ye do not understand that I spake not unto you concerning bread?"

"How is it that ye do not understand?"

"Do ye not then understand, or remember?"

"Doth this offend ye? Will ye go away also?" This cry is deeper in its pathos because it is uncomplaining and uncondemning. It shows the loneliness of the great heart bearing the veil of humanity, which hid the Father's face.

How could they so misunderstand Him? The manner of His daily teaching must have been after the manner of His mind. He spake as a philosopher, as a sage, as an intelligent man cultured in a generation when Hebrew poetry and Greek philosophy were in the air, and in the language that He used as a medium. He came on His human side of a people whose songs were tinted with metaphor and opulent color; whose literature held the transcendent poem of Job, and that vivid cycle of allegories. He spoke the language which taught the utterances of the oracles. To Him it would have

seemed but natural to speak with an implied taking for granted the intelligence and penetration of His hearers. And yet, His words were met with a narrow literalism and materialization by those who stood with Him face to face.

"I have meat to eat that ye know not of," He said; "Hath any man brought Him aught to eat?" they asked.

"Lazarus sleepeth," He said; "If he sleepeth, he doeth well," they answered.

"Destroy this temple, and in three days I will raise it up"; "Forty and six years was this temple in building, and wilt thou rear it up in three days?" they asked.

Through all His life He was misunderstood. He spoke in the large comprehensive sense, and men met Him with petty verbal interpretation. And shall we continue to do this in an age of boasted enlightenment?

For those first disciples—men taken out of darkness into the sudden light of revelation—there is some excuse; but, for these later disciples who constitute themselves the Church, who claim to be the teachers of His Word, the preachers of His Gospel, there is less excuse. They have had a wider revelation; they have Christ's whole life laid before them at once from which to compare and to conclude. They have the instances of later explanations, by the Master, of the words the disciples misunderstood. And yet the Church still falls into this error of wrangling over an utterance, of pouring its energy and its authority into the discussion of the meaning of a single sentence. The very habit of its teachers and pulpiteers serves to foster this tendency; *i. e.*, the choosing of an isolated text and teaching a doctrine and preaching a sermon from its implication.

What of those debatable words that the Church is urging as Christ's veto on divorce?

To whom were they spoken? By what conditions were they called forth?

It is inconsistent with the logic of Christ to go back to a condition out of

which we have entirely evolved, to find warrant to legislate for conditions as different from the needs of to-day as the streets of Jerusalem were different from the streets of London or of New York; or as the handmaiden of the East was different from a woman of to-day.

A profound, reverent, intellectual concept of Christ forbids us to do so.

Shall we deny Christ's human intellect because He had divinity? Shall we feel it irreverent to associate knowledge of the world with Christ because He was of the Kingdom of Heaven?

No, even those who deny the divinity of Christ admit His supremacy over all the teachers who have founded a religion, in that He was the most all-rounded, the most balanced, the most spherical of all teachers.

Because He spoke as a God in things spiritual, He certainly did not speak with lack of common-sense in things temporal.

When Christ spoke of divorce and marriage, He was speaking in a primitive age, to a primitive people who had long practised polygamy and concubinage; whose laws had been made with appalling concession to men's sensuality.

Women were bought, sold, captured, traded; in war, they were man's lawful prey. Marriage meant nothing more or less than slavery. The husband was the lord; the wife, the handmaiden of her lord. It is intellectually impossible to believe that Christ, if He were here, would speak to-day—for these present conditions,—as He spoke in the year Thirty, for conditions then existing. No *mere statesmen* would have done so. What He said then cannot be a basis for legislation in the Church to-day. As well might we urge an argument in favor of despotism, because Christ not only told His disciples to pay the tribute-money to Cæsar, but performed the miracle of putting it into the fish's mouth for the purpose. It would be just as rational to defend the grinding exactions of the Cæsars because of Christ's attitude toward the custom, as to draw any lesson for the present time

from what He said on divorce twenty centuries ago.

He was speaking *from* those primitive conditions and *of* those primitive conditions.

The Eastern woman was a part of the goods and chattels of the master,—his personal possession. The commandments are the crystallized laws of the Jews, and, in the tenth commandment, woman is spoken of as the possession of man; one with "his ox, his ass, and anything that is his."

We know by every law of inference that Christ did not approve of this. He said it every day of His beautiful life, in His attitude toward all women, even though He did not condemn it in words—save in those which have been agitating the House of Bishops and the House of Deputies in Boston.

What must the condition of woman have appeared to Christ at that time even to His human side,—His chivalry and compassion!

How infinite His compassion ever toward her! He was the first to recognize her need.

Too much has been said of late years about the "Rights of woman"—as apart from man; too little of the needs of woman—through the care, the thought of man.

Christ recognized this need of thought and care with divine tenderness. In those dark hours upon the cross, He made but eight utterances; and of those eight, two were said for a woman;—one was to His mother to set her heart at ease,—the other to John to ensure his care of her.

Christ saw the picture of woman in her bondage, in her slavery to the lusts of man. He remembered the words of Moses (Deuteronomy, 24 : 1): "When a man taketh a wife, and marrieth her, then it shall be, if she find no favor in his eyes, because he hath found some unseemly thing in her, that he shall write her a bill of divorcement, and give it into her hand, and send her out of his house. And when she has departed out of his

house, she may go and be another man's wife." And when this man took her, if he also hated her, he, too, was to give her a bill of divorcement. Scant justice this, to woman—a veiled and semi-slave, with no possibility of any individual life apart from man's desire.

The man, according to the law, could have his wives—his old wives and his new wives—in interesting variety; his many concubines; and, if he saw among the captives "that the Lord God had delivered into his hand" a beautiful woman, and desired her, he had permission to take her also.

And to balance all this, forsooth, woman could have for compensation a bill of divorcement, if she failed to please; that, when the next man took her, and also hated her and cast her off, she might have it as her defence to show unto "the elders of the city in the gate" instead of the demanded tokens of her virginity.

Can we imagine Christ contemplating so grave an injustice without compassion?

Can we imagine His speaking of it, in answer to their questions, without a protest, an implied command for betterment in a condition of such flagrant injustice? No,—for nothing, He said, should man put her away unless she herself had committed sin.

Have conditions such as those of which He spoke any bearing upon present conditions? Could any command He gave to meet that primitive barbarism be quoted as a precedent for to-day?

It is much more probable from the context of the utterances, that there lay in His answer to the questions a more profound suggestion, a more subtle significance, than His hearers could conceive, or than we have yet apprehended.

Christ asserted that all men could not receive His saying on this subject; "Only those to whom it was given." Is it yet given to us? Have we striven to find it?

May it not be that He touched here upon an ideal marriage that transcended what was or had been? May He not have winged His speech, as was His cus-

tom, from the local to the transcendent—from the temporary to the eternal—from the sign to the significance?

May not His words have reached far beyond the human institution of marriage back to some archetypal ideal of triune marriage?

The argument of the Protestant Episcopal Church for its canon on the subject is that marriage is a divine institution. Then, the Church at once proceeds to make the existing temporal union a basis for that claim, notwithstanding the fact that the marriage-service says: "Until death us do part." If it is a divine union, how can death touch it? If it is a temporal union, what is the argument against the temporal expediency of divorce?

The supreme sacramental significance of marriage must be by the transfiguration of the physical union through the spiritual ideal; to insist upon the indissolubility of marriage, because of the temporal marriage itself, is reversing the order; *i. e.*, claiming the sacramental significance on the basis of the temporal union.

Must not then the marriage which has the sacramental significance go back of the physical union—endorsed and blessed by the Church and denominated by the Church as existing only "until death"—for its warrant?

For if marriage is sacramental by virtue of its inherent spiritual qualities, death could not touch it. In that case—if the church *must* legislate in these matters—the first thing to do would be to reform the marriage-service, omitting the limiting clause "until death us do part," and to prevent the re-marriage of widows and widowers.

What did Christ mean—"In the beginning it was not so?"

Certainly He did not mean in the beginning of the world's history, for all records show it was so; show the existence of polygamy—concubinage—sexual slavery—gross materialism. Certainly Christ did not mean when Abram, who

was the father of the people from whom He came, gave his wife Hagar into the hands of his wife Sarah, and she drove her forth into the desert with Ishmael, who was the son of Abram and Hagar. There could be no sacramental idea of marriage, either for the man or for the woman, in this beginning of history.

What, then, did Christ mean by "In the beginning?" Did He mean in the story of Adam and Eve? Who married them? God?

Then—be it allegory or be it literal truth—Christ would surely have had the completeness of the truth or of the allegory in His mind, and, therefore, we may claim, as well, the completeness of the application.

God united the woman to the man, from whom He had *first taken the woman!* Would this not imply a necessary pre-union, or fitness, that means something more than the chance selection of modern marriage, which the Church blesses without any investigation to see if it be the right marriage?

Would it not suggest that only those unions were of God which brought the man *unto his own* again, and the woman *unto her own* place?

If the story of Adam and Eve be urged as a precedent in the argument, at all, it should be urged in its entirety. Therefore might it not be argued from that very example that, as Eve was taken from Adam's side, made from his rib, so there should be some more subtle union antedating the joining together to warrant the marriage?

"In the beginning," Christ said; may not this go back of time into eternity, or rather out of the present to the eternal, making the will and action of God in joining men and women something too spiritual and significant to be the precedent for any priestly office, which joins a man and woman in a temporal union?

May it not mean that unless God has given that pre-union symbolized by the taking of Adam's rib, there can be no true marriage? And that any man,

even though he be a priest, is putting asunder what was joined in the purpose of God if he solemnizes a temporal marriage *between the wrong persons*; and, therefore, such a marriage, in the sacramental sense, according to the purposes of God, was void from the beginning.

If this were so, divorce between such parties,—joined in haste by the uncon- sidering priest without God's warrant,— is, in its final analysis, merely the severing of a physical and temporary tie which has not the eternal endorsement of God.

It may be that those words of Christ were a command against divorce, even if the marriage were but a temporal union; it may be that they suggested that there was a more comprehensive view which would justify divorce; but, in any case, it is the way of error to build any theory upon the single word or incident.

The hope of humanity and of the Church is the taking hold of Christ's life and words in their completeness. In that there can be no differing exegesis. And in that completeness we find Christ's veto on divorce, though we do not find it in the single utterances, where there is room for wide difference and debate.

We find the spiritual rather than the literal protest; the revelation to the soul of man rather than the restriction of the acts of man.

Whatever Christ's suggestion as to the ultimate ideal of marriage, whatever bearing his reference to local conditions may or may not have upon to-day, the totality of His teaching is distinctly against divorce—conditions being as they now are—and, consequently, against re-marriage. This is true not canonically, but philosophically; not on prohibitory but on inherent grounds; not because of any special command of His against it, but because of His continued command for that which is a better solution of the problem.

We find but few utterances on which to build a dogma, but we find a multitude of utterances and also His own example, to be used as a working principle,—the out-

come of which principle would lead straight away from divorce—for any cause on any ground.

We find, "Forgive your enemies"; no exception is made of husbands and wives. We find, "Do unto others as you would have others do unto you"; "Do good to them which despitefully use you"; no exception of this obligation is made to those bound together in temporal unions, even though those unions were mistaken ones.

"Resist not evil, but overcome evil with good"—this is not merely an utterance; it was the power of Christ's life exemplified. That may not be a command against divorce,—but it is a command to bring good out of evil to better conditions. We find continual appeal to us to bring forth the fruits of the spirit: "Love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance." Would not this fruitage in heart and home be a certain way to prevent divorce?

Christ's teaching—from the Sermon on the Mount, when He said: "Blessed are the peacemakers," to the final death upon the cross, when He said: "Father, forgive them; they know not what they do,"—is, in effect, a distinct protest against divorce.

It is not the law of Christ that forbids divorce; it is the light of Christ.

To say that He verbally forbids it is an assumption based on an utterance. To say that the spirit of His teaching contradicts it is a conclusion based on His Gospel. Divorce would not be sought by one who apprehended Christ's ideal. Granted, that a marriage is a mistake, that it has not that inner warrant of the heart which is needed for completeness, Christ has summed up the moral law in two commandments convincing to the soul eager to lead a spiritual life and rise above the materialism of the world: the second Commandment is, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." The moment that the husband or wife forfeits the right, through any act, to the

more exquisite, subtle differentiation of personal love, then there comes the other relationship to be considered—that of neighbor; and of a neighbor to whom there is especial obligation, because of special circumstances, because of contract and promise, even granting the contract and promise were originally a grave mistake and have brought no joy. The neighbor is there, and to that neighbor love must be shown—love, as it is vigorously painted in that incomparable essay on love by St. Paul: love that vaunts not itself, that endures all things, bears all things, believes all things, hopes all things.

To make crooked places straight, to make dark places light, to bind up, to heal, to forgive, to teach those nearest to us,—this is the Gospel; and it would seem to be the conclusion to any Christian against divorce.

If the Protestant Episcopal Convention had spent its time in forming a statement of persuasion instead of forging a chain of restriction for its members, it might have brought, perhaps, at first, less outward show of result than the new canon may accomplish, but it would have been more spiritual gain; for every persuaded man and woman would have been one more bit of leaven of righteousness and peace at work in the world.

And it is not alone Christ's Gospel that should make the thinking man and woman hesitate to seek divorce as a remedy for an uncongenial marriage. We should not be tricked by persuasive arguments that urge divorce, for they are only half truths; they are comparative, not superlative, in their moral value.

Ibsen, in his masterful way, has urged the obligation of a soul, when it awakens, to leave all and go on to its own development. Society, and the so-called advanced thinkers of the day, are preaching this obligation of self-development as the righteous warrant for divorce.

Surely, this is but a half-truth,—a confusion of the end with the means.

Can any man or woman, with strong, awakened soul, who is eager for evolution and development—who holds the spiritual ideal by which even the pagans claimed man could mount to the eternal—dare put a finality upon a situation—dare sever a relationship with one's nearest neighbor, and run away from the responsibility of helping that neighbor, and of triumphantly changing that situation? Above all, dare they do this when the situation, however bad it be, has been brought about by the mistake of that man and woman, acting either in haste, passion, ignorance or desire for benefits which have been proved too scanty for the price?

Is it not too tremendous a responsibility to take, that of seeking a divorce, when one thereby also divorces the soul from its supreme opportunity—the opportunity to bring light out of darkness?

No one can deny that self-development is man's highest obligation.

It is the law of God for man; but how is self-development best obtained? Is it not best obtained through discipline and endeavor? In the name of all philosophy, practical and spiritual, what self-development is comparable to that gained in the work of changing conditions, making order out of chaos, harmony out of discord, light out of darkness?

The gaining of so great a victory must bring the highest development to the soul; and if visible victory is denied in this mortal life, at least the fiber and temper of the soul is strengthened to meet the next stage of existence,—be it translation or reincarnation.

Surely, such discipline and endeavor of the soul must bring a more vital development than ease, delight, and satisfaction. Delight may ultimately be as large a factor as tonic in development—but not delight at the expense of discipline; not satisfaction in the hour which demands endeavor.

And, side by side with the modern gospel of self-development is the gospel of altruism and philanthropy. The whole

world is buzzing with the call and cry to brotherhood. This is the note of the aroused heart of man; our poets sing it, essayists teach it. We are told—with truth—that the measure of manhood lies in the help that we bring to our fellowman who has fallen by the way. Our vigorous Walt Whitman, and our vital prophets urge us to seek the lost, to embrace the sinner as our brother and our sister. This is well for all mankind to do.

But shall the line be drawn at the erring husband and the erring wife? Shall the order halt and fail at the one most vital point,—that which bears the heaviest consequences to others and to posterity?

Finally, then, it would appear that the strong soul will make its own higher law against divorce. And the man and woman, who have to meet the difficult problem brought by a marriage which proves to have no inner warrant of the heart, will find a better way to meet it.

The pain and loneliness, that have come as the Nemesis of a great mistake, will rouse their quickened impulses into some reform of marriage that will tell upon future generations, but the invincible ones will not seek divorce for themselves; the grounds on which they would seek it will fall away with the clearer vision.

Incompatibility of temper?

What is that to Christians? Let them, instead of seeking the divorce, bring forth the "fruits of the spirit" and incompatibility of temper will quickly disappear.

What is incompatibility of temper to philosophers?

Have they not for all time urged that the heroic soul turns from nothing, and that the cardinal virtues of the philosophic mind—justice, wisdom, fortitude, and magnanimity—are potent to change all conditions, all evil, into good?

And what is incompatibility of temper to the altruist—whose high resolve is the elimination of self?

If there be real elimination of self, there can be no incompatibility of temper.

And what—even—if the plea for di-

voiced be sin? Surely, that can be no ground to Christians. The Master sent His disciples to those who sit in darkness. Then, there—where the gravest sin exists—is the place for the Christian to stay.

And how can sin be ground for the philosopher?

The very ethics of the ancients take that ground from under the feet of those who would follow the philosophic life. "Teach your fellow-man," says Marcus Aurelius, "and if the power is not in your soul to do this, then bear with him." Surely, there can be no logic to the philosopher in the argument that sin justifies divorce. It is only the so-called innocent party who can obtain it, in any case, from the so-called guilty party. Shall virtue turn away from guilt? Where, then, is virtue? Is not the vital heart of virtue charity? Surely, it is the obligation of the superior to stay and fulfil the mission of superiority. Does not Marcus

Aurelius also say: "But I who have seen the nature of the good that it is beautiful, and of the bad that it is ugly, and the nature of him who does wrong . . . that it participates in the same intelligence and the same portion of the divinity, I can neither be injured by any of them, for no one can fix on me what is ugly, nor can I be angry with my kinsman, nor hate him. To act against one another, then, is contrary to nature; and it is acting against one another to be vexed and to turn away."

And as for the altruists!—Their life-cry is "Service." Their mission is to help—to uplift—to stretch out the hand to the sinner.

Let them fulfil their mission. Let them help and uplift their nearest neighbor. Let them stretch out the hand in brotherhood to those who sit at the same fireside!

KATRINA TRASK.

Yaddo, Saratoga, N. Y.

HENRIK IBSEN AND SOCIAL PROGRESS.

BY ARCHIBALD HENDERSON, Ph.D.

IT WAS the brilliant Bernard Shaw who said that drama could never be just the same again, since Henrik Ibsen has written. The whole spirit of modern times, the most fruitful germs of modern culture are embodied in the dramas of Ibsen and his disciples. The ideal of the present age is indubitably Shakespeare's idea, "to hold, as 't were, the mirror up to nature; to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time its form and pressure." The purpose of the drama is to crystallize, concretize and body forth the ideals of the age. Its purpose is even more than reflection, it is penetration as well. The drama is not only a mirror to reflect the surface of things, but also a Roentgen ray, to penetrate the surface and reveal, beneath the outer integument, the very bone

and fundamental structure of modern life. The great dramatists of to-day are the abstract and brief chronometers of the time. Arthur Wing Pinero once said: "It is surely the great use of modern drama that while in its day it provides a rational entertainment, in the future it may serve as a history of the hour that gives it birth."

Such a dramatist as Ibsen is the child of the past, the companion of the present, the progenitor of the future. That he is the heir of the ages but increases his obligation to image forth with convincing truth the age in which he lives. Goethe has said somewhere that to know the man, you must know the age. Of no time in the world's history is this saying truer than of the present. The theory of cosmic unity, of world solidarity, so to speak, has so penetrated the thought of

to-day that none will question the statement that the age creates the man and the man helps to create the age. Every epoch-making mind, as has been well said, is at the same time child and father, disciple and master of his age, and the more fully he surrenders himself to it, the more fully will he control it. No one has expressed this thought more ably than John Addington Symonds has done in these words: "Our pride and sense of human independence rebel against the belief that men of genius obey a movement quite as much as they control it, and even more than they create it. We gain a new sense of the vitality and spiritual solidarity of human thought. At first sight the individual lessens; but the race, the mass from which the individual emerges and of which he becomes the spokesman and interpreter, gains in dignity and greatness. Shakespeare is not less than he is, because we know him as necessary to a series. His eminence remains his own."

In this light, the masterpieces of modern drama appear, not as detached monuments of literary art, but as symbols of a growing world-spirit. We see in the evolution of the individual the evolution of human progress. The study of the interpreter of life to-day resolves itself into a study of the vital phases of the struggle that is going on in humanity of to-day. Let us glance then for a moment at the materials with which Henrik Ibsen, the great surgeon of the social body of our time, has dealt.

THE DRAMATIC PROBLEM.

We are living to-day in an age of transition—the transition between criticism and faith. The nineteenth century has been called the age of perhaps the greatest doubt and the greatest faith the world has ever known. Science, with its transforming theories, its destructive and far-reaching criticism, swept the world with the force of an avalanche. The world has had to be re-constituted and this new world is just now beginning to emerge, like the phoenix, from the ashes of the old. The laboratory method, the dissecting fever, the an-

alytic spirit have permeated and given a new form to every department of human life. Nothing was accepted as fact until placed under the microscope, subjected to the bombardment of X-rays, analyzed in a retort. So to-day we have a new psychology, a new theory of medicine, a new sociology, a new religion. Everywhere is seen modification and re-adjustment. The world demands the truth to-day, for it is the truth which maketh free.

Under the influence of the conception of cosmic unity, owing its origin to Auguste Comte and permeating all modern thought, society has grown to symbolize a vast wave which carries along the individual with it. Its laws are fixed; if the individual resists, he is submerged. He is but a tiny atom tossed upon the surface of this turbulent wave. The people, public opinion, the majority, however, are often wrong. Government in many cases appears to be the stifling of the wise and enlightened by the will of the ignorant majority.

The social compact often robs the individual of freedom.

From the standpoint of evolution, the individual is at war with his fellows. The long line of scientists from Lamarck to Spencer, from Huxley to Haeckel, from Darwin to DeVriés have held their solemn clinics and declared that the theories of unlimited competition and the survival of the fittest (or is it perhaps the survival of the most unscrupulous?) are not dreams, the baseless fabric of a vision, but laws as sure, inevitable and relentless as the facts of life and death. The struggle for existence is the stern reality the individual is ever called upon to face. Competition becomes so fierce as to amount, in many cases, to oppression, elimination, destruction.

Life is becoming a brutal fight.

From the side of modern biology and modern medicine, a more sinister specter robs the world of peaceful sleep. The scientist, the biologist, the physician play the leading roles in the drama of our life. The ghost of Hamlet's father is a less frightful apparition than the specters of

our own brain. All men are not born free and equal. Heredity lays its skeleton hand upon us and we enter the struggle for existence with the ineradicable taint of inherited vice or degeneracy gnawing like a vulture at our very vitals.

The sins of the fathers are visited upon the children unto the third and fourth generations.

The modern theories of spiritualism, thought-transference and hypnotic suggestion fill our souls with disquiet and tend to lower our sense of human vitality. There is little reason to doubt the control of mind over mind, spirit over spirit. The dominant will comes into our sphere of life, exercises its occult influence upon us, and our weaker will succumbs.

Hypnotism is the thief of individuality.

Another great movement of the nineteenth century, which has given it a unique distinction in the history of modern civilization, is the Feministic Movement. Ever since John Stuart Mill rang in the new era of woman's freedom, ever since Henrik Ibsen declared in burning words that in the workers and the women he placed all his hopes and expectations, and for them he would work with all his strength, this age has won the right to the title "The Age of Woman's Emancipation." Woman, the radius of whose sphere has so long been abbreviated, is at last beginning to gain the freedom, economic, moral and intellectual, that has so long been denied her. The true relation between man and woman as coördinate factors in human progress is at last coming to light.

The emancipation of woman, in its most genuine sense, is on the way.

Remembering above all that science is the active and dominant spirit of the age, and that all questions now-a-days are reduced to a scientific basis, we begin to obtain some true perspective of the complex elements of modern life with which the student of conditions has to deal. The insistent problems of the social complex, the evolution of the individual by the principle of the survival of the fittest, the sociological doctrine of environment,

the biological theory of heredity, the psychic phenomenon of hypnotism, the great gulf fixed between social influence and social impotence, the growing corruption of politics, the increasing unrest and discontent of the laboring classes, the laxity of marriage relations, the growing artificiality in our daily life, the emancipation of woman and, permeating all, the spirit of science—these and other pressing problems demand treatment and solution at the hands of the thinker and dramatist of to-day. It is through his masterly treatment of these great problems that Henrik Ibsen is hailed to-day as a judge, a poet, prophet and a seer. He has established the foundations of a new school of art by enlisting the art of naturalism in the service of great social reforms. His stern and uncompromising idealism led him to this step, a statement justified by a consideration of

THE MORAL PROBLEM.

Matthew Arnold once said that Goethe diagnosed the political and social systems of Europe, struck his finger upon the weak places and said: "Thou ailest here—and here." This is what Ibsen has done in the sphere of ideals, the domain of morals. Like Goethe, Ibsen is one of those rarest types to be found in literature—a union of the scientific and literary temperaments. Ibsen once called himself a clinical observer, holding the feverish hand of society and counting its pulse in the interest of art and science. A remarkable diagnostician, he lays his finger upon the social cankers of the age and, by his unflinchingly-truthful analysis, points a moral for all time.

His life might be called the enunciation of the belief, it might almost be said of the discovery, that a man may be an optimist and a pessimist at the same time. The pessimist for humanity of to-day is the optimist for humanity of to-morrow. The indignation of to-day is the spur to the effort of to-morrow. The perishability of earthly things—in that Ibsen places his hope for the future. Browning, as Chesterton has recently told us, rested

his hope in the imperfection of man; to the world he showed a very insanity of optimism. Ibsen rests his hope in the evolution of human ideals; to the world he has shown the sanity of pessimism.

"The ideal is dead, long live the ideal!" is the epitome of all human progress. It is in the evolutionary trend of human progress that Ibsen puts his profoundest trust. He resented the charge of nihilism more bitterly than any charge that was ever brought against him. At Upsala, in 1877, when Scandinavia's great university conferred upon him the doctor's degree, he said: "It has been asserted on various occasions that I am a pessimist. So I am to this extent—that I do not believe human ideals to be eternal. But I am also an optimist, for I believe firmly in the power of those ideals to propagate and develop." Ibsen believes, with one of his own characters, that "the old beauty is no longer beautiful, the new truth no longer true." Ibsen would no doubt say, as Lessing did, that if God held out truth to him in his right hand, and the pursuit of truth in his left, he would chose the left. Ibsen never made a more characteristic remark than this: "Neither our moral conceptions nor our artistic forms have an eternity before them. How much in duty are we really bound to hold on to? Who can afford me a guarantee that up yonder on Jupiter, two and two do not make five?"

This profoundly skeptical attitude, extending even to the axioms of mathematics, is the clearest mark of Ibsen's mind. Nothing is accepted which has not gone through the powerful alembic of his searching intelligence. It is the future in which he puts his faith, and historical optimism describes his personal angle of vision. Like Nietzsche's fierce prophet Barathusha, Ibsen might well say of himself: "I am of to-day and of the past; but something is within me that is of to-morrow, and the day after to-morrow and the far future."

Ibsen's whole ideal of life may best be summed up in the words of Polonius in "Hamlet":

"To thine own self be true
And it doth follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man."

Self-development, moral expansion is the great lesson Ibsen has sought to teach the world of to-day. In this, he is in agreement with the doctrine of evolution, which teaches that self-development should be the aim of every human being. "The expression of our own individuality is our first duty," Ibsen once said, and this doctrine he has exemplified in all his social dramas. If only every man be true to himself, if only every individual will seek his own highest development, the future is not to be feared. It is in that future that God's Kingdom shall come. Henrik Ibsen once rose at a banquet and, in a toast as holy as a benediction, as solemn as a sacrifice, drank deep to *Das Werdende, Das Kommende*.

Ibsen has created a new art, has enlisted it in the service of humanity as an instrument for social reform. What does he hope to accomplish by this socialization, this moralization of literature? The ultimate question then is in regard to the ethical significance of

THE SOCIAL PROBLEMS.

To understand the philosophic and ethical import of the Ibsenian drama is to understand the meaning of Ibsen's life. And to understand the meaning of Ibsen's life is to gain a vision of the inspiration, manifestation and tendency of modern humanitarianism. Behind the dry light of Ibsen's sardonic smile, the lash of his mordant satire, the cold fascination of his magician's eye may be discerned the most sincere, earnest, even passionate desire to improve the prevailing social order. The man who wrote the tremendously significant words "What is wanted is a revolution of the spirit of man," is nothing if not philanthropic, nothing if not humanitarian.

His great guiding inspiration is social pity, a deep sympathy for mankind. With this as the impulsive force of his dramatic genius, he has sought to inspire

in every man's heart the desire for ennobling humanity, the will to elevate the plane of human existence. And how is Ibsen, a dramatist, to do this? He has sought to do it by recognizing the moral quality of all human experience. Morality as Max Nordau has said, is essentially optimistic, presupposing conscious and rational efforts towards the realization of the maximum of human happiness.

Recognizing the moral quality of all human experience, Ibsen has taught us in the school of our own life. He has held up the mirror before us and therein we have recognized, with amazement and often with cursings and revilings, our own features, our own lineaments. None but ourselves have we met on the highway of fate. As Goethe said of Molière, Ibsen has chastised us by painting us just as we are. And he has done it by appealing, not to Plutarch, Holinshed and the Chronicles, but to the unquiet, disturbing life of our own day. In his social dramas, Ibsen has given us nothing, as he himself says, that he has not either seen or lived through. If he does not see us free, it is not his fault. For he has told us the truth. He has given his answer to the question which, as Tolstoi said, Shakespeare never consciously proposed to himself—"What are we alive for?"

It is erroneous to suppose, because Ibsen dramatizes single, sometimes unusual phases of existence, that therefore his plays are not universal. Nothing could be further from the truth. His plays are universal because they are laid in the inner life, the region of moral consciousness. It might be said that his whole drama is a microscopic analysis of the moral self-consciousness of modern society. From the standpoint of art also, his dramas are universal, because they are inclusive of three distinct types. The late Frank Norris said not long before his death: "Every novel must do one of three things—it must, first, tell something; or, second, show something; or, third, prove something." If it be granted that this classification is legitimate for the

drama as well as the novel, it will be found completely exemplified in the dramas of Ibsen. They do all three of these things: first, they narrate incidents; second, they penetrate deep into the character and motives of type-men; and, third, prove something, either by their conclusions or by the influences you are forced to draw from them.

Social pity has been the inspiration of Henrik Ibsen, truth his criterion, his subject—life. What immediate effect have plays, thus grounded, upon his auditory? Their immediate effect is to awaken thought, to induce reflection, to compel people to analyze and ponder grave questions of individual and social morality. It is true that Ibsen does not summon to immediate action—we can do nothing for little Nora, or Helen Alving, for Hedda Gabler, or Rebecca West. Yet we brood over the questions set before us. As the French put it, *ils donnent à penser*—they start within you a train of reflections and meditations which may alter your own life, which may influence the whole world. For, as Emerson says, "To think is to act."

Ibsen is at once a great realist and a great idealist, a great optimist and a great pessimist. He once said publicly: "It should be the endeavor of every dramatist to improve the prevailing order of the world." His own high aim in his social dramas is to aid in the progress of civilization, to assist in the perfecting of civil life.

It seems, as Brunetière says, that we of to-day are marching towards the socialization, the moralization of literature. What higher aim, what nobler function can literature have than this? Some day it will be universally admitted that Ibsen and Tolstoi, Björnson, Hauptmann and Sudermann have not lived in vain. In that day, the world will pay homage to Henrik Ibsen because, since he has lived, literature has thrilled with a new joy—the passion for a more just and beautiful social order.

ARCHIBALD HENDERSON.

Chapel Hill, N. C.

THE POSTAL SAVINGS-BANKS OF GREAT BRITAIN; OR, HOW THE GOVERNMENT OF ENGLAND FOSTERS SAVING AMONG THE POOR.

By J. HENNIKER HEATON, M.P.

ONE THOUSAND million pounds or \$5,000,000,000 is the estimated amount of money to the credit of the thrifty poor and the working-classes in Europe, which invested fund is backed up by the security of the government of each country. Of this sum no less than two hundred million pounds sterling, or \$1,000,000,000 represent the amount invested in the Post-Office Savings-Bank of Great Britain and Ireland, and Savings-Banks with almost equally good security.

The history of the Savings-Banks of England is one of the most beautiful chapters of English progress, and like the story of the Penny-Post is a triumph for the English people, in setting an example to the rest of the civilized world which has been eagerly followed.

THE ORIGIN OF THRIFT BANKS.

It is very singular that the best description and the most marvelously graphic reasons for the establishment of Post-Office and other Savings-Banks are obtainable from the reports of a few eminent Postmasters-General of the United States of America, beginning with Mr. Creswell, and ending with the Hon. John Wanamaker.

In picturesque language we have placed before us the state of Europe one hundred years ago. A few good men were battling with the problem of teaching habits of thrift and frugality, of self-reliance and good citizenship among the very poor.

There were no opportunities for these poor people to save.

The chimney-corner, the trunk, the hearth-stone, the closet, and the old stocking were the receptacles for their small savings. "To offer needed security to these millions striving to be provident,

to encourage other millions now thoughtlessly improvident, and bind closer to the nation all those who are benefited by their savings being taken care of, is worthy of the loftiest statesmanship."

This exactly represented the want of the people of Great Britain and Ireland, but even in a finer set of phrases than used by Gladstone in introducing the measure in the House of Commons, the Hon. John Wanamaker said: "I am more than ever convinced of the wisdom of allowing to the frugal and thrifty working-man, and especially to working-women and youths, the privilege of using the Post-Offices as places of deposit for small sums. Whoever counts himself a friend of the working-people must favor some such measure. . . . The gold and notes hid away by nervous, mistrustful people, exceed in amount all the gold exported last year. Almost all the secret and undeposited savings of the people it is believed would be turned over to the government if postmasters were authorized to receive them."

THE FOUNDERS OF SAVINGS-BANKS.

There are about a half-dozen names associated in English History with the foundation of Savings-Banks. Daniel Defoe is said to have proposed them in 1699, and exactly one hundred years afterwards, on May 7, 1799, a clergyman in Wendhover, Buckinghamshire, started the first savings-bank in England. He (the Rev. Joseph Smith) commenced the work by receiving deposits from his parishioners, and he undertook to repay the money with interest.

He announced the foundation of the bank under this expressive name. "Society for Encouraging Prudence and

Industry." There is no doubt the idea originated in Mr. Smith's mind through his being a member of a "Society for bettering the conditions and increasing the comforts of the poor," which was founded in December, 1796, at the house of William Wilberforce in Old Palace Yard, Westminster, London. Two-pence was the minimum amount Mr. Smith received at his savings-bank.

In the same year Mrs. Wakefield started a similar scheme for the benefit of women and children in the village of Tottenham. This was afterwards reorganized under the name of "The Charitable Bank," and Mr. Eardly Wilmot, Member of Parliament, and Mr. Spurling were appointed trustees. In 1808 Lady Isabella Douglas originated the idea of a savings-bank for domestic servants.

After the battle of Waterloo and the proclamation of peace, great attention was devoted to the question of savings-banks throughout the United Kingdom.

From the authorities I have already quoted it appears that an energetic member of Parliament, the Right Honorable George Rose, established the "Southampton Savings-Bank" in 1815, and a Devonshire squire of great influence, Sir John Acland, started another savings-bank at Exeter. A few years before a parson started an institution called a "Sunday Bank," at Hertford, at which he received the savings of the poor from 6d. to 2s., after morning service on Sundays. This afterwards developed into a properly organized savings-bank until it was swallowed up by the post-office savings-bank.

"The father of savings-banks" was the title enjoyed by the Rev. Henry Duncan, a Dumfries clergyman. He "eloquently ventilated his views on the subject nearest to his heart, namely the providing of a safe and profitable means of investing the savings of the poorer classes. The outcome of his proposals was the establishment of the Ruthwell Savings-Bank in 1810." Then followed the Edinburgh Savings-Bank, and one in Ireland at Stilloragu in 1815.

In 1815 the Right Hon. George Rose, of whom mention has been made above, introduced a bill in Parliament to afford protection to banks for savings, but he did not carry it until 1817. Immediately after the passing of the measure, upwards of five hundred savings-banks were established in the United Kingdom, and the influence of the movement extended all over the continent, France, Germany, Denmark and Italy successively taking up the idea.

THE POST-OFFICE SAVINGS-BANK.

We now come to the establishment of the post-office savings-banks in England. In the official record from which I have already quoted it is said the ordinary savings-banks which took their rise in 1815, performed an immense service in fostering and encouraging habits of thrift among the poorer classes. But they were so good that they were largely used by the wealthy, and the children of the wealthy, and they were wanting in that perfect security which only a government guarantee can afford. A few had come to grief by the acts of fraudulent trustees and managers. These failures caused consternation among the working-classes.

Charles William Sikes, a cashier in the Huddersfield Banking Company, was said to be the originator of the idea of a system of savings-banks under the control of the government. He gave evidence before a select committee in 1858, and urged "*the establishment of a savings-bank within less than an hours' walk of the fireside of every working-man in the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland*"; and the organization of the post-office suddenly occurred to him as a means to this end.

Fortunately for Mr. Sikes, the scheme found a champion in Mr. George Chetwynd, one of the ablest officials in the money-order office of the general post-office, London, and this gentleman's plan for carrying it out was backed up by the Postmaster-General, Lord Stanley of

Alderly and by Mr. Scudamore, one of the most brilliant official heads at St. Martins-le-Grand.

The Right Hon. William Ewart Gladstone introduced the Post-Office Savings-Banks Bill in the House of Commons on February 9, 1861, by the somewhat startling resolution "That it is expedient to charge upon the Consolidated Fund of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland the deficiency, if any such should arise, in the sums which may be held on account of Post-Office Savings-Banks, to meet the lawful demands of depositors in such banks in the event of their being established by law."

The Post-Office Savings-Bank Bill passed the House of Commons in March, and the House of Lords on the seventeenth of May following.

Mr. Charles William Sikes afterwards received the honor of knighthood from the Queen, for his efforts in the promotion of the great and benevolent scheme.

OPENING OF THE FIRST POST-OFFICE SAVINGS-BANK.

On September 16, 1861, four months exactly after her Majesty gave her assent to the measure, "The Post-Office Savings-Bank Act" came into operation in Great Britain.

Three hundred post-office savings-banks were opened at as many post-office money-order offices, and the sum of nearly £1,000 was lodged by 435 poor people on the first day.

The public announcement of the opening was very simple, but eloquent to the last degree. It stated that in such and such a town there would be brought into operation the Post-Office Savings-Bank Act, to grant to the people "facilities for depositing small savings at interest, with the security of the government for the due payment thereof."

SUCCESS FROM YEAR TO YEAR.

Forty and three years have passed since the British post-office savings-banks

were first opened, and while I write I have before me the diaries or reports of the Postmasters-General of this country, for every year, on the progress of these institutions for "depositing small savings at interest with the security of the government."

Everyone interested in the question of improving the conditions of the poor should read these reports, all bearing eloquent testimony to the great and beneficent work. At the end of the first year Lord Stanley of Alderly (the Postmaster-General) wrote in 1862:

"The operations of the Post-office savings-banks commenced on September 16, 1861, and the progress of the banks from that time and especially during the past year, has been highly satisfactory. The great success attributed to the post-office banks is due to their having been extended freely to small villages and comparatively poor districts. Much use has been made of our savings-banks by friendly societies (1,010 accounts opened), by provident and charitable societies (6,422 accounts opened), and by managers of penny-banks (82 accounts opened).

"One important advantage of post-office savings-banks is that they give any person the power of making a deposit or taking out money in any part of the country in which he may happen at the time to be, without reference to the place where his account was originally opened. This power is largely used. Last year there were not fewer than 20,872 such deposits, and 15,842 withdrawals.

"The trustees of several of the old savings-banks have already shown a disposition to relinquish the labor and responsibility which they have so long taken upon themselves (without fee or reward) from motives of benevolence, and which are now no longer required of them." (Then follows a list of the closing of thirty savings-banks in the country, and the transferring of their deposits to the post-office.)

On the third of February, 1862, the first post-office savings-bank was opened in Ireland, and on the seventeenth of February, 1862, the first post-office savings-bank was opened in Scotland.

GRATIFYING PROGRESS.

The statements of the Postmasters-General, and of the controllers of the British savings-banks for the following years are of great human interest. Let us look on them as diaries:

Lord Stanley, of Alderly, Postmaster-General in 1865:

"The tables printed this year show that the post-office savings-banks have been successful in every part of the country, and the additional facilities which they have afforded have stimulated the growth of prudent and frugal habits throughout the whole population of England, Ireland and Scotland.

"It is at once a matter of surprise and gratification to find that in a period of only two and one-half years from the date of their establishment they should have attracted and retained 372,000 depositors, and that the accumulated fund belonging to these thrifty people should have reached the sum of four millions.

"These figures show a real and considerable increase in the total number of saving persons throughout the Kingdom.

"The great success of the post-office savings-bank of Great Britain and Ireland induced the government to still further allure the poor and the working-classes to make provision for their old age and for the support of their families. In 1864 the government passed an act to afford facilities for the purchase of small government annuities, and for assuring payments of money on death. It received the royal assent on the fourteenth of July, 1864. Great difficulty was experienced in making known the nature and benefits of this government life-insurance branch of the savings-bank.

"It has been moderately successful."

Mr. Monsell, Postmaster-General in 1871:

"The rapid progress of the post-office savings-bank has been fully maintained. Four thousand offices are now open. There is a difficulty reported in the fact that persons are precluded from depositing more than £30 in one year; or of investing more than £200 in the post-office savings-bank. In some cases applicants sought to deposit small legacies, or hoarded money which had become a source of increasing anxiety, as in one case of a person who had secreted his money (nearly £100) in the thatch of his house.

"I have to record the establishment of the Naval Savings-Bank Act. It is for the benefit of sailors on board her Majesty's ships, and it is worked in connection with the post-office savings-banks of the United Kingdom. Information concerning our savings-bank was this year by request furnished to the government of the United States."

Mr. Monsell, Postmaster-General in 1872:

"The post-office savings-banks continue to show a steady and rapid advance in their business, with a remarkable increase in the number of friendly, provident, and other societies and institutions placing money in them. By the closing of more of the old savings-banks the number of such banks was reduced to 480.

"The depositors of the post-office savings-banks numbered 1,440,000 and the deposits amounted to £19,000,000, or an average of £13 for each person. One in every nine persons in England and Wales was a depositor in the post-office and the old savings-banks at the end of this financial year."

Lord John Manners, the present Duke of Rutland, Postmaster-General in 1873:

"The post-office savings-banks have again made considerable progress. In London there are 560, so that from almost

any point in the thickly populated portions of the metropolis one may be found within a few hundred yards. The cost to the post-office of each transaction in savings-bank business, *i. e.*, of each separate depositor's deposit and withdrawal, is about 6d. as compared with 1s. in the old savings-banks. During the twelve years the total amount of loss by frauds only amounted to £3,000. This was borne by the government, although it was due to the carelessness of the depositors, who would not observe the printed regulations. Foreign governments as well as financiers and statisticians in various countries continue to look to our system of post-office savings-banks as a model for practical imitation, and a measure in developing schemes for encouraging saving habits among the population. . . .

"The government of France, as might be expected, took early steps to study the system in the postal savings-banks of England. The able French Commissioner, M. Auguste de la Marce, expressed a very high opinion of the system and his report excited the greatest interest among the leaders of opinion in France. The Austrian and Hungarian governments also in 1870-73, sent their representatives and were furnished with information to aid them in introducing post-office savings-banks into these countries. The colonies of the British Empire were early in following the example of England. Victoria, Australia, in 1865, by act of legislature, established post-office savings-banks in that colony."

Lord John Manners, in 1874:

"The Department continues to afford facilities to penny-banks, and there are now 300 accounts opened with penny banks for the investment of the deposits of the latter. The experiment of establishing school-banks, which has proved so successful in Belgium, has been made by the London School-Board, and several accounts have been opened by these school-banks with the post-office.

"In a Highland village-school, with an attendance of little more than 160 scholars, 109 accounts were opened in eighteen weeks, and £87 deposited.

"The penny-banks limit the investments of individual depositors to £5. The minimum deposits in these banks is usually one penny, although in one or two cases it is as low as a farthing. It is said that on the Continent, at Ghent school-banks, the deposits received are as low as a centime, or a tenth of a penny."

Lord John Manners, in 1875:

"The number of old savings-banks in the United Kingdom has diminished from 638 in 1861 to 473 in 1875. Foreign and colonial governments continue to watch with interest the progress of post-office savings-banks in this country. Italy, Spain, Brazil, Sweden and Holland have sent their commissioners to consider the expediency of introducing post-office savings-banks into those countries, while by that remarkable people, the Japanese, the system, evidently with a very perfect organization, was adopted in May last, and no less than eighteen post-office savings-banks have been opened in the city of Yeddo alone.

"It is also remarked that in this year our daughter, the Colonial Government Savings-Bank of Queensland, has taken a step in advance in allowing withdrawals by electric telegraph" (a step followed by the Mother England, a quarter of a century afterwards).

Lord John Manners, in 1876:

"The fact of the children being depositors is found in this country to have an excellent moral effect on their adult relatives, inducing them to open accounts of their own in the regular savings-banks.

"In Holland an act similar to that of France came into force on May 1, 1876, when 1,255 post-offices were placed at the disposal of the forty-nine savings-banks of that country. In Italy rapid progress has been made with a complete system of post-office savings-banks under

an act of Parliament passed in 1875. There were in February, 1876, no less than 2,144 postal savings-banks there.

"Signor Scella, Ex-Minister of Finance, established an association or league in Italy called '*La Lega del Risparmio*,' for the encouragement of thrift among the working-classes, chiefly by inducing the principal employers of labors to bestow on every person in his or their service a deposit-book in which a sum of one lira (9d.) is entered to start with. Complaints are made from Spain that 'there are 100 bull-rings and only twelve savings-banks.'"

Lord John Manners, in 1877:

"Fresh fields of operation have been opened by the establishment of penny-banks in remote villages where there is no post-office savings-bank, and letters are frequently received by clergymen and others testifying to the usefulness of the movement in this direction.

"These village banks were enabled to open accounts with the post-office savings-banks, and thus they became the feeders either by them as a coporate body or by individual depositors having their accounts transferred from the village bank to an independent account. A society called the National Thrift Society is now in course of formation at Oxford, having for its chief object the encouragement of thrift among school-children, the working-classes, servants and artisans."

Lord John Manners in 1878 records with pride that continual references have been made to England's system of savings-banks by the United States of America, and he quotes a statement by the New York *Herald*: "The recent wide-spread failures make the establishment of post-office savings-banks not merely a necessity but a burning question."

Reports which Lord John supplied to the American Postmaster-General brought forth the following eloquent statement from the American Postmaster-

General of the day: "Government post-office savings-banks are demanded in the name of the honest poor, the careful retailer, the newly-arrived emigrant, and for the security of the self-denying saving classes. In this year New Zealand was so pleased with the success of the post-office savings-banks that the people were asking for a penny savings-bank in every public-school. Facilities were given to soldiers at home and abroad (particularly at Malta, Gibraltar, Cyprus) to deposit money or open or continue accounts with the post-office savings-banks of the Mother country."

Professor Henry Fawcett, Postmaster-General in 1879:

"The Netherlands Government this year introduced post-office savings-banks with a minimum deposit of 5d. from each person. The United States have within the last few years made no less than six attempts to pass post-office savings-banks bills through Congress. All failed through the hostility of the banking interests.

"The growth of savings-banks in France is remarkable. In May, 1878, after the war there were three million depositors whose savings amounted to \$930,000,000, or £37,200,000."

Professor Henry Fawcett, 1880, 1881, 1882:

"I beg call attention to the extraordinary increase in deposits in the post-office savings-banks of Ireland. These have been doubled in the ten years from 1871 to 1880. A further number of trustees' savings-banks have been closed and the accounts transferred to the post-office savings-banks. Facilities have been given to navvies on the peat railway-works in progress to invest their savings in the post-office savings-banks. Italian post-office savings-banks, which were established in 1876, have met with great success. In 1879 money flowed into them as a haven of refuge for the savings of the poor. Post-office savings-banks in continen-

tal countries are increasing, and they are fast becoming universal. The Postmaster-General of America, Mr. Maynard, and Mr. J. L. James speak enthusiastically of the British post-office savings-banks. On the first of April, 1882, post-office savings-banks were established in India, with four thousand offices.

A REMARKABLE SURVEY.

In a previous page I told of the opening of the first post-office savings-banks in Great Britain in September, 1861, in 300 offices in which 435 deposits amounting to almost £1,000 were made. Let us now look at those interesting figures showing the remarkable progress made:

	Number of Post-Office Savings-Banks open in the United Kingdom.	Number of Depositors.	Amount to Credit of Depositors.
1871	4,335	1,303,492	£17,470,000
1881	6,513	2,607,612	36,509,723
1891	10,063	5,118,395	72,860,027
1901	13,673	8,787,675	139,506,000
*1903	14,362	9,403,852	146,135,147

*This is in addition to £44,015,000 in the old Savings-Banks.

Taking the population of Great Britain and Ireland at slightly over 40,000,000, we find that one person in every four and one-half has deposits in the post-office savings-bank, and that the average amount deposited by each poor person is exactly £15. 10s. 10d. Statistics are generally dull, but these must be most interesting and gratifying to all who have the welfare of mankind at heart.

WHO ARE THE DEPOSITORS?

The last evidence of the value of the post-office savings-banks of Great Britain and Ireland is afforded by a description of the occupations or designations of the people who put their money in the "government security." Of the half-a-million of depositors in 1865 it was found

that 285,000 were females, children under age, or trustees of small amounts, that 140,000 were mechanics, artisans, porters, domestic and farm-servants, policemen, laborers, boatmen, fishermen and seamen; and that 53,000 were tradesmen, then assistants, farmers and clerks. Ten or twelve years after the return was made a remarkable pamphlet was republished from *Cassell's Magazine*, entitled "Pennies of the People," and its circulation did much to encourage thrift and investment in the post-office savings-banks.

In 1875 the Postmaster-General gave the following as the grade or order of investors in the post-office savings-banks of Great Britain and Ireland: (1) Minors; (2) laborers; (3) no occupation; (4) artisans; (5) unmarried women; (6) married women.

The people of this country are well satisfied with these institutions. It appears almost incredible that there are no post-office savings-banks in the United States. The Honorable John Wanamaker in a statesmanlike appeal to the patriotism of his countrymen to establish these banks fourteen years ago, says that "the making of money is a part of the genius of an American, but the saving of it is not so conspicuous." We have certainly "Consols" representing the Great National Debt in which the savings can be invested, and are invested, and America can surely arrange for this. Mr. Wanamaker during his term of office as Postmaster-General got perhaps the best summing up of the advantages of post-office savings-banks from the Postmaster-General of Canada, and, with this I will conclude the story:

First, to the people personally: (1) Absolute security from loss; (2) convenience of making deposits; (3) repayment not affected by change of residence; (4) safety against personation and fraud; (5) prevention of poverty, for temporary want, by developing habits of thrift and saving; (6) gives, where no other banks exist, a means of ready and safe deposit;

(7) discourages reckless and speculative expenditures; (8) educates the young and untrained to the knowledge of the use and management of money.

To the country: (1) The people receive the profits (interests) of their savings when used as a public investment; (2) the country's wealth is kept growing within itself; (3) by the wide distribution of these savings money thus invested can promptly reach points needing it suddenly from local causes; (4) in remote places, stringency from too limited bank-

ing facilities is prevented or lessened; (5) the laboring people feel a direct personal interest in the stability of the country; (6) sectionalism among the less intelligent classes is lessened by continual and close touch with a common financial institution; (7) by special investment the people's savings may be made the foundation of securities for financial institutions, or loans for municipal improvements, or special national undertakings.

J. HENNIKER HEATON.

London, England.

THE SOCIAL MESSAGE OF EMERSON.

BY REV. OWEN R. LOVEJOY.

EMERSON is popularly classed as an extreme individualist, and it is true that he takes as the basis of much of his philosophy these words from Beaumont and Fletcher:

"Man is his own star; and the soul that can
Render an honest and a perfect man,
Commands all light, all influence, all fate;
Nothing to him falls early or too late."

His regard for the divinity in human life is so commanding that he refuses to surrender to any power outside the life.

Nevertheless "Individualism" in the sense in which that term is understood to-day stands, as I shall seek to show from his own words, a complete contradiction of every principle for which he stood.

His interest in the individual was not an interest in this or that particular individual, but in *Man*. Humanity was to him not a mass of living animals to be fed and clothed, but a race of persons of infinite significance. He desired us to become emancipated and to develop for a purpose—larger service to the race. That he was concerned in the development of individuals, not merely as individuals, but in their social relations, is clear from his criticism of the Transcen-

dentalists with whom tradition so often identifies him. "Their solitary manners . . . withdraw them . . . from the labors of the world: they are not good citizens, not good members of society; unwillingly they bear their part of the public and private burdens; they do not willingly share in the public charities, in the public religious rites, in the enterprises of education . . . in the abolition of the slave-trade, or in the temperance society." The struggling multitudes that have crowded the generations were not indifferent to him. He says: "When government reaches its true law of action, every man that is born will be hailed as essential!" Here is an Emancipation Proclamation which is to reach the last life. Here is the kernel of the social message of one whose soul suffered pain because he saw that multitudes of people are forced into conditions which render them unimportant to the world, which leave them unessential to progress.

When we speak of the social message of Emerson we are not to look for doctrinaire teachings of any specific reform, nor set programmes for carrying out special measures. Programmes were the snare of the active, and specific measures were the

idols to which committees and societies were offering the sweet incense of their myriad resolutions. Here came one who had faith in the living spirit which is in Man. He seeks to call us from our faith in things to a faith in Life. With him the only fact and crowning worth on this earth was the spirit of man, to be liberated and brought to its perfection. Therefore whatever social message he had was to this end—that humanity might be redeemed from its littleness and sordidness and ugliness and cowardice and might put on the glory of God.

The determining expressions of any civilization are the Political, Religious, and Industrial institutions of society. A few utterances from Emerson, which it is believed are typical, will indicate his attitude toward these institutions.

Just at the time when Emerson came to his intellectual maturity De Tocqueville was investigating our Democracy under direction of the French government, and published his report in 1835 under the title *Democracy in America*. In this volume De Tocqueville had said: "I know of no country in which there is so little independence of mind and real freedom of discussion as in America." And of our boasted principle of human equality, which we are now for the first time beginning to analyze, he said: "The nations of our time cannot prevent the conditions of men from becoming equal; but it depends upon themselves whether the principle of equality is to lead them to servitude or freedom, to knowledge or barbarism, to prosperity or wretchedness." This was a stinging criticism of our life and institutions, which the calm judgment of subsequent years has justified. The decade was one of Compromise. Those were the days of torpor and mutual trembling—days when the North was just awakening to the fact that an institution of deadly significance had fastened itself upon the life of our Republic, but dared not confess the discovery; and days when the South, eager for the perpetuation of a system many believed essential to south-

ern progress, dared not step forward and demand that which would place the system on a firm and lasting basis. Henry Clay was not an enigma, he was the voice of the people. He merely breathed the spirit of discreet concession, and said what nearly everyone thought. There were topics on which polite society preserved a discreet silence. The man who cared for his standing in the community did not discuss what was uppermost in all minds. It was a period in American history of infinite and depressing diplomacy. In comparison the decades that followed, when both the defenders and the opponents of the system came into the open, are glorious.

It was this condition in society which drew from Emerson an expression which has been popularly considered the climax of his "Individualism." "Leave this hypocritical prating about the masses. Masses are rude, lame, unmade, pernicious in their demands and influence and need not to be flattered but to be schooled. I wish not to concede anything to them, but to tame, drill, divide and break them up, and draw individuals out of them. Away with this hurrah of masses, and let us have the considerate vote of single men, spoken on their honor and their conscience." Studied in connection with the conditions which called it forth, this utterance is rather the proof that he discerned the danger to our democracy, seen so clearly by De Tocqueville—the tyranny of majorities.

The organization of mobs under political banners has become so perfect to-day that this protest is vitally significant. While we repudiate the rule of kings and pride ourselves on our independence we need to learn that the mere absence of a king does not imply the freedom of the people. An absolute ruler may be a Monarch on his throne, or a Panarch scattered everywhere. He may have one head, or several million. Shall I, because the men who think differently are more numerous, yield ignominiously and let unwisdom and vice continue? Shall I,

the citizen of a kingless country, become the slave to whatever party can speak with the loudest voice? This might be safe were that loudest voice the voice of a *free* majority, but it is rather the overwhelming volume of a purchased majority, a voice which does not express the lives that utter it. "We but half express ourselves, and are ashamed of that divine idea which each of us represents."

All departments of our government are the creatures of a numerical victory. Hence the appeal in political decisions is to the voter; not to the man. Suffrage becomes a thing to be bartered in the market and the man who dares stand alone, or with an evident minority, is looked upon as almost an enemy to our principle of government.

Beyond question the great political parties which divide the suffrage of the American people to-day, also dictate the policy of the country and fashion political and social views with a power rarely, if ever, exercised by any monarch. Men in prominent political positions, or aspirants for political honor, express their views on great national issues such as the tariff, the monetary problem, the race-struggle, immigration, provincial extension or imperial aggression—by principles that are the result of personal conviction?—rather by direction of "The National Committee" which dictated the platform adopted at the last National party Convention! Even our judicial decisions, which should be entirely free from any influence outside the clear ethics of law, are often kicked and battered back and forth, affirmed and reversed from lower up to higher court, until the high-priests of the court of last appeal finally settle the question, how? By a *majority* vote! And henceforth it is treason to refuse to recognize as Law that which, an hour before, was nothing—and that which, an administration hence, by the discovery of some new and mysterious technicality, may again be reduced to nothing. So long as class-interest, or mass-interest, is our only method of expressing our democratic principles every

department of our government stands in danger of corruption from forces which could find no mode of attack if every interest in society were permitted free expression and a fair representation in delegated authority.

To develop our democratic principles beyond the experimental stage the establishment and exposition of the civil law must be so rescued from the tyranny of either numerical or monetary pressure that confidence in its equity and justice shall be secured and the temple of our national justice shall become to us as sacred as was the Areopagus to the ancient Greeks.

It was this tragedy in society, as imminent now as in his own day, this tendency to surrender independent personal thought to the overpowering decision of numbers, upon which Emerson looked with mingled dread and disgust. This led him to assert the necessity for complete emancipation of human nature, to see that abuse of any good custom may corrupt the world, and to attempt to "draw individuals out of" the mass. Evidently his purpose did not stop with the drawing out of individuals, but that—being drawn out—we should have as a social asset "the considerate vote of single men, spoken on their honor and their conscience."

In 1838 Emerson was invited to deliver the graduation address before the Divinity School of Harvard University. Two or three typical sentences from that address will indicate the social nature of his message, and the clearness with which he foresaw the decadence in power and influence which the church was then just beginning to manifest. A decadence witnessed to-day, with mingled indifference and alarm, in the inability of the Church to make a controlling appeal to the people who were the special objects of the care and ministry of Jesus, and also in its inability to adjust itself to changing demands of method and expression. This inflexibility renders the Church incapable, on the one hand, of speaking the word of Life to every man

"in the language wherein he was born" and, on the other hand, of coördinating the efforts of a multitude of capable people who are earnestly seeking a point of contact for helpful ministration.

"The prayers and even the dogmas of the church are like the zodiac of Denderah and the astronomical monuments of the Hindoos, wholly insulated from anything now extant in the life and business of the people. They mark the height to which the waters once rose. It is the office of the true teacher to show that God is, not was; that he speaketh, not spake. The true Christianity—a faith like Christ's in the infinitude of man—is lost. None believeth in the soul of *man*, but only in some man or person old and departed."

It was not enmity toward the church that caused Emerson to resign his pastorate in the Second Church, Boston. It was because he believed the church to be living in the past rather than in the present; in the realm of speculation rather than of experimentation. Society has been pleased to classify Emerson as a dreaming mystic, rather than a man of action. If there is any one thing the world ought to learn about him, I believe it is that he was not a dreaming mystic, but that he was a man of action. The present and the practical must not be subjected to the tyranny of the past and the theoretical. His estimate of conventional religion in his day might well be expressed in the words of his criticism of contemporary literature: "It exhibits a vast carcass of tradition every year with as much solemnity as a new revelation."

He left the church pastorate because his soul refused to be imprisoned in any organization which held it essential to maintain conventional consistency with the past. The church must rise to the mission of human emancipation and enlightenment, must cease to exist for herself, must become leaven of society instead of a safe-deposit vault for theological apologetics, must have a word of the "Good News" for all life in this and each succeeding generation,—nay, must be

willing to lay down her life for the sins of the world, if she were ever to fulfil the design for which she came into being. Certainly we cannot be indifferent to this practical note of Emerson when we remember that the same spirit which drove him from the church—dedication to the past instead of the present, defence of the divinity of some person who has lived together with denial of the divinity of persons who now live, hence *the failure to serve society*—is driving thoughtful men and women to-day to seek social amelioration and spiritual inspiration elsewhere.

The industrial word of his social message I find best expressed in "The Boston Hymn":

"But laying hands on another,
To coin his labor and sweat,
He goes in pawn to his victim,
For eternal years in debt."

He here joins with Ruskin and William Morris in condemning an economic system which vitiates the ratio between labor and reward. The "Hymn" had a specific application when written, but the application did not exhaust the principle. An institutional slavery, the chattel-ownership of men's bodies, is not the only form of bondage. The slavery which exists in society to-day is in some respects more depressing and deadening than that which we practiced until the middle of the last century. It is more difficult to remove, because it is insidious, and it is not sectional.

There is an ancient law, which Christians at least regard as divine, that food shall be the reward of industry, that the toiler shall be the partaker. Property is ordained to be the direct effect of which labor is the cause. The mere mention of a few terms familiar to us will illustrate how far we have departed from that principle. When one speaks of "the property class" and "the laboring class" we should think of the same class. The "leisure classes" should mean to us the ragged and homeless and hungry. But when one speaks of the leisure class we think of the people who have their private cars and yachts,

who spend their summers in Newport and their winters in the South, and the remainder of the year in Europe, and who give pink teas and whist-parties for "sweet charity" in their sumptuous parlors. We rarely stop to think how unscientific is this classification. The laboring class should mean the prosperous; the people who live in comfortable homes and who are secure against want or the fear of want. Instead, we think of those who live in uncomfortable houses, or pitiful fractions of houses, where high rents and poor food and dim light and bad air and high-priced necessities, purchased from those who live by the system of "robbing the poor because he is poor," breed pallor and sickness and early death among the children, and premature sadness and failure, and inglorious and dependent old age for the father and mother.

Our present contradiction to an industrial equation Mr. Emerson looks fairly in the face and declares: Every drop of a man's sweat is his own. Who steals it is a thief. So divine a being is man that whoso wrongs him robs God! "The consummation of all wealth," says Ruskin, "is in the producing as many as possible full-breathed, bright-eyed, happy-hearted human creatures." It is in the failure of our present warlike industrial system to produce anything of the kind that Emerson sees the magnitude of its condemnation. The thought that one man should lay hands on another man, to coin his labor and sweat, was to him so gigantic an offence against the dignity and sanctity of human nature that terror shot through his heart as he thought of the debt the oppressor was contracting—a debt measured by the disparity between the victim and a full-orbed manhood. It was not alone, nor chiefly, the fact that faithful toilers in this and other countries are underfed and poorly clad, that concerned him. That is bad enough. But the greater sin is in the fact that the poor are also robbed of education, of refinement, of ennobling ideals, of the opportunity to let the soul grow, fed by art and nature.

His voice is the cry of the prophet against the moral confusion which results from this divorce between labor and reward, breeding dishonesty and cunning and faithlessness, and filling our great cities with structures designed with infinite precision to breed the maximum of vice and fever, and with factories for the production of our food and clothing, which are often huge prisons for the helpless and ideal-less multitudes who "labor and sweat" for a reward which comes not to them.

This industrial chaos affects not only the poor. "The young man on entering life," says Emerson, "finds the way to lucrative employment blocked with abuse. The ways of trade have grown selfish to the borders of theft, and supple to the borders (if not beyond the borders) of fraud. A tender and intelligent conscience is a disqualification for success."

What a rebuke to the "maxims of a low prudence" which are so faithfully preached by the press and pulpit to-day. Our "successful" young business princes lecture on Sunday afternoons to Sunday-school classes or Young Men's Christian Associations on "How to make a cold million every week, by a Christian who has done it" and kindred themes, creating a false and vicious thirst for a wealth not measured by patience, or industry, or honor, but measured by one's ability to get other human beings to do his work for him, and then bring him the fruits of it. Listen to Emerson: "You will hear that the first duty is to get land and money, place and name. 'What is this truth you seek, what is this beauty?' men will ask in derision. If God has, nevertheless, called any of you to explore truth and beauty, be bold, be firm, be true. When you shall say 'as others do, so will I, I am sorry for my early vision, I must eat the good of the land and let this go until a more convenient season,' then dies the man in you; then once more perish the buds of art, and poetry, and science, as they have died already in a thousand thousand men."

Whatever system or institution stands in the way of executing absolute justice and producing perfect liberty must be removed. These words of the Boston Hymn are, to those who thrive on the toil of others, the rescuing call of a friend who beholds them thrust off from their luxury into the Eternal years in debt. While to those who look for the complete evolution of the race these and other words stand as the pro-

phesy of the days when there shall be in America what Emerson said earth waits for—"exalted manhood"; when brotherhood, not master and servant, shall be the bond of social union, and the Kingdom of character and spiritual power shall be no longer subordinated, as now, to the kingdom of the material.

OWEN R. LOVEJOY.

Mount Vernon, N. Y.

THE REIGN OF BOODLE AND THE RAPE OF
THE BALLOT IN ST. LOUIS.

THE MANIA FOR MILLIONS, THE DESIRE TO GET SOMETHING
FOR NOTHING, ROBS THE PEOPLE OF LIBERTY
AS WELL AS MATERIAL WEALTH.

BY LEE MERIWETHER.*

SOME one has said that no man can get money without earning it unless some other man earns money without getting it. Never was truer saying. In all countries and in all ages there have been men whose sole labor consisted in plotting and scheming how to get something for nothing, how to get money without earning it, how to get their daily bread by the sweat of another's brow. Centuries ago these men were called robber-barons; they lived in moated and turreted castles and when they wanted meat and grain and wine they let down the

draw-bridge, crossed the moat into the peasants' fields and took with the mailed fist what spoils they chose; then they returned to their castles and reveled with wine, women and song until ready for another foray into the valleys below.

The castles overlooking the Rhine are tenantless now; no robber-barons now trample over peasants' fields; no bands of armed retainers drive off cattle and cart away grain and wine. But the difference is one of method alone. Now, as in the olden days, some men still get money without earning it while their

* [Mr. Lee Meriwether, who opens our series of papers on "Corruption and Graft in Municipal, State and National Government in America," is a well-known publicist, author and lawyer. In 1885-86 he tramped over Europe, from Gibraltar to the Bosphorus, and elsewhere, in order to study labor conditions from actual experience and personal contact with the toilers, and on his return was appointed by the Secretary of the Interior to prepare a report on the condition of the laborers in Europe. Later he was appointed as a special agent for the Department of the Interior and for three years collected data relating to labor in the United States and in the Hawaiian Islands. This position he resigned to accept the office of Labor Commissioner for Missouri. His reports when in the latter office led to important reforms and placed Mr.

Meriwether among the foremost leaders of those favoring public ownership of municipal utilities. In 1897 he received the nomination by the Democratic party for Mayor of St. Louis. He was opposed, however, by both the partisan rings and the corrupt public-service companies. The political bosses were notoriously corrupt and unscrupulous, and they had complete control of the election machinery, and though public sentiment appeared to be overwhelmingly in favor of Mr. Meriwether, he was counted out. He is the author of a number of deeply thoughtful works, among the most important of which are *A Tramp Trip: How to See Europe on Fifty Cents a Day; Afloat and Ashore on the Mediterranean*; and *The Tramp at Home*.—Editor [THE ARENA.]

victims, the mass of plain people, still earn money without being allowed to keep it. The desire to get something for nothing, the desire to live on the labor of others, produced the robber-barons of the Rhine; and it is the same desire to-day which produces that plentiful crop of boodlers to be found in American National, State and Municipal governments. The post-office scandals afford an illustration of national boodle; Pennsylvania under the Quay *régime* furnished a specimen of state corruption, while St. Louis presents a striking example of rottenness in certain departments of city administration. The streets of a modern city offer a far richer spoil than was ever offered a Rhine robber-baron by any German peasant's fields. The monopoly of furnishing gas, telephones or transportation to the 600,000 inhabitants of a city like St. Louis is worth millions of dollars; the possessor of that monopoly need neither toil nor spin, yet he may have a thousand times more luxury than all the robber-barons of the middle ages. To obtain this luxury, to enjoy greater riches than were enjoyed by any king or emperor of the past, all one need do is to obtain a few franchises; these franchises, worth a thousand times more than a robber-baron could steal in a life-time, are not obtained with clubs, maces and battle-axes, wielded by hired marauders, as was done five centuries ago; the methods now employed are equally immoral as the methods of the past, but they are less spectacular and they are veneered with respectability and corporation law. Our modern robber-barons wear silk hats instead of helmets; they don Prince Albert frocks instead of coats of chain-armor; they live in fashionable mansions instead of in turreted castles; and they drive to church on Sundays and found colleges and libraries with the money they purloin, instead of spending it on drunken orgies as their robber-baron ancestors did a few centuries ago. Yes, our modern robber-barons are very, very respectable indeed. They are our "prominent" citi-

zens, our "business" men, our "Captains of Industry"—and here is an example of the way they go about getting something for nothing, making themselves rich by getting millions of money they do not earn, thereby preventing a million other men from obtaining the money which they do earn.

Mr. Charles H. Turner, St. Louis millionaire, "prominent" citizen and "Captain of Industry," was president of the Suburban street-railway company which, by reason of its monopoly of a number of miles of St. Louis' streets, was worth \$3,000,000. Mr. Turner saw a chance to double the value of his road without any work or service on his part, by the simple expedient of getting a monopoly of some more miles of St. Louis streets; and so he asked "Colonel" Butler, the acknowledged "Boss" of St. Louis, how much he would charge to induce the House of Delegates and the City Council to rob the people of this \$3,000,000 franchise and bestow it upon Turner and his friends. Col. Butler said his "fee" would be \$145,000 and Turner, thinking that too much to pay for stolen goods worth \$3,000,000, went to a Mr. Philip Stock who agreed to do the job for \$135,000, \$10,000 less than Butler demanded. The boodlers in St. Louis' local legislature, being like Turner and other highly respectable "prominent" citizens in the matter of wanting something for nothing, of wanting to get money without earning it (legitimately), readily agreed to rob the people of a \$3,000,000 franchise and turn the proceeds over to Turner and associates, provided they could be sure of their share of the spoils. Butler they knew and trusted; Stock they did not know and so they insisted that he pay the \$135,000 in advance. Stock refused to do this but he finally agreed to put the money in a safety-vault box where it was to be called for when the franchise was granted. Stock kept one key to this box, the other key was given to a representative of the boodlers, and the bank agreed not to

permit the box to be opened except in the presence of both parties and by the use of both keys. This done, the House and Council promptly passed the ordinance conferring the \$3,000,000 monopoly upon Turner *et al.*, and John K. Murrell and Charles Kratz were delegated by the boodlers to wait on Stock and get the \$135,000 out of the box. Before they saw Stock, however, a citizen secured an injunction restraining the Suburban road from taking possession of the franchise, whereupon Stock refused to open the box containing the bribe-money until it was ascertained whether the courts would permit the ordinance to stand. When finally, on some technical point, the courts sustained the injunction and declared the ordinance invalid, Stock flatly declined to give up the \$135,000, declaring that his employers had not received the franchise and so were not bound to pay for what they had not gotten. The boodlers, on their part, refused to let the box be opened for the purpose of permitting the money to be returned to Mr. Turner; they declared they had been bribed to vote for a certain ordinance; they had done this; that this ordinance proved defective was not their fault; the Suburban road's attorneys had drawn up the franchise; if the franchise was defective that was *the lawyers'* fault, not the boodlers'; they had given their votes according to contract, consequently they insisted on having their bribe-money. Obviously, so unique a position as this offered little chance of friendly adjustment and when the boodlers' clamor grew too loud, when they threatened to make a "leak" as to the safety-vault box with its precious package of thousand-dollar bills, Mr. Turner took fright and resolved to make the "leak" himself; it became a race to the Circuit-Attorney's office to see which side should turn state's evidence first, and Turner won the race. It was a despicable *role*, that of informer as well as self-confessed briber and would-be receiver of stolen goods, but Mr. Turner thought that even that *role*

was better than to wear a felon's stripes, so he told Joseph W. Folk what he knew.

The story of how Circuit-Attorney Folk produced in court the box with its \$135,000, how member after member of the House of Delegates and the City Council was tried, and convicted, how millionaire boodlers like Wainwright fled to Egypt to escape prosecution, how boodlers worth only a few hundred thousand dollars, like Kratz and Murrell, fled to Mexico, how Folk secured an amendment to the Extradition Treaty with Mexico and caused the boodlers to be returned, tried and convicted—all this has been told to the world, but it is not so well known how these startling revelations aroused honest men on the one hand, while on the other hand they frightened the whole brood of political vultures and drove them to the most desperate measures in their effort to ruin Folk and drive him out of public life.

In the outset of the contest the boodlers started with every odd in their favor; for a generation men like Charles H. Turner who amass fortunes by getting for nothing franchises worth millions of dollars had been entrenching themselves behind a series of breast-works and fortifications. Their fortunes being due to rotten legislation, they tried to see to it that the people's hands were tied so tight as to make it impossible for them to undo the crooked laws that enabled a ring of "prominent citizens" to rob St. Louis more mercilessly than the barons of the Rhine robbed the peasants of France and Germany. Manifestly, the best way to accomplish this desire was to deprive the people of self-government, of the power to make good laws and to repeal bad ones. And this the respectable boodlers—not the petty thieves satisfied with a paltry \$135,000 to be divided by twenty or more members of a city legislature—but the Charles H. Turners who wanted \$3,000,000 at a single instalment have done in St. Louis. St. Louis, the fourth city of the Union in population, wealth, commerce and industrial importance, is to-day

as devoid of self-government, at any rate, so far as primary elections and the choosing of party candidates are concerned, as Moscow or Constantinople. True, its citizens have a right to cast a ballot in the primary election, but their ballots are cast under the shadow of a policeman's club and they are counted, if at all, by the tools of one faction of one political party. And that faction is owned body and soul by "prominent citizens" of the Turner stripe who have amassed millions through boodle and stolen franchises.

In April, 1901, when the people of St. Louis arose in what amounted to a political revolution and repudiated both of the two boss-ridden machines and elected a Public-Ownership ticket on a platform pledged to the operation of street-railways, telephones and other public utilities in the interest of the people instead of in the interest of owners of watered stocks and bonds, the tools of the "Prominent-Citizen" Ring were entrenched in the Election Commissioners' office; the election Commissioners and the election judges and clerks had the counting of the people's ballots and they calmly wrote down that their ticket was elected and that the Public-Ownership ticket was defeated. So open, so notorious was it that the independent party had won, many of the hired agents of the "Prominent-Citizen" Ring who raped the ballot and murdered self-government in St. Louis did not even take the trouble to conceal or to deny their methods. One of the minor agents of these respectable millionaire receivers of stolen franchises was a certain Robert Carroll, now a Justice of the Peace, but formerly a paid employee and zealous satellite of the noted Boss, Col. Edward Butler. Speaking of the mayoralty election of 1901, this Mr. Carroll said to the writer: "We had no idea your people amounted to anything, but the votes came in so fast the boys had to work over-time to throw them out. For instance, in one precinct where we did n't expect any public-ownership votes to speak of there were several hundred. Of course, the boys could n't stand for that so they just

threw out the whole lot and gave the precinct unanimously to the other ticket."

Mr. Carroll explained that it was easy to do this because after the voters go home, the men in the polling-places, employees, all, of our modern robber-barons, "can in five minutes with a five-cent lead pencil cast more votes—on paper—than five thousand citizens can cast in a ballot-box in a whole day." Said another "practical" politician who was, and still is, behind the scenes: "Much has been said about 'Indians,' 'repeaters' and Col. Butler's 'emergency wagons' which went from poll to poll on election day, but all this only amounts to a bluff. The real work is done on the inside of the polling-places after they are closed. The purpose of the Indian-loaded wagons is merely to intimidate honest voters. The fraud of the election does not really begin on a large scale until night, then in dozens of precincts where the judges and election clerks of both big parties have been 'fixed' we put down just what returns we wish. John Smith may have 500 votes in a given precinct, but if Smith is the man we want to beat we knock off two ciphers and credit him with 5 votes. That is cheaper and quicker than hiring 500 Indians to cast illegal ballots."

When mention of this wholesale rape of the ballot is made the question is often asked: "Why does n't some one make use of the constitutional provision permitting a ballot-box to be opened and a comparison of the ballots to be made with the voting lists so as to ascertain if the ballots are recorded as really cast by the electors?" Here again the "Prominent-Citizen" Ringsters are entrenched behind an impregnable fortress; they have secured a supreme court decision declaring that the ballot is too sacred to be inspected: better, says the court in effect, better rape the ballot, better murder self-government than destroy the secrecy of the ballot by letting A. know how B. voted. As the Public-Ownership nominee for Mayor of St. Louis in 1897 the writer was convinced from his own

knowledge of the election, and from what was freely and frankly said by those who stole the election, that he had received a majority of the people's votes, and so he instituted contest proceedings in the Circuit Court of St. Louis. Before the case could be heard, however, in a similar contest then pending the Supreme Court handed down a ruling to the effect that the boxes could not be opened and the ballots compared with the lists, and so, of course, the mayoralty contest was discontinued, thus leaving St. Louis in charge of officials who were notoriously not elected and whom the people by an overwhelming vote had declared should have no part or parcel in the city's government.

Recalling how in the 1901 mayoralty election a sweeping victory had been thus won with a few lead-pencils manipulated by bold and unscrupulous election officials, the boodlers laughed when Circuit-Attorney Folk announced that, if the people wished, he would continue his work from the Governor's office. Why not laugh? Were there not lots of pencils still in St. Louis? And could not one pencil in the hands of a "safe" man out-vote a thousand fool reformers? The "Prominent-Citizen" Ring knew this to be true, but in its eagerness to defeat the man responsible for the conviction of boodlers who had made it possible for them, the "Prominent-Citizens," to become rich and "prominent," the ring foolishly decided not to rest content with leaving matters to "the man inside with the pencil"; it went further and stationed thugs outside the polling-places with orders to slug, kick, beat and, if necessary, kill—anything to defeat Folk. Neither age, health nor station in life was spared; some of the victims were men of national reputation. For example, one was the Hon. Norman J. Coleman, former Lieutenant-Governor of Missouri and Secretary of Agriculture in Mr. Cleveland's Cabinet. Two others assaulted while standing in line outside a polling-place waiting to vote were the sons of David R. Francis, President of

the St. Louis World's Fair, former Governor of Missouri and Secretary of the Interior in Mr. Cleveland's second administration. Another victim was a venerable ex-judge, 81 years old. Those, and scores of others, were knocked down in broad daylight, some were kicked and beaten, others were dragged into alleys—why? Because they were about to commit the crime of voting in a primary election for delegates pledged to nominate Folk for Governor. The police stood idly by, giving no protection whatever to the citizens assaulted, and in some instances even taking part in the outrages; for the police department is a part of the "Prominent-Citizen" Ring. There have been instances where for weeks before an election members of the police department have gone about locating vacant houses and assisting in registering fictitious names from such houses. One instance recalled by the writer is that of a small house at 1227 North Broadway, St. Louis. Ninety-five names were registered, and subsequently voted, from that house although it is a physical impossibility for one-fifth of that many persons to reside there. 136 names were registered from the house at 800 South Spring avenue. It is said that on Clark avenue the fraudulent names on the registered list outnumber the names of real persons with a legal right to vote. From 3685 Forest Park, 110 names are registered. Many similar instances might be cited. These lists are of course frauds, but the names are voted on election day and the citizen who protests is beaten by the "Indians" or arrested by the police. At one polling-place when the challenger, a Mr. Forester, asked the police to prevent a gang of repeaters from voting so many times the police laughed while the "Indian" at the head of the line of repeaters stopped casting ballots long enough to assault Mr. Forester and beat him so severely as to compel him to flee for his life. Mr. Forester is a reputable citizen, employed now and for years past in a responsible position in the Federal Custom-House in

St. Louis, but he received no protection from the police in the polling-place because the police knew that the "Indians" were operating in the interest of the "Prominent-Citizen" Ring and that that Ring did not want an honest vote; an honest vote would mean an end to stolen franchises; and an end to stolen franchises would mean an end to the opportunities of the ring to get millions of other peoples' money without earning it.

In St. Louis county when the convention met to name delegates favorable to Folk for Governor, a mob of thugs captured the court-house, smashed the judge's bench, demolished the book-cases and furniture and forced the Folk delegates to flee for their lives, some of them leaping from the court-house windows. These tactics met with the customary success in the county and city of St. Louis. In all that great metropolis not one delegate favorable to Folk was elected. To judge from the primary returns that great city of 600,000 people was a unit in condemning Folk, the man who exposed boodlers, and a unit in supporting the criminals whom Folk was heading toward the penitentiary. This once, however, the "Prominent-Citizen" Ring greedy for franchises and therefore backing the thugs in their effort to defeat Folk, the man who was breaking up the free-franchise system—for once these worthies over-reached themselves; their machine slipped a cog. The very decisiveness of their victory startled the state. Was it possible that out of 600,000 people in St. Louis not one preferred Folk to the boodlers? Could the vote which produced such a result be honest? Country-folks began to ask questions; country papers began to print pictures of boodlers knocking down aged, gray-haired men; pictures were printed of the judge's demolished bench and of Folk delegates leaping from the court-house windows. And as the sturdy Missouri farmers thought of these things they set their teeth and grimly vowed, that whatever St. Louis with its police and "Prominent-Citizen" Ring might do, they, the people at the fork of

the creeks, the people uncorrupted by the hired tools of modern robber-barons greedy for stolen public privileges, could and would nominate Joseph W. Folk for Governor. And this vow they kept when the Democratic State Convention met at Jefferson City last July.

Could the story end here there would be in it naught but hope and joy to the lover of good government, but it does not end here. Defeated in their effort to defeat Folk, the "Prominent-Citizen" Ring turned its attention to the other state officials and there met with its accustomed success. It secured the nomination of men who for years past in their official positions have assessed railroads and other public-service corporations at from one-fourth to less than one-fifth their actual value; all the while private property, farms, lands, houses, horses, cattle, have been assessed at from two-thirds to three-fourths of their actual selling value. The presence on the ticket of these men, one of whom escaped prosecution for bribery only because his crime was not known until after the statute of limitations had matured, confused and confounded the people of Missouri; here was Folk, the prosecutor of boodlers, running for Governor on a ticket containing as candidate for the next highest office, that of Secretary of State, the name of a man whose immunity from criminal prosecution was due, not to innocence of crime, but to the statute of limitations. Another man nominated on the ticket with Mr. Folk was known as the pliant tool of monopoly corporations; and what that meant to the people may be seen from a few illustrations. For example, at a time when the St. Louis Transit company (a street-railroad) was capitalized at \$90,000,000 and charged the people a five-cent fare in order to earn dividends upon that figure, the same company was made to pay taxes on only some \$16,000,000, less than a fifth of its capitalization. Again, an official of the St. Louis Laclede Gas company stated on the witness-stand that his company's plant could be duplicated for \$2,000,000; and



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JOSEPH W. FOLK

it was assessed for taxation purposes at that figure. The company is quite willing to adopt that figure when it comes to appraising its property for taxation, but when it comes to charging St. Louisans for gas the price is fixed at a rate high enough to earn dividends upon nearly ten times that amount. The Laclede Gas company is capitalized at \$20,000,000, and the daily stock-market quotations show that its actual selling value ranges from \$16,000,000 to \$17,000,000,

It was to retain this power of getting something for nothing, this power to charge high prices for gas and street-car fares so as to earn profits on ten times the capital actually invested, that the "Prominent-Citizen" Ring employed Boss Butler and his "Indians," first to defeat the nomination of Folk; then, having failed in that, to saddle on the ticket upon which Folk was a candidate for Governor men who could not command public confidence or public respect. This scheme, worthy of Machiavelli himself, succeeded. And so mystified, so discouraged were men at the sight of Folk weighted down by fellow-candidates who were either the tried tools of monopoly, or were guilty of aiding and conniving in the bribery of a State Senator, that thousands of voters lost all interest in the election and either did not take the trouble to go to the polls, or else voted against the entire Democratic ticket, Folk included. The result was that Folk was elected Governor on the eighth of November by an unprecedentedly small margin; Missouri, a "rock-ribbed" Democratic state, is accustomed to giving its Democratic tickets an overwhelming majority; Bryan carried the State by 58,727. Folk carried it by a plurality of 30,100 and a majority of only 9,330; all the rest of the ticket went down to an inglorious defeat—the first time since 1870 that a Missouri State Democratic ticket has been defeated in a presidential year.

Part of this poor showing may be due to the efforts of Boss Butler and his redoubtable "Indians." In certain wards of St. Louis where they retained control of

the polling-places Folk ballots were destroyed much after the old-time methods of primary-election days; but this accounts for only a small part of the final result, for the Butler "Indians" were confined to but a few wards of one city; moreover, the great defection from the usual Democratic vote took place in the rural districts. And from this it may be fairly assumed that the underlying ground for Folk's almost defeat, and for the actual defeat of the rest of his ticket, was the disgust, the dismay, the loss of hope consequent upon the strange spectacle of the prosecutor of boodlers yoked with the tools of railroad and other public-service monopolies, and with a candidate for Secretary of State who escaped prosecution for bribery only because his crime was three years old.

To sum the matter up, the "campaign of principle" in Missouri has not resulted as satisfactorily or as hopefully as lovers of justice and good government desired; but, on the other hand, although handicapped by State officials and a legislature largely out of sympathy with his aims and purposes, Governor Folk will have it in his power to do his constituents great service. This he can do by merely keeping the pledge he made prior to his nomination, *viz.*, Take the police out of politics and give St. Louis self-government. Napoleon the Little made himself Emperor of 35,000,000 Frenchmen by the daring use of 10,000 soldiers one night in Paris between sunset and dawn; and the unscrupulous use of the 1,300 armed police in St. Louis has frequently put in power in Missouri officials as little liked as the third Napoleon was liked by the mass of Frenchmen. The present police-law, which Governor Folk is pledged to reform, is the most extraordinary, the most iniquitous that ever disgraced the statute-books of a civilized state. By virtue of that law the Governor of Missouri appoints four commissioners who are vested with absolute control of the St. Louis police, removing and appointing its members, and fixing the amount of money which the city shall appropriate

for the department's expenses. When the Governor's four commissioners certify to the Speaker of the House of Delegates and to the President of the City Council the sum wanted for the ensuing year it forthwith becomes the duty of the house and council to appropriate the amount demanded; and any member of either house who votes against the appropriation thereby becomes guilty of a crime that is punishable by a \$1,000 fine, by disfranchisement and by permanent disability from holding any office of honor or profit. There is no maximum as to the number of police whom the commissioners may employ, and no maximum as to the amount of money they may demand from the city treasury. Immediately after this law was enacted the commissioners demanded some \$1,800,000; prior to that time the expenses of the police department had never exceeded some \$900,000 per year. This increase of nearly a million dollars at one bound aroused a storm of protest and members of the city legislature refused to vote for the appropriation. When taken into the courts, however, the Supreme Court declared the law constitutional and President Hornsby of the Council, a Democrat, in voting "aye" declared from his place on the President's bench that the bill was iniquitous and that he voted for it only because to vote against it would subject him to a \$1,000 fine and to loss of all his rights as a citizen.

The abuses of such a law are manifest; that four men not elected by the people, therefore not responsible to them, should be permitted to employ armed police at their discretion; that taxpayers of a great city should then be compelled to pay whatever sum these four commissioners demand, whether that sum be one or a dozen millions; and that any member of the city's legislature who dares to oppose the appropriation demanded by the Governor's commissioners, no matter how unreasonable, how huge that appropriation may be, may be legally fined \$1,000 and deprived of his citizenship—all this seems incredible in an American state

professing those fundamental principles of Jefferson, home-rule and self-government. But that is the condition to-day in Missouri, and that is one of the things which Governor Folk is pledged to reform. Had the people been as aroused on the other State offices as they were on that of Governor, had they nominated a complete ticket in harmony with the campaign of equal taxation, home-rule and honest government, there can be no doubt but that the entire ticket would have been overwhelmingly elected, and then Governor Folk would have had willing and able lieutenants to aid in carrying out the promised reforms. But after the fearless prosecutor of boodlers was nominated for Governor the people's interest relaxed; business men went back to their business; professional men went back to their offices; farmers went back to their farms. But the boodlers fought on—and while the people slept over their partial victory, friends of the boodlers, friends of the "Prominent-Citizen" Ring captured the other most important nominations, with the result finally recorded on the eighth of November—defeat and disaster for all save Folk and almost defeat for the head of the ticket. How much the Governor alone, unaided, can do, remains to be seen; that he can do much, that he can at least appoint police commissioners who will cease to make elections in St. Louis a tragedy and a travesty upon democratic institutions, that he can appoint election commissioners who will install honest clerks and judges in the polling places and cease the system of carrying elections with lead-pencils, after the voters have cast their ballots and gone home,—that Governor Folk can do this much all Missouri knows. And all Missouri will be grievously disappointed if he fails to do it. His enemies say he will fail; his friends say he will keep his pledges. The people will know which prediction is right after the appointment of the Police and Election Boards next January.

LEE MERIWETHER.

St. Louis, Mo.

REALLY MASTERS.

By ELTWEED POMEROY, A.M.,

President of The National Direct-Legislation League.

TWO POLITICAL events have recently happened on the Pacific coast which our great daily papers have almost entirely ignored and which the Associated Press has hardly mentioned, and yet it would be impossible to overestimate their importance, for through them, for the first time in our history, the citizens realized the fundamental ideal of democracy in the enjoyment of a government by the people on a large scale on American soil. We have had governments of and for the people, but never until last June, in Oregon, have the people of a great American commonwealth actually proposed a law by an initiative petition of a part of their number, and subsequently, at a referendum, voted on that law, without the interposition of any legislature or governor. But this happened with two laws in Oregon last June, and both were carried.

In this connection it is well to call to mind the fact that in Oregon, after the passage of the constitutional amendment providing for the initiative and referendum, this innovation was attacked in the courts, and a judge of the lower court decided that the amendment had not been properly adopted, and also vaguely intimated that the amendments were unconstitutional as not according with the clause in the United States Constitution which guarantees "a republican form of government to every state." This decision was promptly appealed to the Supreme Court of the commonwealth where the decision of the lower court was reversed. The court, in an exceptionally able and exhaustive opinion, held that the initiative and referendum were fundamentally democratic in character and in no way contradicted or antagonized the United States Constitution.

The second initial democratic act was

taken in Los Angeles on September sixteenth last. About two years ago the people of this flourishing and progressive municipality chose a charter commission which framed fifteen amendments to the charter, and these the people enacted at a referendum vote. Later the legislature ratified the same. Among the amendments were provisions for the referendum, the initiative and the recall. By the recall twenty-five per cent. of the constituents of any elective officer, by signing a petition for his recall, can force a new election during the officer's term of service, and if a majority of the people vote for someone else at this special election the official is discharged and the vacancy thus created is filled by the person selected by the electorate.

Last spring Mr. J. P. Davenport, councilman for the sixth ward of Los Angeles, outraged the opinions of his constituents by voting for a printing contract giving the city's printing at a much higher rate than other competitors bid, to the Los Angeles *Times*, and also by protecting the saloons. A petition for his recall was circulated by the Typographical Union, but on being taken into the courts on a technicality, it was thrown out by the judge. This, however, made Mr. Davenport's constituents all the more determined, and the general public also took up the question. Great meetings were held and a petition signed by a large number of voters was filed. Mr. Davenport appealed to the courts and Judge Ostler decided against him and in favor of the recall. There are three points in this decision which are very important as establishing precedents:

First. The judge decided that the reasons given in the petition were not in the nature of the charges on which a man

is tried at court-martial or for his removal under civil-service rules, but were "general statements" "designed merely to enlighten the voters, similar to the grounds the mayor is required to make when he vetoes an ordinance," and that the Council, in calling the election under the mandatory clause in this recall part of the charter, could not consider whether the charges were true or false, but must call the election, leaving it to the people by their votes to decide whether the charges had sufficient foundation to warrant the discharge of this public servant and the appointment of another.

Second. The plaintiff held that the recall itself was unconstitutional and inconsistent with the spirit of the United States Constitution. The judge decided strongly against him on this point, saying in part that: "To say that an act is unconstitutional, without pointing out the particular section violated, is practically an admission that there is nothing in the suggestion."

Third. It was claimed that "the plaintiff has some kind of property in the office and therefore it cannot be taken from him without due process of law"; that the public had made a contract with the officer, under which he held the office until the end of the term, and that a recall violated this contract. The judge said: "The authorities are practically without conflict to the effect that a public office is not property, but a mere agency, which may be terminated at any time by the principal—the sovereign people; that the incumbent holds office by no contract or grant, and that he has no vested right therein."

This decision was followed by a campaign of great bitterness, in which the *Los Angeles Times*, naturally enough, sustained Davenport. It attacked the character of his opponent with much mud-throwing, while the other papers

opposed Davenport, printing some very bad letters which he had written offering to use his power as councilman. The *Times* also attacked the recall, claiming that it permitted the persecution of an honorable officer, while the other papers sustained the recall as allowing the people to actually defend their own interests by discharging incompetent and corrupt officials. Only one ward voted on the question, but it became a city issue in which every one was interested. The voting took place on the sixteenth of September, and Dr. Houghton was elected, defeating Mr. Davenport by a vote of 2,338 to 1,584, or a majority of 754. In other words, thirty-seven per cent. voted for Davenport and sixty-three per cent. against him. All but one of the precincts voted against Davenport.

The discredited official had behind him the full strength of the dominant Republican machine and of many of the great corporations, and it was charged that "bold attempts" were made by the corporations to vote their employees. Houghton ran as a non-partisan and had no machine behind him, but there were no candidates put up by the socialists or labor men, so that he polled most of their votes. He also had some very efficient men to aid him and much strength, because the friends of the recall wanted to prove that it could be successfully employed.

After the election there were some threats of carrying the case into the courts again, but these soon subsided, and there is a general acquiescence in the result as being the decision of the people.

The Pacific coast has been making real democratic history. These initial actions taken by the people in governing themselves are far more important and pregnant with promise for the triumph of free institutions and popular government than any conventions or elections of recent years.

ELTWEED POMEROY.

East Orange, N. J.

JUSTICE FOR THE CRIMINAL.

By G. W. GALVIN, M.D.,

Physician-in-Chief to the Emergency Hospital, Boston, Massachusetts.

IN MY previous papers I called the readers' attention to the victims crushed beneath the wheels of our legal machinery. Some, I suppose, have striven to stifle their sympathy and silence the cry of conscience by the reflection that the way of the transgressor is hard. This, of course, does not meet the situation, as it is against abuses and injustice that I protest; abuses and injustice to the most unfortunate class of our people—the victims of the three-fold curse, ignorance, evil environment and unjust social conditions. Moreover, under the present order it is by no means the guilty that are always punished. There are to-day numbers in our jails and penitentiaries who are there through no fault of their own, but on account of deficiencies in our legal machinery. Once, while discussing this subject with one of the foremost criminal lawyers in Boston, I was startled by his remark that there are many persons in prison who would never have been convicted if they had had an opportunity to make arrangements for a proper defence and to engage competent legal counsel. When I seemed incredulous this gentleman took from a shelf the so-called "Blue-Book," an official document, and read the following:

"Mike Tatouche was pardoned because he had been wrongfully convicted. His cousin, who evaded the officials, was the guilty one. Tatouche had no counsel at the trial, and his mother, who was present, could not speak English."

"There are many cases like this one," observed the lawyer, "but they are not recorded in the 'Blue-Book,' for it seldom happens that the guilty one steps forward and causes the release of the innocent."

It is my purpose in a future paper to give a detailed account of a number of

cases, well fortified with indisputable evidence, showing how the innocent are suffering for crimes that the weight of evidence now at hand indicates they did not commit; but at the present time I wish to give what seems to me to be a rational programme of progress, or a general line of action that would prove, I believe, as beneficent as it is just. In my preceding articles I have shown by official statistics that the number of annual arrests in this country is more than three millions; that the number of annual convictions is over one million; that our permanent prison population is over one hundred thousand; and that the number of annual convictions for homicide is over ten thousand.

If this record spells out anything it spells out failure for the present social and judicial means and methods in the treatment of crime and criminals.

Criminology has become a science. The cause of crime has been uncovered and the fact has been established that education and economic conditions are largely responsible alike for the moral health or disease of the community and for our ethical standards of judgment. We who, largely through the accidents of environment and favoring conditions, are accounted among the respectable and law-abiding citizens, are prone to play the Pharisee and look with indifferent contempt not unmixed with loathing and disgust upon the inmates of our penal institutions, ignoring the profoundly thoughtful utterance of Goethe, that "There is no deed, good or bad, which I myself might not have committed if placed in the required surroundings"; and the equally pregnant words of Montaigne, when he said: "Three out of four men would be in prison if all of men's acts could be proven before a legal tribunal."

An infinite feeling of sadness took possession of me when I read the report of the State Conference of Charities of Massachusetts, which was recently held in Springfield, and I found myself asking the question: Are these men voluntarily or involuntarily blind? Though there was much talk about reforming the criminal, there was no definite statement showing how such a reform could be accomplished, no rational, sane or feasible programme calculated to achieve this desirable end. One man even had the hardihood to advise long prison sentences in order to attain the desired result; and the fact was loudly proclaimed, with much gratulation and self-satisfaction, that the State of Massachusetts spends every year over ten million dollars to assist and reform her people. Ten million dollars annually expended, and what have we to show for it? Fifty thousand annual arrests in the city of Boston alone; our penitentiaries and work-houses filled to overflowing; our pauper institutions inadequate to meet one-tenth of the requirements. And yet year after year conventions meet and discuss how to reform the criminal, fighting shy of the root-causes of crime and avoiding any remedial agencies that are fundamental in character. I think when on the day of universal judgment the deeds of men are weighed and measured, the inmates of our penal and pauper institutions will arise as witnesses against our hypocritical statesmen and false, shallow or ignorant reformers.

That existing society is beset with serious evils which will in time menace the very life of the state, must be apparent to all students of the philosophy of history. I am a physician, and it is but natural that when I see an evil I wish to prescribe a remedy. As a physician I also know from experience that when-

ever remedial measures are delayed too long a catastrophe ensues. For the evil which if unchecked threatens to overthrow the existing order of things and bring a repetition of the horrors of the French Revolution, I would prescribe the following remedies:

1. Equitable jurisprudence.
2. The limiting of imprisonment before trial to capital offences.
3. Summons before a magistrate instead of arrest for minor offences against the law.
4. The giving of a reasonable time in which to pay money fines imposed by police-judges. (Over fourteen thousand persons are annually imprisoned in Massachusetts on account of their inability to pay immediately the money fines imposed.)
5. The furnishing of competent counsel to poor defendants.
6. The right to work.

This last remedy is intended to strike at the root of our social evil, and I shall treat it fully in a future article; for I am profoundly convinced that one million dollars annually, judiciously applied, would reduce our prison and pauper population to one-tenth its present size and at the same time would banish from the minds of thousands the haunting fear of want which is so largely the underlying basis of vice and crime. On the day when the State shall be wise and sane and great enough to decree that henceforth no man shall ask in vain for work that shall enable him to sustain himself and those dependent on him, we shall have taken a long step on the way toward reducing to a minimum crime, poverty and the misery coincident with them.

G. W. GALVIN.

Boston, Mass.

A DEFENCE OF WALT. WHITMAN'S "LEAVES OF GRASS."

BY CLARENCE CUNINGHAM.

IN PLACING "The Two Mysteries" in his book of some chosen pieces, Professor Frank McAlpine precedes it with a sketch of the life of its author, Walt. Whitman, the Brooklyn poet. In referring to *Leaves of Grass* Professor McAlpine admits that the volume "shows unquestionable power and great originality." Yet he adds that it "contains passages of a very objectionable character, so much so, that no defence that is valid can be set up."

To Professor McAlpine's polished and well-wiped surface I can see how the rugged, unrubbed soul-tones of the "carpenter-and-builder" poet could cause such a radiation of cracks as would mar the panel for its place in my lady's boudoir. "If I blush, it is to see a nobleman want manners," says my lord butcher, Cardinal Wolsey. In Walt. Whitman's case there is no nobleman in question, only a plain, blunt workman; and I suppose the learned man who professionally trains the young idea how to think, blushes because he sees not in the builder's shop any varnish. How can such a builder ever hope to pass with the sterilized critics of architecture?

The builder in his unstudied honesty not for a moment seeks to excuse himself for transcribing to the written page that which was writ upon his heart and understanding, but in his very innocence exultingly says: "*Leaves of Grass* has mainly been the outcropping of my own emotional and other personal nature—an attempt, from first to last, to put a *person*, a human being (myself, in the latter half of the Nineteenth Century, in America) freely, fully, and truly on record. I could not find any similar personal record in current literature that satisfied me." Now if my lord literatus would put himself on record before the world "freely, fully, and

truly," how different would he appear to the world to-day than he does appear.

The man who asks questions, asks: "What good will it do?" and the financier says: "That would n't pay!" Many things do not pay at their initiation, but upon their becoming "the thing" they roll in enough coin to satisfy even the sordid, for the world is full of the prying and of the hypercritical who are ready to spend their last dollar to find out the innermost self of their neighbor. As for the good it will do, it will place upon record mankind as mankind individually and collectively really is. It will give to the psychologist and to the philosopher the only true and limitless field whence can be drawn the only true deductions of man's relationship to God and God's to man, and of the meaning of creation. God gives us one face and we make ourselves another, and we hold up to the gaping world a Jesuitical portraiture, all smoothy and smiles, and pregnant with moral gammon. To ourselves we hold up as our likeness a self-hypnotized effigy which to look upon breeds within ourselves vanity, arrogance, self-satisfaction. It is only when our subjective minds work freely, fully and truly, and we are brave enough to put ourselves freely, fully, and truly on record,—it is only then that the world and that we ourselves will know us as God knows us, as He knows the Ego, the Alma, the Spirit, as it dwells behind and gives the vital force to the physical body—the animal soul—the human soul. Not until then can we—mankind—truly deduce the definition of sin.

What Whitman in his larger nature did in America in behalf of this record of the inner or hidden in man, Marie Bashkirtseff, in a naturally narrower one, did in Europe at the same epoch. There is not a line in her journal that is not a key to the

mystery of the inner life. In her preface to that journal she writes: "In the first place I had written for a long time without any thought of being read, and then it is precisely because I hope to be read that I am altogether sincere. If this book is not the *exact*, the *absolute*, the *strict* truth it has no *raison d'être*. Not only do I always write what I think, but I have not even dreamed, for a single instant, of disguising anything that was to my disadvantage, or that might make me appear ridiculous. I have exhibited myself in these pages *just as I am*. The record of a woman's life written down day by day, without any attempt at concealment, as if no one in the world were ever to read it, yet with the purpose of being read is always interesting."

Let me add to the words of that extraordinary young woman that such a record is instructive, nay, illuminating and imperative. Aptly did Mr. Gladstone pronounce her journal: "A book without a parallel."

In referring to his *Leaves of Grass* its author candidly says: "It is avowedly the song of Sex and Amativeness, and even Animality." It is that very feature that misleads our Professional Technique into uttering his ultimatum: It "contains passages of a very objectionable character, so much so, that no defence that is valid can be set up." In uttering such an ultimatum Professor McAlpine betrays his own nature and comprehension. When we comprehend Sex, Amativeness, Animality, as bases or the means through which and the purpose for which the gluttonous satiety of the sensuous and the passionate is to be reached, and the earthly deceptions, rivalries, aspirations, prejudices, egotisms and aggressions are to be bated, grasped, fed, and turned to the personal strengthening of the crafty and strong, why then our very cunning and skilfully prudish training and inheritance subtly fights from beneath its mock-moral armor against all mention or interpretation of those attributes and qualities inherent to mankind; but when we regard Sex, Amativeness, Animality, as a part of the scheme, pure

and simple, of the incarnation of spirit-life into physical form, as a part of the primordial law of nature illustrative of the wisdom and the ways of God, and regard them away from their connection with the law enacted by and for artificial man, we then regard Sex, Amativeness, and Animality as pure entities and the proper soil in which to generate our physical, emotional, moral, intellectual, esthetic Personalities in their reality and not in their seeming. When we comprehend these entities "unstopped and unwarped by any influence outside the soul within" us, and realize them as merely links in the great chain of vital power, as limitless, as endless, as relative, as are space and time, we will not know how not to sing them, and how not to sing the great truths born of them. We will sing them in psychic precision and simplicity, and thereby the future will be purified.

That Walt. Whitman understood this and lived, moved, and acted under its meaning is shown by his adding to the statement that his song was the song of Sex, Amativeness, Animality, this statement: "Though meanings that do not usually go along with those words are behind all, and will duly emerge; and all are sought to be lifted into a different light and atmosphere. Difficult as it will be, it has become, in my opinion, imperative to achieve a shifted attitude from superior men and women towards the thought and fact of sexuality, as an element in character, personality, the emotions and a theme of literature."

Not as a craven and sly Boccaccio does he seek to excuse his themes and their realistic treatment by such a papal indulgence as that the exposing and the ridiculing—the while doing it nicely! as Lord Chumley would say—that the exposing and the ridiculing of mankind's physical qualities and quantities and its malpractice and abuse of them is the surest way of *eliminating them*; but as a fearless and fearing child of God he conceives them and treats them as holy and indestructible creations, and seeks to

point their meaning: "I cannot understand it or argue it out," he says. "I fully believe in a clue and purpose in Nature, entire and several; and that invisible spiritual results, just as real and definite as the visible, eventuate all concrete life and all materialism, through time." He sees and understands that the key to the meaning of earth-life is the soul in its nudity, not the soul in its inky cloak.

Why are letters so valuable as the sources of developing a truer and more accurate history, as well as being the best means of getting at the kernel of a case before a court of justice? They are valuable for the very reason that they are generally written in unguarded moments and are the expression of the writers' sincere feelings and opinions. Did individuals express, bravely and without reserve, by visible signs and characters their natural, involuntary, and most constant thoughts, impressions and deductions, how different would be the comprehensions and generalizations relative to man and his actions; how much broader, higher and far-reaching would be the laws enacted as his rule of conduct, and how much more would they be suitable to and tally with the main-springs of those actions; and they would develop rather than stunt them. Under such conditions the whole scheme of history and of the arts would change, and the science of life would be for the first time recognized and understood; the Psychologist and Philosopher would speak from the pulpit in words of soberness and truth, and the temples would be full to overflowing with responsive souls.

There are those who would argue that a free and unceasing expression of the devices and desires of our own hearts would tend to make those devices and desires acceptable and permissible, and hence would encourage them to a more licentious and unchallenged scope. Whether expressed or hidden, mankind ever acts upon their suggestion and without control by or fear of iron-clad laws. Paint constantly the hideous, and the hideous will soon lose its fascination. "It's the eye of childhood

that fears the painted devil"; it's not the man of reason. As each preceding generation discovers to sight the hidden thoughts and emotions, so each succeeding generation will evolve into higher thoughts and emotions and will give less animal expression to them. "Confess your sins one to another" was not a governmental order uttered to encourage the wood-carvers, tapisters and upholsterers in making works of art and stalls of luxury, through whose lace-like openings the secrets of the soul were to be whispered, under the enticingly soft and rainbow lights of the Cathedral, to self-appointed listeners who too often used the outpourings of the soul as the instruments to selfishly further petty policies or heinous statecraft and for the debasement of the human being; but it was a Divine command uttered by the Creator of the universe for the purification of the incarnated spirit. "Confess your sins one to another" is the command; not, all of you confess your sins to a chosen few. Confess our sins one to another freely, fully, and truly, and by that very confession the river of life will become as crystal. "*Pechez! Cachez! Excusé,*" Sin! Hide! Excused—wittily remarked a French woman on an occasion of self-excuse. She could have gone farther and said: Being hidden and excused, the sin will become more subtle and stronger, and its gratification intensified. In the spirit of that truth the Vedanta Philosophy teaches that strong desires are the manufactories of new bodies. Lay bare to your neighbor's eye your devices and desires, and you will begin to cultivate better devices and desires, and they will become more spiritual and less carnal, more objective and less subjective, and you will verify the scientific problem laid down by Elmer Gates, known as the mentative art or evolution of mind-building and development.

Elmer Gates, following in the line of the facts revealed to Buckle, Draper, and other seekers in their particular lines of philosophical truth, establishes, by investigation and experiment, the fact that

mental processes are as regular in their operations as the law of gravity. He further shows that the cell is not only the anatomic but also the psychological unit of animals and plants, and cells can by psychological training be developed into new species. By way of parenthesis let me say that from the time of the earliest sages we have known that back of our earth-life is a vital force endowed with mind or thought-force in a potential state; that is, all visible existence has within itself the life-force and the power of growth. It is just this life-force that is the psychic, and is the force that can be trained. Mr. Gates goes on to demonstrate that conscious mental experience creates, in some part of the brain, new structural enregistration, which is the embodied memory of that experience; that cells of the brain can be enlarged, made more efficient and increased in number, and these changes are transmitted to offspring; that there are inseparable and mutually conditional relations between the emotions and the chemical changes constituting cellular nutrition; that if in that portion of the mind, where evil memories are engendered, those that are good are upbuilt by being kept active each day, they will replace those that are bad. He lays down this proposition: "Let a person devote an hour a day to calling up a certain class of fine, uplifting emotions and memories which in ordinary life are summoned only occasionally, let him do this regularly as he would take physical exercises, and at the end of a month he will be able to note a surprising change. The change will be apparent in all his thoughts, desires and actions."

God is light, love, purity, intelligence, and it is He who speaks to and inspires the psychic half of man; but when that psychic is steeped in and entangled by the physical it deafens its ear to the Holy Voice. As a means of keeping that ear alert and listening, Mr. Gates propounds his scientific teachings, while Mr. Whitman urges his method of ever exposing to visible sight self or the psychic, thus to

ever know unerringly what we really are. No art or clap-trap in word-painting, no enticement or voluptuous playing by veiled suggestion, does the plain, blunt man resort to by which to enhance and beglow even a single thought, word, or sentence; but by naked simplicity of expression does he display to the eye of man truths that are coëternal with God. Not seeking the approbation, but rather contemning the formal schools and existing conventions of literature, he does not, as its doctors are in the habit of doing, call in the physician for consultation and confession, and for his remedies in "evasions and swathing suppressions," but rather, he seeks that "heroic nudity on which only a genuine diagnosis of serious cases can be built." In face of such wisdom how can Professor Frank McAlpine maintain that *Leaves of Grass* "contains passages of a very objectionable character, so much so, that no defence that is valid can be set up"?

Oh, what an anthem to sing, and to be sung by a man of courage, and of truth, and of God! I sing "my own identity, ardors, observations, faiths and thoughts, colored hardly at all with any decided coloring from other faiths or other identities." I sing "America and to-day, modern science and democracy, and not the songs and the myths of the past, none of the stock ornamentation, or choice plots of love or war, or high, exceptional personages of Old-World song; nothing, as I may say, for beauty's sake—no legend, no romance, nor euphemism, no rhyme, but the broadest average of humanity and its identities in the now ripening Nineteenth Century." To all these new and evolutionary facts, meanings, purposes, he says: "New poetic messages, new forms, and expressions, are inevitable. In the center of all, and object of all, stands the Human Being."

Further than making known his convictions and giving, by example, a method of attaining a state of psychic evolution where we can the better comprehend the esoteric, he did not pretend to go. In the presence of "the things misnamed, death

and existence," he felt no wiser than the little girl sitting in his lap, who, as he was curiously gazing upon the spectacle of death as presented by a little white coffin in which lay the body of a little child: "You do n't know what it is, do you, my dear? We do n't, either."

"THE TWO MYSTERIES."

"We know not what it is, dear, this sleep so deep and still,
The folded hands, the awful calm, the cheek so pale and chill;
The lids that will not lift again, though we may call and call;
The strange, white solitude of peace that settles over all.

We know not what it means, dear, this desolate heart-pain;
This dread to take our daily way, and walk in it again;
We know not to what other sphere the loved who leave us go,
Nor why we're left to wonder still, nor why we do not know.

But this we know, our loved and dead, if they should come this day—
Should come and ask us, 'What is life?' not one of us could say.
Life is a mystery as deep as ever death can be;
Yet oh, how sweet it is to us, this life we live and see!

Then might they say—these vanished ones—and blessed is the thought!
'So death is sweet to us, beloved! though we may tell ye naught;
We may not tell it to the quick—this mystery of death—
Ye may not tell us, if ye would, the mystery of breath.'

The child who enters life comes not with knowledge or intent,
So those who enter death must go as little children sent.
Nothing is known. But I believe that God is over-head;
And as life is to the living, so death is to the dead."

CLARENCE CUNNINGHAM.

Charleston, S. C.

A PIONEER NEWSPAPER CARTOONIST.

By B. O. FLOWER.

I. THE EDITOR AND THE ARTIST.

ONE DAY not more than ten years ago two men were seated in the editorial sanctum of the Minneapolis *Journal*, engaged in earnest conversation. The elder was J. S. McLain, the thoughtful and able editor of that leading afternoon daily of the Northwest. The younger was Charles L. Bartholomew, a reporter and special editorial writer who had also contributed several striking cartoons and illustrations to the *Journal*. Bartholomew was young and filled with the enthusiasm and compelling faith of virile early manhood. He believed there was a real demand on the part of the reading public for effective daily news cartoons, or, as he was wont to put it, "striking editorials in outline," and that the dailies that were first to realize this

new want would gain immensely in local patronage and prestige and also acquire a publicity and through this a general advertising advantage in remote centers, far greater in value than ten times the cost that an "art department" would entail on the daily; and this was what the young journalist was trying to present in a convincing manner to the editor. But Mr. McLain was skeptical. Heretofore several attempts at illustrating dailies in the Northwest and elsewhere had proved disastrous failures, and even the enthusiasm and plausible reasoning of the young man were inconclusive to the editor, who, when the artist finished his plea for a chance to give all his time to cartoons and illustrations, in order to show what could be done, shook his head, gravely replying: "'Bart.,' you had just as well give it up. There will not be a



Bartholomew, in *Minneapolis Journal*.

THE STEADY WORKER.

THE ANGEL DEATH—"Oh, yes, War; you do pretty well for a spasmodic fellow, but look what my Lieutenant yonder does, with no apparent effort."

time in ten years when a man can devote that much time to picture-work for the *Journal*."

But Mr. McLain was too big a man to imagine that his judgment must be necessarily correct or that all the wisdom of a great daily newspaper centered in the editor's cranium, and he liked "Bart.," as the young man was familiarly called. He liked his enthusiasm, his faith, his originality, his mental virility and his artistic temperament. He recognized that he had the true editor's instinct for news and more than the ordinary artist's ability to depict a situation in a telling

manner through the medium of an outline sketch. And so, though for the time he declined to give the artist the trial he desired, he studied the effect of "Bart.'s" work on the public, and by dint of questioning and close observation he became more and more sympathetic with the plan which the young artist clung to so tenaciously, until at last he not only gave his full consent, but entered into the work with something of the enthusiasm that marked his boyhood days, even giving the young artist an hour each day during which they discussed the subject of the cartoon and the most effective

way of bringing out the idea to be represented. As the years passed increasing duties compelled Mr. McLain to discontinue this aid, but the service rendered and suggestions given had been of inestimable benefit to the young artist—a fact which he ever insists upon when describing his early victories. There can be little doubt but what these daily consultations with the able and experienced editor greatly assisted “Bart.” in achieving the unique reputation of *always* making pictures that meant something and of embodying in a greater degree than almost any other cartoonist a whole situation in a single picture.

A little more than ten years have passed since Mr. McLain expressed his skepticism in regard to the feasibility of Mr. Bartholomew’s plan for devoting all his attention to art-work for the *Journal*, and to-day there are seven men in the art department of that daily, six of whom are receiving larger salaries than was “Bart.” when he tried to induce his chief to let him give his entire time to illustrative work.

The phenomenal success of this artist is largely due to the fact that he is above all else a journalist. His scent for news



Bartholomew, in Minneapolis Journal.

AN INTERRUPTION IN THE GREAT PEACE PLAY.

SCENE, THE HAGUE. SECOND ACT: U. S.—“What in thunder has happened to the leading man that he does n't come on?”

J. B.—“I think the little war devil is making trouble for him.”

is keen and unerring. He quickly realizes what part of the daily news will most interest the general reading public, and with this realization there usually comes to him a picture in outline that will epitomize the news situation. The newspaper cartoonist, as he often observes, must be an editor in outline. He must be able to seize on the salient points of the day’s principal event and depict them in an expressive or telling manner; and in this “Bart.” is preëminent. No cartoonist in America, or the world, for that matter, so uniformly illustrates subject matter that is dominating the public mind on the day when the cartoon appears. Often news taken hot from the wire affords a subject for the day’s picture. Thus it is no unusual occurrence that the page containing the most prominent news item will also contain the cartoon illustrating the same. A striking example of this character occurred a short time since. It was just after the Russian Baltic fleet had fired on the British fishing-vessels, and the subject was naturally uppermost in the public mind. At nine



Bartholomew, in Minneapolis Journal.

A LITTLE TOO FAST, UNCLE.

CANADA—“The ring first, if you please, Jonathan.”

Bartholomew, in *Minneapolis Journal*.

"SEEN' THINGS AT NIGHT."

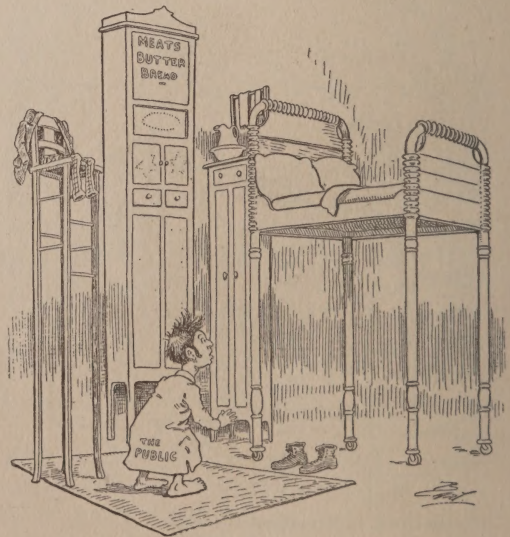
"I woke up in the dark and saw things standin' in a row, a-lookin' at me cross-eyed an' p'intin' at me—so!"

o'clock in the morning the wires brought the explanation advanced by Admiral Rojestvensky for his amazing action—an explanation quite as astounding as the unprecedented outrage. The Admiral declared that he had been attacked by Japanese torpedo-boats, and from the telegraph-rooms of the *Minneapolis Journal* some one called up to "Bart.," who was in the sky-parlor busily at work on a cartoon. The operator briefly gave the substance of the Admiral's excuse and added, "Rojestvensky has been 'Seen' things." Instantly the outline of the now famous cartoon, which was widely copied throughout the United States, appeared before the mental vision of the young artist, who, taking his pen, immediately drew the picture entitled "Seen' Things," which appeared in the *Journal* that afternoon, together with the news item which it illustrated.

The popularity of the cartoon has steadily grown with the American people and is in no small degree due to the apt and telling work of this pioneer in the field of up-to-date illustration of news by cartoon. In this respect we think Mr. Bartholomew enjoys primacy among his

fellow-artists, though for the reason that he frequently has but two hours to devote to his picture after he has fully outlined the subject in his own mind he finds it impossible to make his drawings as artistic or finished as some of the work of the Eastern cartoonists—notably that of Warren of the *Boston Herald* and Bush of the *New York World*. Three things, says our artist, must be kept in mind by the newspaper cartoonist: "His drawings must present an argument, elucidate the news, or humorously hit off a current event." "Bart.'s" cartoons frequently embody all three of these important elements.

We doubt if even the management of the *Journal* fully appreciates the enormous value of "Bart.'s" work in familiarizing the reading world at large with the name of their paper. To-day hundreds of thousands, if not millions of readers of the various great up-to-date reviews, eclectic weeklies and other papers that reproduce the most telling and timely cartoons, are familiar with the *Minneapolis Journal* through seeing so many of "Bart.'s" pictures. Ask any intelligent person on the streets of our Eastern cities what daily papers are published in

Bartholomew, in *Minneapolis Journal*.

AND NOW FURNITURE IS GOING UP.

Minneapolis, and he will immediately mention the *Minneapolis Journal*, and then, after a pause, he may name other papers; but the chances are that the *Journal* is the only daily whose name is familiar to his mind. Yet this paper is an evening sheet, and it is usually the morning journals that are known abroad.

II. BOYHOOD AND EARLY YOUTH.

Mr. Bartholomew was born into a home of culture and refinement in Chariton, Iowa. His father was a successful lawyer who took great personal interest in the education and development of his children's character. It was a custom in this family during the winter evenings to assemble and listen to the father, who read aloud history, mythology and other instructive matter in such a manner as to invest his subjects with fascinating interest for the young people. This part of the children's education remained with them more tenaciously than the lessons conned in school. The mother also devoted Sunday afternoons to reading stories and otherwise adding to the general education of the children by stimulating the imagination and im-



Bartholomew, in *Minneapolis Journal*.

MAKING UP TO THE WIDOW.

parting a taste for good literature, which is a priceless heritage to those thus early blessed.

The mother exerted a very positive and helpful influence on Charles. She encouraged him during his vacations to learn the printer's trade, and very materially aided him when he had an opportunity to write for and edit the home paper.

Thinking that he would like to be a mining engineer, the boy entered the Iowa State University at Ames, from which he graduated four years later. But at the time of leaving college a taste for literary work had been so developed that he determined to give up engineering. Accordingly he set out for Minneapolis in search of newspaper work. Here he met with the disappointments that so many ambitious young men encounter at the outset of their careers, but at length an illustrated story which he had prepared was accepted and proved a hit. He thereupon obtained a position and in a short time secured permanent employment as reporter and special writer for the *Minneapolis Journal*.

In time a plan that had long been maturing in his brain was partially realized. He was enabled to give part of



Bartholomew, in *Minneapolis Journal*.

THE NEW PEACE ANGEL.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT—"Can this be me?"



Bartholomew, in *Minneapolis Journal*.
IN BRYAN'S POCKET.

BREER DAVE HILL—"Hab n't seen a stray donkey, hab ye?"

BREER BILL BRYAN—"Do you call it a donkey? I picked up what 'peared to me a scared rabbit."

each afternoon and evening to art study and illustrating. In this way he soon was enabled to get an occasional cartoon into the *Journal*, and at length achieved the realization of his dreams in the manner we have described.

III. HOME-LIFE OF THE ARTIST.

At the age of twenty-one Mr. Bartholomew married a college classmate, and to-day three vigorous boys furnish him high inspiration, courage and that joy in life that children afford the normal man. In his boyhood he was in the habit of working on his father's farm in the summer time, and now he has a summer home of his own at Lake Minnetonka. In a letter which we received some time since Mr. Bartholomew said, in speaking of this home: "I have a large flower-garden and a meadow and some woods, all my own. I make hay, dig in the dirt, drive a team on a scraper or stone-boat, and take care of my horse."

In addition Mr. Bartholomew does much drawing for little folks, largely in the *Junior Journal*, a supplement to his paper; and in connection with W. A. Frisbie, the city editor of the *Journal*,

the artist has published three delightful juvenile books entitled *The Bandit Mouse*, *The Pirate Frog*, and *Puggery Wee*, that have proved very popular with the little folks.

Many flattering offers have come to "Bart." from Chicago and Eastern papers, but he is a true son of the West and loves her broad plains, her freedom, faith and courage. Moreover, his environment is so congenial that he wisely declines to fare forth into the seething metropolitan centers, where so frequently all the poetry and idealism, all the faith and finer feelings of life are blunted and deadened.

IV. TYPICAL CARTOONS.

We have mentioned the circumstance that the artist ever keeps before his mind the fact that his work is to elucidate the news, present an argument or humorously illustrate a current topic. He especially enjoys political subjects, and we think it is safe to say that the Republican party has no artist that has made anything like so many telling and popular cartoons as has this young man. Like Dan. Beard, he refuses to make pictures that belie his own convictions,—a fact that speaks volumes for his manhood in an age like ours, when newspaper writers and editors seem to think it no crime or disgrace to write specious sophistry for their masters, though it be in positive opposition to what they themselves believe or know to be true and right. The *Minneapolis Journal* is an independent Republican newspaper, and its artist is given great latitude in his work. One of his cartoons, urging the election of United States Senators by the people, was displayed in the House of Representatives when that subject was up for debate. His political cartoons are especially delightful in that they are free from bitterness or anything which suggests abuse. One of the most popular of his recent political cartoons appeared immediately after the election. It was entitled "In Bryan's Pocket," and was widely copied



Photo. by Opsahl, Minneapolis.



C. L. BARTHOLOMEW

by the contemporaneous press. Another, representing President Roosevelt as the Angel of Peace, has also proved very popular. But one of his most powerful and suggestive recent drawings was called "The Steady Worker." It appeared in the *Journal* of October 19, 1904. This cartoon shows that in our republic 55,130 persons were killed or maimed on the railroads during the past year. It is well calculated to awaken thoughtful men and women to the crime of modern corporate greed which makes no adequate provisions for the protection of human life. It is a picture more powerful in its potential influence for

good than most editorial leaders or sermons.

Like all true, fine workers, Mr. Bartholomew is a man of ideals and principles. We may not believe in his political theories, yet we respect his opinions and honor the man who stands by that which he believes to be right. The greatest need of our time, the most pressing demand of the republic, is for men of courage and conviction,—clean-souled, true-hearted men who will fight for principles and die if need be for a noble cause.

B. O. FLOWER.

Boston, Mass.

THE POEMS OF EMERSON.

HERMIONE.

I.

BY CHARLES MALLOY,

President of the Boston Emerson Society.

"HERMIONE" is decidedly a love poem and is, perhaps, the only one Emerson has written. It is a great poem. "Initial, Dæmonic and Celestial Love" treats of love in the abstract. "Hermione" is a concrete example. We could wish that Emerson had many such, each celebrating some delicate phase of love as in the poem "Hermione."

I have no reason to think that Emerson chose this name, Hermione, on account of any significance which it may have in history or literature. He chose it because he liked it and because in sound, form and Oriental origin it fitted a poem the scene of which lies in the East.

The first seven lines of the poem are proem, as if written by an editor. The poem, after this, is almost entirely in the language of the lover of Hermione.

"On a mound an Arab lay,
And sung his sweet regrets
And told his amulets:
The summer bird
His sorrow heard,
And, when he heaved a sigh profound,
The sympathetic swallow swept the ground."

"Sweet regrets" do not quite express the mood of the lover, as, indeed, no two words could do. Hermione has left him, the lover, presumably forever. A beautiful period of his life had ended, apparently not by the will of Hermione, but by forces lying beyond the control of the lovers. The pretty conceit of the bird, the only companion and friend of the Arab in this scene, giving his usual flights the character of special demonstrations in response to the deep sighs of the lover, is one of those poetic felicities of which we say, if it is not true it ought to be. Poets love to feign a good understanding between birds and lovers. This is perhaps because birds are lovers; and a pleasant fiction may go a little farther and say that the swallow had himself lost some little feathered Hermione and knew all about it.

This poem, "Hermione," is dramatic in form. The *dramatis personæ* are an Arab lover, Hermione, a Syrian, and several personifications,—as the south-wind, the river, the rose, the crag and

bird, frost and sun, and eldest night, winds and waterfalls, music and music's thought. These the lover calls his kindred who come to soothe him in his lonely retreats as he sings his "sweet regrets." The nature of this consolation will appear at last.

The Arab lover begins a monologue after the poem, in these words:

"If it be, as they said, she was not fair,
Beauty's not beautiful to me,
But sceptred genius, aye inorbed,
Culminating in her sphere."

The affair of the lovers was well known and had been talked over, as usual, by friends and neighbors. It is always a mystery why lovers should be so absorbed in each other, and they are regarded generally as harmless lunatics, seeing the objects of their little world in false colors and magnitudes which shut out all the rest of the world. The rest of the world resents it and their comments are unkind. In our present case Hermione was the object of these unkind comments. The lover hears what "they" say—the multitudinous, incorrigible "they." His first sign of amelioration and gradual return to health is in the notice he gives the critics of Hermione:

"If it be, as they said, she was not fair,
Beauty's not beautiful to me,
But sceptred genius, aye inorbed,
Culminating in her sphere."

A quite serious difficulty is encountered in reading these lines as to the meaning of the words, "sceptred genius." The lover concedes, for the nonce, that what "they" say may be true and that Hermione is not "fair." But he affirms that she has a substitute and equivalent, another attraction, in the place of beauty,—namely, this

"Sceptred genius, aye inorbed,
Culminating in her sphere"—

in beauty's sphere. These lines suggest several interesting questions and remind us of some recent studies in psychology. What is beauty? I believe this question

has never been well answered. Emerson, in his "Essay on Beauty" in "The Conduct of Life" says: "I am warned by the ill fate of many philosophers not to attempt a definition of Beauty." We shall never achieve a definition of beauty, for beauty is not a thing. Emerson quotes the German, Moritz, as saying that "Beauty is not in the understanding"; that is, beauty is not a concept. If it were it could be defined or resolved into its constituents. Beauty, let us say, is an event. It is something which takes place and is gone. Emerson's fine negations, therefore, in his "Ode to Beauty" give the vanishing and elusive character of this wonderful phenomenon as the prose essay does not.

" . . . Gliding through the sea of form,
Like the lightning through the storm,
Somewhat not to be possessed,
Somewhat not to be caressed,
No feet so fleet could ever find,
No perfect form could ever bind."

Beauty, when it comes from sensation, shows the common necessity of sensation. It must have an impression from some external object. But beauty does not always follow sensation. Beauty is an emotion. It lies in another category, in a spiritual process. Sensation may terminate before reaching it, and this event may take place with one and not with another. Nothing is so uncertain as beauty, if considered alone in its subjective aspect or factor, namely, as an emotion. No matter if the object, the impression and the sensation are the same. "They" saw no beauty in Hermione. "They" did not give the moral and esthetic reactions requisite as complementary to the sensation she impressed upon them. Thus far, to them, she was not fair. They lacked also, in judging her, the tremendous momentum which came from the lover's personal and private relation to Hermione as a lover. This last element is generally not well considered, and "they" can never quite understand the special infatuation of the parties whose case they talk over, very wisely as they suppose.

It is also very marvelous how persons differ as to who is beautiful or what is beautiful in those chosen as beautiful. One exacts a particular feature,—no beauty without it. One is indifferent to that essential, but is captivated by something the first cares nothing about. But few, perhaps, take in the whole person and personality and are lost in the love of some fine points or special talents.

Emerson in his "Essay on the Poet" begins with the following words:

"Those who are esteemed umpires of taste are often persons who have acquired some knowledge of admired pictures or sculptures, and have an inclination for whatever is elegant; but if you inquire whether they are beautiful souls, and whether their own acts are like fair pictures, you learn that they are selfish and sensual. Their cultivation is local, as if you should rub a log of dry wood in one spot to produce fire, all the rest remaining cold."

The reader will find some of these ideas in the present poem, by implication at least. The lover would say to his critics: "Hermione is fair, but you are not fine enough to see it. You are not beautiful souls; you can see only what you are. What you call beauty is not beauty to me. Your beauty is not beautiful. 'Sceptred genius,' which you do not see, that is beauty to me. In view of that I do not mind a few defects in the superficial graces of form, lines and color. I see the soul in spite of some defects."

This criticism will suggest a pertinent passage in Browning's "Andrea del Sarto." Del Sarto is talking with his wife about a Madonna by Rafael:

" . . . And indeed the arm is wrong,
I hardly dare . . . yet, only you to see,
Give the chalk here—quick, thus the line should
go!
Ay, but the soul! he's Rafael! rub it out!"

The lover saw in Hermione the look which Rafael could give his Madonna, but which the perfect lines of del Sarto could not give. Rafael gave this "sceptred genius" of Hermione. It took a

beautiful soul to give it, or to see it when given.

Let us try to account for these words, "sceptred genius." My own device was to translate them into more common and familiar equivalents. "Sceptred," if applied to a man, would designate a king or a kingly man. If applied to a woman it would mean a queenly woman. But what does "genius" mean? The lover does not wish to say that Hermione is a woman of genius in the ordinary sense of great artistic ability. Emerson applies the term, in the "Essay on Intellect," to one who has the two phases of intellect,—namely, "intellect receptive and intellect constructive, when these unite in one person. One may have large reception but can make no use of it in any work of art. This requires the constructive or architectonic gift."

In his "Essay on the Nominalist and Realist" Emerson uses the word "genius" in the sense of character, or to denote the total sum of qualities and attributes making up a subject. Again, it is the peculiar or differential aspect. He says:

"The genius of the Platonists is intoxicating to the students, yet how few particulars of it can I detach from all their books. Young people admire talents or particular excellencies; as we grow older we value powers and effects, as the impressions, the quality, the spirit of men and things. The genius is all. The man, it is his system: we do not try a solitary word or act, but his habit. We are practically skilful in detecting elements for which we have no place in our theory and no name. Thus we are very sensible of an atmospheric influence in men and in bodies of men, not accounted for in an arithmetical addition of all their measurable properties. There is a genius of a nation that is not to be found in the numerical citizens, but which characterizes the society. England, strong, punctual, practical, well-spoken England,—I should not find it if I should go to the island to seek it. In the parliament, in the playhouse, at dinner-tables, I might

see a great number of rich, ignorant, book-read, conventional, proud men,—many old women,—and not anywhere the Englishmen who made the good speeches, combined the accurate engines, and did the bold and nervous deeds. It is even worse in America, where, from the intellectual quickness of the race, the genius of the country is more splendid in its promise and more slight in its performance. Webster cannot do the work of Webster. We conceive distinctly enough the French, the Spanish, the German genius, and it is not the less real that perhaps we should not meet in either of those nations a single individual who corresponded with the type. This preference of the genius to the parts is the secret of that deification of art which is found in all superior minds."

In Emerson's connotation of the word "genius" as exhibited in the foregoing quotations it is easy to see how he could use it in the phrase "sceptred genius" as designating an attraction in Hermione superior to beauty in the ordinary sense of the term. It will now be seen that a new reading may be given the lover's words:

"If it be, as they said, she was not fair,
Beauty's not beautiful to me,
But sceptred genius, aye inorbed,"

may read,

"If it be, as they said, she was not fair,
Beauty's not beautiful to me,
But a *queenly character*—"

the word "character" being a name for the total woman, implying beauty, manners, tone, spirit—all she was, while the added predicates,

"Aye inorbed,
Culminating in her sphere,"

would further assert that this power and charm was not an occasional but a constant influence. She was always herself—always at her best. "Inorbed" is used by Milton of the moon at the full, and "culminating" has a cognate significance. "In her sphere" means of course

in beauty's sphere. Thus in a few happy lines Emerson gives us Hermione. We are reminded of another ideal woman in his Persian Lilla of Hafiz or Firdusi, in his "Essay on Manners":

"Was it Hafiz or Firdusi that said of his Persian Lilla, she was an elemental force and astonished me by her amount of life, when I saw her, day after day radiating, *every instant*, redundant joy and grace on all around her. She was a solvent powerful to reconcile all heterogeneous persons into one society; like air and water an element of such a great range of affinities that it combines readily with a thousand substances. Where she is present all others will be more than they are wont. She was a unit and whole, so that whatsoever she did became her. She had too much sympathy and desire to please than that you could say her manners were marked with dignity; yet no princess could surpass her clear and erect demeanor on each occasion. She did not study the Persian grammar, nor the books of the seven poets, but all the poems of the seven seemed to be written upon her. For, though the bias of her nature was not to thought but to sympathy, yet was she so perfect in her own nature as to meet intellectual persons by the fullness of her heart, warming them by her sentiments, believing, as she did, that by dealing nobly with all, all would show themselves noble."

Who has said such fine things of woman as Emerson?

"Let her be as much better placed in the laws and in social forms as the most zealous reformer can ask, but I confide so entirely in her inspiring and musical nature that I believe only herself can show us how she shall be served. The wonderful generosity of her sentiments raises her at times into heroic and god-like regions and verifies the pictures of Minerva, Juno, or Polyhymnia; and by the firmness with which she treads her upward path she convinces the coarsest calculators that another road exists than

that which their feet knew. But besides those who make good in our imagination the place of muses and of Delphic sybils are there not women who fill our vase with wine and roses to the brim, so that the wine runs over and fills the house with perfume; who inspire us with courtesy; who unloose our tongues, and we speak; who anoint our eyes and we see? We say things we never thought to have said; for once our walls of habitual reserve vanished and left us at large; we were children playing with children in a wide field of flowers. Steep us, we cried, in these influences, for days, for weeks, and we shall be sunny poets, and will write out in many-colored words the romance that you are."

This precedes the picture of the Persian Lilla. A curious trifle may be observed in regard to the introduction of the Persian Lilla in the above quotation. Was it Hafiz or Firdusi who said this of his Persian Lilla? What if it turns out to be neither, and that Emerson is his own Hafiz or Firdusi and feigned another, after a law which he gives, as in the practice of frequently quoting from himself, feigning them the words of another. A thought thus seems to change its parallax, and often in this way takes on new relations. Emerson mentions Carlyle among others as the subject of this little device. Really I suspect that he was his own Hafiz or Firdusi, and as if thinking the critics would take him up, he changed the sentence in a later edition, and instead of "Was it Hafiz or Firdusi" he says, "*What* Hafiz or Ferdusi." So I think the Persian Lilla is his own creation, the same as Hermione.

"If it be, as they said, she was not fair,
Beauty's not beautiful to me,
But sceptred genius, aye inorbed,
Culminating in her sphere."

The word "inorbed" is used by Milton of the moon as its full; full-orbed, a perfect round. "Culminating" is added. All this is metaphor which says that Hermione was always all there and always at her best. It is fortunate that

one is never dimmed and crippled by moods. She was in this like the Persian Lilla, an elemental force, and astonished me by her amount of life when I saw her day after day radiating redundant joy and grace on all around her. Thus Hermione was something besides a picture and more than fair. She was endowed with other and superior attractions. "In her sphere"—in beauty's sphere: I have known intelligent persons who contended that Hermione was the subject and antecedent of "her"—a connection which takes the meaning and poetical value away from the sentence. "Her sphere" obviously means beauty's sphere. "Beauty's not beautiful to me," but this substitute and equivalent, "sceptred genius,"—this total effect of many forces, culminating in beauty's sphere, can do beauty's work and beauty is not needed in the action of this superior charm.

The presentation of the above thought suggests the practical hint that beauty may be cultivated and so brought within the province of the will as an art or a resultant of one's habitual tone and mode of life in this world. Thus beauty may be made an object, like virtue, and indeed there is much that is common to the two. It has been said that a woman, if she is not beautiful at twenty, is not responsible; if she is not beautiful at sixty, she is to blame for it; and this because a fine life goes into the expression of the face and more and more entrenches itself as "sceptred genius" or an index of character. Thus beauty comes from the soul, as Plato has taught us. Emerson quotes Spenser's famous lines as follows:

"So every spirit as it is more pure
And hath in it the more of heavenly light,
So doth the fairer body it procure
To habit in and it more fairly dight
With cheerful grace and amiable sight;
For of the soul the body form doth take,
For soul is form and doth the body make."

The superficial attributes which make up much of the beauty peculiar to youth do not always last; but what the "genius" says—the character—that is not lost by

age, but grows instead as the other loses. Gray hair is becoming when the time comes for it, and wrinkles are an alphabet which by configuration tell what the life has been, as virtuous or vicious. So no woman who wishes the conservation of her beauty can afford to be vicious. "There is no torture," says Montaigne, "which a woman will not endure that she may increase her beauty." But it is not well enough understood that the graces and conduct of the really good are cosmetics and cause the face to shine. Perhaps religion is worth all it costs, even as a picturesque attraction, something good to look at. This, of course, when it appears in the face, where it must appear if it is true and genuine; and we are not so easily deceived as those

think we are who resort to falsehood and hypocrisy. "Faces," says Emerson, "cannot lie."

It would seem wise and profitable to converse as much as possible with things beautiful in sentiment, in nature, in art and in conduct. It is perhaps in this way that we "make our own the beauty we love."

Is not this said in part in the following lines?

"This Hermione absorbed
The lustre of the land and ocean,
Hills and islands, cloud and tree,
In her form and motion."

(*To be continued.*)

CHARLES MALLOY.

Waltham, Mass.

THE DUTY OF THE HOUR AS VIEWED BY VICTOR HUGO.

By "LEBENDIG."

AT NO time since the birth of modern democracy has it been more important for thinkers and men and women of conscience to unite in a determined effort for the reclamation of those fundamental principles of democracy for which our fathers died and which gave to the world that larger new hope and faith which transformed the face of civilization. We are in the presence of a mighty power whose every instinct is contrary to the principles of free institutions and the theory of equality of rights and opportunities. Vast wealth as a result of privilege has been enabled to buy immunity from the penalties of infringed laws, and to place in the seats of the mighty men who are complacent to the demands of corporate greed and privileged interests. In the presence of this supreme menace to democracy we are reminded of the words of Victor Hugo, when the great poet, author,

statesman and man was an exile from his native land:

"The reigning public monstrosities impose stern obligations on the conscience of the thinker, the philosopher, or the poet. Incorruptibility must resist corruption. It is more than ever requisite to show men the ideal,—that mirror reflecting the face of God.

"At the point now reached by the social question, all action should be in common. Isolated forces frustrate one another; the ideal and the real are solidary. . . . Let us concentrate ourselves. Let us devote ourselves to the good, to the true, to the just.

"Here is the truth: to sing the ideal, to love humanity, to believe in progress, to pray toward the infinite."

"LEBENDIG."

Boston, Mass.

THE BUILDING OF THE CITY BEAUTIFUL.

BY JOAQUIN MILLER.

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

THIS story opens in Jerusalem at the time when Sir Moses Montefiore is making the last of his numerous pilgrimages to the Holy Land. The great man has lavished vast sums of money in an effort to colonize Palestine with the cruelly-oppressed Jews of Russia, Poland and elsewhere, and now he has come again to the Holy City to see how his work has prospered. It is morning in Jerusalem. At the narrow pass known as the Needle's Eye, that leads to the dirty and dismal market in the Valley of Jehosaphat, a number of Gentiles are gathered. Many of them are tourists with guide-books in hand. There are also some Jews present and a number of peasants bearing their burdens for the market; and a little apart stands a tall, queenly and commanding young woman. She is a Russian Jewess named Miriam, who for some time has been serving as secretary to Sir Moses. Among those who have come to the Needle's Eye is a young man from the New World. He is immediately attracted to the "strangely beautiful, silent, serene and dignified" woman. These children of the East and West, these representatives of the Oriental and Occidental worlds, are both overmastered by a high and noble purpose to help humanity to higher paths. There is from the first community of interests and of ideals; but the man's regard for Miriam is far more personal than that which she entertains for him. Indeed, Miriam seems to type the new social savior, the great-souled, broad-visioned and deeply-spiritual woman of the new time.

CHAPTER V.

HOW BEAUTIFUL!

"HOW BEAUTIFUL are the feet of them that preach the gospel of peace, and bring glad tidings of good things!"

O star-built bridge, broad milky way!
O star-lit, stately, splendid span!
If but one star should cease to stay
And prop its shoulders to God's plan—
The man who lives for self, I say,
He lives for neither God nor man.

I count the columned waves at war
With Titan elements; and they,
In martial splendor, storm the bar
And shake the world, these bits of spray.
Each gives to each, and like the star
Gets back its gift in tenfold pay.

To get and give and give amain
The rivers run and oceans roll.
O generous and high-born rain
When reigning as a splendid whole!
That man who lives for self alone
Lives for the meanest mortal known.

WE HAVE spoken of Miriam as a silent woman, for she really seemed silent at all times. She was, in fact, spoken of by all who knew her in London as the silent woman. And yet it will be seen that she said much. It may be that it is the man or woman who says nothing who is a great talker.

Socrates was a strangely silent man in his younger days, so far as we can find out; and yet he really said more than all the men and women of his century.

Jesus Christ was sad and silent at all

times; and yet the things he said and suggested fill more books and find place in the hearts of more good people than the sayings of all the great men of earth put together.

Beauty, beauty of body and soul, was her idol. She kept the following lines from the Bible constantly before her:

"Thou art beautiful, O my love, as Tirzah, comely as Jerusalem, terrible as an army with banners."

And here is another line she loved to repeat:

"He hath made every thing beautiful in his time."

Here follow some extracts from an epistle to Sir Moses Montefiore on his hundredth birthday:

"All things are beautiful. All animate life is wondrously beautiful. You are beautiful; you were born beautiful,—beautiful in body as in soul; beautiful with the divine beauty and image of the Eternal. If this beauty of man shall be marred or scarred it will be the fault of man, not of his Maker. Time shall not touch nor tarnish man's beauty; man, only, can lay hand upon it. Man alone may make this beauty of body and of soul less perfectly beautiful than God made it.

"It is a crime to make this beauty less beautiful. It is a duty to make this beauty daily more beautiful,—man's duty to himself, man's duty to his Maker, man's duty to man. It is man's duty to make his youth sweetly

beautiful; it is man's duty to make his meridian of life magnificently beautiful; it is man's sacred duty to make his declining years, like your own, so serenely beautiful that man shall be in love with old age,—to be so tranquil, so perfectly at peace, so beautiful in body and in soul—a stately tree, Elijah's chariot of fire in the golden autumn—that men shall see a halo of light above the good, gray head as it goes down in the twilight to the River of Rest.

"Ah, no, impossible!" sighs one; 'I cannot grow more beautiful daily, for I am daily trodden into the dust. I cannot even retain the beauty of body and of soul which God gave me to begin with.'

"I answer, look about you at the down-trodden grass. Resurgam! Resurgam! Look above you at the busy clouds, the battling elements. There is not so very much rest anywhere, but there is beauty everywhere. Ay, I look down to the grass under my feet. The grass is daily trodden down, and yet it daily, hourly, tries to rise up, to grow and grow and be more beautiful even with its face in the dust. And when the storm comes it washes its face in the rain and rises up and again goes forward in its patient effort to make its one little place in man's pathway still more beautiful.

"Yes, it is to be conceded that there is not much rest for any one of us or for anything. All things toil. The oceans are busy building their sea-banks of shell and shale and snow-white sand and pretty, rounded pebbles. The flowers toil, the trees toil and toil and are often broken in mighty battles with the elements. All things toil and toil continually to make this beautiful world still more beautiful. And God himself, so far as we can find out, is the hardest toiler of all.

"The thing to do is to toil harmoniously. Put the working world in harmony, and then work is rest. It is for this purpose, the purpose of possibly helping along in the line of harmony, that these thoughts, set down in the intervals of travel and toil of supervising, here in Palestine, the ploughing and planting, sowing grain or gathering fruit—it is in the hope of harmonizing and, maybe, the lighting of a lamp in one or two of the darker passes of life, as the peasants of Russia light lamps before the image of the Virgin in the dangerous passes of mountains, that I continually invoke the adoration of beauty.

"Meantime there is good reason for hope, for the world grows better, brighter, and more beautiful, vastly more beautiful year by year.

So beautiful, indeed, has the world become that it almost seems that if man could only harmonize his forces, harmonize himself with his surroundings, harmonize himself with himself, he could reach forth and say truly: 'The kingdom of heaven is at hand.'

"But, alas! we are a lot of garrulous children in a great, big boat in a great, big bay; and some row east and some row west, and some will not row at all, but live and thrive on the fears and misery and the despair of the weaker ones."

CHAPTER VI.

THE SERMON ON THE MOUNT.

I THINK the birds in that far dawn
Were still. The bustling town below
Lay listening. Its strength was drawn
To him, as tides that inward flow.
All Galilee lay still. Far fields of corn
Lay still to hear that silent, sacred morn.

Be comforted; and blessed be
The meek, the merciful, the pure
Of heart; for they shall see, shall hear
God's mercy. So shall peace endure
With God's peacemakers. They are His,
and they
Shall be His children in the Judgment Day.

THE great philanthropist had returned to London, leaving our two younger philanthropists and city-builders together in Jerusalem.

These two persons were together now almost entirely. They were absolute masters of their own time and work. They were under no legal obligation to any one. But what of that broader and far more binding moral obligation to man which goes with every gift of mental strength?

Being entirely released from all further care in Jerusalem, because the colonies in and round about the ancient cities had been trained, according to the wish of their founder, to lean on themselves, Miriam now began to look abroad.

As said before, she was far from satisfied that the best thing that could be done had been done here. It seemed to her like the same old story of going around and around and around; and she could not help seeing that every new generation would need a new Savior and a new Sermon on the Mount. The same old

enmities, the same old sorrows, and the same old sins.

There was a colony of Christians down by the sea, not far from Joppa. The two city-builders went thither to see, to listen, and, if possible, to learn.

They found that these colonists had come to the Holy Land to pray and to await the coming of Christ. Their devout lives, their humility and continual habit of prayer appealed to the man greatly. But as for the woman, she had no patience with them.

"They should have gone to work in their own land, where God first set them down in the battle of life, and Christ would have been with them there as well as here," she said.

"Why, how selfish!" she continued. "These few came here to await the second coming of Christ; as if they would be first to get into heaven."

"But they are so very devout."

"Yes, they prayed for rain all day and nearly all night last week, I am told; for their corn was being consumed by the fervor of the sun."

"And was not that a fine example of faith?"

"It was a fine example of folly, like all such prayers, and an exhibition of supreme selfishness. Why, they appealed to God to change a law of nature. They cried out to God all day and all night to send rain, and ruin all the figs of Smyrna, in order that they might have a dozen bags of corn! They simply prayed God to ruin fifty thousand people in order that fifty might have a little green corn to eat! Selfishness like that cannot survive, and it should not."

He had never before seen her out of patience so entirely. It was evident that her plans for the salvation of the world, whatever they were, lay in line with the laws of nature. He began to learn that this boundless faith of hers was traveling hand in hand with reason. For while he, for his part, gave this colony of Christians all possible encouragement, and also a little solid assistance to help tide them through the trouble that was upon them

because of the failure of corn, she gave neither consolation nor money. But instead, she gave the leader a letter to the British and American consuls, and directed him how to proceed to get his people home at her cost.

Half a year after the long prayer for rain, this colony, a sort of prayerful Brook Farm, was added to the list of similar failures, and the marsh grass now grows where the really devout and moral little community could not make corn to grow with all their prayers.

It is needless to say that this object-lesson in city-building here in the Holy Land was a sad discouragement to this man. Whatever her plans were, he, for his part, had planned something not very different from this. Only, he had not contemplated the turning back of man in his journey around the globe. He believed rather that all men should remain as nearly as possible at home, and begin the great reform in their own dooryard.

"Neither will that do," she said emphatically, as they sat by the Virgin's Fountain at Nazareth, whither they had gone as winter came on, and where they discussed this greatest problem of humanity.

"A well must be dug in the desert, and a great protecting tree be planted there. Of course, any good man will do his best; his hearthstone will be a holy altar on which he will lay his toil and example and life, and good children will grow from his good deeds. But a Jacob must rise up to dig a well by the way, and a Moses must come to lead up and out from the bondage of getting and getting and getting. There must be some great central beginning; and it must be removed, it must be remote from all these cruel and hard traditions of trade till, like a child, it has at least learned to stand alone. For, although the new-born city might be a Hercules at its birth, there would come, not only two serpents, but twenty serpents, to strangle it in its cradle."

This, the foregoing, is what she said one twilight as they sat on the now grass-grown escarpment of the hill above the

holy little city, and in answer to his hint that they should build the City Beautiful there where they would have slain the Christ. And she said it so severely! She was almost cruel in her putting aside of his sentimental plans. Do or say what he could she seemed to grow further away from him day by day; and his earnest, honest heart was breaking for just one word. Was he so entirely of earth, or was it that she was so entirely of heaven, that he had not yet dared a second time to touch her hand?

CHAPTER VII.

IN THE SWEAT OF THY FACE.

WHAT sound was that? A pheasant's whir?
What stroke was that? Lean low thine ear.
Is that the stroke of Carpenter,
That far, faint echo that we hear?
Is that the sound that sometime Bedouins tell
Of hammer-stroke as from His hand it fell?

It is the stroke of Carpenter,
Through nineteen hundred years and more
Still sounding down the hallowed stir
Of patient toil; as when He wore
The leathern dress,—the echo of a sound
That thrills for aye the toiling, sensate ground.

Hear Mary weaving? Listen! Hear
The thud of loom at weaving-time
In Nazareth. I breathe this dear
Tradition with my lowly rhyme.
Believing everywhere that she may hear
The sound of toil, sweet Mary bends an ear.

Yea, this the toil that Jesus knew;
Yet we complain if we must bear.
Are we more dear? Are we more true?
Give us, O God, and do not spare!
Give us to bear as Christ and Mary bore
With toil by leaf-girt Nazareth of yore!

THESE rhymes tell in a crude way a pretty tradition of toil. It is the dove perhaps, the wood-dove, which the half-wild sons of desolation and the desert have heard; for Nazareth is still the city of woods. The very name meant woods. Even now, as in the time of Jesus Christ, people of the cities are saying, "Can any good thing come out of the woods—the West?"

To recount the plans of these two city-builders, here where Christ toiled, taught in the synagogue, and was dragged to the hill-top to be hurled down, would take long indeed. Let it be enough to say that

they were seeking for light. "Light, more light!" was their one desire and demand.

"Life is so short!" she said one day. "For my part, I cannot afford to make a failure and die. That would be too terrible!" She paused long, and then with lifted face and clasped hands she said earnestly, "But to make a success, and then die at once—ah, that would be joy, joy, joy!"

At such times as this she seemed to him to be thousands of miles from his side. It is more than possible that a strong, pure, and complete woman may concentrate her entire soul and body to some high and holy purpose as well without taking either vow or veil as if she took both in due form and solemnity.

Leaving Nazareth, they journeyed on down into Egypt, taking the same way, as nearly as possible, as that by which Moses had come when leading his people toward the Holy Land.

One single incident of this journey, which might well fill a book, must be recorded; for it not only indicates something of her courage and strength of devotion, but also tells something of her strange belief in not only the brotherhood of man but of all animate life.

They were tented for the night in the desert to the south of Mount Sinai when a lion approached almost to the tent door. As she calmly put her terrified servants behind her and, without a word, stepped between the man and the crouching beast, she looked it firmly in the face and said:

"Why, don't you know me? I remember you, my brother, after all these ages." And she moved forward and would have laid her hand upon the lion's tumbled mane had he not drawn back and away to the somber bosom of his mother, Night.

"Yes, I seem to remember all this now. I surely saw that lion long, long ago, and loved him," she said to the man at last, looking out and away to the holy mountain.

"And you have been here before?"

"Yes, yes, when Moses passed this

way, thousands of years back, I was here. I remember it all as if it were but yesterday."

In line with this wonderful mastery of hers over wild beasts, wild men, all things animate or inanimate, let us quote a chapter from the pen of her companion. It might well be called *A Study in Yellow*.

"One warm sunset, as the boat lay with its prow in the yellow sand that seemed to stretch away into infinity, she proposed that she and I should ascend to the top of the ruins on a hill a little distance back from the river, and there wait and watch for the coming day.

"It was a dreadful place. I had walked only a little way out, but on seeing a shriveled black hand stretching up from the sand, I had turned back; only to stumble over the head of a mummy which I afterward saw one of our servants gather up and take to his Copt camp for firewood. Still, we had been pent up in the boat much; and then would not she be with me?

"Two Arabs were taken with us to carry a bottle of water and the rugs and robes. The hill was steeper than it at first seemed; and the ascent through the sand heavy. I was having an opportunity to test her strength and endurance. As we entered between two columns of red granite, one of the servants dropped on a knee and spread his hand as wide as he could in the sand. But wide as he spread it, he could not more than half cover the fresh foot-print of a huge lion.

"The clamber to the top was steep and hard. Yet it was not nearly so steep and hard as I could have wished it, when I reflected that very likely before midnight a lion might pass that way.

"We found that these wonderful columns were capped with great slabs of granite. These slabs were of astonishing breath and thickness. This temple, as it is called, had probably been a tomb. I took good care to see that there was no other means of ascent to the place where we had chosen to spend the night than the

one by which we had ascended. And I remember how eagerly I wished for a crowbar in order that I might break down a little of the debris, so that the ascent might be less easy for prowling beasts.

"The sky was rimmed with yellow; a yellow to the east, yellow to the west; a world of soft and restful yellow that melted away by gradations as the eye ascended from the desert. It was like melody in its serene harmonies and awful glory.

"And she at my side partook of it all; she breathed it, absorbed it, literally became a part of it. I saw her grow and glow. Soul and body I saw her dilate and expand till she was in absolute harmony with the golden yellow splendor that encompassed us. I felt that she had been in the midst of, even a part of, this tawny desolation ages and ages before. Perhaps her soul had been born here, born before the pyramids.

"With my own hands I spread her couch of skins and rugs in the remotest corner of a great stone slab that topped a column, high above the tawny sands of the desert. The night was very sultry, even here on this high and roomy summit. The broad, deep slab of granite was still warm with sunshine gone away, and gave out heat like a dying furnace. The steep and arduous ascent had taxed her strength, and unloosing her robe, as I turned to examine more minutely our strange quarters on the top of this lofty tomb, or temple, she sank to rest, half reclining on her arm, her chin in her up-turned palm, her face lifted away toward the rising moon.

"Half a dozen paces to the right two tall and ponderous columns of granite stood in line with those that supported the great slab on which she rested. Evidently these grand and solitary columns had also once been topped by granite slabs. But these had fallen to the ground under the leveling feet of many centuries, and now lay almost swallowed up in the sea of yellow sands below. I put out my foot carefully, trying to reach the broad top of the nearest

columns of granite, but it was beyond me. Stepping back a couple of paces and quietly removing my boots, I gathered up my strength and made a leap, landing almost in the center of the column's top. A half-step backward, another leap—who could resist the challenge of that lone and kingly column that remained? I landed securely as before, then turned about. Her face had not lifted an instant from the awful majesty of the Orient.

"Slowly, wearily, the immense moon came shouldering up through the seas of yellow sand.

"These billows of sand seemed to breathe and move. The expiring heat of the departed sun made them scintillate and shimmer in a soft and undulating light. And yet it was not light; only the lone and solemn ghost of departed day. Yellow and huge and startling stood the moon at last, full grown and fearful in its nearness and immensity on the topmost lift of yellow sands in the yellow sea before us. Distance seemed to be annihilated. The moon seemed to have forgotten her place and all proportion. Looking down into the yellow Nile, it seemed a bottomless chasm.

"And it seemed so far away! And the moon so very near.

"Silence, desolation, death lay on all things below, about, above. The west was molten yellow gold, faint and fading, it is true: but where the yellow sands left off and the yellow skies began no man could say or guess, save by the yellow stars that studded the west with an intensest yellow.

"Yellow to the right and yellow to the left, yellow overhead and yellow underfoot; with only this endless chasm of Erebus cleaving the yellow earth and yellow heavens in halves.

"After a time—and all the world still one sea of softened yellow, torn in two by Charon's chasm of waters—I silently leaped back, replaced my boots on my feet and then held my breath. For my servants had beckoned and I had seen, or perhaps felt, an object move on the lifted levels of sand between us and the moon.

"Cautiously I sank down on my breast and peered low and long up the horizon. I saw, heard nothing. Glancing around to where my companion lay, I saw that she still had not stirred from the half-reclining position she had first taken, with half-lifted face in her upturned palm.

"Then she had seen nothing, heard nothing. This, however, did not argue much. Her life had not been of the desert. She had spent her years in the study of men and women. I had spent mine with wild beasts. I could trust her to detect motives in men, give the warning note of danger from dangerous men; but the wild beasts and wilder men of the border were mine to watch and battle with, not hers.

"She had seen nothing; evidently she feared nothing, and so was resting, resting in mind as in body. And as I glanced again over my shoulder and saw how entirely content she seemed, I was glad. Surely she depended entirely on me; on my watchfulness and my courage. And this made me more watchful and more resolute and stout of heart. A man likes to be trusted. A true man likes a true woman's trust, much indeed. A strong man likes to be leaned upon. It makes him stronger, braver, better. Let women never forget this. Admit that she, too, has her days of strength and endurance; and admit that she, too, has her peculiar fortress of strength and courage, and these also man respects and regards with piteous tenderness. But man, incapable of her finer and loftier courage and endurance, resents her invasion of his prerogative.

"It is only a womanly man who can really love a manly woman. But to continue: Looking a third time to this woman I saw that she had let her head sink low on her leaning arm. She was surely sleeping. How I liked her trust and her faith in me! And how I liked her courage, too, and her high quality of endurance. It was her courage that had brought me up here this night to the contemplation of awful and all-glorious

Africa. Silently and without lifting a finger, she had shown me a world of burnished gold. I had surely seen God through her. We stood nearer together now than ever before. This single hour of indescribable glory should forever stand as an altar in the desert. Our souls had melted and flown and tided on, intermingled like molten gold in the golden atmosphere and the yellow scene that wrapped us round about, and no word had been said. When God speaks so audibly, let man be silent.

"I must have looked on the sleeping and trustful woman at my side longer than I should, for on turning my eyes again to the horizon, there, distinctly on the yellow sand and under the yellow moon moved, stealthily as a cat, yet graceful and grand, the most kingly beast I ever beheld. He did not look right nor left, but moved along with huge head in the air, slow and stately, and triumphant in his fearful symmetry and strength.

"As I half arose the lion suddenly halted. He lifted his proud head higher still in the air, and to my consternation half turned about and looked straight in my direction. Then a sidewise and circuitous step or two with his long reach of hinder leg, his wide and deep and flexible flank; slow and kingly; splendid to see!

"I sank down again, quite willing to let him interview the camp in the black chasm below. They had spears and guns and everything down there, everything but courage to face a lion with; and I was not going to interfere with a fight which at the first had promised to be entirely their own.

"But this new movement of mine only accentuated his graceful motion. The head now turned in the air, like the head of a man. I had time to note, and I record it with certainty, that the massive head and the tumbled mane towered straight above the shoulder. In fact, the lower parts of the long mane looked most like the long shaggy beard of a man falling down upon his broad breast. This I noted as he still kept on in his sidewise

circuit above us and around us on the yellow sand and under the yellow moon. At times he was almost indistinct. But the carriage of that head! There was a fine fascination in the lift and the movement and the turn of that stately head that must ever be remembered, but can never be described.

"As he came nearer—for his sidewise walk was mainly in our direction—I saw that he, too, was yellow, as if born of this yellow world in this yellow night; but his was a more ponderous yellow; the yellow of red and rusty old gold. At times he seemed almost black; and all the time terrible.

"In half a minute more he would be too close for comfort, and I decided to arouse my companion. She wakened fully awake, if I may be allowed to express a fact so awkwardly. You may know that there are people like that.

"What is it?"

"A lion."

"Well, there is room for us all. Let us rest."

"Where?"

"She had looked and was still looking far out against the yellow horizon where her eyes had rested when she fell asleep. And as she looked, or rather before I ventured to point her to the spot almost under the tomb where the lion strode, he passed on and was by this time perhaps almost quite under the great slab of granite where we rested.

"I was about to whisper the fact in her ear when I fancied I felt the whole tomb tremble! Then it seemed to shake, or rather rumble again. Then it again rumbled. Then again! Then there was a roar that literally shook the sand. I heard the sand sift and rattle down like drops of rain from where it lay in the crevices as I listened to find whether or not he was moving forward toward the place by which we had ascended. He was surely moving forward. I felt rather than heard him move. I assert—and I must content myself for the present with merely asserting—that you can *feel* the movements of an animal under such cir-

cumstances. And I assert further that an animal, especially a wild beast, can *feel* your movements under almost any circumstances. The undeveloped senses deserve a book by themselves.

"Pistol in hand I sprang to the steep and rugged passage. And not a second too soon. His mighty head was almost on a level with the granite slab. And he was half crouching for a bound and a spring upward, which would perhaps land him in our faces. I could see—or did I feel—that his huge hinder feet were spread wide out and sunken in the sand with preparation to lend all their force toward bearing him upward in one mighty bound.

"I fired! fired right into his big, red mouth, between two hideous pickets of ugly, yellow teeth. He fell back, and then, gathering his ferocious strength, he bounded up and forward again; this time striking his left shoulder heavily against a projecting corner of the granite slab. Fortunately the ascent was slightly curving, so that the distance could not be made at a single bound without collision.

"Again the supple and comely beast, disdaining to creep or crawl, made a mighty leap upward. But only to strike the rounding corner of the great granite slab and fall back as before.

"But I knew he would reach us in time! And if ever man did wish for fitting arms to fight with and defend woman it was I at that time. True, I had five shots left; but what were they in the face of this furious king of beasts? I began to fear that they would only serve to enrage him.

"Still, he should have all I had to give. Death is, has been, and will be. The best we can make of it all is to try and see that we shall not die ingloriously.

"The woman had been by my side all this time. And now, as the lion paused as if to gather up the broken thunderbolts of his strength, she laid a hand on my arm, never so gently, and said: 'Let me go down and meet him face to face. I think he will not harm me.'

"'Madam,' I exclaimed impetuously,

'you will meet him up here, and face to face, soon enough, I think.'

"'No, that will not do. You must trust the lion; as Daniel did.'

"I pushed her back, as she tried to pass, down, almost violently.

"'Madam,' I cried as I wheeled about and forced her before me, 'if you have real courage leap to the head of yonder column, where those servants stand shivering, then on to the next! Quick! be brave enough to save yourself!'

"Another leap of the lion! Bang! Bang!

"This time he did not fall back, but held on by sheer force of his powerful arms; his terrible claws tearing at the granite slab as they hung and hooked over its outer edge.

"Bang! Bang! Bang! The last shot. I hurled my revolver in his face, for he had not flinched or given back a single grain. His breath and my breath were mingled there in the smoke of my pistol. I heard—or did I feel—his great hinder feet fastening in the steep earth under him for his final struggle to the top?

"I turned, saw that she had reluctantly reached the farther column; and with three leaps and a bound I crossed the granite slabs and stood erect on the nearer one! Not a moment had I left. The lion, with great noise of claws on the granite, came tearing to the surface. I crouched down out of breath on the outer edge of my column, so as to be surely out of reach of his ponderous paws. I expected him to decide the matter at once, to reach us or give it up instantly. But he seemed in no haste now. He scarcely advanced at all, for what seemed to me to be a long time. Finally, jerking his tail like the swift movement of a serpent, he strode along the farthest edge of the granite slab and seemed to take no notice of us whatever. Blood was dripping from his mouth, but he did not seem to heed it.

"Once more he strode with his old majesty, and seemed ashamed that he should have submitted to the indignity

of a struggle to gain the place where he now stood sullen and triumphant. Enraged? He was choking, dying with rage; and yet this kingly creature would not even condescend to look in our direction.

"Why, I could feel his fearful rage as he now walked on and around the edge of that granite slab. At length he came opposite to where I lay crouching on the farther edge of my column. He passed on without so much as turning his eyes in my direction. And yet I felt, I felt and knew, as distinctly as if he could have talked and told me, that he was carefully measuring the distance.

"When the lion, in his stately round, came to the narrow pass by which he had ascended he paused an instant, and half lowered his head.

"Ah, how devoutly I did pray that he would be generous enough to descend to the sands and present us with his absence.

"But no! Lifting his huge head even higher in the air than before, he now passed on hurriedly, came on around to where he stood with quivering flank and flashing eye almost within reach of me. Yet he still disdained to even so much as look at me. His head was far above me as I crouched there on the farther edge of my column; his flashing eyes were lifted and looking far above me and beyond me. Maybe he was on the lookout over the desert for the coming of his companion.

"Soon, however, he set his huge paws on the very edge of the great slab on which he stood, and then suddenly threw his right paw out toward me and against the edge of my column with the force and velocity of a catapult!

"I heard the sharp, keen claws strike and scrape on the granite as if they had been hooks of steel.

"Then he threw himself on his breast, and hitching himself a little to one side, he threw his right paw so far that it landed full in the center of my column's top and tore my coat-sleeve. Then he hitched his huge body a little farther on over the edge and again threw his huge paw right at my face. It fell short of its mark only

a few inches, as it seemed to me. But, having hastily gathered in my garments, his claws did not find anything to fasten on and they drew back empty.

"At this point three dusky etchings stood out against the golden east on the yellow sands, and looked intently at us with their enormous heads high in the air. And now the beast slowly arose and moved on. A lion's head seems always disproportionately large, but when he is exercising for an appetite to eat you it looks large indeed.

"The monster who was occupying the platform with us surely saw his followers; indeed, he must have seen them long before; but his unbending dignity seemed to forbid that he should take heed of them.

"The new-born hope that he would descend and join his followers died as he came on around.

"And now something strange and notable transpired. This one incident is my excuse for thus elaborating this otherwise passive and tediously dull sketch of this night. I had risen to my feet, and as the lion came on around, this woman, with a force that was irresistible, sprang to my side, thrust me behind her, and stepping forward with a single spring, she stood on the edge of the column nearest to the lion.

"I would have followed, but that same force, which I can now understand was a mental force and not at all a physical force, held me hard and fast to where I stood.

"She let her robe fall as she sprang forward and now stood only as the hand of God had fashioned her; a snow-white silhouette of perfect comeliness against the terrible and bloody mouth and tossing mane of the lion. She leaned forward as he came on around and close to the edge of his slab. She looked him firmly and steadily in the face, her wondrous eyes, her midnight eyes of all Israel, the child of the wilderness, had once more met the lion of the desert as of old.

"Who was this woman here who stepped between death and me and stood

looking a wounded lion in the face? Was this Judith again incarnate? Or was this something more than Judith? Was it the Priestess and the Prophetess Miriam, back once more to the banks of the Nile? Was it the old and forgotten mastery of all things animate which Moses and his sister knew that gave her dominion over the king of the desert? Or was her name Mary? 'That Mary,' if you will, who won all things to her side, God in heaven, God upon earth, by the sad, sweet pity of her face, and the story of holy love that was written there? The lion's head for a moment forgot its lofty defiance as she leaned a little forward. Then the tossed and troubled mane rose up and rolled forward like an inflowing sea. It seemed never so terrible. He was surely about to spring! And she, too! Her right foot settled solidly back, her left knee bent like a bow, her shapely and snowy shoulders, under their glory of black hair, bowed low. Her dauntless and defiant spirit had already precipitated itself forward and was smiting the imperious beast full in his blazing eyes. I felt that her body would follow her spirit in an instant more.

"Face to face! Spirit to spirit! Soul to soul! A second only the combat lasted. The awful ferocity and force of the brute was beaten down, melted like soft battlements of snow before the burning arrows of the sun, and he slowly, surlily, shrank in size, in spirit, in space. A paw drew back from the edge of the block, the eyes drooped, the head dropped a little, and the terrible mane seemed terrible no more, as slowly, doggedly, mightily, aye doggedly and majestically, too, at the same time, this noble creature forced himself sidewise and back a little.

"Then he hesitated. Rebellion was in his mighty heart. He turned suddenly and looked her full in the face once more. All the beast that was in him rose up. The terrible mane now seemed more terrible than before. With great head tossed, tail whipped back, and teeth in the air, talons unsheathed and legs

gathered under him, he was about to bound forward.

"But the woman was before him! With eyes still fastened on his face, she with one long leap forward drove not only her shining soul but her snowy body right against his teeth. Or rather, she had surely done so had not the lion, half turned about, shrank back as she leaped forward. Then slowly, looking back with his blazing but cowering eyes, feeling back with his spirit still defiant, if but to see whether her courage failed her in the least or her mighty spirit was still in battle armor; and then he passed. His companions had drawn back and into a depression in the desert where he slowly and sullenly joined them.

"One, two, three, four dim yet distinct black silhouettes against the yellow east; then but a single confused black etching; away, away, smaller and smaller, gone!

"I gathered up her robe, crossed over, let it fall on her shoulders where she still stood, looking down and after the beast. She sighed, 'I am sorry, so sorry; sorry for you both.'"

CHAPTER VIII.

THE CHRIST IN EGYPT.

O LAND of temples, land of tombs!
O tawny land, O lion dead!
O silent land of silent looms;
Of kingly garments torn to shred!
O land of storied wonder still, as when
Fair Joseph stood the chiefest of all men!

The Christ in Egypt! Egypt and
Her mystic star-tipt Pyramids!
Her shoreless, tiger seas of sand!
Her Sphinx with fixed and weary lids!
Her red and rolling Nile of yellow sheaves
Where Moses cradled 'mid his lily leaves.

Her lorn, dread temples of the dead
Had waited, as mute milestones wait
By some untraversed way unread,
Until the King, or soon or late,
Should come that tomb-built way and silent,
pass
To read their signs above the sand-sown grass.

Behold! amid this majesty
Of ruin, at the dust-heaped tomb
Of vanity came Christ to see
Earth's emptiness, the dark death-room
Of haughtiness, of kingly pomp, of greed,
Of gods of gold or stone, or storied creed.

And this His first abiding-place!

And these dread scenes His childhood's toys!

What wonder at that thoughtful face?

That boy-face never yet a boy's?

What wonder that the elders marveled when

A boy spake in the Temple unto men?

WHEN the perfect woman comes—
and she will come—she will appeal to the soul of man, not to his body; and then the perfect man will not be far off.

Whoever this majestic and beautiful woman was,—this piteously beautiful woman, whatever she was yet to be or may have been,—she seemed to be, from the first time he encountered her at Jerusalem, entirely unconscious of sex. She seemed not to be a body, but a soul; and a soul, as said before, that was growing daily, as a great magnolia flower-tree grows, with its perfect flowers and its soft, warm, sensuous perfume, widening, warming day by day till it fills the garden, turns all faces to this one flower-tree, draws all things to itself, and drowns all senses but this one sense of perfume and the perfection of form and color.

As they had descended through the deserts and wilderness, and, as before noted, had retraced the ancient path by which Israel had gone up out of Egypt, she seemed to this man who companioned her, followed her afar off, to be all-powerful.

There is a lone obelisk where stood the city On, famous as the place where Plato and others of the wise men studied philosophy,—one lone obelisk; and that is all you can see to-day of the storied city of On, where, it is still whispered, men gathered together who knew all things,—even to the secrets that were before life and are after death.

Some palm trees stood not far away, and the two sat on a toppled granite column in silence there together as the sun was going down on tawny, tired, and prostrate Egypt.

"Oh, to see Egypt rise up and stand erect in her splendor once more before the end of the world!" He said this at last, as the sun lay level on the red waters

of the Nile, and dashed the world with molten gold.

Was it a sense of pain that tinged her face,—displeasure, effort, exhaustion, something such as Christ felt as he turned to the woman when she touched the hem of His garment? Or was it a sense of his own unworthiness which made him to imagine that a faint tinge of displeasure swept over her face as she lifted it to the waters, and in silence put forth her hand as she arose?

Who shall say? And what matter? His eyes, as he sprang to his feet, followed the direction of her hand, and there, before his startled vision, in all her storied splendor of dome, citadel, and battlement, grove, garden, turret and tower, that melted into the hazy horizon and filled all the face of the earth as far as the eye could sweep, lay ancient Egypt. Describe the scene? The attempt would be profanity. Account for this power of hers? Or did she merely fancy all this and make his fancy follow hers? When science will come forward and account for the cities, seas, forests, armies with banners, heroes, battle-harness, that men see on the plains and deserts of America, without even the presence of any finer organization than their own to call up these visions, then will it be time enough to give some reasons here.

As her wearied hand fell to her side, she sank back; all Egypt of old fell down and lay again in dust beneath her pyramids. He felt that now she was as far away from him and above him and beyond him, as was the farthest and loftiest column she had recalled to existence. He sighed as they turned in silence home. He now began to see his uselessness and his helplessness in her presence. All the manhood in the man began to rise in self-assertion. He grew more firmly resolved than ever to go forth alone and meditate and purify his soul, go up in the mountains to pray, as did the prophets of old, till he, too, had Faith.

(To be continued.)



THE BLANK PAGE.

"WHAT WILL YOU DO WITH IT, MR. PRESIDENT?"

Drawn by Dan. Beard expressly for THE ARENA.
(See Editorial.)

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT AND THE CLEAN SHEET.

THE DAY following the election President Roosevelt, by announcing that he would not again be a candidate for the presidency, did more than anything that has marked his conduct since he entered his high office to inspire confidence in the minds of tens of thousands of thoughtful citizens who had in the early years of his public life greatly admired him. It is this promise thus solemnly given, *after* his triumphant election, that doubtless inspired Mr. Beard to draw the cartoon which appears in this number of THE ARENA.

The President has been elected by such a large majority as to leave no doubt in the minds of the people but what he was preferred by the mass of the voters over Judge Parker; but also no ring, machine or privileged interest can in reason claim a mortgage on him as being responsible for his election, provided Mr. Cortelyou and the President are correct in claiming that no pledges, positive or implied, have been made to any parties that have supported him. For though many privileged interests may have and doubtless did contribute enormous sums to the campaign-fund of the party, no one of them can in reason claim to have been responsible for the result. Hence Mr. Roosevelt, presuming he is not mistaken in regard to ante-election pledges, has a perfectly free hand, and with the Senate and House so overwhelmingly Republican no special interests can combine with the opposition to defeat any plans of the President to give the people relief from the shameful oppression they have been suffering from trust and railroad extortion, or to restore as far as may be equality of opportunities and of rights in place of injustice and inequality resulting from advantages granted by law to privileged interests. Therefore, if the President is the high-minded patriot that so many believe him

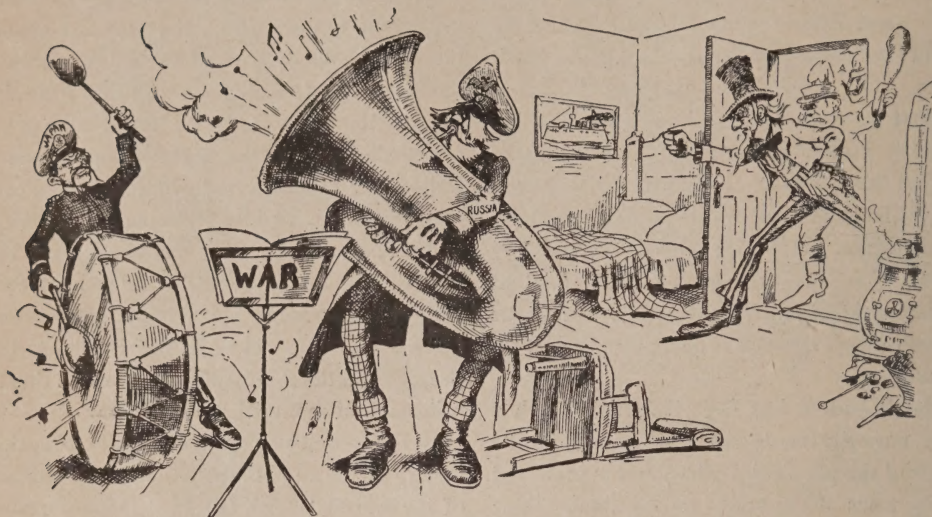
to be, and that all hope he may prove himself to be, fate has given him the grandest opportunity enjoyed by a chief executive within a half-century, of making a record that will raise him to the peerage of the few really great presidents who in the highest sense deserve well of the republic, and will entitle him to a place in history besides Washington, Jefferson and Lincoln. Theodore Roosevelt has the opportunity to inaugurate a movement that will end in economic emancipation and whose immediate result will be to bring relief to the people from the most galling oppression due to railroad and monopolistic extortion.

In the second place he can assail corruption in high places and break up the unholy alliance of the railroads with the Post-Office Department, by which the United States now pays an annual rental for mail-cars greater than the cost of building the cars, though the average life of the car is nineteen years, and in addition to this shameful robbery an extortionate sum for carrying mail which is much in excess of what the express companies pay for like service. This is one of many fountain-heads of public scandal that demand investigation and remedy, and which history will hold the President responsible for if under present circumstances he fails to meet the demands of honesty and good government.

In like manner he can give the Filipinos such positive assurances of their enjoying self-government at an early date as shall change the attitude of these people from that of hostility and sullen hate to one of friendliness, thus greatly reducing the expenses now required to maintain order in the Islands.

These are but a few typical things which the President can do and which the people rightfully expect him to accomplish. How will he fill the clean page that opens before him?

POLITICS, THE PEOPLE AND THE TRUSTS AS SEEN BY CARTOONISTS.



From Philadelphia North American.

SHALL THE DISCORD CONTINUE?



Evans, in Cleveland Leader.

GERMANY HAS EXPRESSED ITS WILLINGNESS TO
SIGN AN ARBITRATION TREATY WITH
THE UNITED STATES.



Maybell, in Brooklyn Eagle.

AN ALLY.

RUSSIAN—"Halt, who goes there?"
STRANGER—"Winter!"
RUSSIAN—"Advance, friend!"



Warren, in Boston *Herald*.

IT SEEMS TO BE IN FASHION.



Walker, in Girard (Kan.) *Appeal to Reason.*

THE SOCIALIST VOTE OF OVER HALF A MILLION
HAS ALARMED CERTAIN METROPOL-
ITAN JOURNALS.



Walker, in Girard (Kan.) *Appeal to Reason*.

"MY, MY, AND HE'S STILL GROWING!"

TWO SOCIALIST CARTOONS.

HIS TWO NIGHTMARES.



Oppen, in *New York American*. (Reproduced by special permission of W. R. Hearst.)

THE ONLY THINGS THAT DISTURB HIS REST.



Washburn, in *Philadelphia Telegraph*.

LOOKING INTO THE OIL QUESTION.



Warren, in *Boston Herald*.

LIGHT IN DARKEST RUSSIA.



DeMar, in *Philadelphia Record*.

THE GANG—"IT'S A-HEADIN' THIS WAY."



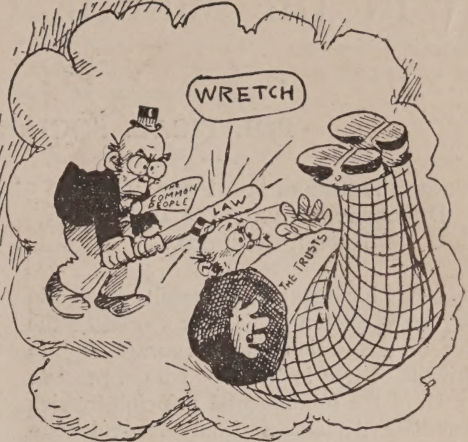
DeMar, in *Philadelphia Record*.

WILL HE EVER WAKE UP?

WILL YOU EVER FORGET THAT TIME?



No. 1—When you had revolted against the trusts—



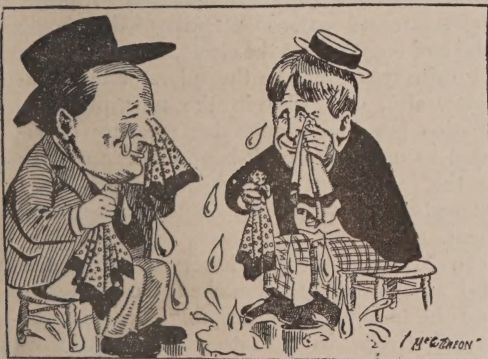
No. 2—And you had made it hot for the trusts—



No. 3—And you had put the trusts completely out of business—
Oppen, in Boston American.



No. 4—And then you were awakened as above—Ah, will you ever forget it?
(Reproduced by special permission of W. R. Hearst.)



McCutcheon, in Boston Post.

BRYAN AND HEARST:—"POOR ALTON."



Lambdin, in Binghampton Press.

THE BLACK CARD FROM THE BLACK HAND.

IN THE MIRROR OF THE PRESENT.

POLITICAL, SOCIAL AND ECONOMIC.

THREE TRIUMPHS FOR FUNDAMENTAL DEMOCRATIC PRINCIPLES AT THE RECENT ELECTION.

AS WE have stated, the results of certain state elections this year should be the source of inspiration and encouragement to all friends of free institutions who appreciate the peril of the fundamental principles which differentiate democracy from class-rulership and absolutism. Three of these conflicts were momentous in character. (1). In Colorado the bold question which confronted the electorate was, shall civil rule be supplanted by military depositism, defiance of constitutional restrictions and a trampling upon the sacred rights and safeguards of the individual by officials acting in the interest of powerful and over-rich corporations? (2). In Wisconsin the issue was whether the rule of the people should be virtually abrogated and the interests of the masses subordinated to those of the railways and other great public-service companies and privileged interests working in harmony with corrupt politicians and an autocratic partisan machine. (3). In Missouri the vital question was whether the reign of graft and the triumph of political corruption, fostered by the public-service corporations and rendered well-nigh impregnable by leading politicians, should be sanctioned or overthrown.

It will be observed that each one of these contests represented a phase of the one great conflict being waged between plutocracy and democracy, between liberalism and reaction, between the ideals and principles of popular government and the ideals and arrogant assumptions of class-rulership and absolutism which prevailed before the period of the Revolution.

In Colorado the great Smelter-Trust, the Mine-Owner's Association and the railroads, which have so long ruled, corrupted and debauched the legislature and stood as the incarnation of the spirit of plutocracy and despotism that is looming so menacingly over the republic, emboldened by the belief that

their combined wealth was more powerful than the electorate, undertook to substitute a military despotism for civil authority. It was this element, it will be remembered, that was the primary cause of the trouble in Colorado. The electorate of the state had imperatively commanded the legislature to pass certain wise, humane and just legislation; but the grasping, privileged, over-rich and corrupt Smelter-Trust, aided by the other great privileged corporations, succeeded in preventing the legislature from enacting the order which had been overwhelmingly voted for by the people. Twenty-five years ago such amazing exhibitions of lawless brutality and defiance of the constitution as were perpetrated by Mr. Bell and sanctioned by Governor Peabody would have been impossible within the confines of the United States. But since the Homestead tragedies, plutocracy or corporate wealth has steadily gained ascendancy in government, and the spirit of absolutism and reaction which is paralyzing the currents of true democracy throughout Europe, has also rapidly gained in strength and prestige since the republic became imperialistic in its policy.

In Wisconsin the railways, having ruled and oppressed the people for many years through a corrupted party-machine, and holding in the hollow of their hand the United States Senators and the principal Republican Congressmen from Wisconsin, believed that they were strong enough to crush the incorruptible statesman and fearless defender of the people who had insisted that the electorate rather than the railways should be the rulers of the commonwealth, and who in the new primary-election law had proposed a measure calculated to break the back-bone of the machine or the instrument through which privileged interests had overthrown democratic government.

In Missouri the public-service companies had so thoroughly debauched the electorate and the public opinion-forming agencies, and so effectively driven into retirement incorruptible statesmen and fearless upholders of the rights of the people, and had so firmly en-

trenched the representatives of corruption and graft in municipal and state government, that they believed their position to be impregnable.

In each instance corporate wealth, chiefly represented by public-service corporations or privileged and protected interests, stood as the supreme representative of reaction, corruption and the overthrow of republican government. In each instance the combined influence of the plutocracy, with the most lavish use of wealth and backed by all the power of their well-organized political machines, was hurled against the representative leaders of free institutions. The influences which were arrayed in favor of Peabody and Bell in Colorado, and against Governor LaFollette and Joseph W. Folk in Wisconsin and Missouri, were identical, yet in each instance the people triumphed, administering a crushing and humiliating defeat to Peabody, and thereby setting the seal of public condemnation on the shameful action of that recreant representative of free institutions; upholding triumphantly Governor LaFollette, thereby rebuking the corrupt machine, the railroads and such mouthpieces of plutocracy as Senator Spooner; and elevating to the highest position in the commonwealth Joseph W. Folk, whose herculean battle against boodle and graft had made him a man marked for defeat and political destruction by the "system" composed of the union of corporate wealth and the political machines.

These three victories should serve to inspire the friends of democracy everywhere. They show us that all that is needed is wisdom, union and progress on the part of the friends of free institutions in order to meet and overthrow the plutocracy which through united action, vast wealth and a settled policy of destroying the incorruptible friends of democracy and elevating subservient and pliant tools, has seriously menaced those great fundamental principles of democratic government that differentiate free institutions from the governments that prevailed throughout Christendom prior to the revolutionary epoch.

In each of these states the fight of the people was for the election of a chief-magistrate who should stand for democracy, for the people and for the commonwealth, against plutocracy, the "system" or the corporations and the machine. And here we have the three-fold fight between greed, reaction and class-despotism and the principles of free government that the republic must necessarily deal

with. It is the supreme conflict upon which the very life of democracy depends; the battle between plutocracy and democracy, the "system" and the people, the corporations and the commonwealth.

THE VICTORY FOR POPULAR GOVERNMENT IN WISCONSIN.

PROBABLY the most signal victory for the principles of popular government that occurred in the November election was the triumphant ratification by the people of Wisconsin of the radical and democratic primary-election law. This wholesome measure, it will be remembered, was opposed by the recreant and discreditable Democratic party of the Badger State, as it was also opposed by the so-called stalwart or corporation Republicans, headed by Senator Spooner. It was aggressively fought by the public-service corporations and other privileged interests which are in the habit of depending on partisan machines, political rings and the bosses of the party for the nomination of their men and the passing of measures that will enable them to acquire millions of dollars as the fruits of franchises and privileges, in return for courtesies, campaign contributions and other forms of bribery.

Governor LaFollette led the people against this formidable opposition,—an opposition that we believe would have been invincible a few years ago; but the people are beginning to awaken, and in Governor LaFollette they have found a brave leader and an incorruptible statesman loyal to the interests of the people. Hence they rallied around him exactly as the masses rallied around Thomas Jefferson in the olden times when the Hamiltonian party of privilege sought to exalt wealth and privilege at the expense of the people.

The new primary law is, we believe, the most radical and essentially democratic measure of the kind that has been enacted. It sweeps away the old nominating convention that has made our elections in recent years such a shameful farce, because through the union of corporate wealth and party-bosses the incorruptible statesmen and loyal champions of the people have been thrust aside for the proteges of public-service corporations or the willing tools of party-bosses. According to the provisions of the new law, all the candidates to be voted for at the election must be

chosen at the September primaries. Nor is this all. The candidate for the United States Senate must also run for nomination at these primaries, and the candidate who is chosen will be recommended as the party's candidate. Presumably this will in effect secure the election of United States Senators from this commonwealth by the popular vote, as it is hardly probable that the legislators will defy the popular mandate; and pending the securing of a mandatory national provision for the election of senators by popular vote, this measure is probably the best statutory enactment that could be made. Therefore the passing of this law is a great popular triumph quite apart from the splendid victory of Governor LaFollette.

TOLEDO'S PARTIAL VICTORY FOR HONEST GOVERNMENT.

THE RECENT election in Toledo, Ohio, afforded another illustration that the people are awakening to a sense of their civic responsibilities. The rule of the grafters and the corrupt machine is already threatened. A few high-minded and earnest patriots banded together in each city and town, ready to consecrate life and fortune to rescuing government from the plundering public-service companies and the immoral element in our political life, and a new, clean, wholesome and truly democratic *régime* will be inaugurated.

In Toledo the late Golden-Rule Mayor Jones laid the foundation for good government and held in check the elements that sought to rob the people of franchises worth untold millions of dollars, through the aid of the corrupt political machine; but with his death the corporation cormorants and political vultures began to assemble, confident that now the path was open for Toledo to become a little St. Louis. The Republican machine was controlled by the street-railway company that is seeking a renewal of its enormously valuable franchise. In Toledo half the councilmen are elected each year for a two-year's term. The Republicans nominated for councilman-at-large a particularly outspoken champion of the street-railway interests and a subservient machine man. Two of the ward council nominees were also particularly obnoxious to the friends of public-ownership on account of their outspoken advocacy of corporation interests. The other Republican nominees were not considered good machine

men and were far less obnoxious to the friends of good government, who immediately placed a ticket in the field, the battle centering around the councilman at large and the obnoxious machine candidates. All the power and influence of the great street-car monopoly and other public-service vampires, together with the influence of the well-organized and powerful Republican machine, was enlisted in order to make the election of the corporation advocates positive and triumphant; and of course they had the benefit of the Republican landslide which resulted in Toledo's casting a majority of more than 12,000 votes for Theodore Roosevelt. Yet the Republican machine councilman-at-large and the two other specially obnoxious machine candidates were defeated, the councilman running over 2,000 votes behind the independent candidate.

Here we have another of those encouraging illustrations which show how surely the people can win over the powerful and unscrupulous machines and corporate wealth when a few single-hearted, high-minded patriots band themselves together and organize public sentiment in the interests of civic integrity and virtue.

A CITY WHERE THE BALLOT IS A FARCE.

IN THE recent election Philadelphia furnished one of those startling object-lessons in political debauchery which show how a popular government may become a farce, if the high-minded men of a community become indifferent to civic duties instead of persistently holding up high standards of public morality and noble ideals before the electorate, and maintaining an efficient organization to promptly punish in the most rigorous manner all attempts to defeat the free voice of the people. It also affords a striking illustration of the way a great city may become so sodden that crimes against the ballot-box no longer seem to affront the public conscience. In a republic there can be few crimes more heinous or that call more imperatively for stern justice and the severest penalties than tampering with the ballot-box. If free institutions are to be preserved, if the republic is to be a moral leader among the nations, one thing above all others is demanded, and that is the severe punishment by long terms of imprisonment, without the possibility of pardon, of all persons who commit crimes against the ballot. We

have come to a pass when we must arise and crush corruption, or permit the destruction of free institutions. We have reached a point where it is imperative that the reign of graft made possible by the "system" or the union of the public-service corporations and other privileged interests with political machines and bosses, must be utterly overthrown, else the moral leprosy that now affects Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, and numerous other municipalities and commonwealths, will have so pervaded the body-politic as to render the prospect of the triumph of republican ideals little more than an iridescent dream. The following facts relating to the ballot farce in Philadelphia at the recent election should appeal to the thoughtful consideration of all patriotic Americans.

Philadelphia has long been ill-famed in regard to election corruption. It is doubtful whether the corruption practiced by Tammany Hall at any time since the overthrow of the Tweed Ring has equaled the shameless frauds in election methods that have for years disgraced Pennsylvania. The Philadelphia *Ledger* has given some amazing facts relating to the November election that ought to arouse all earnest patriots of every party to a realization that the hour has arrived when decency, honesty, political integrity,—aye, even the life of free institutions, demand united and persistent action against every attempt to tamper with the ballot-box. The *Ledger* points out the facts that the six wards that make up the city proper, in 1890 had a population of 104,154. Ten years later, or in 1900, the census showed that the population had shrunk to 95,734. This was due largely to the fact that in this city in a greater degree than in any other large American municipality the tendency of the population is constantly toward the suburbs, where through building associations homes are acquired with little more monthly expenditure than would be required for rents in the congested parts of the city. Now in the election of 1890 in these six wards 20,622 ballots were reported as being cast. The vote in 1900 was 19,666, or about 1,000 less than ten years before; yet the vote was regarded excessive, though it showed a decline. There has been nothing since 1900 to swell the residence population of these wards, while there is no reason to believe that there has not been a steady decrease in the population, owing to the influences that were operating between 1890 and 1900, when the population fell from 104,154 to 95,734. Yet according to the

returns of the November election there were 40 per cent. more ballots cast in these wards than were returned as cast in 1900. 27,828 is the number of votes said to have been cast, as against 19,666 four years before. In Ward Thirteen the whole number of males above twenty-one was shown by the census of 1900 to be 6,466, yet at the November election of this year 7,016 ballots were returned as being cast. The Boston *Herald*, in an extended analysis of the Philadelphia *Ledger's* revelations, concludes that the conditions revealed at the election of November 8th "point to frauds being carried out to a greater extent than one would imagine that even the unscrupulous leaders of Philadelphia would dare to attempt." And the *Herald* continues:

"We have heard it said that in the third city of the United States the local political bosses boast that they register even the names on tomb-stones, and that voters are assessed from numbers on streets that do not exist and from residences that are in reality only vacant lots. It may be asked why the decent people of Philadelphia permit such conditions to exist. We presume the answer is found in the overwhelming control that the bosses have of the registration of the voters and the counting of the ballots. No matter how large a movement might exist against the Republican city machine in Philadelphia, it could not hope to overthrow the bosses, with their padded registry-list which is made up by themselves or their tools."

In the present issue of *THE ARENA* Mr. Lee Meriwether, one of St. Louis' prominent lawyers and a man who as a publicist and an author stands high in our land, has made a sickening revelation of similar crimes against the ballot-box. In Philadelphia a corrupt Republican machine makes elections a shameful farce. In St. Louis a Democratic machine under the management of a Democratic boss succeeded in destroying free government by shameful crimes. But in each case and in every northern community where free government has given place to ring-rule, the domination of the corruptionists has only been made possible by the public-service corporations and others who are seeking to acquire wealth without earning it, uniting with the criminal politicians to destroy democratic government.

In the powerful series of papers which opens in this issue of *THE ARENA*, by the

prominent citizen of Philadelphia, Mr. Rudolph Blankenburg, the American people will find the history of the overthrow of republican government in one of the greatest and most opulent commonwealths of our nation, through systematic methods of corruption and fraud.

Friends of free government of all parties, we appeal to you as patriots, as lovers of free institutions, and as those who reverence justice, integrity and righteousness, to unite in an educational agitation directed against these corrupters and destroyers of democratic institutions. All history shows that when men of high ideals unite in a determined agitation, in an environment of intellectual freedom, the potency of moral enthusiasm and righteousness is so great and the idealism or divinity in the soul of man so positive when appealed to and aroused, that all the powers of crime, sin and corruption fall before the aroused and determined public. In the presence of this grave peril no man is quit of responsibility.

FORBIDDING FREE SPEECH UNDER OUR FLAG.

THE FOLLOWING press dispatch published in the Eastern dailies on the eighteenth of November, 1904, calls for the serious attention of American citizens who think for themselves and who even dimly appreciate the importance of guarding with jealous care the right of free speech and the exposure of abuses, corruption and despotism:

"BLOOMINGTON, ILL., November 17th.—Miguel Nicdao, a young Filipino student who is being educated at the State Normal University by the government, has been reprimanded by W. A. Sutherland of the War Department for attacking the friars and the methods of the Catholic Church in the Philippines. Nicdao's articles first appeared in *The Vidette*, a student publication at the University, and were widely copied by the press of central Illinois. The Rev. J. J. Burk of St. Patrick's Church of this city, reported the case to the War Department, with the result stated."

This action of the War Department in forbidding the discussion and exposure of the abuses and oppressions of the friars, which were the chief cause of the Philippine insurrection and war against Spain, is another of those dangerous, reactionary and un-American

actions which have become all too frequent since our republic became imperialistic in tone and began to curry favor with alien, reactionary, autocratic and despotic powers. Nothing is more vital to liberty, to free institutions, and to the very life of democratic government than freedom of speech and the encouragement of fearless exposures of injustice, corruption, despotism or inhumanity, whenever and wherever they may occur; and for the government to frown upon such action is to commit a crime against democracy. Spain owed her decadence and downfall in a large measure to subserviency to autocratic and intolerant religious domination and to the stifling of free discussion. In Russia the world beholds to-day the blight and curse of this very thing—the interference on the part of the government with freedom of speech and discussion. Germany is to-day moving rapidly toward the accursed absolutism of Russia through the division of the Liberals and the union of the monarchical, reactionary and Catholic parties. Unless there be a check in the iniquitous designs of Emperor William, the blessings of constitutional government will shortly be curtailed if not abrogated.

It behooves every true American, every person who believes in the principles of the revolutionary era, to resolutely oppose every step taken by our government in obedience to the wishes and desires of alien, un-American and reactionary influences which are at work to establish conditions such as prevailed before the revolutionary era. No one believes more firmly in freedom of religion and the widest liberty being accorded to all faiths and beliefs than do we; but we hold that no true patriot or friend of free government can stand idle and dumb when a church or hierarchy assumes to interfere in such a way as to prevent free speech under the folds of the American flag. The government at Washington cannot afford to become a party to reaction. Its attitude should have been that freedom of speech and the right to criticize were among the most cherished and vital principles of free government, and that if the critic was in the wrong the redress should be, not in suppression of discussion, but in a full reply, with the proof, showing wherein the critic erred. Suppression of discussion and free speech is ever the potent weapon of despotism and reaction. Full, free, open discussion is the hope of freedom, of progress, of enlightenment, of purity, of honesty, of justice, of civilization.

FACTORS IN PRESENT-DAY ART AND SOCIAL PROGRESS.

ARTIST-ARTISANSHIP THE KEY TO JAPAN'S COMMERCIAL GREATNESS AND PROSPERITY.

ONE OF the most important and practical object-lessons which Japan has given to the Western world is found in the striking contrasts between the methods she has pursued in achieving commercial greatness and prosperity and those by which the Christian nations have sought to acquire gold for the favored and privileged classes.

While England, greedy for the rich Transvaal mines and desirous of increasing South African markets, engaged in the war that destroyed the two Dutch republics of South Africa; while America, under the spell of imperialistic commercialism was spending millions upon millions of dollars in subjugating or holding in subjection the Philippine Islands; while Russia, after going into an unholy alliance with France and Germany, by which the latter nations were able to seize upon and secure bases for commercial activities and spheres of influence in China, despoiled Japan of the fruit of her victory over China and herself purloined the rich territory in a most perfidious manner; while, in a word, the Christian world was compassing land and sea in search of markets that might be seized and held by force, irrespective of the rights of others, Japan has been making amazing strides in commercial greatness and national prosperity by employing very different tactics—tactics which are largely the result of the rapid extension of industrial and artist-artisan education. Great numbers of technical and industrial schools have been established in recent decades, where the most thorough and competent instruction has been given in metal-working, pottery, wood-work, dyeing, weaving and other useful occupations where technical skill and artistic superiority give value and through excellence find ready sale for goods thus made.

These great schools for the furtherance of artist-artisanship and industrial expertness have been thronged with students. In 1902 there were over 387,000 Japanese engaged in the manufactories of Japan. The following facts contained in a work issued by the

Imperial Japanese Commission to the St. Louis Exposition and bearing the title *Japan in the Beginning of the Twentieth Century*, show how rapidly this Oriental land has grown commercially during the past twenty years. In 1882 the export trade of Japan amounted to 37,721,000 yen (a yen is about fifty cents of our money). The import trade for the same period was 29,446,000 yen. In 1892 the export trade was 91,100,000 yen and the import trade was 71,326,000 yen. In 1902 the export trade had risen to 258,303,000 yen, and the imports amounted to 271,731,000 yen. An important fact to be borne in mind is that a large proportion of the money expended in importation was spent for machinery and things required in manufacturing industries. Many millions of yen were expended in 1902 for iron and steel material. 78,000,000 yen was the out-put for raw cotton alone. The value of indigo and aniline dyes imported in 1902 was 4,752,000 yen. That Japan under normal conditions is on a healthy commercial footing is indicated from the fact that the expenses of the government in 1903 were 244,572,000 yen, while the revenue amounted to 251,681,000 yen, or a little over seven millions more than the expenditures; while in twenty years, except for moneys borrowed to meet war expenses, the income of the empire has been greater than the outgo.

The great fact for us to consider and profit by, however, is found in the practical wisdom of Japan in increasing the wealth of the nation by turning out skilled artist-artisans and workers from the technical and industrial schools in such great numbers that the nation can manufacture vast amounts of really fine work that finds ready markets at good prices. America is a laggard in this respect; yet how much better this plan and policy than to seek mastery by the sword.

In one line of work it is true that our nation in this respect is exhibiting preëminent sagacity, and that is in agriculture, in so far as it relates to the work of the national bureau of of the Department of Agriculture at Washington. This important division of the government has during recent years become more and more a great educational factor in the land, while its practical work in promoting

agrarian interests in every direction has added immensely to the wealth of the nation. Much remains, however, for our states to do in agricultural education through schools, institutes and experiment-stations. If America should display the wisdom of Japan in fostering and promoting a great artist-artisan movement, and also in furthering scientific agriculture, dairying, fruit and vegetable culture, we would increase our wealth production far more than would be possible in trying to force our products on unwilling buyers regardless of their excellence; and the cost of this wise and really great policy would be infinitesimal compared with the cost of such commercialistic imperialism as we have been waging since the close of the Spanish-American war.

THE MAGAZINES AND SOCIAL PROGRESS.

IF THE republic is to be freed from the despotism of corporate wealth operating through party machines, it will be through the awakening of the public conscience by the systematic work of American magazines. It would be difficult to overestimate the immense service to the republic rendered by *McClure's Magazine* during the past two years in its bold exposures of evil conditions that seriously threaten the integrity of free institutions. The enormous success attending this fearless uncovering of iniquity in the presence of which the great daily press had as a rule either preserved a discreet silence or had sought to justify and excuse the unholy alliance of partisan machines with the rich and conventionally respectable corruptionists, who under the mantle of special privileges were acquiring untold millions of dollars that by right belonged to the community at large or to the individual citizens, proved conclusively that the great mass of the people were not ignorant of or indifferent to the injustice and the despotism slowly growing up in their midst.

When it was seen that the circulation of *McClure's* had reached several hundred thousand, other popular magazines opened their pages to somewhat similar exposés of injustice and evil conditions. *Frank Leslie's* and *Pearson's* were among the first to join the plain-speaking minority that was exposing the prevalent political debauchery for private gain and the reign of corruption and graft that had followed the domination of municipal, state and national politics by public-service corporations and other monopolies and privi-

leged interests. Still later *Everybody's Magazine* opened its columns to Mr. Lawson's confessions of an insider, in which he confirmed the truth of the dark and sinister record of the Standard Oil Company in plundering the millions and debauching the people's servants, which had previously been brought to light through the painstaking and exhaustive labors of such careful historians as the late Henry Demarest Lloyd and Miss Ida Tarbell. He also revealed the inside workings of the "system" in a strikingly circumstantial manner and did not hesitate to state why it is impossible for the people of Massachusetts to secure even the privilege of voting on important measures that would mean the saving of millions of dollars to them, when the great corporations, such as the railroad companies and the local coal-trust, oppose such referendum votes. And now comes *Munsey's* with its opening article in the December issue devoted to a strong, graphic and impressive appeal for the fastening of responsibility when greed causes the wholesale slaughter of human life. Seldom has the murder of innocents been more vividly or powerfully presented than in Mr. Herbert N. Casson's pen-picture of the burning of the "General Slocum." But Mr. Casson is far more than a convincing delineator of thrilling scenes. He is a man of conscience and conviction. When he writes we know there is a man behind the pen, not a manikin or a body without a soul; and so his story is also a powerful appeal for the protection of the people against the sordid greed of irresponsible corporate wealth.

More than twelve years ago, when THE ARENA inaugurated several series of papers dealing in a vital way with evil conditions and rational remedies for the same, we received a number of letters, some criticizing and some commending our innovation. We remember that not a few of our friends thought that our review should be more academic in character. "Leave the inferno of present-day civilization, the aggressions of the railways, the questions of inequitable taxation and of land monopoly to the newspapers," wrote some of our correspondents, "and give us the space in essays on religion, philosophy, science and literature." To these friends and to the public we pointed out at that time the fact that the newspapers were failing to do this vitally-important work, and in our judgment the gravest need as well as the highest function of the serious magazine in the presence of conditions such as confronted our republic was to strive to arouse

the more thoughtful of the people and to inaugurate a moral and intellectual agitation that should result in a return to the ideals of the founders and to juster political, social and economic conditions than those which then obtained. Nothing was more palpable, as we pointed out, than the failure of the daily press to do this work, owing to the fact that many of the great journals were owned or controlled by powerful privileged interests. Others, when they sought to uncover and boldly assail the evil-doing of predatory wealth were notified by the great advertisers that they must desist or the advertisements upon which the newspapers depended for success would be canceled; while others were approached and influenced in various insidious manners by the great public-service corporations which sought to silence opposition when they wished to secure special privileges and immensely valuable franchises. A typical example of this kind occurred some years ago and was made public by the *Boston Daily Post*, when Mr. Henry M. Whitney, then the real head of the West End Company, sent to the *Post* an address which he had delivered and which was in effect a special plea for the street-railway interests, accompanied by a letter requesting them to publish the address together with the illustrations which he furnished, as simon-pure reading matter, and charge the West End Company one hundred dollars per column, less twenty per cent. The *Post* declined the indirect bribe, published the letter in full, and placed the various other Boston papers in a very uncomfortable position.

The advertising leverage has been one of the most powerful means of silencing the daily press. A well-known American journalist, who for years served either as editor-in-chief or as a principal editorial writer on Chicago and New York dailies, gave me some examples showing how it was impossible for the great dailies to be true to the people at all times. One instance cited was as follows:

"When the Income-Tax was before Congress," said this editor, "we came out strongly in favor of it, and I was pounding away in a vigorous manner when one morning our proprietor and manager, Mr. S., called me into his room and told me that we would have to drop our advocacy of the Income-Tax.

"Why?" I asked. "You believe in it, I believe in it, and the people want it."

"Yes, that is all very true, but you know

that neither this paper nor any other of the great dailies can live in Chicago without the advertising patronage of certain firms'; and he gave the names of a number of the great newspaper advertisers. 'Well,' he continued, 'I have received a hint, and if we do not drop the advocacy of the Income-Tax we may expect the withdrawal of the advertising patronage of these great houses.'

"Consequently we had to switch off onto other subjects."

Another typical illustration given by my informant had to do with the Beef-Trust extortion.

"The New York *World*," said he, "had been exposing the way the Beef-Trust and the railways had the producers and consumers by the throat, and we followed suit. But again I was called into the room of our manager, who said, 'You'll have to let up on that Beef-Trust business.'

"And why?" I asked. "We are not beholden to the Big Four. How much advertising do they give us in a year?"

"Ah!" he broke in, "directly very little, but you remember the large yearly contract we secured last year from ——?"

"Yes."

"Well, —— of the Beef-Trust is behind that firm, and I have been informed that that advertisement will be canceled if we continue our assaults on the trust."

"And so again we had to turn our attention to other matters. And," he continued, "I could give you a number of similar instances illustrating how helpless are the great newspapers in which corporate wealth has no financial interest. And still further," he went on, "in our great metropolitan centers there are wheels within wheels at every turn. The editors and proprietors of the journals belong to the clubs and are on the most friendly terms with the gentlemanly directors of the most avaricious and brazenly law-defying corporations. Many of them have stock tendered to them, and in a hundred different ways, often before they are aware of the fact, they become obligated morally if in no other way to the individuals who are moving spirits in the great public-service corporations, the monopolies and the trusts."

Now all persons acquainted with the leading newspapers know that such are the handicaps under which they are laboring, even when the

stock of the paper is not in the hands of privileged interests. And knowing such things as these, we determined early in the 'nineties to enter upon an educational campaign. This we inaugurated by publishing "Society's Exiles," "Two Hours in the Social Cellar," "The Froth and the Dregs," "They Have Fallen Into the Wine-Press," "Jesus or Cæsar," "The Democracy of Darkness," "Why the Ishmaelites Multiply," and other papers which were later published in book form under the titles of *Civilization's Inferno* and *The New Time*. We also secured notable papers from Dr. Alfred Russell Wallace, the great English scientist and author, on "Our Social Quagmire" and "The Way Out." We commissioned Justice Walter Clark of North Carolina to visit the City of Mexico and interview the leading officials on the prosperous condition of our sister republic. His paper proved one of the strong educational features of our campaign. We sent Hamlin Garland through the West to make studies of social conditions as he found them in Iowa, Nebraska and Kansas, and commissioned him to embody the results in a novel of social unrest, which was entitled *A Spoil of Office* and which first appeared in THE ARENA. We commissioned Professor Frank Parsons and other leading economic educators and authorities to prepare papers on the government and the railways, the telegraph and

telephone and the people, inequitable taxation, land monopoly, and other unjust social conditions.

That the people appreciated this popular educational innovation in magazine literature was seen from the fact that the circulation of the magazine steadily grew until it was between three and four times as great as when we inaugurated our progressive educational campaign. We well remember that at the time when some of our friends were criticizing THE ARENA's course, the venerable and scholarly poet of the people, James G. Clark, wrote us that he thanked God for THE ARENA. "It is," he said, "blazing the way for civilization. Other magazines will follow; and I believe that the magazines, which I call the senate of the people, will more than any other factor awaken the masses and inaugurate a great political reformation."

Since then we have often called to mind his prophecy and have noted how time was witnessing its fulfillment; and we believe that more and more the magazines will further the great political and moral renaissance which is to purge the temple of Liberty of the corrupt money-changers who have debauched the servants of the people, lowered the ideals of the nation and too frequently transformed the high-priests of morality and learning into apologists for the modern beneficiaries of privileged and purchased legislation.

THE OLD WORLD.

THE CRISIS IN RUSSIA.

WE HAVE pointed out from time to time the fact that the gravest peril to the Russian government lies in the dangers that threaten her from within. For years the people have been taxed to the limit of their power to pay. Hard and oppressive treatment has been meted out to all who offended the bureaucracy. In the political, social and economic fields there has been no freedom of thought, no freedom of the press, no freedom of meetings. Religious liberty has also been shamefully abridged, and popular education has been under the complete supervision of a strongly reactionary and dogmatic church that is as medieval in its spirit and character as is the government out of harmony with all the nobler aspirations of our age. The sacred

pledges and oaths of the rulers have been broken in the most shameful manner, as was the case in the recent treatment of Finland, revealing a condition of moral obloquy on the part of the government that would disgrace the most savage nations. Moreover, the finest, freest, bravest and in every respect best natures of Finland, Poland and even of Russia have been imprisoned, exiled or slain if they reflected the lofty sentiments of the revolutionary epoch inaugurated by the United States. No measures were too harsh or brutal to be inflicted upon students, peasants, laborers or nobles who stood in the path of the bureaucracy bent upon making absolutism supreme. Thus, as was inevitably the case, a condition of estrangement, alienation and mutual distrust has grown up between the irresponsible rulers and the more thoughtful

of the peaceable and anti-revolutionary element of society; while on the other hand the colleges and universities, the working-men's clubs and the communes have in most instances become hot-beds of radical revolutionary propaganda, in spite of all the efforts of the argus-eyed minions of despotism.

In recent years two men have been chiefly responsible for this blast and blight upon Russia—the late Minister of the Interior, M. Von Plehve, and the head of the Holy Synod, M. Pobodonosteff. Since the death of the former and the revelations which were brought out at the time of his assassination, revealing the existence of a far-reaching plot on the part of desperate and resolute men who were determined to temper the despotism of the Czar with continued assassinations unless a wider meed of freedom was granted to the people, the alarmed government has felt the necessity of at least pretending to partially yield to the popular sentiment. Accordingly Prince Sviatopolk-Mirsky was called to the Ministry of the Interior and a more liberal *régime* was promised. At his suggestion it was decided to permit a certain number of the members of the zemstvos or communal councils to assemble in St. Petersburg to discuss a few matters that were uppermost in the municipalities and communes of Russia. The Czar at first regarded this action on the part of his liberal minister with favor, but the bureaucrats instantly took alarm. Well they knew the seething discontent that exists under the despotic superficial calm. Well they knew that any public gathering of thoughtful men would reflect the demands of justice and liberalism in such a manner as to shake the structure of absolutism that rests wholly on brutal and merciless exhibitions of force. The representations of the reactionists so far influenced the Czar that he refused his sanction for the proposed gathering, but permitted the minister to allow the assembled council to meet in private and to enjoy the protection of the police.

Accordingly on the nineteenth of November the zemstvos assembled and on the twentieth of November completed a memorial that clearly and eloquently voices the sentiment of the law-revering and intelligent Russians, outside of the reactionary bureaucracy and its supporters. The members of the zemstvos have scant sympathy with revolutionists as yet. They are distinctly representatives of law and order, and as representatives of law and order in the highest sense of those words they are naturally out of sympathy with the

unjust and tyrannical spirit and action of the bureaucracy. And if these men have as yet shown little more sympathy with revolution than have the imperial rulers themselves, their memorial reveals the fact that they have traveled far—very far—on the way toward freedom. If the government ignores their requests, if it seeks to suppress such meetings in the future, or if it seeks to disgrace or punish these fearless spokesmen of the empire, they will be forced into the camp of the radicals, and with such accessions revolution might easily be guided to a triumphant conclusion. Nothing is weaker than a brutal and cruel despotism when a formidable revolution is led by great souls who have dedicated their lives to the cause of free institutions and the advancement of humanity.

The memorial adopted on the nineteenth and twentieth of November is a bold and statesmanlike paper in which is set forth the unhappy condition of Russia, with a people estranged from their rulers and where the atmosphere of distrust breeds the spirit of revolt and revolution. These resolutions are instinct with the breath of the larger life. That they have found utterance at such a time proves that the same spirit that animated our illustrious fathers lives in the minds of the most thoughtful of the Russians to-day. Take, for example, Sections 6 and 7 of the memorial, which read as follows:

"Section 6. For the unrestricted expression of public opinion and the free expression and satisfaction of popular needs, it is essential to guarantee freedom of conscience and speech and of the press, and also freedom of meeting and association.

"Section 7. Self-reliance is the chief condition of the proper and successful development of the political and economic life of the country. A considerable majority of the population of Russia belonging to the peasant class, it is necessary first of all to place the latter in a position favorable for the development of self-reliance and energy, and this is attainable only by a radical alteration of the present inequitable and humiliating condition of the peasants. For this purpose it is necessary (a) to equalize the civil and political rights of peasants with the other classes; (b) release rural self-government from administrative tutelage; (c) safeguard peasants by proper courts of justice."

One almost feels that the spirit of the immortal author of the Declaration of Independ-

ence was present when those brave and noble utterances were penned in behalf of freedom of the press, freedom of conscience and the rights of the oppressed peasants.

But the section that even more perfectly reflects the spirit of free government and which has therefore most enraged the bureaucracy, is the one practically calling for constitutional government in which an elective parliament shall make the laws and supervise the administration of the public revenues. In its final form this section reads as follows:

"In order to secure the proper development of the life of the state and the people, it is imperatively necessary that there be regular participation of national representatives, sitting as a specially-elected body, to make laws, regulate the revenues and expenditures, and control the legality of the action of the administration."

The meeting further adopted a declaration in favor of general amnesty for all political offenders in prison or exile by administrative orders.

When it is remembered that the zemstvo presidents who signed this memorial were not only elected by the zemstvos or municipal organizations, but were all confirmed by the bureaucratic government, and that the signatories also include five marshals of the nobility—the elections to which offices are of course also confirmed by the government—the significance of the memorial becomes all the more impressive and further emphasizes the truth of the statements of some of these leaders, who have pointed out that the apparent solidity of the Russian government is fictitious rather than real. It is highly probable that this memorial marks the parting of the ways for Russia. Three courses are open before the Czar and his advisers: (1) They may ignore the memorial and set to work to directly or indirectly degrade and punish the bravest of the leaders. (2) They may grant partial reforms and appear to yield many points without granting any of the demands which shall be radical in character. (3) They may frankly meet the people by granting the demands made by the zemstvos.

It is probable that the second course will be the one pursued, for unless the reactionaries gain control of the Czar and succeed in driving Prince Sviatopolk-Mirsky into retirement, some recognition of the memorial will be required. Yet it is inconceivable that any real reforms of a radical or far-reaching character

can be hoped for while the Czar is as strongly influenced as he is at the present time by the reactionary head of the Russian Church. But the memorial that has been published has sounded the marching orders for the friends of freedom, and the battle for constitutional government will inevitably be fought in the near future. The doom of the present system has been sounded. One of the signers of the zemstvo memorial well voiced the sentiment of the more far-seeing and thoughtful Russians when he declared that "the present system must in the end spell ruin or revolution."

The Bourbon monarchy was confronted by precisely the same problem, and through refusing the reasonable concessions demanded by the people incurred the ruin of the dynasty and the overthrow of the government. In England during the last century the same alternatives were presented to the throne and aristocracy, but in the latter nation the rulers had learned wisdom and yielded to the just and reasonable demands of the friends of constitutional government who were also the champions of peaceful and orderly progress toward the enjoyment of free institutions, and as a result there was no shock of force, no bloodshed or widespread ruin. Which course will the bureaucracy of Russia elect to pursue? That is the momentous question that confronts the Czar and his government.

MUNICIPAL-OWNERSHIP IN LIVERPOOL: A FORMER CITIZEN'S VIEWS.

FROM all parts of the country come letters evincing the fact that our people are at last awakening to a realization that the public-service corporations are not only the fountain-head of a large proportion of our present-day political corruption, but that they are annually taking from our citizens millions upon millions of dollars that under public-ownership and operation would be applied to reduce the rates and fares and to lessen the taxes. Among many interesting letters we have recently received, comes one from Mr. J. Morgan, formerly a citizen of Liverpool, now a resident of this country. As the testimony of one familiar with the practical workings of street-railway service under both private and public-ownership is of special interest, we give the following extracts from his letter, which is dated Salt Lake City, Utah:

"I was very much interested in a recent article on municipalization of local utilities

that appeared in your review. I happened to be living in Liverpool when the question of city ownership was before the municipality, and I make the statement from personal knowledge, which none conversant with the facts can deny, that the service on the street-railways is incomparably superior under city operation than it was under private control. Not only does this apply to the control of traffic, but to the employees as well. A far higher class of men is engaged by the city than were in the employ either of the tram or omnibus companies. The men employed by the city are given one week or ten days' holiday during the year, with no deduction from pay, while at the same time they work on the average of from fifteen to twenty hours a week less than they were compelled to work under private ownership. Moreover, they earn from sixty cents to a dollar per week more than they realized from the private companies, besides being supplied with uniforms for winter and summer free of cost. People accustomed to accept the arguments of the advocates of private ownership might imagine that this increase in wages and shorter hours would result in increase in traffic-rates, or that in some other way the people would pay the difference; and under private ownership this would be the case, as dividends on watered stock and high salaries to interested officials receive first consideration under private ownership. Not so under municipal operation, as will be seen from the fact that in Liverpool the fares have been reduced at least fifty per cent. and the returns to the city have been far above anything the old companies ever dreamed of. I well remember living near Kensington when the old company was in possession, and the fare then was 3d. inside and 2d. outside (six cents and four cents), and frequently I was compelled to wait on the corner of Holt Road fifteen to twenty minutes for the tram. Now the cars run every seven minutes at latest and the fare is 1d. (two cents) inside or out.

"The ease and facility with which the city handles the traffic is worthy of great praise; I have seen nothing in America that can approach it. This is very evident in the handling of the enormous crowds at the football matches Saturday afternoons. Football in the North of England is the sport of the masses, and it is from the nimble sixpence (twelve cents) that the main support comes. The Everton ground can accommodate more

than 60,000 persons, of which over 25,000 can be put under cover; while Liverpool's ground, about three-quarters of a mile nearer the city, can hold over 35,000, cover being available for more than half. 15,000 is considered a small gate, and last March when the semi-final tie between Manchester City and Sheffield (in the English cup-competition) was played, over 55,000 were present, and the cars managed the traffic without a hitch. Also on the day of the Grand National (steeple-chase) at Aintree, when over a quarter of a million viewed the race, the vast majority were carried to the course in electric-cars. The old companies would have been utterly unable to control the traffic.

"So satisfactory have been the results of municipal-ownership where it has been tried that the city is steadily extending its operations. But perhaps the city which is most advanced along all lines is Manchester. That city now owns its own cars, gas, electric-light, power, theaters, baths, and has a fine farm (reclaimed from the bog) of over 2,000 acres.

"After seeing as I have the practicality and immense value of public utilities operated for all the people, as they are in various English cities, I am more than amazed to see the American public turning over all these concerns, worth hundreds of millions of dollars, to private corporations, which all know are in business for the making of enormous profits or dividends that under public-ownership would go to the citizens. It is of course only natural that they should oppose and seek to discredit municipal enterprises, as they know on which side their bread is buttered, but I am surprised at the ignorance or apathy of the American public in allowing such things to go on. But aside from the vast fortunes, the millions upon millions that private companies are annually diverting into the pockets of the few, there is another phase of the question which of itself should decide all high-minded friends of popular government to vote and work for public-ownership and operation,—the political corruption and demoralization that everywhere mark public life where private companies are seeking franchises, special privileges or the defeat of the just demands of the people. Is it ignorance or apathy, or have the people been industriously educated by the agents of public-service companies so that they are blind to the loss they are sustaining and the peril to good government incident to corruption?"

THE REAL JAPAN: ITS TRADITIONS, IDEALS AND ASPIRATIONS.*

A BOOK STUDY.

I. THE ORIENT ALONE CAN INTERPRET HER OWN.

THE STORY of Japan, embracing as it does her history, philosophy and poetry, is not unlike the fairy-tales of modern science; wonderful yet real; fascinating yet true; abounding in poetry yet at once sternly practical and profoundly suggestive. Up to the present time Occidental thinkers have not succeeded in faithfully depicting the life, ideals and aspirations of the Japanese people. We have some excellent thumb-nail sketches of the impressions of more or less cursory observers; some fairly good partial representations that reveal one side of Japanese life; but nothing that gives us the profounder aspects of this civilization or that reveals the deeper well-springs from which the Japanese draw their inspiration and which feed their ideals and stimulate their aspirations. Thus we find that the real Japan all but wholly eluded Sir Edwin Arnold. His was at best a most superficial view, a series of delightful pen-pictures, charmingly phrased, but revealing nothing beneath the surface. Even Lafcadio Hearn, who by reason of his Greek blood and the vivid imagination of his Irish ancestors was enabled to appreciate the poetry and idealism of the Japanese, failed to grasp the profounder characteristics of the nation in which the valor of the warriors, the deep thought of the philosophers and the idealism of the poets are balanced and blended in perhaps a more marked degree than in any other nation of our age.

Even Japanese writers have as a rule failed to clearly and intelligently depict the various aspects of their national life or to reveal the deep aspirations born of the imperial sway of tradition, philosophy and idealism over the imagination of the people. This has been in part due to the translators' limited understanding of one of the languages employed, which has led to the use of words which often fail to convey the author's exact meaning, if indeed they do not express an idea quite

foreign to the one intended to be expressed. Then again, to treat the great theme in a large and comprehensive manner the author, even though he be an Oriental, must be at once in perfect *rapprochement* with the idealism that so largely dominates the life of the children of Nippon—must keenly appreciate the artistic and poetic instincts of the people, and at the same time be thoroughly versed in the history of the civilizations of the Orient. He must, moreover, have a thorough grasp of the philosophic thought that so sensibly affects the imaginations and ideals of the Japanese; while in addition to these things, in order to make his subject perfectly clear to the Occidental mind, he must possess a mastery of our language and be familiar with the history of our civilization.

In Okakura-Kakuzo we have a Japanese author who possesses the above-mentioned requisites in a more eminent degree than any other author who has essayed to write of Japan of whom we have any knowledge. He is a poet, a philosopher and a historian, and he possesses in no small degree an intimate knowledge of Occidental history and the trend of our civilization, while his knowledge of our language enables him to write of *The Awakening of Japan* with the skill of a master of English. For these reasons this work is a volume that no Occidental student of the Orient can afford to slight.

II. THE DAY AND NIGHT OF ASIA.

To understand the civilization of Japan one must know the history of the civilizations of India and of China during the golden age of culture and refinement, of mental supremacy and moral grandeur—must, indeed, be thoroughly familiar with the age of the sages, when peace smiled over the nations and religion and philosophy dominated the brain of the cultured; for it was from the philosophy and religion of India and from the exalted morals and idealism of the two great Chinese sages, Confucius and Lao-Tsze, that Japan drew her vital inspiration. And it was reserved for this wonderful people, by nature so hospitable to new thought, to synthesize the

* *The Awakening of Japan*. By Okakura-Kakuzo. Cloth. Pp. 226. Price, \$1.20 net. New York: The Century Company.

religion, philosophy and ethics of the Orient and appropriate this eclectic message so that it became the basis for a civilization that in many respects is unique and highly attractive to men of noble mind.

Asia, like Egypt, Greece and Rome, had her golden age of culture, refinement and power. "The children of the Hwang-ho and the Ganges had from early days evolved a culture comparable with that of the era of highest enlightenment in Greece and Rome, one which even foreshadowed the trend of advanced thought in modern Europe. Buddhism, introduced into China and the farther East during the early centuries of the Christian era, bound together the Vedic and Confucian ideals in a single web, and brought about the unification of Asia. A vast stream of intercourse flowed throughout the extent of the whole Buddhaland. . . . Kingdoms often exchanged courtesies, while peace married art to art. From this synthesis of the whole Asiatic life a fresh impetus was given to each nation. It is curious to note that each effort in one nation to attain a higher expression of humanity is marked by a simultaneous and parallel movement in the other. That liberalism and magnificence, resulting in the worship of poetry and harmony, which, in the sixth century, so characterized the reign of Vikramaditya in India, appear equally in the glorious age of the Tang emperors of China (618-907), and at the court of our contemporary mikados at Nara."

This was the summer-time of Oriental philosophy, marked in many respects by a higher standard of life than in other parts of the world, where the theory that might makes right dominated the imagination of great peoples. But as the plains dotted with happy homes, mantled in golden grain and studded with fruit-laden trees, are at times suddenly and with little or no warning laid waste by the fury of the hurricane's blast, so in the thirteenth century the warriors of the Steppes overran the rich and peaceful valleys of China and India, subduing the people, laying waste the splendid civilization of the Orient, and even crossing the waters to assail Japan. The latter people, however, were quick to repulse the invaders, and thus the land of the Mikado was preserved from the Mongol despotism. The hordes from the West which conquered India had embraced Mohammedanism; those which subdued China owned a corrupt form of Buddhism, and in a

little time a barrier was raised—the barrier of intolerant religion—between India and China. All intercourse ceased; culture passed into eclipse; a profound inertia pervaded the Orient. The night had settled over Asia, a night that in a large measure extended to Japan, not merely because the inspiration and stimulation which came from the noble philosophy that had so often renewed the spiritual and moral life of Japan by the arrival from time to time of great Indian and Chinese sages and philosophers were withdrawn, but also because of the rise and increasing despotism of the rule of the Tokugawa shoguns, which followed the repulse of the Mongols and the crushing of the Jesuit rebellion at a later date.

Under the shogun despotism Japan was isolated from the world, buried alive, so to speak, for two hundred years. This was indeed a night-time for Japan, when the shoguns "threw the invisible net-work of their tyranny over all the nation. From the highest to the lowest, all were entangled in a subtle web of mutual espionage, and every element of individuality was crushed under the weight of unbending formalism. Deprived of all stimulus from without and imprisoned within" its island confines, the people groped amid a mass of tradition, groped in a midnight darkness that it seemed would never pass.

The shogun despotism was one of those evils such as are ever born into national life in times of war and which cast a baleful and sometimes fatal influence over a nation's future. These rulers were military regents of the Mikado who succeeded in time in isolating and secluding the ruler from his people. This was accomplished in the most artful manner. The Mikado should be regarded as one sacred and above the people. Was he not descended from the Sun-Goddess whose temple was the glory of Japan? It was meet that he be surrounded by mystery and revered by the people, and that to other and less sacred or divine hands be entrusted the cares, dangers and powers of state. Such was the plea adroitly advanced, which flattered the ruler and found ready acceptance among the people. The Japanese have ever loved and venerated their Mikados. Around their rulers has ever existed a halo of glory. Poetry and sentiment have lifted them above their subjects and surrounded them with a golden aureole.

"Over all was the Mikado. That sacred conception is the thought-inheritance of Japan from her very beginning. Mythology has consecrated it, history has endeared it, and poetry has idealized it. Buddhism has enriched it with that reverence which India pays to the 'Protector of the Law,' and Confucianism has confirmed it with the loyalty which China offers to the 'Son of Heaven.'"

III. CLASS AND CASTE UNDER THE SHOGUN RULE.

But under the rule of the shoguns the Mikado was very much like an invisible deity, while the shogun occupied the position of the high-priest who interprets the divinity's will and executes his commands. And these rulers, not insensible to the peril of their position, set to work to divide the people into classes or castes as absolute in character as those which exist in India. There were the kuges or court aristocracy, the successors of the princely bureaucrats who had participated in the Mikado's rule from 645 to 1166. Under the Togugawa shogun government, however, all political power was completely taken from the kuges.

Next in importance was a class called the daimios or feudal lords. Below the daimios came the samurai or sworded gentry. Next in the descending social scale came the commoners embracing the artisans, farmers and traders. This class enjoyed many privileges and great security. "Within a limited sphere they were even allowed to develop self-government. Industry and commerce flourished unmolested. Agriculture was specially encouraged, as rice was the medium in which the revenues of the government were taken. It is to the commoners that we owe the arts and crafts which have made Japan famous. It is to them that we are indebted for our modern drama and popular literature, the color-prints of Torii and Hokusai." They were, however, segregated by the shoguns. Social barriers faced them at every turn and they were sternly forbidden to trespass on what were termed the rights of the classes above them. They were not allowed to own weapons, and were also subject to the espionage of the secret police of the shoguns.

Below the commoners and "ostracized entirely from the social scheme, were the outcasts known as Yettas. They were the descendants of criminals, who, in early times,

were not allowed to intermarry with other families, and so formed a distinct caste by themselves. Some of them became quite wealthy, owing to their possession of a monopoly in the handling of leather and hide, an occupation considered unclean, according to the Buddhist canons."

IV. GRAY OF THE DAWN.

With one great and beneficent work the shogun despotism must be credited, and that was the introduction of universal education:

"Under the *régime* inaugurated by Iyeyasu every child in the empire was obliged to learn to read and write, under the instruction of the local priest, thus giving a certain amount of education to even the meanest peasant, while innumerable academies were established throughout the length and breadth of the land."

Owing to the character of the education the shoguns had little fear of its leading to rebellion, because the ethics and philosophy of both Confucianism and Buddhism enjoined peace and obedience. Yet the training of the mind of a whole people to think consecutively, and the even partial opening of the doors of literature, art and philosophy to the public mind, could not fail to lead in time to intellectual growth, restlessness and change. This fact, which history clearly proves, the shoguns failed to appreciate, and unquestionably the universal education thus inaugurated served as a John the Baptist, preparing the way for the master-currents that culminated in the intellectual, moral and esthetic renaissance of Japan, and later in the political revolution and renationalization of the empire.

V. THE THREE MAIN CURRENTS THAT TRANSFORMED JAPAN.

It has been the custom of Occidental writers ignorant of the history of Japan, or at least possessing but a superficial knowledge to credit Commodore Perry's compulsory opening up of Japan to the Western world as the cause of the phenomenal awakening and transformation of the Japanese nation. Yet to thoughtful students of history this explanation could not, in the nature of things, be satisfactory. China and India have been brought into intimate relation with Occidental civilization, yet the profound inertia of the

ages remains with them. Not so with Japan, and clearly there were other master-influences at work that prepared the people for this wonderful forward movement. As a matter of fact, the renaissance and revolution witnessed in Japan in the nineteenth century reminds us strongly of the renaissance, the reformation and the political revolutions which marked the first three centuries of modern times. It is customary with our Occidental historians to begin the period we term Modern times with the fall of Constantinople and the dispersion of Eastern scholars over Western Europe; yet this event was merely the match that lighted the magazine. If Europe had not been prepared for this sudden conflagration and diffusion of the light, the dispersion of the scholars of the East, even though they were the high-priests who carried the ark of the covenant of a holy philosophy and a noble art, would have resulted in no splendid moral, intellectual and esthetic awakening. So was it with Japan, and her awakening is only intelligible if we take into consideration three great currents or influences that quietly and subtly transformed the nation.

"Three separate schools of thought united to cause the regeneration of Japan. The first taught her to enquire; the second, to act; the third, for what to act. All were tiny streams at their outset, finding their source in the solitary souls of independent thinkers who nursed them always under censure, often in banishment. They even coursed from within the prison-walls and trickled from the scaffold. They were almost hidden beneath the rank vegetation of conventionalism until the moment when they united to leap in cataracts of patriotic zeal inundating the whole nation."

The first of these great currents of progress was the school of classic learning, known as the Kogaku, which "arose at the end of the seventeenth century as a protest against the dogmas of the governmental academies." "This school for the first time frees the Tokugawa mind from the trammels of formalism, though its liberalism does not result in any particular conclusions."

The second influence which proved a potent factor in preparing Japan for the great awakening was the school of Oyomei. It too rose in the seventeenth century and its disciples embraced the philosophy of action as pro-

mulgated by the Chinese sage, Wangyang-ming, who held that "all knowledge was useless unless expressed in action. To know was to be. Virtue was real in so far only as it was manifested in deeds. The whole universe was incessantly surging on to higher spheres of development, calling upon all to join in its glorious advance. To realize their teachings it was necessary to live the life of the sages themselves, to consecrate one's whole energy to the service of mankind."

The third cause of progress was found in the historical school which familiarized the people with their ancient treasure-house of philosophy, art and history. Early in the eighteenth century this great school became a powerful factor in Japanese civilization, and "toward the end of the century the study of archæology increased to such an extent that the Tokugawa government and wealthy daimios vied with each other in the collection of rare manuscripts and encyclopedic publications on art, while well-known connoisseurs were appointed to investigate and record the treasures of the old monasteries at Nara and Kioto. All this continued to lift the veil which had hung for so many centuries over the past. This was indeed the era of renaissance in Japan. . . . The historic spirit swept on through the realms of literature, art, and religion, until it finally reached the heart of the samurai. Till then its effects had been brilliant but not momentous, its expressions scholarly and therefore limited in scope. A democratization of this new message is found in the works of the early writers of the last century, among whom the poet-historian Rai-Sanyo stands foremost in rank. It was from his lucid pages that the full meaning of the past dawned on the minds of the young samurai and ronins."

At last the magic influence of this full-orbed renaissance took complete possession of the great samurai class or the sworded gentry of Japan.

"Soon as the memory of past ages came over the samurai, the lost glory of the Son of Heaven flashed upon them. They saw the Mikado himself leading his army to victory. They heard their ancestors beating their shields with their swords, as they sang the war-song of Otomo, the terrible joy of dying by the Mikado's side. . . . The historic spirit now stood sword in hand, and the sword was one of no mean steel. The samurai,

like his weapon, was cold, but never forgot the fire in which he was forged. His impetuosity was always tempered by his code of honor.

"Strange whispers traveled from the cities to the villages. The lotus trembled above the turbid waters, the stars began to pale before the dawn, and that mighty hush which bespeaks the coming storm fell on the nation. Oyomei was abroad and the dragon was calling forth the hurricane. It was at this moment that the West appeared on our horizon."

VI. THE ADVENT OF UNCLE SAM.

Naturally enough, when the ships of Commodore Perry's fleet sailed into the waters of Japan, feelings of indignation, resentment and consternation were experienced by the people. Here was a powerful and strange nation demanding friendship and treaty-rights when no intercourse or treaties were desired. Excitement in Japan ran high, and the slogan, "Away with the barbarians!" echoed on every side.

"The alarm-bells clanged throughout the country. Foam-covered riders rushed through every castle-gate, spreading the momentous news. Spears were torn from their racks and ancient armor was eagerly dragged from dust-covered caskets. Night and day could be heard the clanging of steel on anvils forging the accoutrements of war. The old Prince of Mito was summoned from his hermitage to take command, and his cannon lined the principal points of defence. Buddhists wore away their rosaries in invoking Kartikiya, the war-god, and Shinto priests fasted while they called on the sea and the tempest to destroy the invader."

Japan as in a day had awakened. The old lethargy was gone forever. The people were united and thrilling with the highest patriotic passion. They faced a future big with possibilities for the Orient, and the nation, in the language of our author, "became one and the night of Asia fled forever before the rays of the rising sun."

At length the government came to see that the course of wisdom lay in making terms with Commodore Perry. The success of the mission was doubtless largely due to the tact and patience of the American commander, of whom our author has this to say:

"Our sincere thanks are also due to the American admiral, who showed infinite patience and fairness in his negotiations. Oriental nations never forget a kindness, and international kindnesses are unfortunately extremely rare. The name of Commodore Perry has become so dear to us that, on the fiftieth anniversary of his arrival, the people erected a monument at the spot where he landed."

VII. MODERN JAPAN.

We now come to modern Japan. Passing over the author's interesting description of the brilliant things achieved and of the aims and ideals of the great Unionist leaders, we arrive at the critical period when the present Mikado assumed control of the reins of government:

"In 1867, as soon as the Shogun had resigned his office, the Unionist ministry created two councils, one composed of the leading daimios and kuges, the other of representative samurai from various daimiates. When his Majesty the present Emperor ascended the throne in 1868 and proclaimed the Restoration, he declared the establishment of a national assembly in which important affairs of state should be decided by public opinion. In 1875 a senate was created, to which all contemplated legislation had to be submitted by the cabinet, and this was soon followed by the establishment of the Court of Final Appeal. . . . Consistent with Eastern traditions, our democracy is an accretion, not an eruption."

One of the first rescripts of the Mikado related to education and in it he emphasized the importance of schooling and encouraged his people to acquire knowledge "from all sources throughout the world."

"We have already mentioned the existence in Tokugawa days of elementary schools for the commoners and academies of learning for the higher classes. These were now systematically organized so that they might furnish the nation with the knowledge necessary for carrying out the obligations of its new environment. Elementary education was made compulsory for all boys and girls above six years of age, and normal schools were established in each of the provinces to supply them with teachers. In our educational system of to-day, next above the elementary schools come the middle schools, in which a

liberal education is given and pupils are prepared for entering the higher institutions of learning. There are also special schools for those desirous of entering the navy or army, agriculture, industrial science, commerce, or the arts and crafts, while the imperial university includes colleges of law, literature, medicine, engineering and science. Female education is not neglected, though, in accordance with Eastern customs, it is given separately. A few years ago a ladies' university was started in Tokio. The study of one of the European languages is compulsory in all except the elementary schools—that of English being the one generally required. A great number of Americans and Europeans are employed to give instruction, and thousands of young men and women study abroad either at their own or the government's expense. Our eagerness to acquire Western learning has prompted hosts of our young men to seek menial work in foreign countries,—service, according to Confucian notions, not being considered derogatory. The ethical training given to the rising generation is based on the teachings of earlier days."

Very interesting are the author's observations relating to women. Here he shows that Japan is indebted in a positive way to Western civilization, though throughout all ages women have enjoyed a higher place in Japanese civilization than in that of most Oriental lands:

"Another important feature of the reformation lay in the exaltation of womanhood. The Western attitude of profound respect toward the gentler sex exhibits a beautiful phase of refinement which we are anxious to emulate. It is one of the noblest messages that Christianity has given us. Christianity originated in the East, and, except as regards womanhood, its modes of thought are not new to Eastern minds. As the new religion spread westward through Europe, it naturally became influenced by the idiosyncrasies of the various converted nations, so that the poetry of the German forest, the adoration of the Virgin in the middle centuries, the age of chivalry, the songs of the troubadours, the delicacy of the Latin nature, and, above all, the clean manhood of the Anglo-Saxon race, probably all contributed their share toward the idealization of woman.

"In Japan, woman has always commanded

a respect and freedom not to be found elsewhere in the East. We have never had a Salic law, and it is from a female divinity, the Sun-goddess, that our Mikado traces his lineage. During many of the most brilliant epochs in our ancient history we were under the rule of a female sovereign. Our Empress Zingo personally led a victorious army into Korea, and it was Empress Suiko who inaugurated the refined culture of the Nara period. Female sovereigns ascended the throne in their own right even when there were male candidates, for we considered woman in all respects as the equal of man. In our classic literature we find the names of more great authoresses than authors, while in feudal days some of our amazons charged with the bravest of the Kamakura knights.

"We have never hitherto, however, learned to offer any special privileges to woman. Love has never occupied an important place in Chinese literature; and in the tales of Japanese chivalry, the samurai, although ever at the service of the weak and oppressed, gave his help quite irrespective of sex. To-day we are convinced that the elevation of woman is the elevation of the race. She is the epitome of the past and the reservoir of the future, so that the responsibilities of the new social life which is dawning on the ancient realms of the Sun-goddess may be safely intrusted to her care. Since the Restoration we have not only confirmed the equality of sex in law, but have adopted that attitude of respect which the West pays to woman. She now possesses all the rights of her Western sister, though she does not care to insist upon them; for almost all of our women still consider the home, and not society, as their proper sphere.

"Time alone can decide the future of the Japanese lady, for the question of womanhood is one involving the whole social life and its web of convention. In the East woman has always been worshiped as the mother, and all those honors which the Christian knight brought in homage to his lady-love, the samurai laid at his mother's feet. It is not that the wife is less adored, but that maternity is holier. Again, our woman loves to serve her husband; for service is the noblest expression of affection, and love rejoices more in giving than in receiving. In the harmony of Eastern society the man consecrates himself to the state, the child to the parent, and the wife to the husband."

The point-of-view of Japanese statesmanship and scholarship differs widely from that of the Occidental world, in that they strive not to mistake the means for the end; not to permit the acquisition of wealth, for example, to become the end of life instead of merely an incident that may be made to help further develop the highest ideals and the happiness of all the people.

"It should be remembered," says our author, "that in Eastern philosophy the poetry of things is more real and vital than the mere facts and events.

"The West is for progress, but progress towards what? When material efficiency is complete, what end, asks Asia, will have been accomplished? When the passion for fraternity has culminated in universal co-operation, what purpose is it to serve? If mere self-interest, where do we find the boasted advance?

"The picture of Western glory unfortunately has a reverse. Size alone does not constitute true greatness, and the enjoyment of luxury does not always result in refinement.

The individuals who go to the making up of the great machine of so-called modern civilization become the slaves of mechanical habit and are ruthlessly dominated by the monster they have created. In spite of the vaunted freedom of the West, true individuality is destroyed in the competition for wealth, and happiness and contentment are sacrificed to an incessant craving for more. The West takes pride in its emancipation from medieval superstition, but what of that idolatrous worship of wealth that has taken its place? What sufferings and discontent lie hidden behind the gorgeous mask of the present? The voice of socialism is a wail over the agonies of Western economics,—the tragedy of Capital and Labor."

Such in brief is an outline of the general trend of this remarkable little volume, which must be read in its entirety to be appreciated. Especially thoughtful and convincing is the discussion of the groundlessness and puerility of the cry against the yellow peril by the nations that have proved a "white disaster" to the Oriental races.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.*

The Fishers. By J. Henry Harris. Cloth. Pp. 344. Price, \$1.50. New York: John Lane.

IN *The Fishers* Mr. Harris has given the reading public a thoughtful and well-written novel, a romance in which the common life of a poor fishing-village is invested with rare charm, while with a few exceptions the ethical ideals evinced are wholesome. It is to us a matter of much surprise, however, to find a writer who while not evincing the bravery of thought or grasp of fundamental principles that mark the writings of advanced economists and great practical idealists among modern social philosophers, is nevertheless far in advance of many conventional religious, ethical and social teachers, striving to justify the gaining of wealth through speculation in Wall street. The day is coming, and that right soon, when the people will see things as they are, will recognize in the great Wall-street gamblers the

worst of all gamblers. The great English scientist and scholar, Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace, has given voice to a growing sentiment among men and women of conscience when he characterizes speculations as "but a form of gambling, and perhaps the very worst form, since it impoverishes not the few fellow-gamblers only, but the whole community."

The great speculators acquire vast fortunes, but this is done through acquisition instead of through earning wealth, and the acquisition is usually the result of indirection. It may be through deceiving the public; it may be through watering stock and thus giving a fictitious value to certain wares; it may be, and frequently is, acquired through sudden depression of stocks far below the actual worth of the property, by means of alarming rumors, after which the speculator buys the stock in at a nominal price. This done he proceeds to inflate it by means of unwarranted promises, and it is disposed of at the abnormally increased prices. All these methods of obtaining wealth are of course dishonorable,

*Books intended for review in THE ARENA should be addressed to B. O. Flower, Editorial Department, THE ARENA, Boston, Mass.

dishonest and ethically indefensible. And yet such is the ethical confusion, the pitiable moral anarchy in our present-day life, that modern writers, journalists and, be it said with regret, not a few ministers, so lose all sense of moral proportion as to justify the course of these modern parasites of the commercial world, and we find in fiction such amazing examples of lack of right relationship in ethics as that of which we are speaking in the present work, where the author presents high ethical ideals and in the same breath justifies the acquisition of wealth through Wall-street gambling, as it enables the son of the gambler to do good with his money. By parity of reasoning one should return thanks to the Italian brigand who waylays and robs the traveling public, but who while living or when dying devotes a portion of his ill-gotten gain to churches, colleges and for the relief of poverty, because without this robbery it would have been impossible for him to have posed as a benefactor to religion, education and the poor. Mental and moral confusion such as is found in this book and in much of our present-day editorial writing as well as fiction, is one of the chief reasons accounting for the slow progress made by the public toward the realization and exercise of true ethics or the fundamental moral verities. Yet if we except such lapses as the above, the moral atmosphere of the work is high and fine.

The story deals with life in a poor fishing-village in Cornwall. One of the principal characters is Uncle Zack, a remarkably well-drawn character, who is a liberal and vigorous thinker far in advance of the people of the little fishing-village. He is ever scandalizing the narrow sentiments of the religious sectarians, who in addition to an unquestioning belief in the old-fashioned devil and his all but omnipotent power, have also retained many of the old superstitions of their pagan ancestors. Uncle Zack preaches the gospel of light which embraces an intelligent coöperation, progressive practice in work and a rational concept of life dominated by sentiments of justice and fair-play.

Two other principal characters are Robert Pendean and Mary Vaughan, the lover and the loved of the story in so far as it is a sentimental romance. Robert Pendean is descended from old Cornish stock. His father fared forth to America, whence he drifted into Wall street, became a great speculator, acquired a vast fortune, and is proudly recog-

nized as one of the great representatives of "high finance" in Wall street. His son Robert when at Harvard strangely enough falls under humanitarian influences and develops reform tendencies which are highly distasteful to his father, or at least the father becomes satisfied that he and his son should not be together unless the latter can divest his mind of his Utopian social ideals and develop a taste for "high finance." Finally, at the suggestion of the father, five million dollars is settled upon the son on condition that he goes to Europe, which he does and finally gravitates to Cornwall, where in the bosom of a family of relatives he finds a congenial abode, rendered especially pleasing by the presence of two beautiful, highly attractive and cultured young ladies. One of these, Mary by name and next to Uncle Zack the most charming character in the work—a twentieth-century young woman of penetration and a firm faith in the essential good in the human heart, becomes the bride of Robert Pendean; and an extensive plan for a practical coöperative enterprise among all the fishermen and the building of a model fishing-village nigh to the wretched old town, engrosses the young people and fills the heart of old Uncle Zack with unfeigned joy.

Principles of Political Economy. By Charles Gide. Translated from the latest edition and Americanized by C. William A. Veditz, Ph.D., LL.B. Cloth. Pp. 706. Price, \$2.00. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.

THIS work, like all books on political economy that are popular in the educational institutions of many lands, has many strong points of excellence, and, from our point of view, some fatal defects. It is written in a charmingly lucid manner. The author is almost as felicitous in presenting a subject that in the hands of most scholars is extremely dull as was Henry George. This work has been brought down to the latest date and evidently no pains has been spared, within certain limits, to present the subject in a broad, up-to-date and comprehensive manner. A third excellence is found in its concrete presentation of the subject. Few books so lucid are also so concise as this work, and what is more, by the author's method of presentation the interest in the subject and its intelligibility have gained rather than lost by the concise and direct treatment. This is owing to the fact that he

avoids long-drawn-out and pedantic argumentation and theorizing. The division and arrangement of the work are also admirable and with the fairly good index enable the reader to find anything he desires with little loss of time.

On the other hand, this work, though far less open to criticism than many conventional political economies, falls, in our judgment, far short of meeting the demands of an up-to-date political economy that claims to present impartially the various present-day theories of government. The newer systems of political economy, which own millions of disciples among the most thoughtful and conscientious men and women of Europe and America, are accorded far less space than they rightfully deserve. The economist who would be strictly just and impartial should devote much space to new systems and theories that differ fundamentally from those popularly accepted, when the new have proved convincing to millions of intelligent people; because while the conventional theories are familiar to the public, very few, comparatively speaking, understand the new philosophies and theories or have other than a partial and often a wholly mistaken conception of them, based on the general misrepresentations of conventional and conservative writers and the press, which always assails and misrepresents any new, bold or radical proposition.

Again, after an outline of a theory is given, the just, fair and safe writer, if he elects to give the popular objections to the new theory, should at least indicate how the advocates among the innovators meet these conventional objections. In the third place a work pretending to merely treat in a thoroughly impartial manner the theories of political economy should not present the author's opinions for or against any specific system.

In all these particulars this work is seriously at fault. The treatment of the newer political theories and radical measures has not, it seems to us, been given the space that for the reasons given above they should receive; while the claim of the publishers, that the book is impartial, is not borne out by the facts. If it had been claimed that it was more impartial than most similar works, the contention might have gone unchallenged. But after outlining a new theory and giving the objections of conventional leaders, in common fairness the answers to these objections should be at least briefly mentioned, and this our author fails to

do. For example, the treatment of Mr. George's system of land-taxation is given fifteen lines in elucidation, on pages 616 and 617, while the author gives over fifty lines to combatting Mr. George's position or offering objections; and after admitting that the unqualified ownership of land enables the landholding class to reap an unearned benefit at the expense of the community, he yet holds that the proposed measure is "impracticable in so far as it concerns property already established." Thus it will be seen that less than one-third the space is given to the outlining and elucidation of Mr. George's theory that is devoted to an attempt to confute it, while the author fails entirely to indicate how each objection that he urges has been met by the Single-Taxers. To say that such treatment of such a subject is fair or impartial is palpably absurd.

Again, the author after a brief and to our mind wholly inadequate exposition of the principles of socialism, probably feeling that the little said might cause him to lose caste with the hide-bound schoolmen who are only less intolerantly dogmatic than the conventional theologians, hastens to observe, in speaking of socialism, that, "it seems to be neither realizable nor from many points of view very desirable."

These examples are typical and will serve to show how *ex parte* in nature the work is. Such faults cannot fail to lessen its value with men of broad intellectual vision and truly progressive instincts, while for social reformers and liberal democrats they will be accounted sufficient defects to measurably at least condemn it.

The Man on the Box. By Harold MacGrath. Illustrated. Cloth. Pp. 362. Price, \$1.50. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

IF ONE desires a romantic love-story dealing with present-day life in Washington, written in a bright, breezy and charmingly entertaining manner,—a spirited story with plenty of action, unhackneyed in character and very strong in human interest, he cannot do better than read *The Man on the Box*. It is, we think, Mr. MacGrath's best romance and should prove very popular. In it the hero, Robert Warburton, a soldier possessed of twenty-five thousand dollars, renounces the army and sets out to see Europe. In Paris he falls in love with a beautiful American girl

before he knows her name, and follows her to New York, vainly striving to secure an introduction to the lady or her father, who he learns is a retired army officer by the name of Annesley. On ship-board he meets a Russian count, one Karloff by name, the villain of the romance. He is a young man of commanding personal appearance and fine address. He is in the secret-service of Russia, a fact of course not known to the public, as he poses as an *attaché* of the Russian Embassy, but his real mission is to secure plans of the coast-defences of America—defences which are well known to Colonel Annesley, as he is an eminent strategist perfectly familiar with all the Atlantic forts.

Colonel Annesley has a penchant for gambling and unfortunately knows far less about cards than some with whom he plays. The Colonel and his daughter go to Washington for the winter, which is also the destination of Count Karloff. Thither also goes the hero. He has in Washington a brother and sister in excellent financial conditions. The home-coming is a joyous one to Robert. From his sister he learns the name of the young woman who has unconsciously drawn him from Paris. She was a schoolmate of Miss Nancy Warburton.

Robert conceives the idea of playing a practical joke on his sister by exchanging places with the coachman and driving his sister and sister-in-law home from a function at the British Embassy. He is a master horseman but determines to drive the ladies so as to frighten them and then add to their consternation by hugging and kissing his sister before she finds out who he is. Unluckily—or was it luckily?—for the young Jehu, he gets on the box of the wrong carriage and by a prank of fate starts to drive Miss Annesley home, thinking her to be his sister. The horses which are high-spirited, run some distance. The ladies are terrified. When Warburton stops Miss Annesley steps from the carriage and instantly the pseudo-coachman springs to the sidewalk and hugs her. Mounted policemen arrive at this juncture and Warburton is ignominiously dragged off to jail, but the next day his fair accuser withdraws the gravest charge and he is fined thirty-five dollars. This, however the accuser also pays, and at her invitation he accepts a position as her coachman. His new mistress, who does not recognize exactly who he is, puts him to all kinds of humiliating tasks, not the

least of which are trailing behind Miss Annesley and Count Karloff when they ride together and being impressed into the position of serving-man when Count Karloff dines at the Colonel's.

From the time he enters the service of Miss Annesley the plot thickens, and there is a deep undercurrent of villainy running through the romance. Karloff plays a bold and daring game for the hand of the fair American, and during all this time Warburton's love for his divinity grows in intensity. At last the very dramatic climax is reached, and then follows what from a literary point-of-view is an anti-climax very similar to that found in Bulwer's *Lady of Lyons*, after the joyous recognition of Melnotte by Pauline. The novel is written simply to entertain and is one of the best light love stories of the season.

George Eliot. By Mathilde Blind. New edition with supplementary chapters on George Eliot at Work, her Friends and her Home-Life. Illustrated. Cloth. Pp. 360. Price, \$1.25. Boston: Little, Brown & Company.

THE EXCELLENT life of George Eliot, by Mathilde Blind, will remain a standard biography dealing with the most illustrious woman novelist of the English-speaking world and one of the greatest, if not the greatest female writer of the nineteenth century. The new edition of this notable work which has recently been brought out by Little, Brown & Company has been greatly enhanced in value by the introduction of able and carefully-prepared chapters by Frank Waldo, Ph.D., and G. A. Turkington, M.A., in which we have a charming description of the friends and home-life of George Eliot, and a critical estimate of her place in literature, together with an exhaustive bibliography. George Eliot's works were among the strong literary influences that in no small degree colored the thought-world of thousands of our most reflective citizens. Her place among the illustrious representatives of English literature is assured. Her works will long be read, though we doubt if they will ever again be as popular as they were a quarter of a century ago. Her life, though not a particularly eventful or strenuous career, nevertheless possessed a strong human interest, which in the hands of Mathilde Blind becomes an absorbingly fascinating and instructive story,

forming a capital introduction to the writings of George Eliot. It is a volume that we take pleasure in recommending to our readers as a book which should find a place in all well-ordered libraries and a work that every young person should read as a part of his general culture.

Bethink Yourselves! Tolstoi's Letter on the War Between Russia and Japan. Paper. Pp. 59. Price, 10 cents. Chicago: The Hammersmark Publishing Company.

THIS pamphlet merits the widest possible circulation. It is a cry of one of the greatest conscience-voices of any age to the conscience of twentieth-century civilization. It is a trumpet-call to true Christian men and women to range themselves positively and effectively on the side of Jesus and of all the noblest prophets and leaders of the world in that moral struggle which is bound to be one of the greatest conflicts of the twentieth century—the war against war. We believe the incoming time will witness the advent of the golden age of peace, and surely such a result will be inevitable if men and women pledged to the cause of human weal unite in the educational propaganda now being vigorously carried on. Such powerful pleas as Count Tolstoi's will necessarily greatly aid the cause of peace. This little pamphlet is admirably adapted for propaganda purposes. It is printed in clear, pleasing type, on excellent paper. The size of the work admits of its being carried in the side-pocket.

The Wolverine. A Romance of Early Michigan. By Albert Lathrop Laurence. Illustrated. Cloth. Pp. 338. Price, \$1.50. Boston: Little, Brown & Company.

The Wolverine will appeal to those readers who delight in the old-fashioned love-story in which little attention is paid to psychical problems, but which abounds in action and is

vibrant with human interest. The heroine in this novel is a beautiful French Catholic, Marie Beaucœur. The hero, Perry North, is a stern Puritan. Religion rises as a barrier between them, and the fear of losing her soul leads Marie to the commission of an act that well-nigh blasts the future of both lovers and that results in years of struggle, battling and estrangement, during which stirring events are transpiring in which the leading characters play prominent parts and where some of the situations are strongly dramatic. Especially is this true of the chapters dealing with the disputation over the boundary between Michigan and Ohio, which almost ended in a state of civil war. There are also many other exciting episodes in the novel, but the chief interest from first to last centers in Perry North and Marie Beaucœur. It is a case where the course of true love runs over rocks and rapids, but where the current gains in strength, compelling force and volume as it hastens toward the broad and peaceful plains where the sun shines on the silver surface of the stream that runs joyously through flower-decked fields and fruit-laden forests that ring with the music of love's sweet melody.

Baby Bible Stories. By Gertrude Smith. Cloth. Pp. 171. Philadelphia: Henry Altemus Company.

THIS is a beautifully-gotten-up book for small children. In it such Bible stories as those of Noah, Joseph, Moses, David, Jonah and the whale, and Daniel and the lions are told in simple language that can easily be understood and appreciated by small children. Here also are some New Testament tales, such as the healing of Jairus' daughter. The stories are well written, and by those who believe in teaching the little folks the wonder-tales of the Old Testament as part of the divine word of God the book will be highly appreciated. It contains about thirty excellent illustrations and is tastefully bound.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

RUDOLPH BLANKENBURG'S *Forty Years in the Wilderness; or, the Masters and Rulers of "the Freeman" of Pennsylvania*: In this issue we open a series of papers that we believe will be the most important contribution to the literature of the moral and political renaissance that is dawning which has been made or will be made for some time to come. "Forty Years in the Wilderness" will run through seven issues of THE ARENA. The series has been prepared by the eminent citizen of Philadelphia, Mr. RUDOLPH BLANKENBURG, whose valiant service for civic morality has endeared him to all the nobler minds of Pennsylvania. In these papers will be given an authentic history of the rise and domination of corrupt practices in the government of the Keystone State, which have virtually overthrown republican rule, debauched the electorate and well-nigh destroyed high political ideals among the people. This bold, brave, conscientious and authentic story, penned by one of the great merchants and manufacturers of Pennsylvania, cannot fail to exert a tremendous influence on all high-minded men who love justice and appreciate the priceless worth of free institutions. The opening paper gives a vivid picture of "The Birth of Corruption." Next month in a powerful contribution the master-spirit in this reign of corruption, graft and political debauchery will be graphically portrayed in a chapter that will hold the interest of the reader with the compelling power of a great tragedy. It is the duty of every American to read these papers. Nay, more; it is the high duty of every parent to read them aloud to his sons and at the same time to instill lofty civic ideals and principles into the minds of the children. We are at a point in our history when, like the Children of Israel of old, we must decide whether we will be counted on the Lord's side or on the side of Baal; whether we will imitate our heroic patriotic fathers, who were ready to freely sacrifice fortune and life for the principles of democracy, or whether we will become part of the sodden camp-followers of sordid, materialistic commercialism and fatal reaction that scoff at the lofty ideals and moral principles which alone can exalt nations and give permanent greatness to a people or happiness and prosperity to the masses. These papers are not unlike the great prophet-messages of olden times that awakened Israel from its sordid stupor and not unfrequently so deeply stirred the imagination that great reformatory advance steps followed. They come from one of the highest-minded citizens of our day and nation, and we believe they will profoundly impress the conscience of tens of thousands of our citizens.

The Reign of Boodle and the Rape of the Ballot in St. Louis: Seldom have the American people been treated to so bold, brave or circumstantial a revelation of the overshadowing menace to republican government as in LEE MERIWETHER's powerful and daring story of the shameful conditions that have flourished in St. Louis through the union of the pillars of society and corrupt bosses in the systematic robbery of the people of inestimably valuable possessions by bribing the people's servants. The

keen analysis made by this well-known lawyer, author and publicist of the St. Louis situation and the factors that have rendered such appalling and almost incredible conditions possible, will apply with equal force to other municipalities, to various commonwealths and to the nation at large. These are facts which THE ARENA proposes to make perfectly plain in a series of papers similar to the above that we shall give our readers from time to time; for the campaign for the restoration of the government to the people and the driving of the corruptionists from the temple of free government has just begun and there will be no cessation until the conscience of America has been so aroused that the victory for democracy and public purity shall become inevitable.

Really Masters: Though the recent astounding revelations of wholesale corruption and political debauchery in the United States are well calculated to appall and dishearten friends of free institutions, the very fact that there is a general demand on the part of the people for an accounting with their stewards is a tremendously hopeful sign. Moreover, there are other evidences which point to the fact that we are indeed on the eve of one of those great moral awakenings in political life which rejuvenate democracy and exalt nations. In "Really Masters" Mr. ELTWED POMEROY, President of the Direct-Legislation League, gives our readers in this issue of THE ARENA accounts of some inspiring recent victories for real democracy on the Pacific coast. The magnificent triumph in Wisconsin of the new primary-election law through the able leadership of Governor LAFOLLETTE is another distinct triumph for good government, as were the election of Governors LAFOLLETTE and Mr. FOLK and the defeat of Governor PEABODY in Colorado.

The Savings of the People: The second paper in our series of international discussions on progressive democratic measures appears in this issue and is from the pen of Honorable J. HENNIKER HEATON, M.P., the eminent English postal authority. In it the author discusses at length the savings of the people and proves how beneficent have been the postal savings-banks to the inhabitants of Great Britain. Our country would undoubtedly have been blessed with a similar system long ere this had it not been for the strenuous hostility of corporate wealth and especially the opposition of the savings-banks. Wherever these national banks have been introduced they have proved a beneficent influence, fostering thrift and stimulating the saving habit, giving to the people an absolutely safe repository for their earnings, and also furnishing the government with wealth by which it is enabled to develop public utilities and materially increase the nation's prosperity. Yet whenever attempts have been made to give our people these advantages, all the machinery of the "system" has been set in motion to prevent the passage of the needed legislation. Mr. HEATON will contribute a second paper to our international series, in which he will discuss the parcels-post of Great Britain.

A Christian Woman on Divorce: The question of divorce is one of the uppermost ethical problems before the people, but the discussions as a rule impress us as being extremely superficial and pitifully inadequate. The writers for the most part seem to mistake an effect for a cause and would imitate the ignorant quack who would place a plaster over an eating sore without cleansing the wound. The remedies they propose would in our judgment immensely aggravate the evil symptoms which all thoughtful citizens recognize. It is our purpose to publish several papers during the coming year on this subject of divorce. This series is opened this month by a remarkably thoughtful discussion entitled "Light versus Legislation," in which a noble-minded Christian woman makes an extremely thoughtful appeal to the conscience of orthodox Christianity. The writer of this paper, Mrs. KATRINA TRASK, is, as many of our readers will remember, the author of the fascinating romance of Revolutionary days entitled *Free not Bound*, which we reviewed in THE ARENA last spring. She has also written some poetry of exceptional strength and beauty. In the present paper the magnificent intellectual grasp of the subject is only equaled by the lofty ethical plane on which the discussion is held.

Henrik Ibsen and Social Progress: In this issue Professor HENDERSON opens his series of six papers on the great present-day dramatists of the Old World and their art and message. These papers we think will prove of special interest to our readers, coming as they do from the discriminating pen of a thoroughly competent dramatic critic and an educator *en rapport* with the vital thought and larger view of our age.

The Social Message of Emerson: The great Concord philosopher is generally held up to the world as an extreme individualist. In Rev. OWEN R. LOVEJOY's thoughtful paper we see him presented from another view-point and one which we think reflects in a true way the larger vision of EMERSON. This noblest of our philosophers was no iconoclast. If his range of vision was cosmic in its scope, his heart kept rhythmic beat with the heart of humanity.

The Struggles of Autocracy with Democracy in the Early Days of the Republic: This extremely valuable paper opens a series of four contributions prepared for THE ARENA by one of our oldest and most valued contributors. They deal in a striking and luminous manner with the four great struggles between autocracy and democracy which marked the history of our nation, including the present battle between privilege and reaction on the one hand and free government on the other. Mr. E. P. POWELL is a careful historian and a logical thinker. His volume on *Nullification and Secession in the United States* is a standard work of great value to historical students, and his *Our Heredity from God* is one of the most wholesome and helpful ethical discussions of evolutionary progress that has appeared.

Justice for the Criminal: Dr. G. W. GALVIN continues his series of papers in behalf of the most helpless of our people in this issue with a suggestive

and practical plea. In our next number we expect to publish his argument in behalf of the out-of-works. As a close student of human misery, vice and crime, he has come to the conclusions arrived at by a great number of our more progressive and altruistic social reformers, *viz.*, that the state is overburdened with enormous expenditures for the maintenance of prisons, asylums, poor-houses and the machinery of law and order, that would and could be easily reduced very materially if a relatively small portion of the money was spent in aiding men to preserve self-respecting manhood by the state giving to each seeker after work employment in some wealth-producing labor. He holds that by sane, rational, humane and far-sighted statesmanship the commonwealth could greatly reduce her present penal and charitable expenditures while elevating the standard of citizenship throughout the state and removing a great, haunting fear from the minds of hundreds of thousands of the people. It is the purpose of Dr. GALVIN and some other high-minded citizens to form an association for the furtherance of the six-fold work which he enumerates in his paper in this issue. He holds, with the twentieth-century altruists, that in a very real way we are all our brothers' keepers and that no man can hope to be quit of obligation or responsibility who remains indifferent when so much can be done along wise and practical lines toward bettering and brightening the fate of the millions under the wheel. All persons who are interested in this great work should communicate with Dr. GALVIN, care of the Emergency Hospital, 142 Kingston street, Boston, Mass.

A Defence of Walt. Whitman: We call the attention of our readers to the vigorous defence of WHITMAN'S *Leaves of Grass*, by CLARENCE CUNNINGHAM. The author is a citizen of Charleston, South Carolina, and his defence of the work of the Poet of Democracy deserves the careful consideration of all readers. WHITMAN was a great, free soul. In a large way he typified virile democracy that is the antithesis of the pitiful, reactionary, wealth-worshiping, monarchy-aping and sordid, make-believe democracy that is now seeking to usurp the seat made by our fathers for the genius of Liberty and Progress which found embodiment in the Declaration of Independence and under whose sway it was believed the United States would become and remain the moral leader of civilization as well as the hope and inspiration of the down-trodden of all lands.

"Bart." of Minneapolis: In our brief paper on "A Pioneer Newspaper Cartoonist" we have given the first of a series of illustrated sketches of the leading newspaper cartoonists of our day which will appear from time to time during the present year. The cartoonist has not only come to stay, but is becoming more and more a real power in the newspapers throughout the land; and the hundreds of thousands of people who enjoy the work of such artists as BEARD, WARREN, OPPER, "BART." and BUSH naturally desire to know something about the men whose cartoons have awakened so many trains of serious thought and have not unfrequently caused real delight at the humorous yet telling portrayal of current events. We expect our next sketch to deal with the life and work of WARREN, the famous cartoonist of the Boston Herald.



Photo. by Mora, Boston

MATTHEW ARNOLD

"We do not take possession of our ideas, but are possessed by them,
They master us and force us into the arena,
Where, like gladiators, we must fight for them."—HEINE.

The Arena

VOL. XXXIII

FEBRUARY, 1905

No. 183

FORTY YEARS IN THE WILDERNESS; OR, MASTERS AND RULERS OF "THE FREEMEN" OF PENNSYLVANIA.*

II. THE MASTER-SPIRIT.

BY RUDOLPH BLANKENBURG.

CHAPTER I.

"SPROUTING AND SPREADING."

ON BEING asked a few hours after Senator Quay's death to express an opinion on his life and career as a citizen and politician for publication in the daily papers, my reply was "*De mortuis nil nisi bonum*"—less cannot be said, more should not be said—at this time.

It is quite natural to praise or eulogize a deserving fellow-citizen on the announcement of his death or while the sorrowing relatives and friends are assembled around the bier; it is, on the other hand, an act of commendable forbearance and friendly regard for the decedent's family to refrain from criticizing or censuring a deceased friend or foe before he has been laid to rest. For this reason the writer's lips kept sealed at that time and would not this early day break silence were it not for the fact that some of the late Senator's injudicious and precipitate friends call for earnest and emphatic con-

demnation of their misguided efforts to perpetuate Quay's much disputed, dubious memory by calling a fine new public-school in Philadelphia "The Matthew Stanley Quay School."

This movement was suggested by one of his scintillescent underlings and would probably have attracted little attention had it not been given countenance and endorsement by the Governor of Pennsylvania. He is reported to have said: "It would be a wise thing to name the new school after Senator Quay. . . . Senator Quay was for years Pennsylvania's most prominent citizen. . . . I know of no man who better represented Pennsylvania than Senator Quay, and to name a school for him would be most fitting."

Governor Pennypacker would have been wise had he heeded the late Senator's entreaty "*Imploram pacem*"; had he permitted the life of Mr. Quay to pass into history for matured minds to analyze, study, profit by and eschew. When he, however, sanctions a movement to place his friend on a high pedestal as a shining light for the children of the Republic to

*The first of this series of articles appeared in the January, 1905, number of THE ARENA.

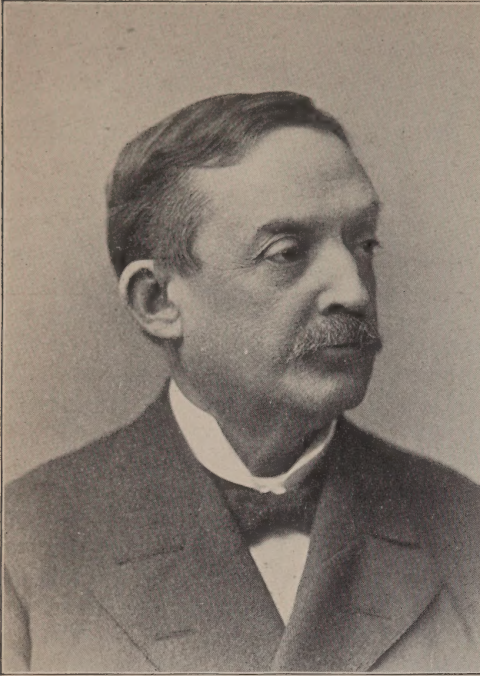


Photo. copyright by Gutekunst, Phila.

MATTHEW STANLEY QUAY,
"THE MASTER-SPIRIT."

follow and to worship, he arouses the irrepressible anger and earnest protest of all thoughtful people who place unselfish consecration to public duty above sordid dedication to an insatiate lust for power, corrupted, and wealth unearned.

Let me predict here, if this immoral suggestion should be carried out for the guidance of the present generation, a regenerated citizenship will, hereafter, demolish the tablet and thus redeem the name and the fame of our common schools from an affront that we should never permit to be inflicted.

Governor Pennypacker, personally and in private life, is an altogether lovable character; it has been my pleasure and privilege to have known, liked and respected him for many years. He occupied an honored position on the bench for thirteen years when, at the instigation of the Quay machine, he was tempted to exchange a judge's unsullied ermine for a misfit political mantle. The Governor

is too guileless and honest to know much of political knavery, and of too judiciously narrow a mind to recognize or admit wrong until it has been legally proved. Besides this he has, alas, succumbed to a strange malady, hitherto unknown in the annals of medical science; this malady has been pronounced by the most renowned diagnosticians as an aggravated and almost incurable case of "Quay-phobia."

In a moment of strange delusion Governor Pennypacker pronounced Senator Quay "a greater man than Clay or Webster," yet he has never fortified this grotesque pronunciamento with even an attempt at justification. It is to be hoped that upon calm reflection the Governor will modify his estimate of Senator Quay and thus prevent the bones of Clay and Webster from rattling in their graves, in indignant protest.

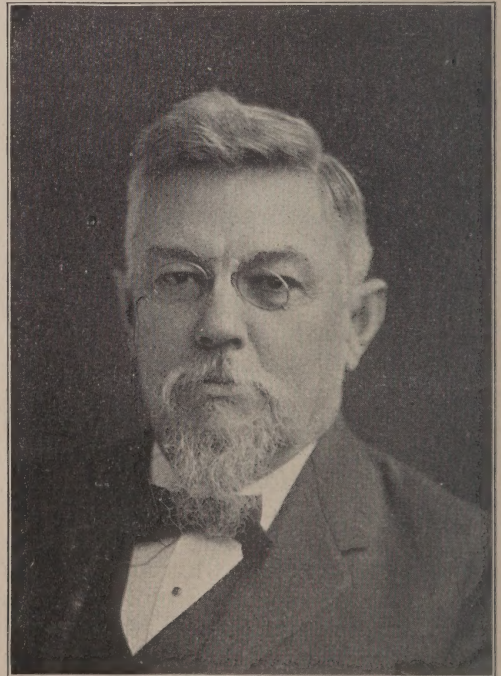


Photo. by Gutekunst, Phila.

SAMUEL W. PENNYPACKER,
GOVERNOR OF PENNSYLVANIA,

Who Pronounced Senator Quay "a Greater Man than Clay or Webster."

The only defensible comparison between Clay, the statesman from Kentucky, and Quay, the Pennsylvania politician, is the fact that both were sons of clergymen.

The closest and warmest friends of Mr. Quay, those who knew him best, have had the good sense never to attribute to him any degree or variety of virtues, such as the virtue of self-sacrifice, temperance, high-minded devotion to the right, charity and other characteristics which we may comprise in the general term, "sincere and cordial conformity to the commands of the moral law." They have lauded him on account of his political prowess, his ability to snatch tainted victory from threatened defeat, his inexhaustible resources in manipulating legislatures, working conventions and carrying elections; his taunting confession that he, a United States Senator, gambled in stocks and did not care who

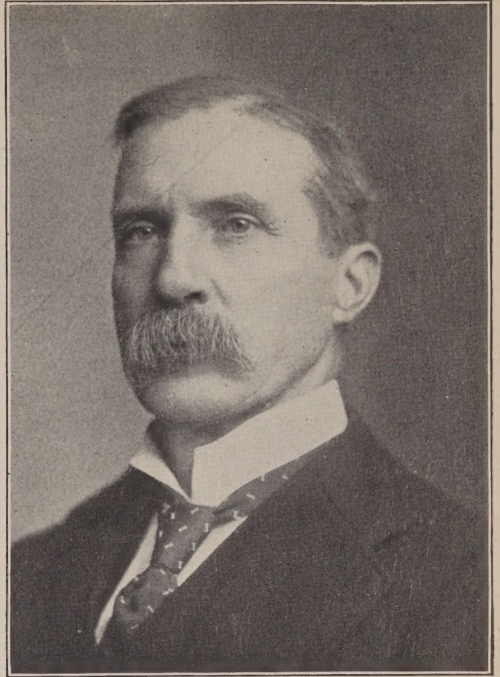


Photo. by Robbins, Bradford, Pa.

LEWIS EMERY, JR.,

MEMBER FROM MCKEAN COUNTY,

Active in the Opposition to the Riot Bill, who spurned and exposed compromising offers made by supporters of the Bill.

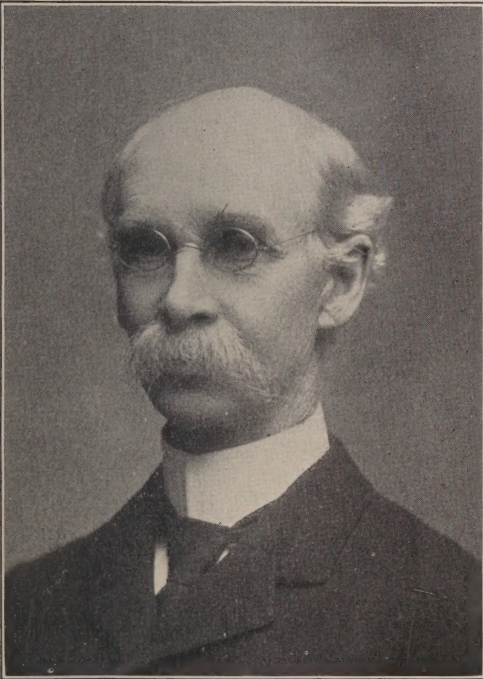


Photo. by MacIntire, Phila.

GEORGE E. MAPES,

Leader of the Anti-Riot Bill Organization in the Legislature of 1879.

knew it, and many accomplishments of a like character. Others admired him because of his literary tastes, his love of books and the cleverness with which he could dilate on the heavenly bodies, discuss religious questions or intricate scientific problems.

Let the reader judge, after perusing this sketch of "The Master-Spirit" which aims to be fair and truthful, whether Matthew Stanley Quay should occupy a niche among the great men of the Republic, or whether his memory should be allowed to vanish in generous oblivion.

Simon Cameron, the father of machine-politics in Pennsylvania, introduced the corrupt use of money to secure political results, but it was reserved for his most astute lieutenant, Matthew Stanley Quay, to carry organized political corruption

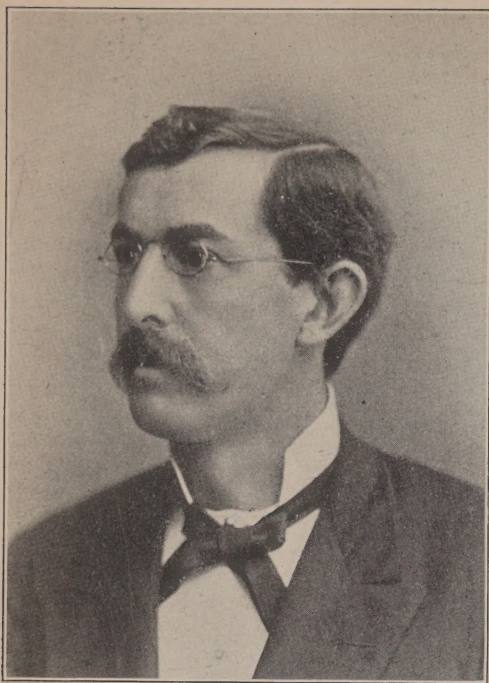


Photo. by Lemer, Harrisburg.

CHARLES S. WOLFE,

REPRESENTATIVE FROM UNION COUNTY,

Through whose earnest and untiring efforts the attempted bribery was exposed.

and knavery to the highest degree of perfection and reduce the boodley system in public affairs to one of the exact sciences.

Quay was a natural born schemer, and his childhood education and training failed to save him from becoming one of the most conspicuous characters in shady political life our country has ever produced. The son of a Presbyterian clergyman, he early learned the value of maintaining appearances. He secured a college education and studied law, was admitted to the bar but never attempted to practice in the courts. He appears, however, to have learned enough of law to enable him to violate it both in letter and spirit, and still avoid its penalties. He enjoyed a short apprenticeship in journalism, sufficient to demonstrate to his fertile brain the value of machine-controlled newspapers in misleading and deceiving the public. His supposed re-

ligious training—with conscience left out—legal knowledge of how to escape when cornered, and newspaper experience of making the worse appear the better cause, were employed to serve their possessor's purposes during his entire political career.

These early acquirements were the ready tools of Quay's statecraft. His entrance into political life was at a period favorable for the exercise of his peculiar political gifts. From the time he became of age until his death, with the exception of about three years, he was comfortably bedded in some public berth. He used the power which place and patronage gives for shrewd political machinations and profit, and while he secured the reputation of having resigned many offices, it is a matter of record, that a resignation with him was the stepping-stone to another and better place. He never resigned himself out of comfortable office but once, and that he did in a moment of pique within a few months of the period when his term would expire; this was the only occasion during his long career in which he permitted his temper to cause him the loss of even a month's salary or perquisites.

Shortly after becoming of age Quay was appointed Prothonotary of Beaver county by Governor Pollock. This appointment was made upon the joint recommendation of Col. A. K. McClure and Andrew G. Curtin, then Secretary of the Commonwealth. Quay, later on, showed his true character and his idea of gratitude when he deserted Curtin, who had given him the first foothold in public life, for Cameron, and at the very time when his power and influence might have served to make Curtin United States Senator and to destroy the baneful Cameron control of politics in Pennsylvania. There was quite a difference in the characteristics of Cameron and Quay. The former would change his party relations once a year, if it served his purpose and promised him power and office, while Quay, though ostensibly remaining a Republican, would desert and betray

one circle of political associates and form an alliance with a new one at the beginning of every campaign, if that best advanced his interests.

Originally a Whig, Quay had joined the newly-formed Republican party, and upon the expiration of his appointed term as Prothonotary, was elected for a full term, and reëlected for a second term. This continuous tenure in one of the choicest offices of Beaver county, gave him his first schooling in constructive political management, for, although still under thirty years of age, he speedily became one of the dominant Republican leaders of that county.

He took an active part in the campaign of 1860, which made Curtin Governor of Pennsylvania and Abraham Lincoln President of the United States, attracting Curtin's attention to his ability as an organizer. With the breaking out of the Civil war, he resigned the Prothonotaryship, and helped to raise a company in the 10th Pennsylvania Reserves, being mustered in as a lieutenant in his company. Before the regiment was sent to the front, Governor Curtin concluded that he needed him to assist in the enlistment and organization of the troops being hurried forward from Pennsylvania to the seat of war. He, therefore, appointed him assistant Commissary-General on his own staff, with the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel, and Quay hurried to Harrisburg to enter upon his new duties. When, shortly afterwards, the military staff of the Governor was abolished, he became Curtin's private secretary, acting in that capacity for a year.

The following year he appointed Quay as Colonel of the 134th Pennsylvania Infantry, the latter assuming command in August, 1862. His regiment missed participation in the second battle of Bull Run by a few hours, arriving on the ground after the fighting had ceased. A similar experience befell it at Antietam, after which Quay was attacked by typhoid fever. Never of robust con-

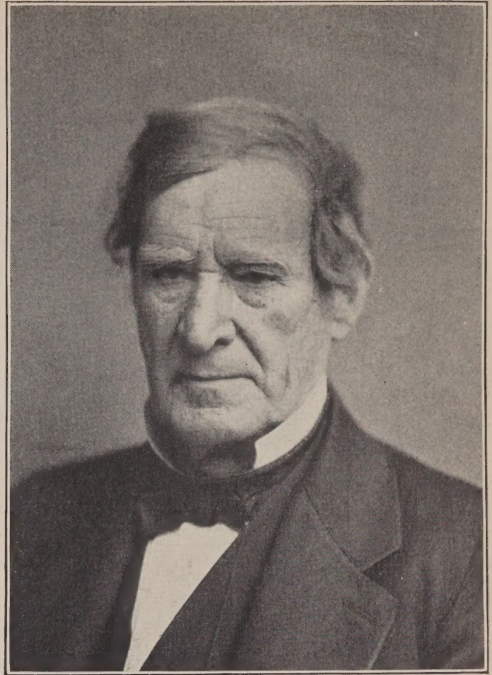


Photo. by Gutekunst, Phila.

JEREMIAH S. BLACK,

COUNSEL FOR THE PROSECUTION,

Formerly Attorney-General of the United States and
Member of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania.

stitution, his recovery was slow, and upon the advice of Governor Curtin, who wanted a military State Agent at Washington to look after the interests of the Pennsylvania soldiers in the field, he resigned his commission the day previous to the battle of Fredericksburg. Learning that a battle was to be fought the next day, he tendered his services as a volunteer, to General Tyler, the commander of the brigade in which his regiment was included, and served on the staff of the latter in that battle. A quarter of a century afterwards he was awarded by Congress a medal of honor for valor displayed on this occasion, and although some of his critics ascribe this award largely to political influence, justice demands that due credit be given Colonel Quay for undoubted courage displayed during that memorable conflict.

He was, immediately afterwards, trans-

ferred to Washington as military State Agent, by appointment of Governor Curtin. Before the close of the war he was recalled to Harrisburg to again become the military secretary of Governor Curtin in which position he materially extended his acquaintanceship throughout the State. He was thus favored by fortune to make many friends, extend courtesies and favors, which he was not loth, later on, to turn to advantage in his political skirmishes and fights.

After the downfall of the rebellion, he returned to Beaver county, and asked the Republicans to send him to the Legislature. This request was readily complied with, the fact that he was in favor with the revered War Governor of the State, being a sufficient passport to popular favor at home. Twice reelected, it was during his third term at Harrisburg that he played false to his benefactor, to become the political pupil and final successor of the astute Simon Cameron, as "The Master-Spirit" of the Republican organization of Pennsylvania.

The Legislature of 1867 was to elect a successor to Edgar Cowan in the United States Senate. Cameron and Curtin were the leading candidates for the succession and it was evident that the one who could succeed in organizing the House in his own interest, would have a decided advantage in the contest for the Senatorship. Quay was Curtin's candidate for Speaker, Cameron putting forward J. P. Glass, of Allegheny. To the great surprise of Curtin's followers, Quay abandoned the field the night before the House was to meet, and turned in for Glass, who was elected, and the control of the House was thus transferred to Cameron. This was an act of treachery which Curtin never forgave.

Quay had already named one of his sons for the War Governor, and perhaps considered this a sufficient payment of the debt of gratitude he owed the latter. At any rate he abandoned his former benefactor and enlisted under the Cameronian flag, his first public reward being

that of the appointment as Chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means, by Speaker Glass. There were ugly charges to the effect that Quay had secured something more substantial than the leadership of the House for his desertion of Curtin, but these charges were never proved in Court. It is a matter of record, however, that Quay soon began to build a \$13,000 house which became his residence in Beaver. Shortly afterwards, too, he was accused by the *Pittsburg Commercial* with trying to persuade Internal Revenue Supervisor Alexander P. Tutton to accept \$1,000 per week as the price of suspending legal proceedings against a distillery charged with defrauding the Revenue. Quay brought a libel suit against the *Commercial* which was, as is usual in such cases, never tried, the outcome of this episode being the acquisition of the *Commercial* by Quay's friends, who thus took a bond of fate that the charge should never be repeated.

This transfer of his fealty from Curtin to Cameron marked the entrance of Quay as a prominent factor into the field of State politics. Cameron had him appointed Secretary of the Republican State Central Committee, and in four years the pupil had become a greater adept in political stratagem than the master. From that time forward Quay became more necessary to Cameron than Cameron was to Quay, a fact which was given a vivid illustration a few years later, when the younger Cameron is said to have advanced a large sum to make good the peculations of Quay and some of his associates from the funds of the State Treasury. Quay's political career was a costly one, but those who profited by his methods could not afford to do without him at any price.

Cameron made the use of money an essential of success in politics, but Quay made politics expensive beyond the most extravagant dreams of the founder of the Pennsylvania Republican machine. An illustration of the growing use of money in the carrying on of political campaigns

can be presented in the statement that the cost of the Republican State campaign in 1860, during which Col. A. K. McClure was the Republican State Chairman, was only \$12,000. Quay's election as Republican State Chairman, a position without any visible emoluments, in 1895 was reported, by himself, to have cost more than \$200,000. More money was expended in the later years of Quay's leadership in single rural counties during heated campaigns than was expended in the entire State to carry it for Lincoln and Curtin in 1860.

Quay's first and most substantial political reward as State leader came in 1872, when, after having assisted in carrying the State for General Hartranft for Governor, he was made Secretary of the Commonwealth, at the beginning of Hartranft's administration, being re-appointed in Hartranft's second term. At this period Quay's longing for wealth began to outstrip his political ambition. The emoluments of the office of Secretary of the Commonwealth did not equal the value of his services to the public, in Quay's own estimation. The Legislature of 1877, a subservient body, revived a forgotten and discarded office in Philadelphia, called a Recordship, an office notable for its entire uselessness and its big fees, which amounted to not less than \$40,000 a year. The ink was not dry on Governor Hartranft's signature to this piece of graft legislation when Quay's name was sent to the Senate as the new Recorder of Philadelphia. The Senate, in duty bound, promptly confirmed the appointment and Quay exchanged Harrisburg for Philadelphia as a place of residence, with an increase of emoluments which paid considerable more than moving expenses. Though a rich office had been created purposely for him, Quay's Philadelphia experience proved disappointing. At Harrisburg as at Beaver he was easily the dominating political influence, in Philadelphia he could hardly find himself in the crowd. Whatever political influence he exerted



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FRANKLIN B. GOWEN,
COUNSEL FOR THE PROSECUTION,

President of the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad,
who brought to bay and exterminated the
"Mollie Maguires."

in that city had to be executed by proxy, and this did n't suit the statesman from Beaver.

He was selected as Republican State Chairman during the campaign of 1878, when the State was carried for Henry M. Hoyt for Governor. With the inauguration of Hoyt in January, 1879, Quay promptly resigned the Recordship of Philadelphia to accept his old position as Secretary of the Commonwealth, under the new Governor.

It was during the session of the Legislature of 1879, that the famous Pittsburg Riot Bill exposures occurred, which involved several of Quay's friends and made it necessary for them to be saved from the penitentiary through his powerful intervention as a member and the controlling spirit of the Pardon Board.

The history of this Riot Bill, though

old and forgotten by many, is most interesting and instructive and shows how, from the earliest days of Quay's power and influence, he perverted the talents of which he was undoubtedly possessed to the basest uses. Instead of protecting the interests of the people he made it his business to serve soulless corporations, to whom neither the laws of God or of man are a barrier in the prosecution of their selfish and lawless plans. He did not hesitate to encourage bribery, and after conviction of the criminals secure for them a free pardon and save them from disgracing even the penitentiary!

The Pittsburgh riots of 1877, had resulted in the destruction of property to the value of two or three million dollars, for which, under the law, Allegheny county was liable. The Pennsylvania Railroad was the heaviest loser, and wanted its money. The Allegheny county tax-payers demurred, and a scheme was concocted to have the State assume the bill, with a million and a half thrown in, to be used if necessary in convincing reluctant legislators that the measure was a moral and just one.

With the introduction into the House of the \$4,000,000 riot appropriation, a companion bill had been added taxing petroleum fifty cents a barrel. It was the intention of the Republican leaders in the State to make these two bills party measures, and pass them under the caucus lash. Fortunately for the interest of the oil-producers who were to have been mulcted in the entire sum by means of this oil-tax, about twenty-five oil-country members constituted the balance of power between the Republican and Democratic wings of the House, and by joining forces with the latter, had the bill at their mercy, as the first two or three test-votes upon the measure demonstrated. They asked Charles S. Wolfe, of Union county, one of the ablest and best Republican members in the House, to assist them in their fight, and proceeded to show that they could defeat the \$4,000,000 Riot-Bill grab, unless a dozen or more members

of the House should be corrupted by the use of money.

When the fact had been established that if the oil-country members should hold honestly together and maintain their hostility to the Riot Bill it would be hopelessly defeated, one attempt that might break the delegation was through overtures to log-roll all legislation favorable to the oil country through both Houses in exchange for enough votes from the members representing the oil counties to pass the Riot Bill, the offer including also the passage of an interstate commerce bill through Congress then in session at Washington.

Another way open was by that most infamous of all temptations placed in the path of weak men—"bribery." Fearing that bribery would be attempted, the leaders of the opposition laid a trap for the suspected bribers, into which a half-dozen or more of the latter, including the late William H. Kemble, promptly fell.

The representatives from the oil counties had been for several years trying to secure the passage through the Legislature of a free pipe-line law and an anti-freight discrimination law, both of which measures were pending in the House at this time. The Oil-Producers' Union, an association of the leading independent oil-producers, had brought suits against the Pennsylvania Railroad for damages based upon rebates granted to favored shippers, and one of their chief attorneys in these suits was George Shiras, Jr., a high-minded, prominent member of the bar, afterwards one of the Justices of the Supreme Court of the United States. Shiras was also attorney for Allegheny county in its claim before the Legislature for the passage of the \$4,000,000 appropriation designed to relieve the county from the necessity of paying the riot losses, for which it was liable under the existing law. These details are necessary to explain what followed.

In the House, the one experienced member from the oil counties was Representative George E. Mapes, of Venango,

who, in consequence of his former legislative knowledge was recognized as the leader of the oil-country contingent. His principal associate was Lewis Emery, Jr., of McKean county, a large producer of oil and a man of great personal force of character.

The bribery story is too long to relate in detail; a few salient points will disclose the deep laid plot and the sturdy and honorable efforts of Wolfe, Mapes and Emery to defeat the damnable legislation, instigated by the Pennsylvania Railroad, furthered by Quay, boodled by Kemble and made forever execrable by the more than criminal act of granting a pardon to Kemble and the other conspirators.

On the afternoon of April 5, 1879, the following telegram was directed to Mapes and Emery from Pittsburg, by B. B. Campbell, then President of the Oil-Producers' Union, and living at Parnassus, about twenty-five miles north of Pittsburg: "Lewis Emery or George E. Mapes, House of Representatives, Harrisburg: Can you dine with me tomorrow? Most important business, vital to the success of our suits. You can return on fast line Sunday evening. One or both must come. Answer mmediately. B. B. Campbell." After conferring, Mapes and Emery, although very much in the dark as to what this mysterious telegram meant, replied: "To B. B. Campbell, Pittsburg: Will see you tomorrow. Mapes & Emery." Taking a mid-night train they reached Pittsburg on Sunday morning, and after breakfasting at the station, boarded the Allegheny Valley train for Parnassus. On board the train they found George Shiras, Jr., with whom they were acquainted, Shiras being, in fact, Emery's personal attorney. He informed them that he was likewise going to Parnassus to be one of the guests at the dinner. When the train reached its destination they were met by Campbell and escorted to his house. Taking them into his library, Mr. Campbell informed his legislative guests that being in Pittsburg the day

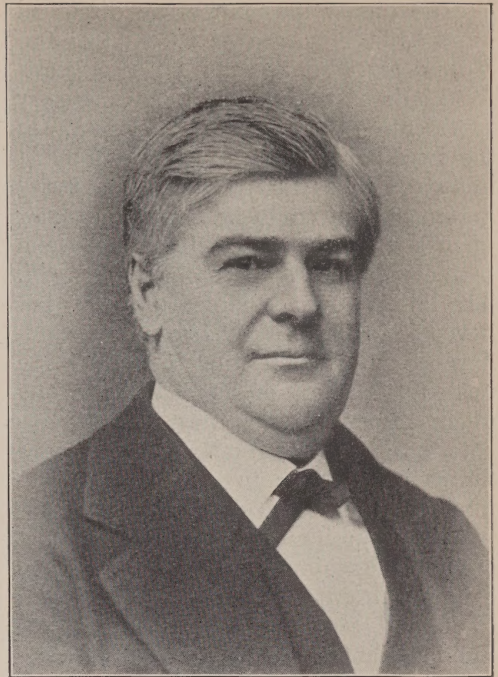


Photo. by Gutekunst, Phila.

WILLIAM H. KEMBLE,

Who pleaded guilty to the charge of bribing members of the Legislature.

Author of the famous expression, "Addition, Division and Silence."

before, he had been requested to go to Mr. Shiras' office. There he had met J. K. Moorhead, President of the Pittsburg Board of Commerce and also Representative Frazer, of the Allegheny delegation in the Legislature. He said that these gentlemen told him that they required the assistance of the oil delegation to pass the Riot Bill, and that they could assure Mr. Campbell that in exchange for their votes the legislation so strongly desired by the oil men, namely, the free pipe-line bill and the anti-discrimination bill would be passed. They further agreed that, in order to insure good faith in this proposition, the friends of the Riot Bill would agree to postpone their measure until the oil legislation was passed. It was also stated that the same influences would help to secure the passage of the Interstate Commerce Bill through Congress.

After dinner the matter was discussed in all its bearings between Campbell and Shiras representing the Oil-Producers' Association, and Mapes and Emery representing the oil-country delegation in the Legislature. Two hours were spent in a stroll along the river bank, and every argument that could be brought to bear upon the two legislators to induce them to accept the proposition was urged. The latter, however, stated that they believed it to be an unjust measure, indefensible in principle, that it ought to be beaten regardless of its relation to any other measure, and they declined to entertain the proposition. Campbell and Shiras urged them to return to Harrisburg, call the oil delegation together, submit the proposition to them as a body, and see how the majority of the members were disposed toward it. This they agreed to do, and returning to Harrisburg on the Sunday-night train, they called the score or more of members from the oil counties together on the following day and submitted the proposition with the information that they had rejected it in toto. The proposition was unanimously declined by the entire delegation, and the decision was telegraphed to Mr. Shiras on Tuesday morning. At the interview at Parnassus, Mapes and Emery were not specifically told that the real source of this offer for the withdrawal of opposition to the oil-country legislation came from the Pennsylvania Railroad, which was to be the chief beneficiary of the \$4,000,000 appropriation, but they strongly suspected that it did. This suspicion was confirmed ten days later when Emery received the following telegram: "Pittsburg, April 15th, 7 P. M. To Lewis Emery, Jr., Lochiel Hotel: I am assured by Hampton that the Pennsylvania Railroad will make desired arrangement if time can be given. Can you not secure postponement of Riot Bill until next week. Answer. George Shiras, Jr." Hampton was the Pittsburg counsel for the Pennsylvania Railroad.

The importance of this dispatch is ex-

plained by the fact that the final vote upon the Riot Bill was to take place the following forenoon, the Bill already having been defeated and the pending vote being upon a motion to reconsider which if voted down would defeat the Bill for the session. Emery consulted with the oil delegation in the morning of the following day, and replied as follows: "George Shiras, Pittsburg, Pa.: Could not get matters arranged in shape, and cannot help you in any possible form. Lewis Emery, Jr."

When Emery took his seat in the House on the morning of April 16th a messenger handed him the following note. "Harrisburg, April 16, 1879. Dear Sir: I am told Mr. Shiras has telegraphed you in regard to a matter in which your constituency are interested. If so, and you have leisure I would be glad to see you at my office. Yours truly, M. S. Quay. To Hon. Lewis Emery, House of Representatives." Mr. Quay was at this time Secretary of the Commonwealth, by appointment of Governor Hoyt. The vote was about being taken and Emery replied by note that he would see Mr. Quay as soon as he could get away. While still in his seat, however, Representative Frazer introduced an attorney by the name of W. S. Purviance, who handed Emery the following note: "Lewis Emery. Dear Sir: Mr. Purviance may see you in reference to the overtures from the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, looking to the defeat of the Oil-Tax Bill and the passage at Washington of the Anti-Discrimination Bill. No such arrangement will be made without full consultation, but we need time. In view of this we wish you and a few of your friends to agree to postpone final action on the Riot Bill until next week. Yours truly, George Shiras, Jr." Emery told Purviance that the oil men would defeat the Bill, and nothing could be done to save it.

While he was waiting the final roll-call, a second note from Mr. Quay was handed him. "Harrisburg, April 16, 1879. My dear Sir: I am told the

Allegheny legislation is now up in the House. It will be a finality, of course, if the motion to reconsider is defeated, and it will be difficult to make any arrangement with its friends if they are successful. If it is worth while to present Mr. Shiras' proposition to the council, you had better have the vote upon the motion to reconsider postponed until afternoon, and see me after the adjournment. Yours truly, M. S. Quay. To the Hon. Lewis Emery, Jr., House of Representatives." Mapes and Emery and the other leaders of the opposition to the Riot Bill, however, had compared notes and knew that the measure was doomed. Just before the roll-call began, Charles S. Wolfe, of Union county, arose and addressed himself to the Speaker, as follows: "Mr. Speaker: We have evidence that certain members of this House have been offered money or other valuable consideration to vote for this measure. I rise now to announce that after this vote is taken I propose to offer a resolution for the appointment of a committee to investigate charges of bribery in connection with this Bill." Wolfe sat down, and the roll-call proceeded. His warning had the desired effect. The motion to reconsider was voted down, and the Bill was dead.

Mr. Quay's connection with the matter did not cease, however, at this point. The House took a recess for dinner, and Emery went to the Lochiel Hotel. What followed is given in Mr. Emery's own words under oath in his testimony before the committee of investigation. He said: "I went to my dinner at the Lochiel Hotel, and as I came out from dinner the clerk in the office told me that Mr. Quay would like to see me, and said, 'I will send for him.' He sent to the billiard-room, and Mr. Quay came out, and we sat at the window right next to the big safe where we hang coats behind the door. I said to him that I had received his notes, and he answered that he had received mine in reply and that we were in such a condition that we

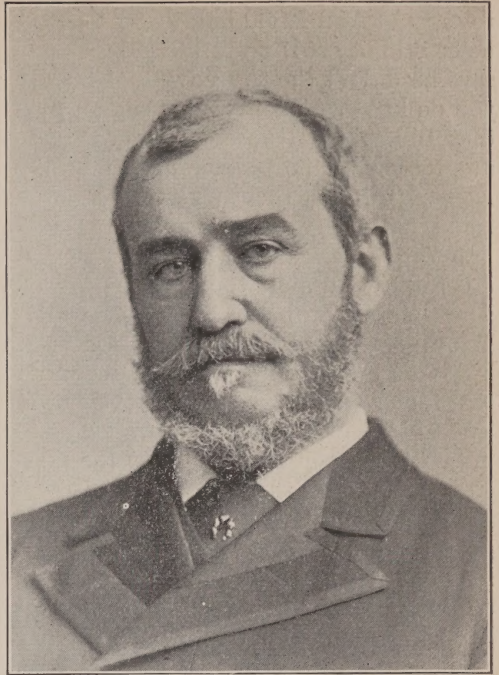


Photo. by Gutekunst, Phila.

LEWIS C. CASSIDY,

COUNSEL FOR THE DEFENCE,

Afterwards Attorney-General of Pennsylvania.

could not do anything in the proposition that had been made to us. 'Well,' says he (Quay), 'I was at Philadelphia a week ago last Saturday, and I was up to Mr. Cassatt's office to get some passes, and while there Mr. Cassatt brought up the conversation. He said that he would be very much pleased if he (Quay) would assist in passing the Riot Bill, and that they were very anxious to have it passed, and he (Cassatt) wished he (Quay) could see what he could do with the oil delegation to get their assistance. And he (Quay) said that he would do so, and he said that Mr. Cassatt would see that all the propositions that had been made to us would be carried out, providing we would support the Bill when it came up again.' Says I, 'it is dead.' 'Well,' says he, 'perhaps not. Perhaps it can be revived, and what I would like to know in case it is revived is as to whether we could get any assistance from your

country.' And I told him that I thought he could not get it up in the House. He says he did n't know. Says I, 'I believe you do know. I believe you cannot pass that Bill in the House. I believe there are too many independent men in the House to pass the measure. It even could not be gotten up again.' I told him it did n't matter where it came up, I could not support the Bill in no way. And he said I better take the matter before our people, our delegation, and see if they would not consider it, and I told him I would, and on the evening of the seventeenth, I think it was, I submitted the proposition again to the delegation. I think there were ten of them altogether, and they said that they would not consider any overtures whatever, that if they had got to be punished with an oil-tax because they would not support the Bill, why, they would submit, they would not change their front a particle. The Riot Bill could stay where it was."

In answer to a question by Charles S. Wolfe, of the Investigating Committee, as to the extent of the proposition to pass the Riot Bill made to Emery and Mapes at Parnassus, Mr. Emery said: "The arrangement was that these bills (the Free Pipe-Line Bill and the Anti-Discrimination Bill), should be passed, that oil should not be taxed, and the Interstate Commerce Bill should be passed at Washington if possible. That was the promise right out, flat-footed."

On the last day of the session a prosecuting committee was appointed by the House to bring criminal prosecutions against all participants in the attempt to corrupt the Legislature. Twenty-two members testified to having been offered money or other valuable consideration for their support of the Riot Bill. Prosecutions were brought in the Dauphin County Criminal Court, with a brilliant array of attorneys, among whom for the prosecution were: Franklin B. Gowen, Jeremiah S. Black and Matthew Carpenter, of Wisconsin; for the defense William B. Mann, F. Carroll Brewster

and Lewis C. Cassidy. When all pleas for delay had been exhausted, four of the first five indicted bribers arraigned, namely: William H. Kemble, Charles B. Salter, Jesse R. Crawford and William F. Rumberger pleaded guilty rather than permit the testimony against them to be presented in Court, and the fifth one, Emil J. Petroff, was convicted after a trial. The pleas of guilty and the conviction took place on March 8, 1880, and the guilty parties were remanded to appear on March 29th, for sentence. Two days before Kemble and his associates were to be sentenced Quay convened the Board of Pardons, of which he was a member, and tried to persuade his fellow-members, consisting of Lieutenant-Governor Charles W. Stone, Attorney-General Henry W. Palmer, and Secretary of Internal Affairs, Aaron K. Dunkle, to recommend a pardon in advance of sentence. Dunkle acquiesced, but Stone and Palmer refused. The following night, Kemble and his associates fled the State, forfeiting their bail. Nearly a month later, they were persuaded to return and appear for sentence, having undoubtedly been promised that the recalcitrant members of the Pardon Board would prove more tractable after sentence had been pronounced than they were before this had been done.

On April 26th, they appeared for sentence before Judge Pearson who inflicted a fine of \$1,000 each and a further penalty of one year at hard labor in the Penitentiary. The Pardon Board was convened the next day and the imprisonment feature of the sentence was promptly remitted, the convicted bribers being constructively in charge of the Sheriff less than twenty-four hours. The shameless audacity of this transaction caused an outburst of indignation, not only throughout the State, but throughout the whole country, the public sentiment regarding the transaction being concisely expressed in an editorial in the *New York Tribune*, in the following sentence: "A more insolent defiance of

public sentiment has not been seen since Tweed asked the tax-payers of New York, what they were going to do about it." Religious bodies adopted resolutions denouncing the pardon, and even the most hide-bound party organs declined to defend it. It is worthy of note in this connection that this is the only important instance in which Quay defied public sentiment and incurred personal odium to save somebody else from going to jail. In his after career, other men were permitted to commit suicide, die from worry, or run away to save Quay from going to prison, furnishing examples of self-abnegation which he never cared to imitate.

During the period in which the convicted bribers were hiding from the penalties of the law, Quay was having troubles of his own. He, in connection with J. Blake Walters, Cashier of the State Treasury, and some others, had been speculating with the funds of the State Treasury. Samuel Butler, a Chester county Quaker, had been elected State Treasurer, and was to assume the duties of the office on May 1, 1880. It was necessary for the retiring State Treasurer, Amos C. Noyes, to turn over the State funds to his successor intact. The Quay and Walters shortage was said to amount to \$260,000. Butler, who made an examination of the State of the funds prior to his induction into office, refused to accept the notes of the defaulting speculators. A friend who paid a visit to Quay in his room at the Lochiel Hotel about that time, reported that in reply to his question as to what was going on, Quay answered that "he was debating whether he should cut his throat or jump into the Susquehanna river." Quay did neither, but let his friend go to Washington and implore Don. Cameron to help make good the deficit, which he did, and the money of the State Treasury was transferred to the custody of State Treasurer Samuel Butler in due time.

Quay lived to pass through other trying ordeals of a similar nature with no thought

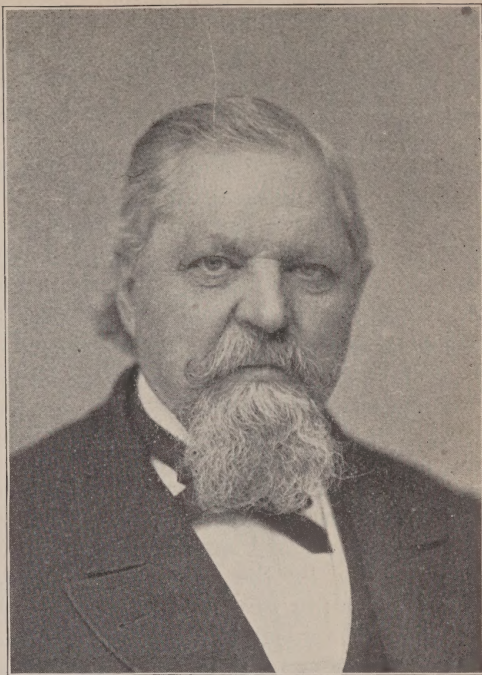


Photo. by Gutekunst, Phila.

WILLIAM B. MANN,

COUNSEL FOR THE DEFENCE,

For years District-Attorney of Philadelphia.

of suicide. Not so with his associate, Cashier Blake Walters, upon whose mind the disgrace preyed so keenly that he took his own life after having written a letter to a friend in which he expressed his sorrow for his acts while Cashier of the State Treasury, and named the persons associated with him in the speculations through which the loss of the money was incurred, charging that a will stronger than his own led him on, meaning Quay.

Senator Quay's State Treasury experience haunted him to the end of his days. The exposures and detailed statements about this startling episode in his history, made by leading and responsible papers, did not seem to affect him outwardly, but intimate friends acknowledged that he was chafing beyond expression under these charges, though not on his own account. For reasons suggesting themselves he never took

steps to bring to justice his accusers, or to disprove the accusations, steps an innocent man would have taken without delay. He evidently felt assured that his equivocal position would not lose him the confidence and support of his co-partners in political brigandage.

When at last a cartoon of Quay was published in *Puck* that should have aroused even the most callous and brazen and was left unchallenged by the Senator, when he continued his exasperating and self-convicting silence, the following letter was addressed to him:

"PHILADELPHIA, August 5, 1890.

"HON. MATTHEW S. QUAY.—Dear Sir: The charges of embezzlement while State Treasurer of Pennsylvania, brought against you by the *New York World*, *Times*, *Evening Post*, *Nation*, *Puck* and other papers of responsibility, have so far met neither reply nor denial at your hands.

"It is and has been very irritating to many earnest Republicans to have you ignore these grave accusations, made most pointed and emphatic in last week's *Puck*, which undoubtedly you have seen. You are there depicted in a felon's garb, plainly called a felon, holding the whip and compelling the respectable leaders of the 'Grand Old Party' to march at the command of a felon overseer.

"As you perhaps shun suit for libel against any or all of your accusers on account of the great expense therein involved, it has been suggested by some of those Republicans who are indirectly smarting under these accusations, to raise a fund of sufficient amount to institute and push suits for civil and criminal libel against your open accusers.

"Please let me know if this plan of vindicating your honor as Chairman of the Republican National Committee and United States Senator meets with your approval and oblige,

"Yours respectfully,

"RUDOLPH BLANKENBURG."

This offer was made in good faith and the required funds had been underwritten, but Quay ignored the liberal proposition and went to his grave with this cloud hanging over him.

The one weapon of defence in which Quay excelled was "silence." He had cultivated the truism, "Speech is silvern, but silence is golden," until he became a past-master in that art; indeed it was his salvation in many troublesome situations. He was credited with the remarkable linguistic accomplishment of knowing how to "keep silent in sixteen different languages."

Quay's next exploit was to defeat Ex-Speaker Galusha A. Grow, who had enough votes assured him, for the United States Senate, supporting Henry W. Oliver, of Pittsburg, who was said to have made good a deficit of \$30,000 in the last State campaign. Grow's friends resented Quay's treachery, refused to enter the caucus and created a deadlock, which ultimately resulted in Quay's defeat, through the election of John I. Mitchell. In the following year Robert E. Pattison, Democrat, was elected Governor, and Mr. Quay retired for three years from the laborious field of "statesmanship," being practically the only interregnum from the beginning to the end of his office-holding career.

No man better understood the power and influence of the great railway corporations and their entire willingness to make liberal contributions to political campaigns in return for legislative and executive protection. Other sources for "campaign" funds were the banks, in return for deposits of State funds; oil, coal, steel and iron interests willingly contributed and were not the losers thereby. Mr. Quay ascertained, however, that out of office he was a rather insignificant citizen and could not command these resources. He, therefore, concluded to sacrifice himself once more on the altar of patriotism and made a bold dash for the State Treasurership!

The story of his speculations with the

Treasury funds had at that time not reached the public ear, and though the pardon of Kemble still left a bad taste in the public mouth he knew that the people, unfortunately, are apt to forget. Quay was elected State Treasurer by a majority of upwards of 40,000. He now became owner and dictator of the Republican State Organization, and thus master of the great corporate interests that had to bow to his imperial will and comply with his demands whenever he needed their assistance.

Quay resigned the Treasurership before the expiration of his term and entered the national arena through his election as United States Senator and his subsequent selection, in 1888, as Chairman of the National Republican Committee to conduct the campaign for Benjamin Harrison as President of the United States. He managed this campaign with a mastery of his own creation and of a character, which, if generally adopted in the conduct of campaigns, would soon establish a "national auction-block" for the sale of office to the highest bidder. His management in this contest was a mixture of lavish and often questionable expenditure of money and adroit strategy to throw his Democratic opponents off their guard, and culminated at the close in bluff "betting" on so unprecedented scale that it confounded the Tammany crowd and won for him the large class of voters who bestride the fence, ready to descend on the winning side.

His success as National Chairman made Quay feel "a bigger man than Harrison himself," and he soon made

himself intolerable to that sturdy, honest, but blunt statesman. When Quay asked for the promotion of his son over the heads of scores of senior officers in the army and Harrison declined to comply with this arrogant and unjust demand, the strained relations between the two culminated, and Quay is said never again to have visited the White House during Harrison's occupancy.

Harrison was one of the brainiest of our Presidents, his administration was clean and creditable and he had earned a re-nomination. Quay, from motives of revenge, not only tried to defeat him at the Minneapolis Convention, but took no part in the campaign of 1892, which resulted in the second election of Grover Cleveland. One of Quay's characteristics, never fully exposed, was his extreme intolerance of opposition and the visiting of swift punishment, no matter at what cost, upon those who had the temerity to cross his path. His thirst for revenge on such occasions was greater than his love of party and was carried to an extent that often resulted in the defeat of candidates of the party to which he professed allegiance.

The young politician whose public career began to sprout and put forth its first shoots at the small town of Beaver, had grown until at middle age his power had spread all over the State. His later career is even more remarkable and startling and will be described in another chapter.

(To be continued.)

RUDOLPH BLANKENBURG.
Philadelphia, Pa.

THE EXPANSION OF MUNICIPAL ACTIVITIES.

BY CLINTON ROGERS WOODRUFF,
Secretary of the National Municipal League.

ENGULFED as we are in the flood-tide of municipal expansion and development, we fail to appreciate how great has been the growth of municipal functions. Only a month or two ago I came across a summary of the Census Bureau's investigation of electric fire-alarm and police-patrol systems, which disclosed the very interesting fact, that out of thirty-eight cities of 100,000 population and over, only two, Kansas City and St. Joseph, Missouri, had no systems of electric fire-alarm. The total number of signaling and annunciating boxes was given as 37,832, and 85,070 as the number of alarms transmitted. In all there are 764 systems with a total mileage of wires amounting to 28,202 miles.

Here then we have a municipal activity of great importance,—that of giving an alarm of fire by an electrical contrivance,—that was undreamed of a century ago, unheard of fifty years ago, introduced within the past twenty-five years, and perfected within the past decade. Indeed the matter of extinguishing fires is a function only assumed within a comparatively recent period by our cities, and many still depend upon private enterprise and initiative for fire protection.

Most people assume that one of the prime duties of a municipality is the protection of life and property, and yet it has been only within the past few decades that there has been anything like adequate provision for protection from fire, and it has only been within a very few years that the practically instantaneous fire-alarm has been introduced. The introduction, however, has been so very rapid and so thorough that we have come, not unnaturally, to regard it not only as a necessity, but a long-established custom.

Playgrounds and the children's gardens may now almost be said to be an

essential adjunct of a properly-conducted school-system. Larger and smaller cities alike, have, within a few years, established them and each year sees the numbers increasing; and yet ten years ago such playgrounds were a rarity and children's gardens unheard of. The vacation-school has also become an established feature, and yet the first one was founded in Boston in 1885. The public-school system itself, now very properly regarded as a main bulwark of our American civilization, is less than a hundred years old.

Again, as a New Yorker in a recent conversation said: "Who would have thought, even twenty years ago, that American municipalities would be furnishing free musical entertainments to the townspeople? Any one a quarter of a century ago predicting that the public funds would be used to give free baths to urban residents, would have been laughed to scorn." Yet we see many cities having free baths as a regular institution, and public sentiment is not only favorable to the policy, but insistent upon its more rapid development.

This same observer hazarded the statement that not many decades would go by ere in most cities of the United States there would be found municipal bakeries, run by the municipal government, to supply bread to the people at cost. A municipal bakery is not so far a cry as some may think. I was reading only within the past few months in a British consular report of the work of the municipal bakery at Palermo, in Sicily.

In Palermo the flour-trade during the last few years has become centered in one private establishment; in fact it has become a monopoly. Both bread and macaroni, the staple food of the lower classes, had risen in price. This the municipality tried in vain to check by

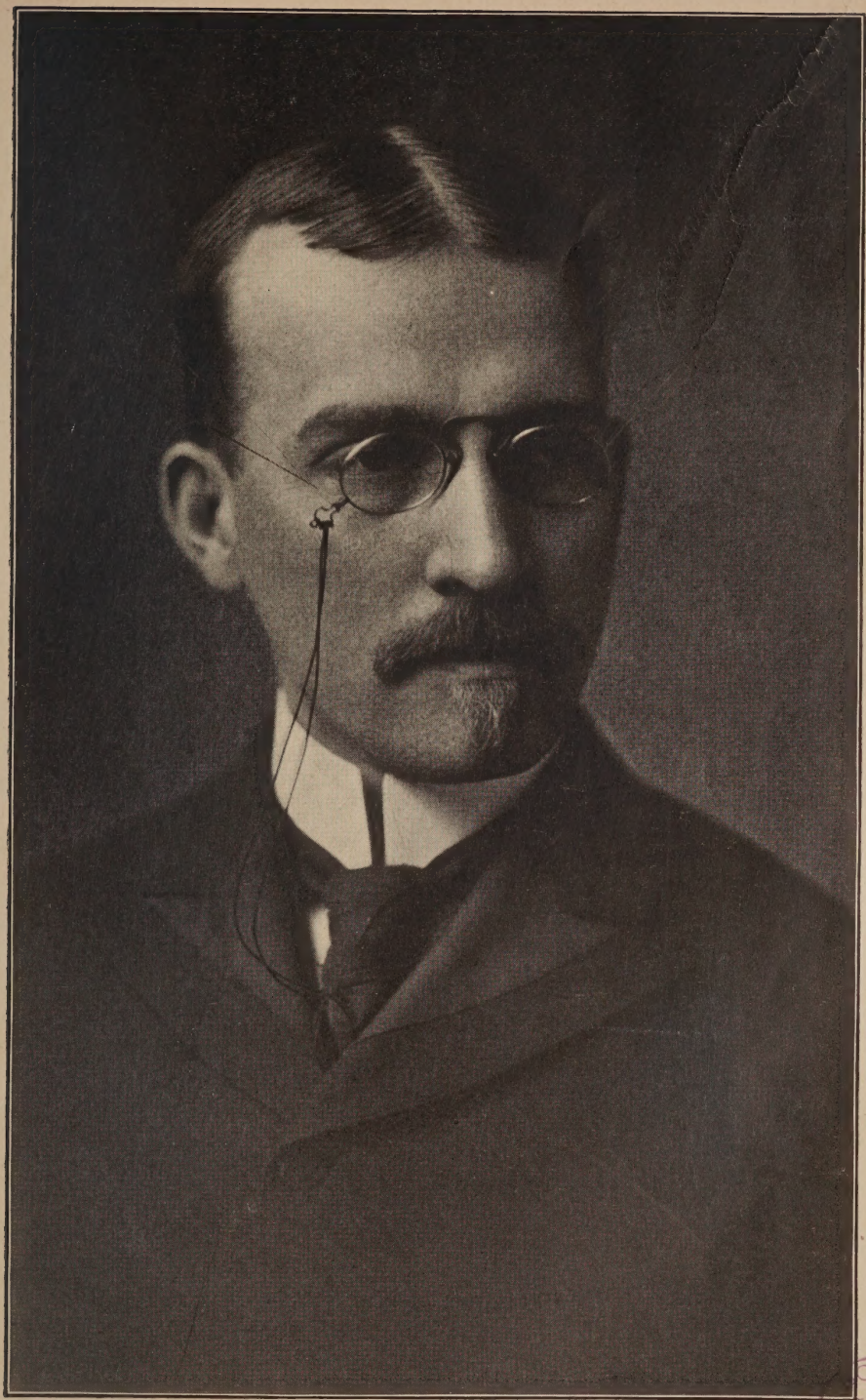


Photo. by Gutekunst, Philadelphia



CLINTON ROGERS WOODRUFF

fixing standard rates for both commodities. Anxious not to ruin the retailers, they struck directly at the monopolists by undertaking to supply flour to the bakers at a standard price and bread for them to sell on commission. They laid their plans in advance, collected corn from all parts of the island, and set up, not only a mill, but also a bakery of their own. The latter turned out about 20,000 pounds of bread daily; the military emergency ovens were soon added, and supplied 11,000 pounds more. Now the municipal bakeries place daily on the market 44,000 pounds of bread, or enough to supply one-sixth of a population of 325,000, which consumes not only 260,000 pounds of bread, but 110,000 pounds of macaroni. In this way the municipality has succeeded in lowering the price of bread a half-penny a pound, and in maintaining the standard rates which it considered fair to the public and to the trade. Moreover, it claims to have made a considerable profit, but on this point there is considerable difference of opinion, as the baking business has been run by officers whose salaries are paid, not out of the earnings, but out of the public purse.

The Palermo bakery was unquestionably an emergency institution, and may possibly be justified on that ground, but it has pointed a way and established a precedent which other communities may not be slow to follow.

Two or three years ago, during the scandals incident to the formation of the American Ice Company in New York City, the suggestion was made and urged with great persistence that an ice-plant should be established, among those so urging being the then Controller, Bird S. Coler. Nothing came of the suggestion at the time, but the arguments used are worthy of repetition, not only as indicating the feeling of the advocates of the plan, but as illustrating the ground assumed by those who believe that the municipality should use its power and authority, not only to promote the health and welfare of

the community, but to protect the people from extortion and iniquity.

The trend of the argument was that:

"The public health would be conserved thereby, because the people of the working-class need ice during the frightful days of heat and sultriness that come upon us every summer, and they could not afford to pay the prices demanded by the combination of natural and artificial ice-dealers.

"The fact that a very large part of the natural ice served in this city (New York) comes from the polluted waters of the Hudson, and contains disease germs that develop in human stomachs at times, was and is reason enough for supplanting it with a wholesome product that could be delivered at every house and at such a price as would bring it within the reach every day of the people of the tenements.

"As for the rest of the people, they also are entitled to deliverance from the extortion represented in a charge that has some times gone up to \$20 a ton for ice that cost less than a dollar to gather or manufacture; an extortion made possible because competition has been destroyed by the combination named."

The Mayor of Brockton, Mass., in 1901, advocated a municipal ice-plant for that city, and in 1899 Senator Young, of Kansas, introduced a bill authorizing second-class cities in that state to construct, maintain and operate ice-plants and public refrigerators; but nothing ever came of the bill or the suggestion.

It is but a step from municipal ice to municipal milk, and in 1900 the Rev. Charles F. Dole, of Boston, seriously urged that the city should supply pure milk at cost. In the same year Mr. Nathan Straus, of New York, advocated the city ownership of plants for sterilizing milk.

Municipal milk is not unknown in Great Britain. An editorial paragraph in the *New York Independent* of December 26, 1901, thus quotes the facts and argues the case:

"Now Battersea follows the example of Liverpool, St. Helens and York by undertaking the business of supplying sterilized milk to parents for the purpose of arresting the unnecessarily high infantile mortality. It is expected that the undertaking will result in a slight financial loss at first, but the rate-payers will be more than compensated by the knowledge that the expenditure has resulted in lowering the infant mortality. At St. Helens, where the experiment has already proved a success, a loss of \$400 was sustained the first year; but, on the other hand, the mortality of babies fed on corporation milk was 105 per 1,000, as against 187 per 1,000 among the children who were not so fed. In a certain sense this movement is not in the line of municipal socialism, but is essentially a sanitary measure and therefore naturally falls into that class of undertakings which may legitimately be run at a public loss. The problem of a good milk supply in this country also is getting to be a serious one. In our largest cities it is often dangerous to keep a baby in town during the hot weather, not so much on account of the heat as on account of the impossibility of getting milk that can be kept fresh. Any guaranty to the consumer that milk will be fresh and pure is certainly a reform for which to work, whether it be classed under the head of good sanitation or municipal socialism."

There is a tendency for advocates of an enlarged municipal activity to separate into two groups. On the one hand we have the avowed municipal socialists, and on the other those who believe that the municipality should interfere on moral or sanitary or humanitarian grounds, and the two arguments here reproduced show clearly how, what would formerly be considered extreme socialism, is defended, nay more, advocated, on sanitary and humanitarian grounds.

Municipal markets are not new, and municipal abattoirs are frequently to be found; but city stores are few and far

between. The late Mayor Jones, of Toledo, favored municipal lunch-stands in the parks, and Dr. Rainsford, of New York, has expressed his opinion that he has not the slightest doubt but that: "We shall have municipal restaurants here eventually. They are bound to come, and it would pay the city to have them. I am glad the matter has been revived, and would be willing to help along any agitation which may be started to get the city to take hold of the idea. Twelve years ago I brought the subject of municipal restaurants before the public, believing firmly that they would be both a boon to the people and a benefit to the city. I am of the same belief yet. I am as firmly convinced as that I am alive that they would be a paying speculation for the city, and as to the benefit they would be to a vast number of honest working-people who have small incomes, who would be then able to get wholesome, clean food at prices they could afford, there could be no possible question."

In this matter again European precedent can be quoted, Grenoble, France, supplying the illustration. The following statement is based on an official document:

"The service it has rendered during a period of years, some of which have been marked by dearth of supplies, has silenced the voices heard in opposition during the early stages of the enterprise, so that to-day, within and without the city of Grenoble, there exists unanimity both in recognizing and proclaiming the utility of this situation. There are nine buildings joined more or less to each other, and so arranged as to form a large central court. This court is tastefully decorated with flowers, adorned with statues and fountains, and furnished with tables for those who prefer to take their meals outside of the regular dining-hall. The eating-rooms are five in number, or if the open court is counted, six. There is an eating-room for the children of the school, situated on the floor above and not seen

by the ordinary visitor. A private arrangement also exists by which the assistants of the large Vaucanson college are served through another wicket at the great kitchen. This entire school, including teachers, is fed by the institution, and the service and accounts are kept apart.

"The visitor who desires his meals at the special tables first described, enters from the street through the vestibule, as in any public restaurant, and does not purchase metal checks at the wicket, but pays the waiter for his meals. The great mass of frequenters, however, pass through an entrance from the same street and purchase metal checks representing the dish or dishes desired. These checks are sold by the receiver, who stands in the ticket-office, the operation resembling that of buying tickets at a railroad station. The prices and quality of food called for by these checks are as follows: Soup, one quart, two cents; meat or fish, four and one-half ounces, four cents; plate of vegetables, two cents; wine, one-half pint, two cents; bread, four and two-thirds ounces, one cent; dessert, two cents. There are different varieties of soup, meat, vegetables, dessert, etc., which the patron specifies as he presents the checks at the wicket of the kitchen, whither he now proceeds on his way to one of the eating-rooms. According to a stringent rule, which has been constantly observed from the foundation of the restaurant, nothing but the purest articles are purchased. To ascertain the permanent, economic and social effects of the institution among produce and cattle-growers in the vicinity of Grenoble, farms at a considerable distance were visited and the farmers questioned. They unanimously reported that wherever the influence of the establishment is felt it is regarded as beneficial, not so much on account of the higher prices it may offer, as on account of its permanency and business integrity and the high moral standard that it sets.

"Although the original object in the

formation of this institution was to improve the condition of the working-people, who to this day are its most numerous customers, yet numbers of wealthy glove and silk-manufacturers, as well as clergymen and merchants, are constant in their practical patronage as well as their praise. There is a constant difficulty, not yet adverted to, which besets the coöperative kitchen as a municipal undertaking. It is the opposition it encounters from other restaurants, coffee-houses, saloons, and provision dealers of all kinds existing in this and the neighboring towns. It is due to a strong public opinion and support, as well as the vigorous foothold enjoyed by the institution. Although these people thus competed with succeed in turning opinion to some extent against it, on the other hand they are forced to sell purer articles, and at a lower profit, than those who traffic in the same goods in towns and cities where no such institution exists."

The argument for a municipal restaurant is not nearly so strong as for municipal milk and ice, nor does the emergency in Grenoble appear to have been such as to have afforded an excuse such as might be claimed in the case of the Palermo bakery.

Municipal farms are coming into vogue; in some instances to protect the water supply; in others to utilize the sewage and garbage; in still others to furnish needed supplies to city institutions. Pasadena, Cal., has a municipal farm which has yielded an annual profit of between \$4,000 and \$4,500 from English walnuts, and a good profit from the alfalfa crop. Moreover, it supports a large herd of swine. The farm was established as a dumping-place for the sewage of Pasadena. It performs this function thoroughly, and yields a handsome profit in addition.

The activities of the city in behalf of the comfort and welfare of the dependent classes have grown enormously in recent years. As James B. Reynolds, formerly secretary to Mayor Low, pointed out in

an address on the subject: "The municipality has experienced a complete change of attitude in regard to its duties to the dependent classes in the last ten years."

We see this in the first place in the recognition of the usefulness of the school-house as a center of advanced civic endeavor. The time was, and that not so very long ago, when it was open for five hours a day, five days a week, ten months in the year. Now in New York, for instance, thirty-two schools are open practically all the time, all the year around. In winter, for regular school-work, mothers' clubs, and meetings and entertainments of various kinds; in summer for manual training. Fifty-three schools are open all summer for gymnastic and recreation purposes. Many other schools are open in the mornings in summer for mothers with their babies, and in the afternoons and evenings for meetings and recreation purposes.

I wonder how many of us appreciate what all this means in the way of wholesome diversion and entertainment to people who have scarcely room enough for sleeping purposes and no money to take them to the parks or the cheapest resorts?

Then let us take the changed attitude of the city in regard to parks. The time was when a few of these in a distant part of the town sufficed. New York had her Central Park and Philadelphia had her Fairmount Park, but what mattered that to the families who had no carfare? Then even though the parks were within reach they were formal things to look upon, but not to use. Now the small parks are taken to the people and ample provision is made for free and wholesome use. Greater New York has one hundred and forty-seven such parks; Philadelphia, sixty-three.

What with recreation piers, band concerts and organ recitals, free lectures, vacation schools, municipal golf-courses and tennis-grounds, free excursions for the sick and ailing, our large communities

are availing themselves of the abundant opportunities that lie all about them to help the poor and dependent to make life tolerable and measurably enjoyable. Municipal theaters are increasing in number, but these hardly come within the same class as the activities we have just been considering, as they are erected for the general convenience of the community, to furnish good auditoriums and as a good investment. Only incidentally and occasionally do they serve to afford the means of amusement to those to whom the municipality, in the modern conception of its obligations, owes a special duty.

The city, however, has not stopped at affording wholesome recreation and amusement for its inhabitants. It has very properly begun a step further back. It has concerned itself with the housing of the poor. It has insisted, as in New York, that rooms in tenement-houses shall contain a certain number of cubic-feet of air-space for each person, and that they shall be properly ventilated and lighted and supplied with sanitary plumbing, and shall have a certain amount of area-space for fresh air and light. It has corrected abuses and sought to make a repetition of them difficult and dangerous to the owner, if not impossible. In some instances it has gone into tenement-house business itself, as in Chicago and Syracuse, thus making sure that the law is complied with and the poor classes given better housing facilities. In Great Britain, municipal lodging-houses are to be found in practically every important city.

Municipal laundries, as a necessary corollary of lodging-houses, are quite the vogue abroad and especially in Great Britain; but none has been established in this country so far as I am informed.

A municipal pawnshop has been opened in Chicago and a municipal employment bureau in Superior, Wisconsin, and in Toledo. Municipal coal and wood-yards have been strongly urged in Massachusetts, but thus far unsuccessfully.

A municipal grocery-store has been run

for some months at Kenosha, Wisconsin, under the management of one of the aldermen, for the benefit of dependents. A profit of \$2,000 was earned during the first six months.

Municipal hospitals are rapidly increasing in number. Municipal burial-grounds are an old-established institution, although known as potter's-fields. Mayor Quincy during his administration strongly urged the building of a municipal crematory, but Hull, England, has the credit of establishing the first one, which is now in successful operation.

According to recent consular reports, German cities now employ dentists who devote their whole time to their duties. As the report of Consul Liefeld pertinently remarks:

"That such a movement is necessary can scarcely be doubted when one learns that of many thousands of boys and girls examined, from the ages of 8 to 13, only 2 per cent. had a perfectly healthy set of teeth. To give an idea of the amount of work done in a year at Darmstadt schools it is necessary to quote the figures for 1903. During the year, 1,376 children were examined, and 1,561 teeth were filled, while 1,871 were extracted. In Strasburg 2,666 children were examined, 699 teeth were filled, and 2,912 were extracted.

"Another interesting fact is that 40 per cent. of all teeth examined were bad. The method of work is very simple; the teacher brings his class to the dentist, who examines each mouth quickly and marks on the card which each child has brought with it whether treatment is necessary. If so, the child must come again on a Saturday. Russia is also joining in the movement, and has already fitted up nine such institutions in St. Petersburg alone, while Moscow has several."

Municipal vaccine physicians are no new thing in America, and now our cities are going one step further in that they are furnishing nurses to the schools.

It is not necessary to refer at any length to the expansion of activities along the line of lighting, both by gas and electricity, and of water-supply. While in this matter of municipal monopolies, as in other directions, European cities have gone faster and further; American cities are a good second. In transportation matters, street-railroads, ferries and docks, our cities have not made nearly the same progress, nor in the matter of municipal telephones.

America could point for a while to a municipally-owned and conducted newspaper at Webster, Iowa, and can still point to a printing-plant at Boston. Cities are beginning to own and operate their street-paving, cleaning and sprinkling-plants and their own repair-shops. Philadelphia has established a department of supplies which has effected a saving of \$150,000 during the first year of its operation. Philadelphia has also gone into the insurance business. Premiums heretofore paid to private companies for insuring public buildings now go into a sinking-fund and the city will insure its own properties.

The municipal activities of American cities are numerous and varied. Prof. Parsons summed them up recently, declaring that the following-named subjects had been held to be proper public purposes and proper subjects of municipal ownership and control:

"Roads, bridges, sidewalks, sewers, ferries, markets, scales, wharves, canals, parks, baths, schools, libraries, museums, hospitals, lodging-houses, poor-houses, jails, cemeteries, prevention of fire, supply of water, gas, electricity, heat, power, transportation, telegraph and telephone service, clocks, skating-rinks, musical entertainments, exhibitions of fireworks, tobacco-warehouses, employment offices."

A remarkable list indeed! but the following list of additional municipal activities in Great Britain is still more remarkable:

Leamington and Harrowgate have Turkish baths, Liverpool has a municipal

organ with a salaried organist, and is preparing to erect the largest Hamman in Europe; Nottingham owns a castle, has also an university; Birmingham has one and Liverpool is about establishing one; Manchester owns shares in the ship-canal, Bristol owns her docks and harbors, and Liverpool and Bradford own hotels; Sheffield owns business premises and Glasgow a "Municipal Palace"; Torquay has a rabbit warren and Colchester an oyster-fishery, while Doncaster and Chester own race-tracks.

The growth of municipal activities has not been confined to Great Britain. Dr. Shaw has made us familiar with those of the continental countries, and since his books were re-issued there has been a considerable further growth. For instance, by a law passed in 1903, it is possible for municipalities in Italy to engage in the management of water-works, lighting companies, sewerage undertakings, street-railroads, sanitation, funerals, slaughter-houses, markets, night refuges for the indigent, omnibus lines, telephones, public baths, drug stores, mills, baking establishments, and almost every conceivable enterprise. The establishment of direct municipalization must be decided upon by a vote of the municipal council on two different occasions, with an interval of twenty days

between the decisions. These resolutions are submitted to all of the administration authorities, and finally to the people by means of a referendum. In case the majority-vote of the electors is against the project, it cannot be proposed again for the space of three years, unless one-fourth of the electors present a request for the re-proposing of the bill, when such a reconsideration may take place after an interval of one year.

And so goes the story of expansion and development which we do not fully realize and appreciate because we do not have time to pause and consider it; but whether we discuss the subject descriptively, as I have in this paper, or statistically, the result is the same. We are overwhelmed with the advance and the activity.

A hundred years ago (in 1800) Philadelphia, with a population of 70,287, spent \$68,485.92 or 97 cents an inhabitant. If the same rate had been maintained in 1899, when the population (in round numbers) was 1,250,000, the annual expenditure would have been \$1,212,500. As a matter of fact it was \$30,958,382.88, or \$27.78 a person. Is any further illustration needed to tell the story of the growth of municipal activities?

CLINTON ROGERS WOODRUFF.
Philadelphia, Pa.

PUBLIC CONTROL OF THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC IN SWEDEN AND NORWAY.

By M. ALGER.

THE SYSTEM IN SWEDEN.

ON MARCH 31, 1864, a proposal was laid before the town council of Gothenburg in which attention was called to the fact that, "while the city of Gothenburg tended, in so many respects, to become the model of a well-regulated, free, and prosperous community," yet

one was "grieved to see one dark spot that marred a picture otherwise so bright and full of promise of a happy future, this being the existence in this city of a large class of paupers which, far from decreasing, seemed to be increasing in quite a threatening manner." It was, therefore, proposed that the town council should appoint a committee to inquire

into the real causes of pauperism in Gothenburg, and to propose such measures as seemed best calculated to mitigate this evil, unfortunately common to all communities.

A committee was accordingly appointed and reported in April, 1865.

In this report, the committee stated that, in the course of their investigations, they had "everywhere encountered brännvin* as a very prominent cause of the present, morally as well as physically and economically deplorable, condition of a great portion of the lower classes of this community." And, they went on to say, although the abuse of liquor must not be put down to the "cravings of brutish sensuality" only, but might also be due to external causes, yet this abuse was so pernicious in its effects that a "community might well muster all its forces to conquer an enemy who was followed by poverty, distress, and crime." The committee held that drinking was not only one of the chief sources of poverty and distress, but that it was greatly encouraged by the existing methods of retailing intoxicants.

Innkeepers and publicans, who made a living by selling liquors, and paid a heavy fee to the authorities for their licenses, naturally had an obvious interest in obtaining as large a sale as possible for their own benefit. For this purpose it was a common practice among them to sell on credit, the consequence being that the workman, after settling his debt to the publican, had often nothing left of his weekly wages to supply his own wants and those of his family. Being refused credit, the drunkard had recourse to the pawnbroker, and many a workman took his most necessary articles of furniture to the publican, who thus not unfrequently made an unreasonable profit in the pawnbroker's business as well.

The Liquor Law of 1855 enacted that food should always be procurable at

every public-house, but many publicans openly evaded this provision of the law. In many places the eating-houses and refreshment-rooms for workmen had degenerated into vile dens, where vice was rife in dark, filthy, and unsanitary localities.

The committee, after thorough investigation concluded that the well-being of the community demanded that the whole system of retailing spirits should be re-modeled in conformity with the following programme:

1. That neither the advancers of capital, nor the publicans should derive any profit from the sale of spirits, all temptation on their part to push the consumption of intoxicants being thus done away with.

2. That the sale of spirits on credit or publicans acting as pawnbrokers should cease.

3. That the public-houses should be well-lighted and well-ventilated, spacious and cleanly.

4. That wholesome and well-cooked food should be supplied to the customers at moderate charges.

The committee also soon came to the conviction that these indispensable conditions for a better state of things could never be fulfilled unless the whole of the general liquor traffic were taken over by a *bolag* (company) formed by persons who undertook the enterprise, not for private personal gain, but for the good of the working-classes.

Thus, the committees had not only made a theoretical investigation, but they had proposed a practical scheme for improving the existing conditions. Almost at the same time that their report was handed in, notice was given to the Magistracy that about twenty of the leading firms and citizens of the town had united into a company, with the object of taking over, under the name of the *Göteborgs Utskänknings Aktiebolag*, the entire sale of intoxicants within the

* Brännvin is a native Swedish spirit, distilled from potatoes, rye or maize, usually colorless, but occasionally of a pale yellow color.

town, the company binding themselves to pay over to the town treasury the whole net profits to be used for certain public purposes and institutions specified by law.

After the bolag was formed, in the spring of 1865, it offered the town authorities to take over, to begin with, all the licenses that were to become vacant, according to the law then in force, on October first of that year, and it reserved to itself the right to take over also those that were to become vacant on October first of the following year, so as finally to place in the hands of the bolag all the licenses that the town authorities could dispose of by law.

The town authorities having granted this request, and the confirmation of the Governor of the Province (the representative of the Crown) having been obtained, the bolag, at the end of June, 1865, elected a Board of Directors who were to carry the new order of things into execution. This was done. Instructions and regulations were issued, tariffs fixed, premises rented, furniture purchased, managers of the drink-shops engaged, etc., and thus, during the first few days of October, 1865, the bolag was in a position to open seventeen new public-houses.

The system for selling spirits thus brought into existence is generally called, for shortness, the Gothenburg System, from the town in which it was first practically applied to any extent.

The system is based upon the fact that the manufacture and sale of spirits is permitted by the law, and it should be judged entirely from this point-of-view. Its immediate object, therefore, is not, and cannot be, to prevent or prohibit the consumption of intoxicants, but it is directed chiefly against the abuses of the liquor traffic. What the system aims at is partly to regulate this traffic, so as to deprive it of the inducement of private personal gain, with its desire for an increased consumption of spirits, and partly by strict control to see that the traffic is carried on in accordance with

the restrictive regulations laid down by the law.

The operations of the bolag are, therefore, in the first place of an administrative and controlling nature, its object being to enforce the following fundamental principles:

1. To prohibit the sale of intoxicants on credit.
2. To prohibit the sale of spirits to persons of tender years and inebriated persons.
3. To provide decent, well-lighted and well-ventilated, premises for the sale of spirits proportionate in size to the traffic.
4. To supply cooked food at moderate charges at the public-houses.

But the work of the bolag has another side of no less importance than the one already considered. Being allowed to issue regulations independent of the common legislation, the companies are in a position, within the limits laid down by the law, to regulate the liquor trade within the communes in the interest of morality, so as to render more severe or increase the restrictions of the law, according as the conditions of any particular place may require. By this means the communes have been enabled, in an indirect way, to grapple with the increasing consumption of spirits more effectively than ever before, and to mitigate the evil effects of drink.

In this respect, the endeavors of the bolag have mainly had for their object:

1. To make drink dearer.
2. To lower the percentage of alcohol.
3. To limit the quantity of spirits procurable by any one visitor at any one time.
4. To provide premises chiefly intended for eating-houses.
5. To raise the limit of age for young persons to whom spirits may not be supplied.
6. To shorten the time for keeping open the shops where spirits are sold for off-consumption.

7. To restrict the public-house traffic to certain hours in the day, and to turn the public-houses into eating-houses.

8. To supply good and cheap food to the working-classes.

In spite of the opposition it has encountered from various quarters, the System has fought its way triumphantly, and it is now adopted, although partly modified, in most towns in Sweden, and also in Norway and Finland.

Nor can any one who has really acquainted himself with the System and its objects, and who will judge these impartially, fail to recognize its superiority over every other method that has hitherto been tried for regulating the sale of intoxicants. And the harsh and unjust criticism of the System which may still be heard occasionally, not only from its opponents in principle, but from its sincere friends, is no doubt due in most cases to prejudice and to the inability to distinguish between the System and its objects, on the one hand, and the manner in which it has sometimes been applied, on the other. It should also be borne in mind that what is really a defect in the legislation now in force is not unfrequently put down to the System. As such must be designated the fact that the sale of intoxicating malt-liquors is practically free in this country; and so long as this defect in the legislation remains, no satisfactory result from the temperance work will ever be obtained.

At the present stage of legislation in this country, and under the existing social conditions, the System does its work creditably, even though, like everything human, it has its defects. No doubt, when it has fulfilled its mission, it will be replaced by other and more perfect organizations; but this should not prevent the philanthropist from gratefully acknowledging the great share it has had in the temperance movement of our times.

In 1868 there was a public-house (krog) for every 2,293 persons of the population.

In 1899 there was a public-house (krog) for every 8,158 persons.

In 1875 there was one shop for retailing brännvin for off-consumption for every 8,569 persons of the population.

Looking at the net profits, it will be seen that they have amounted, during this twenty-three years, to 16,282,360 kroner 90 öre (\$4,363,672.48), these figures representing the sum which instead of going into the pockets of the publican, has been used for the public benefit. Such portions of the above as have gone to the town have been appropriated to various institutions for the benefit of the liquor-consuming classes, such as the Slotsskogen Park, the Museum, the fund for providing free legal advice to the working-classes, the Board School-children's holiday-fund, reading-rooms for workmen, etc., the greatest part, however having been paid into the town treasury to be used for improving the police, the system for relieving the poor, and the hospital service.

In applying the Gothenburg System in Norway, it has been thought more advantageous to distribute these profits differently; however, at the Alcohol Congress held at Christiania in 1891, Mr. Berner stated that the difference was only a formal one, and that the proceeding was practically the same in both countries. It is significant of the decrease in the consumption of brännvin during the period in question that, while in 1876 the gross profits of the bolag were 13.84 kroner per head of the population, they had gone down to 9.65 kroner in 1898.

THE NUMBER, SITUATION AND CHARACTER OF THE PUBLIC-HOUSES.

The number of places where brännvin is sold for consumption on the premises has gone down from 27 in 1868 to 15 in 1900, although the population of Gothenburg has increased during the same period from 50,000 to 120,000 persons in round numbers.

The existing law provides that every

place where liquor is sold shall be situated openly in public streets, roads or squares, and, moreover, that premises used for public-house traffic, are kept in proper condition.

During the last few years, the aim of the bolag has been to lessen the number of small public-houses in favor of fewer and larger ones, situated in suitable districts of the town, by which means important advantages are gained chiefly with respect to an easier control of the visitors and the provision of large and up-to-date restaurants for the working-classes.

As regards the situation of these houses, the bolag, while avoiding those districts which are chiefly inhabited by working-people, is anxious to choose places that shall not lie near the great working-centers or in streets leading into them, or in market-places and public squares, such a situation, as it were, inviting the workman who passes by to a visit.

On the other hand, the premises must not be placed at too great a distance from the said centers, as experience shows that, if access to the public-house is rendered too difficult for the working-man, this will increase home drinking and induce him to purchase a larger supply of spirits than he would otherwise do, to be consumed out-of-doors in slums and back lanes, evils which no control whatever, be it ever so strict, can prevent, and which are far more pernicious in their consequences than drinking at the carefully-controlled public-house.

The public-houses, as a rule, consist of two departments: the "pub." department proper (*krogafdelningen*) and the so-called "better" department (*bättre afdelningen*), the latter being intended for those workmen who wish to partake of their refreshments more in private. In the matter of fittings, decoration, and furniture, the bolag has been particularly anxious to make its premises airy and comfortable, at the same time avoiding unnecessary luxury, as experience shows that the behavior of the visitors is greatly influenced by their surroundings.

HOURS OF SALE.

The existing law enacts that retailing shall take place on week-days only, from 8 A. M. to 7 P. M.

As regards the public-house traffic, the law enacts that it shall not begin earlier than 9 A. M. on week-days and generally cease at 10 P. M., and, further, that as a rule, no spirits shall be supplied on Sundays and Holy Days except to persons taking their meals at the public-houses.

By restricting these hours of sale from time to time, however, the bolag has endeavored to give a check to public-house drinking. Thus, it has enacted:

That all sale of *brännvin*, except as an appetizer with meals, shall cease at the bolag public-house for workmen at 6 P. M. on week-days during October to March, and at 7 P. M. during April to September, except on the eve of Sundays and Holy Days, when it shall cease at 6 P. M. throughout the year.

That the said public-houses shall be closed at 8 P. M. during October to March and at 9 P. M. during the other months.

That the said public-houses shall be closed on Sundays and Holy Days, except between 1 and 3 P. M., when *brännvin* may be supplied only as an appetizer with meals.

That on week-days between 12 and 2 the public-houses be turned into eating-houses, where *brännvin* may not be served otherwise than an appetizer with meals, if ordered.

The law prohibits such sale to persons under fifteen years, while the bolag has advanced the limit to eighteen years, thus excluding young persons from the public-houses three years longer than the law does.

Again, in the contracts made with the managers of the public-houses, the bolag has among others inserted a clause that expressly forbids these persons and their assistants from serving more than two drams to any one person each time he visits the public-house, and enjoins upon them to refuse more drink to persons who

ask for several drams successively to be consumed on the premises, or who repeat their visits with short intervals for the purpose of mere dram-drinking. The contracts also enjoin upon the managers and those in their employ carefully to see that no spirits are supplied to inebriated persons and persons of tender years. All these regulations are enforced so severely that offences against them generally result in a dismissal from the company's service.

PROVIDING PUBLIC-HOUSES MAINLY INTENDED FOR EATING PURPOSES.

The Swedish law provides that cooked food shall always be procurable at places where spirits are sold for consumption on the premises, which provision rests upon a philanthropic principle, science having proved that the alcoholic poison is less injurious to the human organism if taken with food.

In order that the public-houses may be converted more and more into restaurants for the working-classes, the bolag, as already stated, has decided that during the dinner-hour, between 12 and 2 P. M., all sale of brännvin shall cease at these places, except when taken as an appetizer with meals. Moreover, the bolag has opened eating-houses in different parts of the town, where cooked food is served throughout the day, and where brännvin is supplied, if ordered and at an extra charge, to persons taking their meals there, only one dram being allowed to each visitor. There are at present four houses of this class in Gothenburg.

When these houses were first opened, every visitor, as a rule, took his dram; now more than half the number of visitors take their meals without ordering brännvin.

The eating-houses are open on weekdays from 7.30 A. M. to 9 P. M. and on Sundays and Holy Days between 1 and 3 P. M. and 6.30 and 9 P. M.

At these places several kinds of wholesome and well-cooked food is served at cheap rates, meat, fish, and soups, to be

chosen from bills of fare posted up on the premises. In 1898, 370,424 portions of food were served at the eating-houses.

READING-ROOMS FOR WORKMEN.

Since 1883, the bolag has opened reading-rooms in different parts of the town which offer a refuge to the working-man or to any one who, wishing to avoid the public-house, but being in want of a home, does not know where to spend his leisure hours in the evening. At these places, coffee, tea, milk, chocolate, non-alcoholic drinks, sandwiches and other light refreshments are supplied, but neither beer nor spirits of any kind. They are also provided with a goodly selection of books and newspapers as well as materials for letter-writing. Young workmen, especially those excluded from the public-houses by the rules of the bolag, have found these reading-rooms to be an excellent substitute. As a matter of fact, the number of visitors to these rooms has been steadily increasing.

In May-December, 1883, it was 145,425; in the following year 198,780, and in 1897-98 no less than 314,309 in the city of Gothenburg.

At the same time the number of the reading-rooms has been increased from three to seven in that city.

Deducting the first four years, when the bolag had not yet the control of the entire sale, it will be seen that, with respect to the sale for consumption on the premises, *i. e.*, the sale of single drams, the quantity sold is less in 1898 than in 1870.

It remains then, an incontestable fact, that during the last quarter of a century the sale of spirits has gone down 50 per cent., it being now not above half of what it was twenty-five years ago; and, further, that the ordinary consumption per individual is about 10 liters a year, or rather less than one liter a month.

THE SYSTEM IN NORWAY.

It was in 1871 that the so-called Gothenburg System was introduced in Norway. More than thirty years have

passed since then; thus the time has come when the effects of the System may be defined with some exactness. The main feature of the Gothenburg System is, that each municipality is the owner of all rights to sell spirituous liquors within its jurisdiction. An exception is the few life-privileges held by private individuals, under special decisions of former days.

The spirit generally consumed usually contains from about 40 to 45 per cent. alcohol. Beer is calculated to contain $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., wine is reckoned to contain on an average of 10 per cent.

The average annual consumption of alcohol per inhabitant, at 100 per cent. alcohol (in spirits, beer and wine), is calculated at about 2.2 liters for recent years.

Norway, however, has not always taken up such a favorable position. During the years 1830-40, we find her ravaged by the "spirits plague," with its sad results, moral, economic and sanitary. It was then calculated that the consumption of spirits was more than 8 liters (at 100 per cent. alcohol) per head. By a law of 1816, any one was allowed to distill spirits from their own produce. This naturally resulted in an alarming increase in spirit-drinking. In the 'forties, legislation took energetic measures against this, supported by a no less energetic voluntary abstinence movement. The manufacture of spirits was only permitted when it was done by wholesale. At the present time there are only twenty-two distilleries, which together produce on an average of about 3,000,000 liters (at 100 per cent. alcohol), some of which is exported, while, however, about 1,000,000 liters (finer sorts) are generally imported from abroad. The wholesale and retail sale of spirits was also greatly restricted during the 'forties. The sale of spirits was made an exceptional means of subsistence. No one was allowed to retail spirits without a license from the local board and without giving up all other trade. The local board could actually forbid the retail sale of spirits within their

municipality by refusing licenses (local option). The sale of spirits was forbidden on Sundays and Holy Days, and on the afternoons preceding these. The sale of spirits to children and intoxicated persons was prohibited, and also at certain large, popular gatherings, etc. Severe penalties were inflicted for the unlawful sale of spirits. A heavy tax was laid both on the home production of spirits (with a corresponding duty on imported spirits) and on retail sale.

The consequences of this wise legislation were soon apparent. The number of bars decreased rapidly from 1,101 in 1847 to 640 in 1857, and a breaking-off of drinking habits and a consequent decrease in the consumption of spirits were perceptible, as well as an increased well-being and improved health. In Norway, the rural districts in particular were almost cleared of spirit-selling, which was concentrated in the towns. By a law of 1871, the local boards in the towns were allowed to make over their retail rights to philanthropic companies (*samlag*), which, instead of seeking to make the largest possible circle of customers, made it their aim to supervise and restrict the drinking of spirits, and whose net profits from the business should be devoted to "objects of public utility." In other words, it was the introduction of the system known as the "Gothenburg System," which is also in force in Finland.

The Norwegian system, however, differs in several points from the Swedish and Finnish, especially in the fact that the profits do not, as in the neighboring kingdom, go to the municipal funds. Norway thus does not tempt the municipalities to improve the state of their finances by a good trade in spirits. Finally, the spirit-trade, by a new law of July 27, 1894, was practically monopolized by these companies. All men and women over twenty-five years of age were allowed to decide by "ayes" and "noes," whether there should be any sale of spirits in their town for the next five years (vote of the people, or *referendum*).

In consequence of this, the sale of spirits has been prohibited of late years in a number of towns. Since 1871, the bars in Norwegian towns have been reduced in number from 501 to about 130, or about one to every 4,000 inhabitants. For the whole country there is now only one place for the sale of spirits to every 16,000 inhabitants. Since 1871-75, the consumption of spirits has decreased still further from 2.8 liters (at 100 per cent. alcohol) per head to 1.2 liters in 1896-98. At the same time, sums amounting to more than 20,000,000 kroner (\$5,360,000) have been distributed by the samlag to objects of public utility.

Legislation has also to some extent attempted to transfer the beer and wine trades into the hands of the samlag. The consumption of beer in 1896 was reckoned at 16.2 liters per head, and of wine about 2.5 liters per head. It follows in the nature of things, that the many millions of kroner saved annually in households by the reduced consumption of intoxicating liquors, have contributed greatly to raise the economic well-being of the people. Crime has also decreased. The number of deaths whose cause was assigned to drink during the years 1856-60 was 33 per 10,000, but since then it has decreased steadily, and for the years 1891-94 was only 10.5 per 10,000. The number of insane also, and suicides, as a result of drink, has been continually decreasing with the increasing sobriety.

This wise legislation and heavy taxation, whose purpose has rather been to raise the price of intoxicating liquors and thus restrict their use than to serve fiscal purposes, have been strongly supported by a voluntary abstinence movement, which has been especially active among the lower-classes. It has been said with reason that the Norwegian people have educated themselves to abstinence. The "Norwegian Total Abstinence Society" (*Det norske Total-Afholdsselskab*), founded in 1859, now numbers 1,020 associations with 129,259 members. Norway's Grand Lodge of the I. O. G. T. has 352

lodges, with 17,735 members, besides about 8,000 children. The Norwegian Good Templars Grand Lodge has about 4,200 members, the Norwegian Women's Total-Abstinence Society (*Norske Kvinders Total-Afholdsselskab*) 2,163 members, and the Blue Ribbon about 2,500.

The annual report for 1903 of the Christiania Samlag contains information which fairly well illustrates both the working of the company and the system.

The Christiania Samlag has been in existence for the last eighteen years.

The sales during that year amounted to 1,577,257 kroner (\$316,828), of which 1,182,194 kroner came from sales by the glass; the balance from sales by the bottle. Beer, wines and soda-water included in the above amounted to about 170,000 kroner. The total profit made was 215,218 kroner (\$58,150).

Taken by measure the amount of spirituous liquors sold was 396,000 liters, 389,250 quart bottles of beer and 300 bottles of wine.

The company are allowed to sell liquors in thirty different places in the city. Fourteen of these are in the company's own stores; while sixteen have been installed in hotels and restaurants. Besides from nine of the company's own stores, liquors have been sold by the bottle in thirty-two private stores, of which only two have a life-privilege, while the others have permits from the municipality. Each of these merchants selling liquors by the bottle has to pay an annual tax of \$2,680 to the samlag.

Beside the samlag, 317 persons have had rights to sell wines and beer, nine by life-privilege, the others under an annual license from the municipality.

From the company's retail stores 27,069 persons have been refused service, because of intoxication or because they were too young. The number of the latter was 872.

The sales of liquors in 1903 has decreased from what they were in 1902 by 26,955 liters, and the sales of beer by 46,745 quart bottles.

The sum available to distribute for philanthropic purposes of the year's profit was 158,652 kroner (\$42,518).

The principal donations were:

		About.
To the Poor of the City.....	23,000 kroner	\$6,210
" Children's Hospitals....	20,000 "	5,400
" Art-Industrial Museum	12,000 "	3,240
" Society for Prevention of Beggary.....	9,000 "	2,430
" House Mission.....	9,200 "	2,484
" Hospitals.....	9,500 "	2,585
" Vacation Trips for Poor School-children....	6,000 "	1,620
" National Theater.....	8,000 "	2,160
" Home for Men Out of Work.....	5,000 "	1,350
" Workingmen's Academy	6,000 "	1,620
" Christiania Sailors' Home.....	5,000 "	1,350

To the Training School for Boys.....	4,500 kroner	About. \$1,215
" Different Temperance Societies.....	4,500 "	1,215
" Salvation Army.....	3,000 "	710
" Training Ship for Boys	2,000 "	540

The balance was all used for some kindred purposes, 1,800 kroner being contributed for music in public places.

During the years 1886-1903, the Christiania Samlag has contributed the sum of 4,662,445 kroner, or \$1,249,535, to institutions and for purposes as those above mentioned.

M. ALGER.

Christiania, Norway.

THE IMPURITY OF DIVORCE SUPPRESSION.

BY THEODORE SCHROEDER.*

AT THE present time many persons of pretentious respectability are agitating the public by their denunciation of divorce and divorcees. Many of these mistake vehemence of declaration for weight of logic, and rely more upon the vituperative denunciation of easy divorce as impure, than a rational discussion of the social utility of divorce suppression. Being possessed of but little worldly wisdom, these persons are mainly impelled to action by religious fanaticism.

*[Theodore Schroeder was born in Horicon, Wisconsin, and educated in the University of Wisconsin, graduating from the Department of Civil Engineering in 1885 and from the Law Department in 1889. After leaving the university Mr. Schroeder settled in Salt Lake City, where he practiced law for twelve years. During the last years of his residence in Utah he became rather famous for his strong opposition to Mormonism. In addition to publishing a number of able arguments in magazines, newspapers and pamphlets, the prominent part which he took in the prosecution of the case against Brigham H. Roberts, the polygamist Congressman from Utah, which led to Mr. Roberts' exclusion from Congress, gave Mr. Schroeder a national reputation. Later he removed to New York City, where he is at present engaged in the practice of law. In combatting Mormonism Mr. Schroeder differed in his line of assault from the professional reformers, insisting

This appears from the fact that they support their position only by religious dogmas, never by arguments based upon practical observations of human life. Since persistence and vehemence in the denunciation of easy divorce is likely to increase the number of moral perverts, it becomes necessary to refresh our memory as to the genesis and consequences of the marriage ideals of these people with whom "purity" is a profession.

Modern opposition to second mar-

riage with great emphasis that polygamy was a special manifestation of the over-sexed condition which he held was a phase of emotionalism that usually accompanies intense religious enthusiasm. Mr. Schroeder has made a careful and exhaustive study of sex psychology, and his paper may be considered the work of one who is an expert on this subject. We append a list of the standard authorities which have been consulted in the preparation of this contribution.—B. O. FLOWER.]

History of Montanism. By Lee (of Oxford).

Women, Church and State. By Mrs. Gage.

Sex Worship. By Howard (and others).

History of European Morals. By Lecky.

Studies in the Psychology of Sex. By Havelock Ellis.

Psychopathia Sexualis. By Krafft-Ebing.

Fathers of the Desert.

History of Circumcision.

riages, if not the lineal descendant, is at least a collateral heir to the ideals of the insane desert hermits. The divinely imposed asceticism is the counterpart of the religious sensualism of the harem. Both are founded upon sexual hyperæsthetics.

Asceticism, though not a disease of Christian begetting, is one that found new support and associations in Christian environment. Historically, Christian asceticism had its beginning with Montanus, a prophet of the first or second century. His sect lasted about four hundred years, and its religious enthusiasm furnished the salacious foundation for both priestly celibacy and Mohammedan polygamy. As with other prophets, Montanus attracted those who left their husbands to become fellow prophetesses. He had the misfortune to be caught *in flagrante delicto* with one of the married sisters of his flock, and in consequence thereof some irate husbands relieved him of the sign of his virility. Montanus and his female co-laborers, in making a virtue of their misfortune, discovered the delights of spiritual affinities, and the saving grace of virginity. The added emotions engendered by their sex-suppression created a reservoir of religious enthusiasm seldom equaled in modern times. The unavoidable "virtue" of the emasculated prophet was eagerly adopted as an ideal by his faithful devotees, who perhaps considered this the most forcible rebuke of those who had sought to injure their God-like leader. In the course of time, as is usually the case in such circumstances, all the intensity of their religious frenzy, evolved mainly from their sexual abnormality, became an inseparable associate of the ascetic ideal, and thus created the epidemic erotophobia of the succeeding centuries.

As often has occurred, the delirium of man was accepted by the mob as the sign of the presence of God. Maniacal vehemence so impressed the multitude that many of the insane were sainted and their anti-natural ideals are even to this day given a verbal endorsement as examples

of purity by persons who are too healthy-minded to adopt them as rules of life. The ascetic nuns and monks esteemed the development of their sexual hyperæstheticism as an evidence of an increasing virtue. Their growing torment of passion and the consequent multiplication of their erotic hallucinations, were interpreted as Satan's increasing efforts at their seduction, made necessary in proportion to their augmenting power of virtuous resistance.

Those, who, through more healthy-mindedness and more natural living, were exempt from these aberrations, were denounced as already belonging to Satan and, therefore, left by him untempted. So it is even now. Not to suffer from the unhealthy sex-sensitiveness of social purists, is to admit one's self to be already impure. While the more healthy-minded ones regretted their comparative sanity, the desert became well sprinkled with zealous maniacs seeking spiritual exaltation through sex-suppression and bodily macerations.

Under the influence of this disease all domestic virtues were denounced and denied. Husbands abandoned their wives, denounced their mothers, and were even willing to kill their own offspring lest the distracting influence of family ties might interfere with their souls' salvation. Loving wives and mothers, who made long pilgrimages to the desert in quest of the male fanatics who were related to them by the dearest ties, found their efforts to be vain.

Thus, St. Theodorus receives his abbot's permission to deny an interview to his mother and his sister. The mother of St. Marcus persuaded the abbot to command her son to go out to her. He went with his face disguised and his eyes shut. The mother did not recognize her son, nor the son see his mother. Under like circumstances, St. Prior interviewed his sister with closed eyes, for fear the sight of a woman might contaminate him. The deserted mother of St. Poemen and his six brothers found her way to their

retreat in the Egyptian desert. As she caught sight of them they ran to their cell and shut the door in her face. In vain did she exclaim: "I long to see you, my sons. What harm could it do you that I should see you? Am I not your mother? Did I not give you suck? I am an old and wrinkled woman, and my heart is troubled at the sound of your voices." The saintly brothers, however, refused to open the door, assuring their good mother outside that she would see them after death.

The mother of St. Simon Stylites, after twenty-seven years of separation, discovered the whereabouts of her "pure" and holy son, only to be denied admittance into his presence. Her entreaties and tears were mingled with bitter and eloquent reproach. "My son," she is reported to have said, "why have you done this? I bore you in my womb, and you have wrung my soul with grief. I gave you milk from my breast, you have filled my eyes with tears. For the kisses I gave you, you have given me the anguish of a broken heart; for all that I have done and suffered for you, you have repaid me by the most cruel wrongs." It was all in vain. The saintly son could not pollute his soul by allowing his eyes to rest on his loving mother, because she was a woman. After three days and nights of weeping and vain entreaties before the inhospitable door of the saint's cell, she from grief, age and privation, sank feebly to the ground and breathed her last. The saintly matricide now emerged from his cell, commended his dead mother's soul to heaven, and returned to his devotions. In the erotophobia of such unspeakable brutes was born and reared to respectability the social purist's conceptions of virtue.

To the insane monk and the modern ultra-social purist, all sex relation, *per se*, is immoral. Originally a first marriage was proclaimed an unavoidable evil, indulged in only by spiritual weaklings and those with lost souls, and a second one was but licensed adultery. Remar-

riage was more damning than a first, only because it was a second offence. Coitus was, *per se*, immoral, and could be relieved of its attendant curse, even within marriage, only when accompanied by a *bona fide* intention to procreate. Thus marriage was tolerated because it was "the thorny bush from which has come the rose, virginity."

This "asceticism with limited liability" is still popular among certain narrow purists. Its influence upon our President, who is always verbally strenuous, induced him to say that the "wilfully barren woman has no place in a sane, healthy and vigorous community." Obsessed by the necessity of finding an excuse for any sensual indulgence, he forgets that the deliberately barren woman may be doing far more toward the elevation of humanity, than is her sister, whose chief virtue lies in having added three or four to the population.

Even a first marriage, as a concession to evil, needed the authority of God's viceroy as a condition precedent to its toleration. This notion of marriage as a religious sacrament, had its origin in the Bacchanalian debauches of our Phallic-worshipping ancestors. Notwithstanding this, social purists call those impure who will not join them in this worship of Priapus.

Among many Christians, it was insisted that the ancient custom of priestly prelibation was an essential to the proper sanctification of marriage. This right became extinguished by two methods. On the one hand, with the ascendancy of the feudal lord it was transferred to him, and received legal protection in England as "gavelkind," by which the lord of the manor had the right of the first night with the bride of his bondsman. On the other hand, the priests, for a consideration in cash, waived their superior right to the bride. This was the immediate ancestor of our present custom of paying coin to have our marriages parsonized. The beginning no doubt is to be sought for in the sacred prostitution of the ancients or in their sensual mysteries.

These ancient barbarities and their modern "pure" descendants have strange counterparts which would be intensely ludicrous were they not so pathetic. It occurred that women in the interests of "purity" refused to kiss their own sons, or to touch any man. Some of the saints were so "pure" that they never viewed their own naked bodies. One was protected from such a direful possibility by being miraculously carried over a stream across which he was about to swim. Of course, such saints never bathed, nor put on renovated clothes, and announced that dirty bodies were essential to clean souls. The holy evangelist, St. John, Origen and his monks, and the thousands of other purists even now in Christian Russia, find "pure" relief from their excessive sex-torments only by self-emas-culation, by becoming "eunuchs for the Kingdom of Heaven's sake."

So sensitive to everything feminine were the monks of Athos that they accused the monks of a neighboring convent with falling away from grace, because they allowed hens to be kept within the convent enclosure. By the same extreme of sexual delicacy, a Roman senator was denounced for inadvertently kissing his wife in the presence of his daughter. Because of the great corruptive tendency of such open osculation to the rising generation, his name was stricken from the list of Patricians.

This pathological delicacy of sex has its counterpart in that Puritan Blue-Law, which made it a crime for a man to kiss his wife on Sunday, and in the present occasional purist outbreak against kissing in public places, such as parks and railroad stations.

Those polygamists, free-lovers, ascetics and by choice ultra-purists, who, by reason of conditions developing within the ego, are impelled to coerce others to adopt and, as a matter of duty, live their extreme ideals, are quite uniformly the victims of sexual hyperæsthesia. It is this which destroys their perspective, and induces sex-overvaluation. The anom-

aly of the situation lies in the persistence with which the purist protests against the charges of sex-madness in himself. He does not know that erotophobia is as much a disease as erotomania.

He pretends that the marriage relation finds its warrant in things higher and holier than sex-functioning. Notwithstanding this, he insists that married persons, without endangering the marriage status, may violate all these undefined higher and holier relations, but a disregard of the monopoly of sex, the so-called lowest thing in marriage, is alone adequate to dissolve it, and invoke the imposition of additional penalties besides.

In the mind of practically all purists, adultery should be the only ground for absolute divorce. Notwithstanding their protestations to the contrary, this is the conclusive, though unconsciously given, testimony, that to the sex-mad purist, sex-life and sex-monopoly are the only things in marriage, the infringement of which, for that reason, is the sole destruction of marriage. In the light of this most practical test of their conception of sex-importance as the only thing creative or destructive of marriage, all their talk about the higher and holier than physical things associated with it, vanishes into thin air, as the hollow mockery of meaningless word-mumbling.

If marriage may legitimately include business partnership, intellectual companionship, or general good-fellowship and mutual helpfulness, why should not a failure to realize these be just as important in insuring divorce as sex-disappointment, especially when the rights of children can be properly protected, or when the union is childless? Why should the woman who finds herself married to an habitual drunkard, or abusive brute, have inflicted upon her as a life-sentence, a choice between submitting to his foul embraces, or living in enforced loneliness? Only the blissful irresponsibility of ignorance, or the cruel paternalism of fanatics could inflict such penalties. Of such

records has the history of fanaticism ever been made.

If anything in the natural sex-relation is impure, surely a compulsory continuance of a loveless marriage must be the extreme of that impurity. This, when submitted to for mere support, is the very essence of prostitution, even though done with priestly sanction.

To deny persons the right of re-marriage is but an indirect attempt at legalizing compulsory sex-suppression. The consequences, only thoughtless people will fail to foresee. It means increased sex-irregularity, usually with the countenancing of concubinage, and especially on the part of women sex-inversion and other perversions still too numerous. These are the impurities which social purists will promote by divorce suppression. What our equally impractical and only a trifle more barbarous ancestors failed to accomplish, by suture, by infibulation, and by their girdles and padlocks of chastity, the visionary purists of to-day hope to enforce by mere verbal denunciation or avoidable statutes.

The attempted living of anti-natural ideals, if long persevered in, will almost certainly result either in a breaking down of all social barriers, in a worse substitute, or in disease, which is the usual vengeance of outraged nature. Those who do not know this, should ask their physician to loan them a few books on the psychology of sex, foolishly excluded from public libraries. It is here, as with all other superstitions, those least in-

formed are usually the least modest about obtruding their ignorance into the lives of others.

The epithetic argument against easy divorce recommends itself to the mental indolence of professional reformers, and is more effective upon the hystericals than any scientific disquisition based only upon social utility. However, when the time comes that there is any real danger of our reverting to the ideals of the insane of the dark ages, the newly-born science of sex-psychology will bear some testimony upon the impurity of "purism," which will not be to the taste of either the professional or hystericals; but it will out. In the meantime, let us remember that people are not always as good as their boastings, and that the only excuse for any law is that it increases human happiness without unnecessarily curtailing human liberty, or infringing upon our equality of liberty.

That marriage-law is best which allows the greatest liberty consistent with equal liberty, and which affords just protection to each individual *directly* concerned and the state against pauper and degenerate offspring. Society in its collective capacity, cannot be harmed, and if all individuals are protected from harm, from injustice, the social order is perfectly preserved. So then, let us unite to defend the liberty of all to live natural and happy lives through easy divorce and the right of re-marriage.

THEODORE SCHROEDER.

New York City.

THE ARMOUR REFRIGERATOR-CAR CONSPIRACY EXPOSED; OR, A CRISIS IN INTERSTATE COMMERCE REGULATION.

BY W. G. JOERNS.

THE AMERICAN nation chanches much. It is long suffering. Its nature is essentially empirical. It invites great crises. It is often confronted by extremes. It has, withal, been singularly fortunate in what it accomplishes and in what, in the finality, it manages to avoid. In every past great public peril it has at last gathered itself together and found a more or less satisfactory solution. It now looks forward with a hope that every good citizen sincerely prays may prove well-founded.

The present greatest menace to the permanency of our beneficent institutions is an economic one. It is found in the concentration of wealth and the methods by which this wealth is accumulated, grouped and controlled, and in the manner of its use. There is too much of "system" and modernized brigandage in the accumulation, too much of ruthless oppression and disregard of right in the use, and too little of the golden-rule in either.

The predatory spirit is not of recent development. The present generation did not witness the absolute beginning, but it has at times been a painfully interested witness of its growth. It has, however, now developed into a science, and its master-minds are found among the wealthiest and most influential in the land.

Among the more pronounced evils that have threatened public and private welfare, the one of railroad discrimination has been rightfully regarded as among the most pernicious and far-reaching. It was on a more favorable transportation rate than was accorded his rivals, the all-powerful rebate, that John D. Rockefeller founded and developed to perfection the monopoly of "Standard Oil."

To counteract the fatal tendency, which also bore hard on other lines of honest endeavor than the independent oil business, a great agitation resulted and culminated in the enactment by Congress of the Act of February 4, 1887, entitled an "Act to Regulate Commerce" and commonly known as the "Interstate Commerce Law."

This law was a wholesome step in the right direction. For ten years, and until unexpectedly shorn by United States Supreme Court decision of its most vital feature, it accomplished some substantial good. It has, nevertheless, in many important respects, been found woefully deficient. Honest intelligence and the official body constituted under the law have, almost since its inception, been clamoring at the doors of an unwilling Congress for vital amendments to the law, so that its purpose might be better effectuated and to that end the powers of the Commission increased. Since the unfortunate judicial interpretation in 1897 this demand has become imperative.

To the present national executive may properly be given the credit of not only re-vitalizing the Interstate Commerce Commission, which was fast sinking into a moribund condition, but of coercing Congress to additional pertinent legislation. This remained far from being all that was urgently required but is important, as far as it goes, and was evidently all that political exigency could wring from the law-making body.

The secret rebate, however, still flourishes and honest industry continues to pay the penalty even to its own annihilation. The always wrong and immoral and now unlawful act is not as promiscuous, it is true, and is more carefully concealed than in the halcyon days of

Standard Oil, but its devastating and nefarious work goes on.

So vast have the accumulations of capital become, so deviously interlocked, so great the incentives to mutuality in plunder, so varied the intricacies of the law's evasion, that supervision and control are becoming matters of seriously increasing difficulty. In other lands either the comparative insignificance of transportation interests or government-ownership and control have simplified the problem. With us it remains one of vital and fearful moment.

It is well understood that ownership of transportation facilities and excessive transportation charges, which of necessity bear hard only on the independent shipper, are in the main responsible for the monopoly, whole or proximate, in the coal and iron industries. Ownership of private-car lines, coupled with the almost contemptible subserviency, if not criminal connivance of transportation companies, is a newly disclosed and startling factor in the breeding of monopoly and special privilege.

Private-car lines have reinforced "Standard Oil" and created the packing-house monopoly, and, waxing greater with what it feeds on, this creation and strong right arm of latter-day business subtlety now threatens to engulf the fruit industry, the butter and egg business, the dairy interest, the poultry business, the fresh vegetable business, the brewing industry, in short every phase of industrial or commercial life that depends for transportation facilities upon the private-car lines of the country.

In each and every one a monopoly is threatened as exclusive and as oppressive as ever meat or coal monopoly was or could be. It has been estimated by competent authority that, unless the iniquity is checked, in five short years the people of this land will pay humble tribute for the most vital necessities of life to a small coterie of over-rich exploiters with the Armour and other private-car line interests in the forefront.

There are some 300 private-car lines in the country owning and operating about 130,000 private cars. Some are mere adjuncts to railroad interests for the understood purpose of unlawful discrimination. By far the larger number are small and insignificant and are rapidly becoming more so. They are being overshadowed, absorbed and replaced by a few great rivals. The refrigerator-car service, the oil-tank service, the live-stock car lines may be mentioned among the more prominent factors of unlawful and annihilating exploitation and favoritism.

The secret rebate is supposed theoretically to be dead for it is forbidden by the Interstate Commerce Law. Practically it flourishes in more deadly form than ever. Even the forms of the law are only partially complied with, the substance is constantly violated with shameful impunity. Discrimination to favored shippers and localities is practically of every day occurrence and the vitals of honest endeavor are being eaten away that monopoly may thrive and fatten.

Of what avail to publish rates and even to adhere to them as between competitors A, B and C, if A is the owner of a private-car line and B and C must lease his cars at an exorbitant rental, enough to absorb their legitimate profit, and thus recoup A as against his rivals B and C and give him a commanding and fatal advantage over them?

The Armour car-lines own or control about 12,000 private cars. Except on live-stock cars, where the rate is six mills or three-fifths of a cent, they receive from the railroads, over which their cars run, a mileage rate of three-quarter cents per mile each way for every car thus operated, be the same loaded or empty. They are also paid by the railroads in some cases and on some products a percentage on the regular freight rate which has been admitted to have reached as high as 12½ per cent.* The refrigerator rate is

*See testimony of Manager Robbins of the Armour line before the Interstate Commerce Commission.

assessed to the shipper as an additional charge and flows wholly into the pocket of the private-car company. As if this were not exploitation and discrimination enough, the Armours require from the railroad companies the return of their "empties" at express speed and demand various other concessions and privileges that place them at overpowering advantage over possible competitors. It is contrary to popular impression, it is true, to find great transportation companies on bended knee; but so controlling has the power of this monopoly become that, according to the recent testimony of Mr. J. W. Midgley, erstwhile commissioner of the Western Freight Association and a reputed authority, *no railroad dare refuse them*, but all yield abject compliance to every demand and wish.

Ordinarily all shipments are inspected as the cars are loaded. The railroads have established a special department for such purpose. If wholesale grocer A or commission merchant B orders a car for loading, an inspector follows it and it is loaded under his supervision. If he happens to be late in arriving and the car has meanwhile been loaded, whole or in part, to what extent he commits *hari kari* in "pawing" over the shipment is largely a matter of tact and good-will on his part. A more vital question, however, is, is this an impartial inspection and does it apply to all shippers alike? The answer unfortunately is: No! Discrimination also obtains here as in so many other respects. When the Armours for example, load their cars, the inspection is omitted. Chairman Becker of the Western Inspection Bureau has formally admitted that the railroads do not inspect Armour shipments but "take their books" as a guide. In other words, the Armour interests do in this, as in almost all other respects, as they please. They are subject to no inspection or control whatever.

In 1896, according to Mr. Midgley, the railroads essayed to reduce the mileage rebate on Standard Oil cars to five mills. A clash ensued. The Standard interest

rebelled and threatened to use its tonnage as a club. The railroads beat an ignominious retreat. As a sop to the railroad interests they were informed by the Standard Oil people that they might make any freight rate they saw fit on oil and its products. Divine authority! The railroads took advantage of the generous concession and raised the oil rate five cents per hundred. Any child out of the kindergarten can figure out who finally paid the bill. The mileage rate, however, remained three-quarters cents per mile, going and coming, as before.

What possible chance, pray, has the independent shipper under conditions like these? Yet year by year the private-car line evil is reaching more threatening proportions. Railroad after railroad is entering the private-car line net. Once enmeshed, the vast and annihilating power of the private interest, by virtue of the enormous and growing tonnage which it controls, makes the transportation company the servile instrument of the private monopoly evermore.

So slavishly subservient on the one hand and so wrapped up in the mutuality of the game of grab, on the other, have the railroad interest become, that they even bind themselves by secret contract* to do espionage duty on behalf of the private monopoly,—in the words of one of the contracts, a copy of which lies before me, "to instruct its agents to obtain by wire from the officers of the (railroad) such information as may be requested by the car-line's representatives." Think of it! Great public-service corporations, to which the government, presumably for the public good, has surrendered a portion of its sovereign power, doing spy-duty for the benefit of the private interest! If A, as a shipper, sells a car of apples or B, as a merchant, buys a car of potatoes, of dairy products, or meat, or oil, or what not, anywhere on the line of any road that has business

* See evidence before Interstate Commerce Commission.

relations with the Armours, the information is flashed to the private-car headquarters and used, shamefully and criminally misused, by the private-car company and its related interests to extend their monopoly and undermine the honest and competitive trade of the country.

Going still farther, the private-car line conquers and chains to its chariot, one after another, the transportation interests of the country. They must use no other private-cars but those that the great private-car line interests by contract designate or otherwise graciously permit. If even as great a road as the Illinois Central, for example, in designated territory, happens to run out of Armour refrigerator-cars and uses one of its own in place, it must nevertheless pay the mileage charge to Armour and act as the collecting agent for Armour of the usual exorbitant Armour refrigerator charge of \$45.00 per car, even though \$15.00 had theretofore been the Central's regular charge for similar service. As such collecting agent it must also be ruthless. It must threaten the credit of and boycott the shipper if he objects to be thus "held up," and refuse to answer every reasonable pertinent inquiry that may be made of it.* In other words, when the Armours enter into a contract relation with any railroad, to the extent of the traffic that their service can command the arrangement is exclusive. No other stock or refrigerator-cars but Armour's, except by special dispensation, can be hauled on that line. If offered, they must be rejected. If hauled, Armour must be paid as if the car had been his own. If evasion is wilfully persisted in, the heavy hand of the heavy and all-powerful shipper and controller of traffic extends the necessary pressure in no uncertain way.

The "straw that broke the camel's back" may be found in the exactions of the refrigerator-car service. These impositions have ever been offensive and have occasioned more or less suppressed

murmur and discontent. Active opposition, however, meant threatened business ruin, and caution and every consideration of immediate personal and family welfare, the circumlocution and uncertain effect of Interstate Commerce Commission activity and the all-too-prevalent inertia bade the shipper and commission-merchant "bear the ills, etc." It remained for a mild-mannered but keen and energetic Duluth merchant of Scotch descent and tenacity to take the initiative in the great struggle against the Refrigerator-Car Monopoly and "break the ice."

Mr. Midgley is making great efforts to pose as the "Moses" in the present movement to escape from the "House of Bondage," albeit he claims the backing of fifty millions of dollars for the formation of a great private-car trust. But not to Midgley, but to this young David of Duluth, Mr. E. M. Ferguson, is due the credit of initiating the investigation which has disclosed such enormities of fraud, robbery and exaction that the business world is startled and even the calloused transportation interests stand aghast and promise to make amends.

The refrigerator-car service has been preëminently a fruitful source of discrimination and the creation of monopoly. The three principal refrigerator lines; the Armour Car-Lines, the American Refrigerator Transit Company (Gould), and the Santa Fe Refrigerator Despatch Company, no matter what their professions of competitive struggle, are like "peas in a pod" and practically control the fruit business of the country.

Through auxiliary "distributing" and "shipping" companies the "Big Three" effectually monopolize the California fruit-market. It has been estimated that 75 per cent. in value of the California citrus crop is absorbed in the exorbitant freight and refrigerator charges. On a car-load shipment of grapes from California to Duluth, the freight charge, at \$1.25 per hundred, was \$312.50, while the Armour refrigerator charge was

*See testimony before Interstate Commerce Commission.

\$107.50 in addition. The refrigerator charge to New York would have been \$135.00. If the shipment had originated in Oregon or Washington and had been routed over the Northern Pacific or Great Northern (which, as yet, own and run their own refrigerator cars) the refrigerator charge to Duluth would have been only \$25.00, or an amount theoretically assumed as sufficient to cover and practically known to be in excess of the actual expenditure for "icing" and attendant service. The freight rate itself was exorbitant. On a shipment of onions or similar product the schedule rate, between the same points, was seventy-five cents per hundred and on green vegetables the rate was ninety cents. As the "distributing" and "shipping" monopoly controlled the fruit output, it is fair to presume that the excess rate was referable to that fact and that in one way or another the all-powerful private-interest became a participant in the excess freight charge.

The South, also, is paying heavy tribute to refrigerator-car lines. The average charge for refrigeration on strawberry shipments to Duluth amounts to \$75.00 per car or fifteen cents per crate of twenty-four quarts. This is more than the usual wholesaler's profit. The charge on similar shipments to Cincinnati, as a further example, in Armour cars is approximately \$45.00. Over roads that have not as yet surrendered to Armour the icing charge remains at the comparatively nominal amount of from \$10.00 to \$15.00 per car.

The Armour line obtained control of the refrigerator fruit shipments over the Pere Marquette road, in Michigan, in 1902 and the Michigan Central dropped into line the following year. In 1902, before the Michigan Central began to play handmaid to the Armours, the charge on a carload of grapes from Michigan to Duluth was \$98.70. Of this amount \$91.20 was for freight at thirty-eight cents per hundred and \$7.50 for icing. In the following year, after the refrigerator business over the Michigan

Central had passed into the exclusive control of Armour, the charge on a precisely similar shipment and with exactly the same service, was \$160.20. The freight rate had meanwhile been increased ten cents per hundred and amounted to \$115.20 and the Armour charge for icing was \$45.00. While the freight rate was thus raised from thirty-eight cents to forty-eight cents per hundred on shipments to Duluth, the Boston rate remained at seventy-nine cents, the prevailing rate for ten years past. Does any sensible man doubt for a moment that the additional freight charge, for which no justification whatever was shown, also eventually gravitated to the Armour pocket and was part and parcel of a system of exploitation and discrimination which, to date, has apparently been practiced with impunity?

Another instance of patent and bare-faced discrimination, through the agency of the private-car line, was developed in a complaint before the Interstate Commerce Commission against the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Railroad Company and the New York, Chicago and St. Louis Railroad Company (4 I. C. C. Rep., 630). The facts in this case were, briefly stated, as follows: A New York firm of cattle-dealers, who, of course, were heavy shippers, by agreement with the railroad incorporated a private-car line (in their case called an "express company") and furnished the railroad from 200 to 400 stock-cars. For the use of these cars the railroad:

1. Paid a mileage rental of three-fourth cents per mile going and coming, loaded or empty.
2. Extended extraordinary facilities and rights of way in order to increase the mileage and did so in fact increase the mileage to twice the mileage of ordinary stock-cars.
3. Paid, without reimbursement, the loading charge of fifty cents a car at the cattle-yards in Chicago.
4. Paid yardage to the cattle-firm at

the rate of three and one-half cents per hundred pounds, for the use of the cattle-firm's own New York yards, after delivery, on not only its own but upon all other cattle shipped in such cars, and then deducted this yardage charge from the tariff rate as charged by the carrier against this favored shipper.

The amount of these unlawful rebates more than paid the entire cost of the stock-cars furnished, including operating expenses, within two years after the operations commenced.

What a commentary on the honest purpose and fair-dealing of transportation companies!

At an adjourned session of the Interstate Commerce Commission at Chicago, in October of last year, further evidence of unconscionable practices and grievous imposition was adduced and for the greater elucidation of the subject some extracts from those proceedings are submitted. The gravity of the situation and the necessity of a clear understanding are offered as a justification for the presentation in detail of this additional matter.

Mr. J. T. Marchand, attorney for the Interstate Commerce Commission, formally stated:

"The making of rates of transportation for packing-house products, for produce and for dairy products, is absolutely within the control of the companies owning the cars in which they compel the railroads to transport these commodities. The result is the creation of iron-clad monopolies and the enjoyment of fabulous profits to the self-made rate-makers. . . .

"Through their power to make transportation rates these private concerns are able to control the output of commodities they are manufacturing and therefore to control the price, which is usually excessive. The amounts which have been wrung from the people for the necessities of life are so enormous as to stagger the imagination."

Mr. John Leverone, a Cincinnati fruit-

merchant, testified that Armour & Company sold pineapples in Cincinnati at prices which could not be met by competitors *in order to coerce* produce-dealers into using Armour refrigerator cars. They not only charge fruit-shippers arbitrarily high prices for the use of iced cars (\$45.00 per car from Mobile as against the Illinois Central charge of \$11.30 from New Orleans for similar service), but through arrangement with lines like the Louisville and Nashville practically compelled consignees to use their cars. Then, having forced dealers to hold their goods at higher prices to cover the excessive transportation cost, the Armours make a practice of underselling in the market to a degree that debarred the ordinary dealer from permanently doing business in that line of goods.

Mr. B. G. Davis, a Chicago commission man, testified that an embargo was placed on his business by the Armours and he was practically forced out of business along some lines because he refused to pay exorbitant icing rates to the Armour Company.

Mr. George F. Mead, a Boston fruit-dealer and Vice-President of the National Association of Commission Men, stated that: "Armour & Company have practically demoralized the fruit business east of the Alleghanies. Not only do they charge extortionate prices for icing cars containing deciduous fruits, but they have undermined the market as well. For instance, they know through private sources (the debasing railroad espionage heretofore referred to in this article) that a car of fruit is to be shipped into Hartford on a certain day and, having, themselves, say two cars of the same fruit at Springfield, run one of them down to Hartford and when the car for the local commission man arrives he finds the market sold out from under him."

Mr. Mead might have added the alternative experience of having his car held arbitrarily back until his market was destroyed or by other unfair practice taken from him.

Mr. W. W. Summers, of Coyne Brothers, of South Water street, Chicago, testified that he refused to pay a refrigerator charge of \$45.00 on a car of melons shipped over the Illinois Central from Poseyville, Indiana, in an Illinois Central car, the usual charge of the Central having been \$15.00 for similar service. He was told by Mr. Bascom, the Assistant General Freight Agent of the road, that if he failed to pay the bill he would be taken off the credit list and his consignments would not thereafter be handled unless the charges were prepaid. The general attorney for Armour & Company, Mr. A. R. Urion, reiterated the same threat. These threats were carried out in fact, as Mr. Summers later learned from Michigan shippers. These parties informed Summers that they could not consign goods to him unless the charges were prepaid. Appeal to the agent of the Pere Marquette Railroad elicited the response that he, the agent, had his instructions from *Armour and had to obey them.*

Two Grand Rapids merchants, Reed and Vinkemulder by name, testified at the June hearing of the Commission in relation to the abuses of the Armour refrigerator service, from which, until 1903, they had been exempted. Before they left the court-room, they were approached by Superintendent Wolcott of the Armour Lines and he fairly hissed at them the threat in substantially the following words:

"You fellows had better staid in Grand Rapids than to come over here and tell your troubles to the Commission. We had you last year where we wanted you. Next year we'll give you the warm end of the stick."

It seems almost incredible that such brazen brutality could be flaunted under the very nose of the Commission. But these men, though frightened and intimidated, were brought back to the witness-stand and their testimony on the subject is a matter of record. Coercion and oppression by the private-car line

interest had become so common that even the underling was imbued with the lawless spirit of his master.

Mr. J. A. Donovan, Manager of the Missouri River Despatch, a Nebraska corporation operating 250 refrigerator cars, testified that his company received a rebate of 12½ per cent. on "net" rates from the Erie road as a "commission" in addition to the regular mileage of three-quarters cents, and Mr. S. E. Shane, Freight Traffic Manager of the Erie corroborated the statement and said that the "commission" was remuneration for icing cars and *soliciting traffic* and that the agreement was entered into merely to *increase the Erie's business.*

James S. Watson, of the defunct firm of Porter Brothers admitted that he realized probably fifty thousand dollars a year in rebates from the Fruit-Growers' Express Company, an Armour corporation, and J. Ogden Armour could not recall, until his memory was jogged, that he had loaned Watson \$400,000.

Mr. Charles A. Prouty, of the Interstate Commerce Commission, says:

"The conditions disclosed by this hearing show such shameful and burdensome imposition upon certain classes of large shippers that I do not see how the publicity given them can fail to incite Congress to take action in the way of remedial legislation."

So much for the evidence in hand, a very small portion of which, of course, has here been detailed. For every one who had been goaded to desperation or has had the inherent moral courage to testify there are scores of others who are already so abjectly in the power or under the influence of this Juggernaut of oppression that they no longer have the capacity of manly self-assertion. But for the "chosen few" the un-American game of immolation and oppression might have gone on indefinitely and unrebuked. The way of legal adjudication was assiduously avoided by the great selfish special interest. No suit for the

unlawful icing charge was ever brought against any shipper or consignee. Every method of intimidation and coercion, short of legal proceedings, was resorted to and, as we have seen, connived at by the railroad companies. If threat, boycott and unlawful and illegitimate competition failed to shake the determination of an unusually stubborn subject, that ended it. The private-car line pocketed the loss and went on with its nefarious work.

The power of the private-car line monopoly, unless the general government makes belated amends and steps in to stay its hand, has become almost irresistible. No transportation company so great but it must sooner or later succumb to its will and demand or join hands with it in the plunder of producer and consumer alike. No shipper or consignee so insignificant but he invites ruin if he dares to assert his manhood and stand on his lawful rights. No avenue of endeavor but, if and when it can be reached, it must be made to pay its tribute into the ever open and never satisfied maw of the most grasping and offensive of all monopolies. As Mr. Midgley succinctly put it: "These men constitute the most remorseless and arbitrary power in the world."

The shock of the summer hearing before the Interstate Commerce Commission induced a temporary retreat of the associated interests from the wholesale fruit and produce business; but the producer, as notably in California, remains at the mercy of sampling and shipping companies that are the same sordid purpose under another name. The grasping tentacles are ever reaching out, and exorbitant tribute, blind subserviency and ruinous exploitation are the inevitable result.

Is there no remedy for these patent and unconscionable abuses? There ought to be if we are to remain a free people. But what is the remedy?

The private-car lines say they are not amenable to the Interstate Commerce

Law and that they can pursue their exactions and discriminations *ad libitum*. It seems strange that a law which by its express terms, applies to "all the instrumentalities of shipment or carriage" and is admitted as reaching every interstate railroad in the land, should not also operate to control the private rolling-stock that in the pursuit of interstate commerce passes over the rails. The claim that the law does not apply seems offensively impudent and disingenuous. But the claim thus made is made for a purpose and carries with it the possibility of fatal delay. The Interstate Commerce Commission, in view of its deplorable limitations, cannot effectively cope with the evil, unless perchance the Elkins Bill may have provided a method of at least partial relief by injunction. The demand for immediate and complete relief is imperative. Non-action and delay can only mean the irrevocable entrenchment of monopoly.

Mr. Midgley proposes a huge private-car trust with the provisions of a more moderate and daily instead of mileage rental. On its face this might seem to work for partial relief, but, uncontrolled, it would also carry within itself the possibility of irreparable injury to the public welfare.

Short of government-ownership, there is but one safe way by which the threatened evils might be averted and that lies in the radical amendment of the Interstate Commerce Law. For years the best informed and best characterized in the land have demanded such amendments of the law and increased powers for the Commission and immediate sanction for its official acts. It is now demanded in addition that no loophole shall be left for the escape from supervision and control of the private-car lines or any other agency of interstate transportation. These demands have heretofore, except as the Elkins Law may prove of partial relief, been in vain. Railroad and corporation attorneys, in Congress and out, have exerted a potent

influence in overriding the will and welfare of the people and every effort for imperative relief has shattered on the rock of congressional inaction.

The time for action, however, has now come. The people will put up with subterfuge and evasion no longer. They are aroused. The recent official disclosure of transportation piracy has capped the climax and press and people have awakened to the enormity of the imposition, moral and financial, that private greed has imposed and that the country has endured and staggered under. Almost with one voice they demand relief. A great convention of the people of the honest business interests of the country, has recently been in session in St. Louis and this Interstate Commerce Convention adds its refrain to the clarion-call. Other conventions of outraged shippers and producers, representing hundreds of thousands of earnest and patriotic citizens and millions, yes billions of investment, are being called and held to add their protest to the swelling volume of indignation against private usurpation and transportation iniquity. This is in no sense a party question. It is no longer even a debatable question as

to present method. It has resolved itself simply into a question of integrity. It is inconceivable that Congress, no matter what its past delinquency, should again fail the people in their dire emergency.

There is a growing conviction that complete relief will never be obtained short of government-ownership; but government supervision and control may well be given a fair trial before resort is finally had to the more radical measure. If Congress, however, will persist in remaining deaf or blind to the vital demands and interests of the great body of the people, the "still more radical policy" referred to by the President in his recent message, is bound to follow.

Intense and growing interest centers on the transportation question and the psychological moment for action is rapidly approaching. To persist in ingoring present conservative demands means to sow the wind of popular indignation from which will be reaped the whirlwind of congressional upheaval. There will be an absence of familiar faces in the Halls of Congress when the test of being a *real* servant of the people is finally applied.

W. G. JOERNS.

Duluth, Minn.

MATTHEW ARNOLD AS A POET.

BY H. W. PECK.

MATTHEW ARNOLD, the poet, in his ideals and character reminds us of the noble spirits of Plato, who, having once in a former existence caught a glimpse of the archetypal loveliness of Being, can never thereafter be reconciled to the ways of a sordid world. They wander through life in perplexity and sadness—

"Exiles mindful how the past was glad;
Angels in an alien planet born," *

* "To a Gypsy Child by the Seashore."

and vainly endeavoring to recall the idea entire and with a sense of the futility of visualizing it for men. Yet the immaculate vision can never be forgotten.

"Ah! not the nectarous poppy lovers use,
Not daily labor's dull Lethæan spring,
Oblivion in lost angels can infuse
Of the soiled glory and the trailing wing."

So it is with the early poems of Arnold. They embody aspiration, doubt, despondency, and attempts at bravery even more pathetic than despair; the be-

wilderness and unrest of a doubting age. This predominant tone of discontent and perplexity was the product of the temperament of Arnold wrought upon by the influences of a transition age.

The old order was changing. Science and industry were arising upon the ruins of outworn intellectual and esthetic forms. Science seemed incompatible with the old faith and with what remained of the Hellenic ideal. This conflict of forces drove Huxley into agnosticism and caused Newman's reversion to Catholicism.

While Carlyle and Browning were attempting to reconstruct the spiritual forces of the age Arnold stood in doubt,

"Wandering between two worlds, one dead,
The other powerless to be born." *

This dissonance of forces destroyed his faith, his sense of the permanence of any good, and left him ineffably sad.

"The Sea of Faith
Was once, too, at the full, and round earth's shore
Lay like the folds of a bright girdle furl'd:
But now I only hear
Its melancholy long withdrawing roar,
Retreating, to the breath
Of the night wind, down the vast edges drear
And naked shingles of the world.
Ah, love, let us be true
To one another! for the world, which seems
To lie before us like a land of dreams,
So various, so beautiful, so new,
Hath really neither joy, nor love, nor light,
Nor certitude, nor peace, nor help for pain;
And we are here as on a darkling plain,
Swept with confused alarms of struggle and flight,
Where ignorant armies clash by night." †

A writer in the *Edinburgh Review* of October, 1888, characterizes in the following way three distinct epochs in Arnold's mental progress:

"In the first he expresses the unrest, the bewilderment, the perplexity of a doubting age; in the second he has adopted paganism as his model of artistic composition and his moral rule of life; in the third his esthetic and moral stoicism is leavened by that Hebrew

element which he affected to despise and strove prematurely to suppress."

The first period of Arnold's poetic life was especially sad. This was probably due, in part, to his temperament. Sensitive and delicate, it lacked the surmounting energy of Browning or Carlyle. And then he was placed in circumstances unsuited to his nature, and the result was the note of pain and melancholy that pervades all his verse.

"In the rude world which roars hardly
Be others happy if they can!
But in my helpless cradle I
Was breathed on by the rural Pan.
I, on men's impious uproar hurl'd,
Think often as I hear them rave,
That peace has left the upper world
And now keeps only in the grave." ‡

Another reason for Arnold's sadness was his idealism. He was implacable in his demand for the highest in our nature. A compromise with the ideal was as impossible to him as to Shelley. He could not be disobedient to the heavenly vision. This ruthless aspiration for the ideal, for perfection, he expressed with beauty and pathos in "Longing."

"Come to me in my dreams, and then
By day I shall be well again;
For then the night will more than pay
The hopeless longing of the day."

Arnold's desire was for love, joy and peace; to be freed from that state,

"Where just men suffer wrong;
Where sorrow treads on joy,
Where sweet things soonest cloy,
Where faiths are built on dust,
Where love is half mistrust," §

and to witness the time

"When bursting through the net work superposed
By selfish occupation—plot and plan,
Lust, avarice, envy—liberated man,
All difference with his fellow mortal closed,
Shall be left standing face to face with God." ||

Arnold longed for a state of abiding tranquility where the harsh and arbitrary standards of men should be done away;

* "Grand Chartreuse."

† "Dover Beach."

‡ "Lines Written in Kensington Gardens."

§ "Stagirus."

|| "To a Republican Friend."

where real worth should be known and the gentle spirit rightly appreciated.

"We shall not then deny a course
To every thought the mass ignore.
We shall not then call hardness force,
Nor lightness wisdom any more.
How sweet to feel on the boon air,
All our unquiet pulses cease!
To feel that nothing can impair
The gentleness, the thirst for peace."*

A primal source of Arnold's melancholy was the belief that we can never attain lasting happiness, abiding peace and joy.

"We but dream we have our wish'd for powers,
Ends we seek we never shall attain.
Ah! some power exists there, which is ours;
Some end is there, we indeed may gain."

To use Pater's characterization of Coleridge, Arnold was seeking to apprehend the absolute; to find something constant amid the perpetual flux. Life seemed to him an endless conflict. His desire would always exceed his attainment and the discrepancy would be an endless source of regret. He did not, like Browning, exult that a man's reach exceeded his grasp; that this very fact was a guarantee of infinite growth on into the endless ages.

In this Arnold seems to have touched the crucial point in the question whether life is worth the effort and pain or whether it is a tragedy. If the margin of the land of our desire fades forever and forever as we move, then the land of Heart's Desire is but a glimpse of the unattainable and life is but a watch or a vision.

It may be but a means, an opportunity to give our force its bent; but if sometime, somewhere, we cannot reach the goal of our striving, then what does it profit? If we cannot ultimately attain to something that has an intrinsic value in itself, then all our effort seems vain.

Upon this question of ultimate attainment Arnold fluctuated. If it were certain, endurance would be a virtue.

"But now in blood and battles was my youth,
And full of blood and battles is my age,

* "A Farewell in Switzerland."

And I shall never end this life of blood.

Then at the point of death, Sohrab replied—
'A life of blood indeed thou dreadful man!
But thou shalt yet have peace: only not now,
Not yet! but thou shalt have it on that day,
When thou shalt sail in a high masted ship,
Thou and the other peers of Kai Khosroo,
Returning home over the salt blue sea,
From laying thy dear master in his grave.'
And Rustum gazed in Sohrab's face, and said:—
'Soon be that day, my son, and deep that sea!
Till then, if fate so wills, let me endure.'"†

Notwithstanding the force of Arnold's desire to attain to a spiritual ideal, he saw no way to its fulfillment. The strange disease of modern life, with its sick hurry, its divided aims, had infected him, and the only hope he could hold out was patience and resignation. In his early years, at least, he lacked the "one aim, one business, one desire"; the concentration of vision that makes the man of action.

"Thou waitest for the spark from Heaven! and we
Light half believers in our casual creeds,
Who never deeply felt, and clearly willed,
Whose insight never has borne fruits in deeds,
Whose vague resolves have never been fulfill'd,
For whom each year we see
Brings new beginnings, disappointments new;
Who hesitates and falter life away,
And lose to-morrow the ground won to-day;
Ah! do not we, wanderer, await it too?"‡

This chaotic state of mind eventually was resolved into more definite shape and Arnold accepted the ideals of Paganism as the model for life. He adopted the stoicism of Marcus Aurelius as a standard of moral conduct. Feeling bounded by the laws of necessity, and thinking that many of the forces that make or mar life are inexplicable, he left much to fate, and, in the spirit of Sophocles, sought quiet submission to the will of the Gods.

"Some are born to do great deeds and live,
And some are born to be obscured and die."†

Even isolation and loneliness were ascribed to some deity.

"A God! a God! their severance ruled
And bade betwixt their shores to be
The unplumbed, salt, estranging sea."‡

† "Sohrab and Rustum."

‡ "The Scholar Gypsy."

§ "Isolation."

In the poem "To a Friend" he praises Homer, Epictetus and Sophocles as props for his mind in these bad days. From Marcus Aurelius he learned much of his stoic doctrine.

"The aids to noble life are all within." *

In "Self-Defendance" this doctrine is clearly formulated. He would imitate the calm of nature; the improbability of the stars and the sea.

"Unafrighted by the silence round them,
Undistracted by the sights they see,
These demand not that the things without them
Yield them love, amusement, sympathy.
And with joy the stars perform their shining,
And the sea its long moon-silver'd roll;
For self-poised they live, nor pine with noting
All the fever of some differing soul.
Bounded by themselves and unregardful
In what state God's other works may be,
In their own tasks all their powers pouring,
There attain the mighty life we see.
O air-born voice! long since severely clear,
A cry like thine in mine own heart I hear:
Resolve to be thyself; and know that he,
Who finds himself, loses his misery." *

From Emerson, Arnold gained much inspiration. He even became rapt for a moment by the influence of that "voice oracular."

"The seeds of godlike power are in us still;
Gods are we, bards, saints, heroes, if we will;
Dumb judges, answer, truth or mockery?" †

He also derived from Emerson the belief that "the only revelation is that prompting which every individual receives."

"Nature's great law and law of all men's minds;—
To its own impulse every creature stirs;
Live by the light, and earth will live by hers!" ‡

From Wordsworth and Goethe also he derived his ideas of isolation and self-culture that fused with his stoic philosophy.

Yet this ideal was cold, self-centered and required the subversion of the feelings to the intellect. Arnold was never satisfied with his own doctrine. Patience was at best a negative virtue and stoicism

meant the drying of the springs of warm and generous emotion.

"This for our wisest, and we others pine,
And wish the long unhappy dream would end,
And waive all claims to bliss and try to bear;
With close lipp'd patience for our only friend,
Sad patience, too near neighbor to despair—"‡

And again:

"Is the calm thine of stoic souls, who weigh
Life well, and find it wanting, nor deplore;
But in disdainful silence turned away,
Stand mute, self-centred, stern, and dream no
more?" ¶

Once in "Morality" we find an expression of that sense of social responsibility which characterized his active life as an educator.

"We cannot kindle when we will
The fire which in the heart resides;
The spirit bloweth and is still;
In mystery our soul abides.
But tasks in hours of insight will'd
Can be through hours of gloom fulfilled." ¶

Arnold's relations to Christianity and and modern science are closely interwoven. The faith in past dogma had broken down, and evolution revealed a system which in its brutality and indifference to the individual, was a denial of a loving father. Men had not been able to reconcile science and faith, and Arnold, as has been said, found the only solace in resignation. In the poem "Stagirius" he calls upon the young monk to show his faith in Christianity by its works, and shows that man is still contentious, blind and unloving. The spirit of Christianity itself was not manifested in the church.

"Wisdom and goodness, they are God!—what
schools

Have yet so much as heard this simple lore?
This no Saint preacher, and this no church rules,
'T is in the desert, now and heretofore." **

In "Progress" he declares that to "think clear, feel deep, bear fruit well" is the test of a creed's worth, and so does

* "Worldly Place."

† "Written in Emerson's Essays."

‡ "Religious Isolation."

‡ "Scholar Gypsy."

¶ "To a Gypsy Child by the Seashore."

¶ "Morality."

** "The Divinity."

not exalt the Christian teaching over the tenets of the sires.

Lastly, in "Obermann Once More" Arnold begins to show complaisance toward the faith he tolerated in others but could never accept. Arnold's views, either of religion or nature, were not always consistent with each other.

This was due; perhaps, to the influences to which he, as a scholar, was susceptible. He did not, like Wordsworth and Keats, develop a view of life which was based solely upon his own experience and was wholly subjective in nature. He drew his inspiration and beliefs from various sources,—Marcus Aurelius, Sophocles, Emerson, and other great teachers, and so was liable to changes and contradictions. In the last poem mentioned he almost came to belief.

"Oh, had I lived in that great day,
How had its glory new
Fill'd earth and heaven, and caught away
My ravished spirit too.
No thoughts that to the world belong
Had stood against the wave
That set so deep and strong
From Christ's then open grave."

But the perplexing doubts return.

"The millions suffer still, and grieve,
And what can helpers heal
With old-world cures men half believe
For woes they wholly feel."

The poem ends again in a more hopeful strain:

"One common wave of thought and joy
Lifting mankind again!"

—a prelude to the time when the surging doubts should subside, and Matthew Arnold, the prose writer and critic, the apostle of culture and sweetness and light, should devote himself through many active years to the cause of education.

Arnold, though an admirer of Wordsworth, did not share his attitude toward nature. His affinities lay with Coleridge. Nature was but an imperfect reflex of the beautiful vision in the poet's soul.

"Fools that these mystics are
Who prate of nature! for she
Has neither beauty, nor warmth,
Nor life, nor emotion, nor power.
But man has a thousand gifts,
And the generous dreamer invests
The senseless world with them all.
Nature is nothing; her charm
Lives in our eyes that can paint,
Lives in our hearts that can feel."

The poem "In Harmony with Nature" reveals an attitude toward the new world of science like that which troubled the mind of Tennyson.

"In harmony with Nature; restless fool,
Who with such heat dost preach what were to thee,
When true, the last impossibility—
To be like Nature strong, like Nature cool!
Know, man hath all which Nature hath, but more,
And in that more lie all his hopes of good.
Nature is cruel, man is sick of blood;
Nature is stubborn, man would fain adore;
Nature is fickle, man hath need of rest;
Nature forgives no debt, and fears no grave;
Man would be mild, and with safe conscience
blest."

In the exquisite poem "Resignation" Arnold shows the total lack of that soul-stimulus which nature brought so freely to Wordsworth. To Wordsworth nature was the benign, clement mother, the inspiring teacher, the giver of peace and joy, the soul of his moral being. Arnold can find in her only counsels of endurance.

"Enough, we live!—and if a life,
With large results so little rife,
Though bearable, seem hardly worth
This pomp of worlds, this pain of birth.
Yet, Fausta, the mute turf we tread,
The solemn hills around us spread,
This stream which falls incessantly,
The strange scrawled rocks, the lonely sky,
If I might lend their life a voice,
Seem to bear rather than rejoice."

Having thus indicated, in a general way, the character of Arnold's spiritual outlook, reference should be made to the form and intrinsic value of his poetry. He held the theory that "classical objectivity is the ideal of modern verse," and under these views composed his "unrhymed lyrics, a species of verse which though capable of great force and beauty is often hopelessly prose like."

In his ideal of classicism he cultivated restraint and so his verse is massive, con-

centrated and pregnant with force or meaning.

The first poem of Arnold, "The Strange Reveller," was of this type. It introduces into English a verse form similar to a translation of choric songs in the Greek drama.

"Faster, faster
O Circe, Goddess,
Let the wild thronging train,
The bright procession
Of eddying forms
Sweep through my soul."

Purely Homeric are the epithets employed when he refers to the

"Foamless, long-heaving,
Violet sea."

"Sohrab and Rustum" also reminds one of Homer in its objectivity and high quality as an epic. But the masterpiece of Arnold's poems that are essentially classic in structure is "Philomel." It is unique in the English language and perhaps even ranks above Shelley's "Sky-lark" and Keats' "Ode to a Nightingale." It lacks the exquisite cadence of both of the former but makes up in power and concentration.

While Arnold has achieved marked success in the imitation of classic models, I think that he has accomplished what would be difficult for most poets of genius. His poetry lacks the lyrical cadence of Keats and Coleridge, and their luxuriance and profuseness of imagery. Though he succeeded in imitating classic models, the value of establishing an objective standard for lyric poetry seems dubious. While restraint is a virtue of the drama, and the more serious branches of art whose office is to impose form upon life, it is of doubtful propriety in the lyric. Poetry should be, to some extent at least, "the spontaneous overflow of powerful emotions," and only on this basis can the lyric poet appeal to the universal heart of mankind. If he believes in art for art's sake; if his aim is to please a limited coterie of dilettante, then he is justified. But if he believes that art is an expression of the richness of personal life and should go

again to enrich the life of that great stream of humanity about him, then Arnold, in theory at least, is too limited to pose as that supremely wise man, who, according to Plato, is to be our final judge in all matters. Doubtless to most of us the idea of a restrained nightingale will always remain something of a paradox.

But Arnold's poetry was not always strictly in accordance with his theory. Much of it has strong human interest as well as classic charm. "Parting," "Separation" and "Requiescat" express tender pathos and lyrical beauty.

"Strew on her roses, roses,
And never a spray of yew;
In quiet she reposes;
Ah, would that I did too."

In "Lines written in Kensington Gardens" Arnold almost approaches Wordsworth.

"Calm soul of all things! make it mine
To feel amid the cities' jar
That there abides a peace of thine
Man did not make and cannot mar."

As to Arnold's achievement. In the earlier years of doubt and unrest he accomplished little except to voice the uncertainty of a transitive age. As one writer has remarked: "A man who owns to having lost his way is not likely to be chosen as a guide by others." But when Arnold definitely accepted the ideals of paganism in art and morality he became a power of the time. He stood out resolutely for the life of the spirit in an age of machinery and complacent materialism. His opposition to Christianity doubtless modified it and brought emphasis upon certain phases that were in danger of being ignored. He opposed the formality of creeds and rituals, caused more emphasis to be placed upon the influence of good working upon the lives of men, and emphasized the application of Christ's saying that "the Kingdom of God is within you."

Though his poetry to the end brought the eternal note of sadness in, and though

he never achieved the peace he so persistently sought, the note of hope rose more frequently in his verse to relieve its strain of haunting sadness.

While he was always restless in his search for truth, he came to believe that the best solution of the problem of life lay in "unselfish activity for the good of

mankind." This growing sentiment of his later verses he actively expressed in his work as an educator, critic and reformer when he put into practice his theory that to "think clear, feel deep and bear fruit well" is what the friend of man desires.

H. W. PECK.

Oberlin, O.

THE RUSSO-JAPANESE WAR.

THE RUSSO-JAPANESE WAR FROM A PRO-RUSSIAN VIEW-POINT.

BY JUDGE EDWARD CAMPBELL.

IF THE larger section of the American press is at the present time a true index of American sentiment on the subject of the present war between Japan and Russia, then American public sentiment and the voice of America as heard in the councils of civilized nations are at variance.

On the third day of December, 1900, America declared to all the world that "The policy of the United States in dealing with the situation in China, is, to preserve Chinese territorial and administrative entity, and to protect for the world the principle of equal and impartial trade with all parts of the Chinese Empire." (President McKinley's Message to the second session of the United States Fifty-sixth Congress.)

Looking to the American press for some indication of American sentiment on the subject, Professor Maxey of the University of West Virginia, a recognized authority in such matters, has apparently convinced himself that in the dealings with each other, of almost the entire world of nations, during the last ten years, Japan has suffered at the hands of enlightened Christendom some grievous national injury which now entitles her to the deepest sympathy of all civilized people.

Speaking of "The Diplomatic History

of the Russo-Japanese War," in THE ARENA of November, 1904, page 485, the Professor (the italics are mine) says: "In our previous article, reference was made to one of the main facts (that is, main causes of the war), viz., the duplicity of Russia in forming a coalition to rob Japan of 'a certain piece or parcel of land,' under the insincere pretension of a desire to preserve the 'integrity of the Chinese Empire.' If there is any wrong which is more difficult to forgive or forget than others, it is that of having been robbed of a piece of land; and to aggravate the *crime* (and hence the Japanese feeling of resentment) the use of the *plunder* was such as to convince Japan, or *anybody else*, that Russia was acting in bad faith; that instead of championing the cause of decadent China from purely benevolent motives, she was availing herself of the weakness of China to further her own schemes for self-aggrandizement."

Professor Maxey, being in no governmental or representative position, must of course be considered as expressing here the intelligent private citizen's view of the situation—and the sound of his trumpet chords well with the symphony of numerous American journals.

The "coalition," formed of nations, as the Professor says, by the "duplicity of

Russia, to rob Japan of a certain piece or parcel of land," can be nothing else than the unanimous and still-continuing public consent and approbation of the Western powers in 1894-5, to the diplomatic intimation then delivered by Russia, Germany and France, to Japan, to the effect, as President McKinley phrases the statement in his message to Congress, quoted above, that "Chinese territorial and administrative entity *must be preserved*," and therefore that Japan must abrogate her Shimonoseki treaty of April 16, 1895, with China, whereby China had *ceded* to her in fee simple the whole of Korea and the lower part of Manchuria, including Port Arthur and China's entire Pacific littoral; under which treaty, forced as it was by Japan from China at the sword's point, Japan had forthwith entered into full military possession of those two provinces as above specified, and was occupying them in the latter part of 1894 and the early part of 1895, as a part and parcel of the Japanese Empire.

This action of the Western powers informed her that notwithstanding the fact that her then-existing treaty, extorted from China, was still in full force and operation, she would not be allowed to dismember the Chinese Empire by incorporating Korea or any part of Manchuria with the Empire of Nippon, but that she must forthwith restore all of the Chinese territory forcibly seized by her as spoils of war, to the dominion of China, the ancient and true owner of it. Japan did, thereupon, at this stern bidding of the Western nations, early in 1895, evacuate Korea and Manchuria, thus remitting those two provinces to their true allegiance—and this is the whole story of the Japanese-Chinese-Russian transaction which Professor Maxey calls the "crime more difficult to forget or forgive than others, *i. e.*, the having been robbed of a piece of land"; and which President McKinley calls in his message of December 3, 1900, "preserving Chinese territorial and administrative entity."

Can the average American citizen be

considered as accepting Professor Maxey as the spokesman of his sentiments concerning this point of the Russo-Japanese controversy, or will he give his assent to President McKinley's interpretation of the situation?

Three years after the Western powers drove Japan from Chinese territory, on the twenty-seventh day of April, 1898, China leased to Russia, for the period of ninety-nine years, Port Arthur, Talienswan, and 800 square miles of lower Manchuria, upon condition that Russia would construct railroads connecting Port Arthur and some other sea-ports of Manchuria with the trans-Siberian railroad, and would improve the harbors of Port Arthur and Talienswan, maintaining them for the use of Chinese and Russian war-vessels and for the commerce of the world, but for the war-vessels of no power except China and Russia, and specifying in detail the terms upon which the possession of the leased territory should be surrendered at the expiration of the term. China delivered possession of this leased territory at once to Russia. Russia forthwith proceeded diligently and honestly, fully to comply with the terms of the lease upon her part, and to the present day no complaint has been heard against Russia's occupation and control of the leased premises from China, or from any nation of the world, except from Japan.

Five years after the Western powers had driven Japan from Chinese territory, "Chinese territorial and administrative entity," to use again Mr. McKinley's language, was once more threatened—this time by a rebellion of China's own subjects, calling themselves "Boxers."

On the twelfth day of June, 1900, the rebels, encouraged by the Empress, rose against the Chinese Government, and met with success so sudden and so complete, that the division of the Empire into two parts, if not the total disintegration of it, seemed imminent.

Instantaneously recognizing such a rupture of China's national organization as a calamity entailing world-wide dis-

aster, the United States, Great Britain, France, Germany, Austria and Italy, with life-or-death dispatch, hurried armies and men-of-war to the scene of trouble; and what did Japan do but join in this cosmopolitan enterprise, with a military and naval contingent the best drilled, best equipped, and all round best prepared for immediate hard service, of any force on the scene of action—all to avert, if possible, the dire consequences of a dismemberment of the Chinese Empire. So efficient was the power of the six Western nations above named, *aided by the power of Japan*, that on the fourteenth day of August, 1900, Peking, the Chinese capital, was captured by the allied armies—the rebellion was crushed—China was saved from dismemberment—order was restored, and the foreign troops were promptly withdrawn from Chinese territory.

What change then came over Japan, that within three short years of this, her very remarkable spurt of zealous concern for the autonomy and the "territorial entity" of the Chinese Empire she should be found on the twenty-eighth day of July, 1903, beginning her diplomatic campaign of corrupt solicitation of the Czar to induce Russia to join her in the disruption and division of China between them, by slicing therefrom Korea for herself and Manchuria for Russia? Japan's cajoleries to Russia to obtain her consent to this capture of Chinese territory continued with ever-increasing intensity until the fifth day of February, 1904, when, finding her proposals steadily either ignored or rejected by the Czar, she abruptly withdrew her minister from St. Petersburg and within a week thereafter opened fire on the unsuspecting Russian fleet at Port Arthur. Japan could fight, in the year 1900, to prevent the Boxers from tearing to pieces the map of China, and it seems, according to Professor Maxey, she can also, in 1904, justly go to war with Russia for refusing to allow *her* to tear off a piece of the same map for herself, although at the same

time she offered a liberal fragment of the Chinese Empire to Russia. Japan showed all the fairness that is in her by constantly endeavoring, throughout her six months' negotiations with Russia, extending from July 28, 1903, to February 5, 1904, to induce Russia to join with her in despoiling China—all that she asked of Russia being to "recognize by formal treaty the *exclusive right* of Japan to give advice and assistance in the interest of reform and good government in Korea, *including necessary military assistance*," Japan proposing, thereupon, reciprocally to "recognize," also by formal treaty, anything in Manchuria that Russia would claim—in other words Japan began her six months' negotiations with Russia to make the single point of inducing Russia to connive at a ruthless rapine of China's finest provinces, she simply standing by to witness Japan's dismemberment of the Chinese Empire by the absorption of Korea into the Japanese Empire, and Japan returning the favor by attesting Russia's seizure of Manchuria. Because Russia refused any and all part or lot in this bribery and corruption scheme, Japan started this war.

Japan has now, temporarily (as the end will show), overrun, and obtained military possession of Korea—and this within three months of the time when she began the war. Inflated with her success she declared a "protectorate" over Korea, which protectorate she now enforces by her military power. She also, considering her hold on Korea permanently established, issued a decree, now being carried into execution, that every vessel leaving Japan for Korea should carry 150 Japanese men and 75 Japanese women to Korea for the purpose of colonizing that province. The Mikado and his highest State officers, by all accounts, now proclaim that in order to stop further horrible slaughter of Russians Japan wishes to close the war, she retaining Korea.

The above statements concerning the negotiations of 1903-4, between Japan

and Russia, concerning Manchuria and Korea, are taken from Japan's *ex parte* official statement of them, as contained in the pamphlet of about seventy pages mentioned by Professor Maxey in the November ARENA, prepared by the authority of the Japanese government in March, 1904. This pamphlet is entitled "Correspondence regarding the negotiations between Japan and Russia, 1903-1904. Presented to the (Japanese) Imperial Diet, March, 1904."

It contains the speech of the Japanese Minister for Foreign Affairs, Baron Komura Jutaro, in making his official report to the Diet, and also alleged official copies of the correspondence during the negotiations, as the same passed between the Baron and Mr. Kurino the Japanese Minister at St. Petersburg, with Baron Komura's statement of the substance of the Russian replies. It was, beginning in the early summer of this (1904) year, and is now circulated gratuitously from the Japanese Embassy at Washington, and from *depôts* in Boston, New York and Philadelphia, presumably for the purpose of creating in the United States and elsewhere a popular Japanese sympathy and sentiment.

Professor Maxey quoted from this Japanese circular, and it is respectfully submitted that a glance at the entire publication, by an impartial reader, will show him that it does not sustain the Professor's deductions from it. It is also quoted somewhat, in this paper, being quoted a little and cited in full as sustaining the writer's views above given, and as demonstrating, when considered in connection with the well-known occurrences of the last ten years in the far East which have now passed into history, that Japan is inexcusably in the wrong in her present avowed political and territorial-expansion purposes and objects, and is radically and criminally wrong in beginning and in carrying on this war to sustain them. The reader must judge between the two presentations of the wrong and the right.

Surely it is clear that the principal "Powers" of the civilized world, one of which community Japan essays to be, are one and all, singly and collectively, committed as hard and fast as good faith, national honor and plain agreements can bind them, to maintain and "preserve Chinese territorial and administrative entity."

Can Professor Maxey explain how Japan can seize upon and Japanize Korea consistently with this attitude and action of what may be denominated the whole enlightened world?

Japan's present military occupation of Korea, her protectorate over it, and her colonization of it, consummate, if allowed to continue, a dismemberment of the Chinese Empire, precisely as she temporarily effected China's dismemberment in 1894.

When President McKinley said in his message of 1900 that: "All the powers concurred in emphatic disclaimers of any purpose of aggrandizement through the dismemberment of the Chinese Empire," did he mean to include Japan in his statement or did he mean that Japan did not unite in such "emphatic disclaimers"?

As before remarked, no power except Japan has ever complained of Russia's Manchurian *lease*, or of Russia's occupation of Manchurian territory under her lease,—nor has any power except Japan seized or attempted to wrest from China any Chinese territory.

The question whether Japan was or was not a party to the "emphatic disclaimers" made by the nations as stated by Mr. McKinley, is, however, really immaterial to the correct solution of the problem. If Japan was a party to those "disclaimers" she is violating her faith and murderously destroying her neighbor in waging this war, and it is the duty of all civilized nations to stop her,—but if she was not a party to those disclaimers, can those disclaiming Western powers approvingly or indifferently stand by as witnesses to Japan's disruption of the Chinese Empire

while their own national faith is publicly pledged by their combined official acts and declarations to prevent that very same fate from falling upon China by or through any or all of their own number?

If it is a proper thing to preserve the territorial integrity of the Chinese Empire every enlightened nation of the world is by the circumstances of the situation, in all national good faith, duty and honor, naturally bound to prevent, if possible, the destruction of that territorial integrity by any power whatever, and all such nations are consequently bound, of course, to lend to Russia any assistance she may need, should she happen to need any assistance, in this her single-handed attempt fully to accomplish this world's work.

President McKinley, after stating the agreement of the nations concerning

China, as substantially given above, says: "These views have been and will be earnestly advocated by our representatives."

The attitude of the United States in the premises being therefore so firmly and so fittingly fixed, and having been consistently maintained ever since this world-crisis occurred, what American would wish now to separate himself from the alignment of his country upon this question?

Japan's aim in prosecuting this war, whatever she may declare and affirm as her purpose, can be nothing else than her own selfish aggrandizement at the expense of China's national existence.

Can the American people give to Japan their sympathy and approval in such a marauding venture?

EDWARD CAMPBELL.

Uniontown, Pa.

A REPLY FROM THE VIEW-POINTS OF THE FACTS IN THE CASE.

BY EDWIN MAXEY, M. Dip., LL.D.

AS JUDGE CAMPBELL has thrown down the gauntlet to me by challenging my statement of facts and my conclusions therefrom, contained in the November ARENA, it is not my purpose either to apologize or to retreat from the positions taken therein. Nor would it be in accordance with a reasonable devotion to truth and due respect for the facts of history to let go unchallenged such gross misstatement of facts, even by a professed advocate of the Russian cause, as is to be found in Judge Campbell's arraignment of Japan and defence of Russia.

There is no such variance between American official and public sentiment toward the Russo-Japanese war as the Judge calls attention to in his opening sentence. The attitude of the government is one of non-intervention and the same attitude is taken by the public. No considerable body of American citizens

would have their government become a party to the war. And it should hardly be necessary to call the Judge's attention to the fact that a government must be either a neutral or an ally with reference to a war between two or more other nations. The only difference between the attitude of our government and that of the people is that the obligations of a neutral preclude the former from expressing an opinion with reference to the merits of the controversy, while the individual citizen is free to give expression to his opinion so long as his acts do not violate the laws of neutrality.

It is not the fact that I ever looked "to the American press for some indications of American sentiment . . . that in the dealings with each other, of almost the entire world of nations, during the last ten years, Japan has suffered at the hands of enlightened Christendom some grievous injury which entitles her to the sympathy

of all civilized people." It has never been my habit to indict a whole company for what three of its members were responsible for, or to rest conclusions upon vague or shadowy grounds. Neither was my usual habit departed from in the article referred to. The coalition mentioned in that article could by no reasonable interpretation be made to refer to anything other than the concerted action of Russia, Germany and France immediately after the Chino-Japanese war. No coalition is needed for the purpose of "public consent and approbation."

It is pertinent to inquire where the Judge gets his evidence upon which to rest the conclusion that the Western powers are unanimous in their approval of what has been done by Russia, Germany and France toward preserving the "territorial and administrative entity" of China. To the average person it would seem that the taking of a slice of Chinese territory by each of these three powers could be made to harmonize quite as well with some other intention as with that of a determination to preserve China's "territorial and administrative entity."

The message of President McKinley, frequently referred to by the Judge, was evidently aimed at Russia, Germany and France and not at Japan, as the Judge would have us believe. Any document of this sort must be interpreted in the light of the circumstances under which it is issued. And at the time this document was issued, Japan was doing nothing which could possibly be interpreted as threatening the "territorial and administrative entity" of China, while the others were. It is therefore not true that President McKinley, in his message, and I, in the article to which the Judge objects, were calling the same thing by different names, but upon the contrary we were speaking of different things, and, naturally, characterized them differently.

Equally at variance with the facts is the statement of the Judge that by the "diplomatic intimation delivered by Russia, Germany and France, Japan was

forced to abrogate her Shimonoseki treaty of April 16, 1895, with China, whereby China ceded to her in fee-simple the whole of Korea, and the lower part of Manchuria, including Port Arthur and China's entire Pacific littoral." As a matter of fact the treaty of Shimonoseki recognized the independence of Korea, and while it did cede Port Arthur to Japan it made no such cession of "China's entire Pacific littoral." If the Judge did not draw upon his imagination for the facts in this case, I am at a loss to know the source from which he acquired them.

Neither did the mandate of the Western powers inform Japan that "notwithstanding the fact that her then-existing treaty, extorted from China, was still in full force and operation, she would not be allowed to dismember the Chinese Empire by incorporating Korea or any part of Manchuria with the Empire of Nippon." It is not a little strange that the Judge's legal mind did not enable him to recognize the fact that you cannot dismember an empire by taking away from it something which does not belong to it. By the treaty of Tien Tsin, entered into by China and Japan, in 1886, the independence of Korea was recognized by both and it was agreed that neither should send troops into Korea without notifying the other. It is therefore clear that the treaty of Shimonoseki left Korea in the same relation to the Chinese Empire as it found it. "The stern bidding of the Western nations" for Japan to "evacuate Korea and Manchuria, thus remitting those two provinces to their true allegiance" may be "the whole story of the Japanese-Chinese-Russian transaction" but it is a story very inaccurately told. And it is certainly not the story referred to by President McKinley in his message to Congress, of December 3, 1900. Presidential messages are not written with reference to a matter which has been a closed incident for more than five years, but are written rather with reference to matters which are of vital importance and call for an expression of opinion at the

time the message is written. Their purpose is to give information to Congress with reference to existing facts and tendencies, concerning which there may be need for congressional action, not to enlighten them with reference to matters of ancient history concerning which there is no likelihood of their being called upon to act. President McKinley's message read in connection with the diplomatic correspondence of the same year carried on by his Secretary of State, not with Japan, but with those countries claiming "spheres of interest" in China, leaves no doubt but that the message refers to the tendency of certain of those powers to exclude American commerce from those "spheres of interest"—a tendency which was emphasized later by the persistent attempt upon the part of Russia to block the treaty being negotiated between the United States and China, providing for additional American consuls in Manchuria.

The Judge is inaccurate in his statement of what was included in the lease secured by Russia from China. It is not, as he tells us, Port Arthur, Talienwan (Dalny) and "800 square-miles of lower Manchuria," but is Port Arthur, Talienwan and the "adjacent territory." As to what is meant by "adjacent territory," Russia has given no definition except by her acts, and from these it is not difficult to conclude that she intends, or at least did intend, to make it include all of Manchuria, and, if no one successfully contested that interpretation, to give to it a more enlarged interpretation later. No one at all conversant with Russian diplomatic methods would ever suspect her of putting into a contract with China such definite terms as "800 square-miles." She always prefers to use terms upon which a progressive interpretation can be put, and in dealing with China she was wont to insist upon her preferences.

That upon acquiring possession of her leasehold estate, Russia "forthwith proceeded diligently" no one will deny; but that she proceeded "honestly fully to

comply with the terms of the lease upon her part" is by no means so certain. Even according to the Judge's own statement, she was to "improve the harbors of Port Arthur and Talienwan, maintaining them for the use of Chinese and Russian war-vessels and for the commerce of the world." Now, no one will deny that Russia made of Port Arthur an exclusively Russian naval-base and that the commerce of the world was excluded from it by Russia some time before the present war begun. In view of what was being done at Port Arthur, it requires either a sublime faith in or a sublime ignorance of human nature to believe that Russia intended honestly to comply with the terms of her lease. The millions of rubles she was expending in fortifications at Port Arthur was not consistent with the theory of temporary occupation. Governments have not yet become so altruistic or profligate in their expenditures as to expend millions in the protection of a small leasehold estate from which they intend to peaceably withdraw at the expiration of their lease. In view of all the facts, the nations and individuals conversant with the situation had been forced to the conclusion that Russia did not intend to abandon Port Arthur, any more than England intends to abandon Gibraltar or than the United States intends to abandon West Point. In other words, the logic of facts had forced the conclusion that nothing but force, and plenty of it, would ever induce Russia to vacate Port Arthur at the expiration of her lease.

Not only was it evident that Russia did not intend to turn over the leased territory to China at the expiration of the lease—had that been all, the case would have been a different one—but it was sufficiently clear that Russia's military and naval forces in Manchuria were not being augmented for the sole purpose of protecting her leasehold estate which was in no danger. Such augmentation of her forces must have been intended for purposes of aggression against China or

whatever other powers should oppose the consummation of her plan to make herself the dominant power in the Far East. It was these preparations for aggression, not the enjoyment of her leasehold, that precipitated the present conflict.

It is true that "to the present day no complaint has been heard against Russia's occupation of the leased premises from China, or any nation of the world," but it is not true to say "except Japan," for Japan throughout the negotiations recognized the legal right of Russia to occupy the premises leased from China. This recognition, by Japan and the other nations, of Russia's technical legal right to the leased premises is not indicative of approbation, but is merely evidence that they did not think they had sufficient grounds upon which to bring an action of ejectment. Nor is the fact that the other nations did not intervene to prevent the absorption of Manchuria and Korea by Russia conclusive evidence that Japan was not warranted in doing so. No other nation complained of the attempt by France to absorb Mexico, but the United States did. The same is true in the case of Venezuela. There are times when the necessities of self-defence override the refinements of legal rules and fictions. And so far as can be seen that time had come in the relations between Japan and Russia.

The new interpretation put by Judge Campbell upon the Boxer uprising seems to possess the virtue of originality. But does it square with the facts? The proclamations and the acts of the Boxers show clearly that the Boxer outbreak was aimed primarily against foreigners, and did not threaten the "territorial and administrative entity" of China. If it were aimed at the government at all, it was with a view to securing a change of rulers and not for the purpose of splitting the Empire into two parts. If, however, the peculiar and irrational course of the Boxer rebellion leaves room for doubt as to its real purpose, there can nevertheless be no room for doubt as to the purpose

of the United States in sending troops to Peking. It was not to prevent the Chinese people from having two governments, if they wished, but to protect the lives of American citizens besieged in the embassy at Peking. Some of the other powers may have had ulterior motives in sending their troops into China, but so far as appears from what was said, the only purposes of the relief expedition were: the relief of the embassies, the securing of reparation for injury done to their citizens in violation of international law, and guarantees against like occurrences in the future. The Chinese government was held responsible for the acts of the rebels and left to put down the rebellion and punish the rebels as best it could. There is no evidence that the expedition of the allies strengthened or purposed to strengthen the one faction or the other. It purposed merely the enforcing respect for the law of nations by punishing its violations regardless of the faction to which they belonged.

The Judge's statement that the "foreign troops were *promptly* withdrawn from Chinese territory" is true with respect to all the troops except Russia's. If the statement is to be applied to hers it is not true, unless we either consider Manchuria as not Chinese territory or else put upon the word *promptly* a construction which would be an outrage upon the English language; for three years after the rebellion had been put down Russia had in Manchuria a number of troops variously estimated at from one to two hundred thousand. It was this retention of her troops in Manchuria in violation of her promises to withdraw them that led to the strained relations resulting in the present war.

It is not the fact that Japan was found "on the twenty-eighth day of July, 1903, beginning her diplomatic campaign of corrupt solicitations of the Czar to induce Russia to join her in the disruption and division of China between them, by slicing therefrom Korea for herself and Manchuria for Russia." In addition to

the error of placing Korea as a part of the Chinese Empire, whereas it was at that time and had for nearly twenty years been independent, the above statement of the purpose of Japan in opening negotiations with Russia is purely a fabric of the Judge's fancy. For there are no facts showing a change of front upon the part of Japan within "three short years." Even if we grant that what Japan was fighting for in 1900 was the preservation of the "territorial and administrative entity" of China, and grant further that in 1903 she proposed taking Korea, an independent power, there is up to this point no inconsistency in her action. The inconsistency, if inconsistency there be, is in the next part of her alleged proposition.

If the Judge is correct in his allegation that Japan corruptly attempted to lead Russia away from her fixed policy of non-acquisition of territory by dangling before her eyes so tempting a prize as the rich province of Manchuria, she manifestly forsook the policy of preserving the "territorial and administrative entity" of China, to which she and the other nations were committed, and by so doing not only "showed all the fairness there is in her," but, to be entirely accurate, showed that there is no fairness in her. But there is no evidence, either inside or outside of the negotiations, to show that Japan ever put forth such a proposition or favored such a plan. The first thing insisted upon by her as a basis for negotiations, and adhered to throughout as a part of the irreducible minimum of assurances which she would accept from Russia as a guarantee of the peace of the Orient, was a "mutual engagement to respect the independence and territorial integrity of the Chinese and Korean Empires and to maintain the principles of equal opportunity for the commerce and industry of all nations in those countries." A faithful search discloses nothing suggested or agreed to by Japan in the diplomatic correspondence that is inconsistent with this demand.

If we go outside of the negotiations for evidence, we still find none in support of the theory that Japan ever favored or would peaceably consent to said absorption of Manchuria. Whatever her sentiment, her national interests would not permit it,—in fact her national life would be threatened thereby. For with Russia firmly planted in Manchuria, Korea would be doomed, treaty or no treaty. And with Korea in possession of Russia, Japan would be at her mercy. To believe that Japan would openly court such an undesirable state of affairs requires a scepticism as to her rationality which few people possess. That the Judge should ever have reached the conclusion that such was the policy of Japan is proof positive that with reference to our mental construction, at least, "we are fearfully and wonderfully made."

The extent of Japan's proposition with reference to Manchuria was to recognize Russia's special interests there in railway enterprises and in her leasehold estate, at the same time insisting that Russia agree to withhold from taking any steps inconsistent with China's sovereign rights in the province. Had Russia been willing to make this promise, and keep it, the nations of the world would not need to have feared the disruption of China, and it would have saved Russia many a ruble, many a war-ship, many a subject. As against these substantial losses, and, if the war is persisted in, greater losses yet to come, the Pharisaical assurance of the Judge that "Russia refused any and all part or lot in this bribery and corruption scheme" is but a feeble recompense.

The charge of duplicity made by the Judge against Japan for "abruptly withdrawing her minister from St. Petersburg and within a week thereafter opening fire on the unsuspecting Russian fleet at Port Arthur," is simply an echo of the wail set up by the peace-loving Czar and Count Cassini. There is no merit in this charge. For when Russia persisted that the question of Manchuria was "exclusively one for her and China,"

peaceful negotiations had reached a standstill and Japan had a perfect right, if she felt that her vital interests demanded it, to withdraw her minister; and when in doing so she notified Russia that "the Imperial Government reserves to itself the right to take such independent action as it thinks best to consolidate its menaced position as well as to protect its established rights and legitimate interests," the language was sufficiently plain so that there was no excuse for the Russian fleet at Port Arthur being caught "unsuspecting."

That Japan has declared a "protectorate" over Korea is substantially true, and it is very probably true that she will continue such "protectorate" until the end of the present struggle,—the exigencies of war demand it; but that she intends to hold Korea permanently, the proof is yet lacking. The decree referred to has not been promulgated, and would be impracticable if it had. It would amount to a sentence of exile against thousands of Japanese citizens; for suppose, and such a supposition is by no means unreasonable, they refuse to go? Here again the Judge has drawn upon his imagination, or some other weird source of information, for his facts. As yet there is no more tangible evidence than rumor upon which to base the statement that Japan has, through her "Mikado and his highest State officers," proclaimed terms upon which she is willing to close the war. Nor is it at all likely that she will, until Port Arthur has fallen and the fate of the Baltic fleet is decided.

It is very true that the pamphlet from which I quoted freely in my November article is an "*ex parte* official statement" by the Japanese government, but the correctness of its statements have never been challenged. If it misrepresents the position taken by either government, it would be easy for Russia to show this by making public the entire correspondence, as she has a perfect right to do. Should this *exposé* convict Japan of an attempt to awaken "popular sympathy"

by misrepresentation, it would discredit her with all fair-minded people. Until this is done, and Russia has already had nearly a year in which to do it, it is but reasonable and fair to suppose that the document sets forth truthfully the facts. If such is the case, it is the right, and, I think, the duty of Japan, to distribute the document, gratuitously or otherwise; for, to paraphrase the language of the Declaration of Independence, "a decent respect" for the public opinion of mankind demands that the causes of going to war be made known to the world.

As to whether or not the Japanese circular sustains the deductions which I make from it in my article in the November ARENA, I am as willing as is Judge Campbell for the impartial reader to decide. No better jury would I ask, and certainly I deserve no better. If Japan is "inexcusably in the wrong," I submit that it is a trifle strange so few besides Judge Campbell should have found it out. It is indeed hard for me to believe that either the ethics of the American people has suddenly become so perverted or their judgments so deranged that the great bulk of them would take the wrong side on a simple question of right or wrong, and it is to such a question that the Judge reduces the present situation.

I fully agree with the Judge that the "principal powers of the civilized world, one of which Japan essays to be, are one and all, singly and collectively, committed as hard and fast as good faith, national honor and plain agreements can bind them, to maintain and preserve Chinese territorial and administrative entity." And will also point out the fact that since the message was written, containing this wholesome rule of action, the only power that has not conformed to it is Russia herself, who would have us believe and whom Judge Campbell would have us believe is now fighting the battles of China.

In reply to the Judge's direct challenge with reference to Korea, I will say that the seizure of Korea by Japan, or any

other nation, would no more be a dismemberment of the Chinese Empire, nor a violation of her "territorial and administrative entity" than would be the seizure of Siam.

Undoubtedly President McKinley intended to include Japan when he said "all the powers." And there is no doubt that Japan was a party to the "disclaimers." She is still a party, and her action is not inconsistent with said "disclaimers."

The Judge's proposition, that it is the duty of all civilized nations to intervene to stop Japan from waging war, is a most remarkable one. It accords neither with good statesmanship nor with good ethics. Take the case of the United States, which is no doubt one of the civilized nations, and which has issued a proclamation of neutrality. Would it be the duty of the United States now to belie that proclamation by interfering in order to prevent a friendly nation from doing just the sort of things we had every reason to suspect, when that proclamation was issued, she would do? Or, a still stronger case—that of England, another of the civilized nations. In addition to having issued a proclamation of neutrality, England is bound by treaty, not only to not interfere, but to prevent any other nation from interfering. But proclamations and treaties apart, whence comes this duty of any nation to interfere in

order to prevent a sister-nation from waging war in self-defence?

In his proposition that "every enlightened nation is bound by all national good faith, duty and honor, to lend to Russia any assistance she may need, should she happen to need any assistance" the Judge reaches the climax either of humor or folly—I say not which.

In answer to the Judge's final question, "Can the American people give to Japan their sympathy and approval in such a marauding venture?" I will say that the American people do give to Japan their sympathy and approval and that they are not accustomed to giving their sympathy and approval in case of marauding ventures.

In this connection it might not be out of place to call the Judge's attention to the fact that epithets are neither arguments, evidence nor proof.

Having examined the Judge's "pleadings" in detail, I shall close by characterizing them in general. They furnish a pronounced example of "special pleading." No one could ever mistake them for the utterances of a careful and impartial student of history or political science. There is something about them which is strongly suggestive of inspiration from St. Petersburg.

EDWIN MAXEY.

Morgantown, W. Va.

GARNET WARREN: CARTOONIST.

BY B. O. FLOWER.

I. YOUTH AND EARLY MANHOOD.

GARNET WARREN, whose cartoons in the Boston *Herald* have been so widely copied that they have familiarized the public on both sides of the Atlantic with that journal, and who is at present doing for the New York *Globe* what he formerly did for the Boston

Herald in popularizing that paper through his powerful and effective cartoons, is one of the five or six newspaper artists whose work is entitled to special commendation, both as to quality and excellence of subject-matter. It is one thing to be able to draw a fine, strong and artistic picture; quite another to possess the requisite imagination and power to seize upon

Warren, in *Boston Herald*.

INTERVENTION—THE HOPE OF THE WORLD.

some theme that is uppermost in the public mind and express it in such a way that it will make more impression than the labored argument of an editorial leader. When the artist is fortunate enough to possess the skill and technique necessary for the production of good work and the power to seize upon a situation and externalize it pictorially so as to drive home some fact or "damn a fallacy with a laugh," and when in addition to this he possesses the knowledge of literature that enables him to employ in this connection an apt quotation from Shakespeare or some other well-known author, or an epigrammatic phrase of his own, he is bound to rise well-nigh to the top in his chosen work. And it is in the possession of these three essentials for the newspaper cartoonist that we find the secret of Mr. Warren's success.

He was born in London thirty years ago, but when quite small the family moved to Australia, where all his boyhood recollections cluster.

"I cannot remember so far back as the

time when I was not drawing," said Mr. Warren recently. "My first offences were houses with great volumes of smoke pouring from their alleged chimneys. From this it was only a short step to drawing the school-masters, and then trouble began. One day when I had just finished an atrocious effigy of the teacher, he caught me red-handed, and I, 'like a wretch o'ertaken in his tracks, with stolen chattels on his back,' tremblingly awaited my punishment. On this occasion the master, evidently determined to make the punishment fit the crime, compelled me to make one hundred drawings of a certain face. Well, I can tell you that long before that task was finished all the artistic instinct in me seemed dead beyond hope of resurrection; but such was not the case, as a few weeks later I was again at my old pastime.

"About that time, when I was still very young, the late Phil. May arrived in Australia and was engaged to furnish regular cartoons for the *Sydney Bulletin*. I remember his pictures were a wonderful

Warren, in *Boston Herald*.

UNDER CONTROL.

stimulus to me, as were also the more broadly funny drawings of the American humorist, Livingston Hopkins, who had settled in our midst. Their pictures aroused a deep interest in my mind in politics, and perhaps exerted more influence than anything else in turning my attention toward journalism. Every week I eagerly looked for the cartoons, and though only about twelve years of age I was quite a politician among my comrades and playmates and was always eager for a discussion with my elders, substituting, no doubt, the assertiveness of ignorance and immaturity for wisdom and logic, as is the way with youth."

At length the time came when the father wished his son to select a profession. It had been his hope and desire that Garnet should follow in his footsteps and become a physician, but this the boy was disinclined to do, lacking the necessary application. Finally deciding to become a dentist, he took service as an apprentice,

but after five months the master declined to have the boy with him longer because of lack of interest and application. Next he became a stenographer in a business-office, remaining in that capacity for four years.

"During this period," said Mr. Warren, in referring to his early struggles, "my old taste for picture-making led me to join a drawing-class. I was then about twenty. My office-work required my time from nine to five each day, but from seven to ten I spent in the drawing-school; then I would hasten over to the Parliament House to make sketches of the members for one of our weekly papers, working there till two in the morning; so my life at that time was strenuous enough to suit the most exacting American taste, and perhaps too strenuous for my constitution."

After a time a tempting opportunity was offered Mr. Warren to go to South America on a business venture. He

Warren, in *Boston Herald*.

IT SEEMS TO BE IN FASHION.

when he was fifteen years of age one of his drawings was accepted and published in the *Sydney Punch*. In speaking of how he felt when his first picture appeared, Mr. Warren, with his face lighted up by the memory of a golden hour now fifteen years past, said:

"I did not receive any pay for my first picture. I was only too proud to find it in the paper. I shall never forget the thrill that went through me when I saw myself in print. I walked through the streets in a daze. I have had the feeling a few times since, but never so strong as the first time. Alas! I never feel it any more; I suppose I am getting too old."

To us this confession was unutterably sad, because it spoke of the dwarfing of the poet's eternal child-soul in a young man but thirty years of age. It spoke of the crushing of that idealism that is as essential to full-orbed manhood as oxygen is necessary to physical existence by the

grinding, wearing pressure of modern business life—the struggle for bread and position, for the right to live in reasonable comfort in a world of marvelous wealth and one wherein, under just distribution and enjoyment of life's necessities, all who were willing to toil would be amply supplied. What a commentary on a social system—on a civilization—which is so brutalizing in its subtle but powerful and almost irresistible influence on the finest side of life that in a few short years it crushes, deadens and all but destroys the poet-soul in man, drying up the fountain of eternal youth that so long as it flows makes existence, with all its perplexities, its problems, its disappointments and sorrows, a perpetual source of strength and joy! A social system that dwarfs the divine life in the soul of the child, so that the normal delights born of achieving honorable success, of creating something, no longer find a response in the heart of the man, is a system that is already condemned,



Warren, in Boston Herald.

WHERE THE BIG STICK IS NEEDED.

because it fails to minister to the highest and worthiest elements in our being. A system that crushes idealism, destroys the joys born of lofty aspirations, and takes from life that mystic charm that only the poet knows, is of necessity destructive rather than constructive in its ultimate influence. A civilization thus dominated may burst into dazzling splendor on its materialistic side, but it is the glory of the autumn that presages the flight of the soul—the gorgeous outward magnificence of imperial Rome when, rich in gold, corrupt in heart, arrogant in spirit, but smitten in the vitals, she reeled forward to ignoble death. No social system whose dominating note is egoism, no civilization which rests on brutal competition or on the combination of the few for the spoliation of the many, can long endure. It necessarily carries the seeds of decay in its own being, and the very ideals that govern foster the growth

of the germs of death. The rosy glow that suffuses its cheek, which the ignorant and superficial mistake for health, is the hectic flush of approaching death. In one way only can it avert certain doom, and that is by substituting altruism for egoism, idealism for sordid desire, concern for all in place of absorption in self. No truer or more needed sermon has been preached in recent years than that uttered by our matchless poet of social democratic progress, Edwin Markham, in these lines:

“Voices are crying from the dust of Tyre,
From Baalbec and the stones of Babylon—
‘We raised our pillars upon Self-Desire,
And perished from the large gaze of the sun.’

Eternity was on the pyramid,
And immortality on Greece and Rome;
But in them all the ancient Traitor hid,
And so they tottered like unstable foam.

There was no substance in their soaring hopes:
The voice of Thebes is now a desert cry;
A spider bars the road with filmy ropes
Where once the feet of Carthage thundered by.

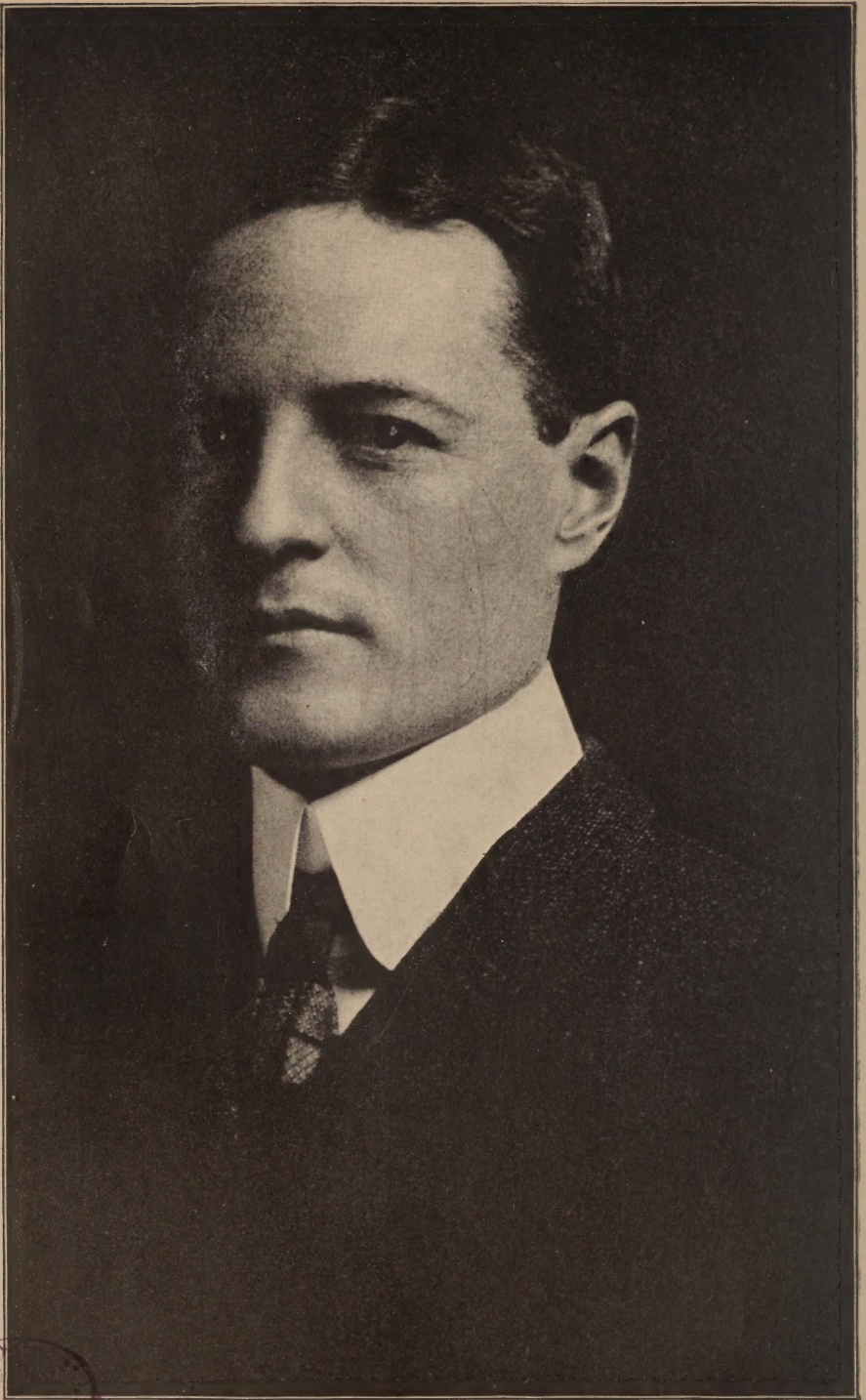


Photo. by Bayton, Boston.

GARNET WARREN



Warren, in Boston Herald.

"A HALF FOR THEE AND A HALF FOR THEE."

A bitter boom where once fair Helen laughed;
A thistle nods where once the Forum poured;
A lizard lifts and listens on a shaft
Where once of old the Colosseum roared.

No house can stand, no kingdom can endure
Built on the crumbling rock of Self-Desire:
Nothing is Living Stone, nothing is sure,
That is not whited in the Social Fire."

That Garnet Warren is by nature endowed with the artist's imaginative soul and the poet's idealism is evidenced not only in much of his work, but is seen in his frank, earnest countenance and his clear, candid eye. And yet in reply to our question, "Would you be willing to draw pictures representing ideas and ideals that you do not believe?" he hesitated a moment and then said:

"I have never been up against that question yet. I do not know. I should be willing to draw for a Republican paper or a Democratic paper, and in the event that I was on a paper that represented

convictions which I do not hold, I should try and make my cartoons such as to satisfy my employer and yet do no violence to my convictions. Of course I should prefer to work along the line of my beliefs, for I have very strong beliefs. The convictions I had as a little kid have never changed. I have got them now down in the bottom of my heart, but I must admit that the conflict of life has been too much for me, and I am now simply an adaptable hireling—a part of the machine, the 'system.' But if I could, without too great prejudice to myself, strike a blow for what I believe to be right, I should be glad to do it."

"Would you," we asked, "be willing to make sacrifices—great personal sacrifices—in order to be true to your own ideals and convictions in your work?"

"Frankly," he replied, "I do not know. I have never, as I said, been up against



Warren, in Boston Herald.

THE ONLY WAY.

that proposition yet, but I rather think I should."

"Would you have entertained the idea of drawing pictures representing thoughts contrary to your own ideas of what was true when you were young—when you were eighteen years of age, for instance?"

"Now I do not know—I do not know. A person cannot analyze himself really well. After all, he never knows himself until the opportunity for saying yes or no does come, and as it has never come to me, I do not know."

Though we deeply regretted Mr. Warren's indecision in the presence of questions which we regard as being so crucially important both to the individual and to society, we could not fail to admire his rare and refreshing candor. Indeed, there is something very boyish, genuine and charming in his personality. We feel and believe that only the subtle influence of an environment of sordid materialism, such as prevails to-day as the legitimate result of social and economic conditions that place expediency and

material success before moral ideals and ethical rectitude, could even partially obscure his naturally-fine sense of the high demands which life imposes on all her children. Only the materialism of the market, that is destroying the idealism of our young, could make it possible for such natures as Garnet Warren to hesitate to follow the dictates of conscience—hesitate to choose as Socrates chose, as Christ chose, as the prophets, the martyrs and the moral heroes of all ages who have led civilization forward have chosen, to tread the solitary, thorn-strewn path rather than journey in ease over a way approved by conventionalism and pleasing to egoism, when the soul cries out that the lonely path is the highway of justice and right, whose real goal may only be revealed by the light of duty's torch borne by the foot-sore servants of civilization. If we read Mr. Warren's mind aright, there is, unconsciously to himself, perhaps, a battle ever going on between idealism and positivism, between altruism and egoism; and we shall be disappointed if in the end the idealism of the true artist-soul fails to triumph. We believe that there is in him that basic moral virility, which as life's great problems unfold, will develop until it colors his thoughts, influences his pen and guides his life.

III. SOME VIEWS ON SOCIAL AND ECONOMIC QUESTIONS.

A newspaper cartoonist of the first rank must be a man in intimate touch with the momentous events and happenings of the day throughout the world. He must be a man whose mind is sufficiently trained to quickly recognize a logical sequence and the relation of one event or fact to another. He must furthermore possess the imagination of the poet and artist, who at once recognizes the master-thought in the panorama of the day, or that which is most compelling in its sway over the public mind; and he must also be able to effectively externalize it in a quickly-drawn picture. But to be

able to thus epitomize contemporary events so as to reflect the views as held by the "daily" for which he labors, the artist must be thoroughly conversant with the great living questions of the hour. Mr. Warren has the true instinct of the journalist, but he is also far more thoughtful and clear-visioned than many pretentious editorial writers. In the course of a recent conversation the discussion led to the vexed questions of protection and free-trade, and we inquired his views.

"Well," he replied, "that depends. Under some circumstances I should be a protectionist, and under others I should be a free-trader. Let me illustrate. In Australia some years ago the importers were becoming a powerful, wealthy class at the expense of the people of the various colonies. It was impossible to successfully inaugurate new industries, because the cost of starting the same was so great as to make it impracticable to sell goods in competition with the imported articles, and we were then becoming more and more dependent on other lands, while the various manufactures and other industries that under protection would and later did spring into vigorous life, affording remunerative labor for tens of thousands, were out of the question until the state granted protection. Now at that stage in the development of Australia I believe protection to have been wise and necessary. When great businesses, however, have grown up and become so



Warren, in Boston Herald.

LIGHT IN DARKEST RUSSIA.

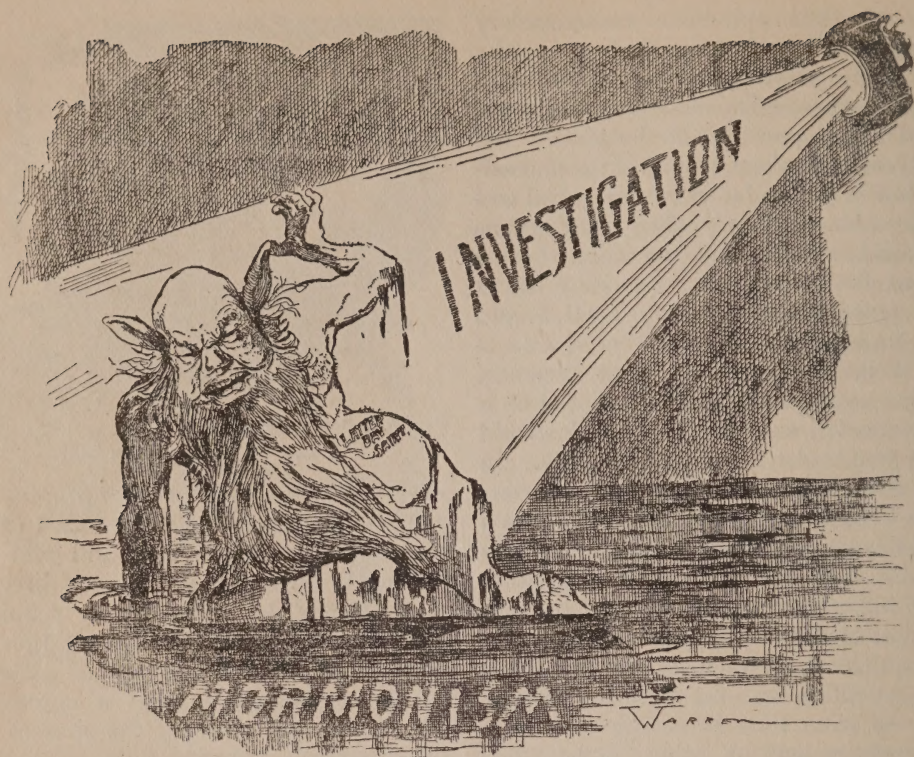
powerful as to oppress the people by exorbitant charges, and in order to extend their special privileges and gain an additional advance in prices, seek directly or indirectly to corrupt the people's servants, then I hold that protection is inimical to the best interests of society, for the double reason that it oppresses the masses and corrupts the sources of government."

"In other words," we observed, "your position is substantially that once held by Henry Clay, who was called the father of American protection. He strongly favored protecting the infant industries so long as they were in fact infant industries; but neither he nor his followers in the early days dreamed of extending protection to privileged interests when they became powerful enough to oppress instead of benefit the people. Colonel Ingersoll, who for years was a strong advocate of protection, at length grew weary of the continuous Oliver-Twist cry of enormously-rich interests for more privilege, and on one occasion he declared that while he believed most heartily in protecting infant industries, he was decidedly opposed to extending that protection after the infants wore boots and grew whiskers. So, I take it, you, while favoring legislation that would foster and encourage the establishment of new industries and manufactures, would oppose continuing such protection in cases where



Warren, in Boston Herald.

"HOW LONG, O LORD, HOW LONG!"

Warren, in *Boston Herald*.

NAKED, BUT UNASHAMED.

combinations are becoming a menace to free institutions, and at the same time are placing the American people at a disadvantage, as, for example, in the case of the steel-trust, which through the iniquitous protective legislation is enabled to charge the citizens of this republic from six to eleven dollars a ton more for steel than it charges the citizens of England or Canada."

"Well, Mr. Flower, you have put my views in a very few words much better than I can put them myself," replied Mr. Warren.

In speaking of methods of advancing theories and views which one held to be highly beneficial to a people or a nation, Mr. Warren advocated practical opportunism marked by the spirit of concession within certain bounds. In this way, he holds, far more can be achieved in the end than by uncompromising adherence to a fixed form-

ula. His ideas are similar to those of Jaurés and the idealistic socialists of France, in contradistinction to those of Bebel and his followers in Germany. In the case of Jaurés it will be noted that that great orator and civic leader has achieved remarkable reforms, and has placed the republic in an attitude favorable to a step-by-step rationalistic programme of social progress, in which the idea of universal secular education and of peace supersedes dogmatic religious training and the domination of the military imperialistic ideal that to-day prevails in Germany, Russia and other reactionary lands. By combining with the republicans, the socialist representatives under Jaurés' lead have changed the entire drift of the government from reactionary, monarchical and clerical tendencies to those of enlightened and sane democratic advance; while Bebel and his followers, by refusing to unite with

THE POEMS OF EMERSON.

HERMIONE.

II.

BY CHARLES MALLOY,
President of the Boston Emerson Society.

"This Hermione absorbed
The lustre of the land and ocean,
Hills and islands, cloud and tree,
In her form and motion."

HERMIONE thus absorbed the luster she loved; and is not this verse also an introverted expression for a fact nearer the literal truth, namely, that she absorbed the attention and love of the lover so that he did not see the luster of these objects in nature? It is a general truth that young people are absorbed in persons and do not until later in life come to a love of natural beauty. This fine selection of natural objects leaves us but little besides until we come to the world of persons.

"In her form and motion."

The concession of the lover that Hermione may not be "fair" does not extend to her form and motion. Emerson says that a beautiful form is better than a beautiful face, and a beautiful behavior is better than a beautiful form. There is much in "beautiful behavior" which can be reduced to manners, and almost everything in manners may by a fine analysis be called "motion." It would be difficult to conceive of a queenly character as not implying fine behavior in manners. These things stand in the relation of cause and effect. Good manners is to seem good, and to seem good and to sustain the appearance is to be good. An affectation of good is sure to break down at some unhappy crisis.

The lover, as we have seen, has found one diversion from his sorrow in an occasion to defend Hermione against the animadversions of "they"—the critics. Another sign of convalescence is in the

discovery that beauty is left in nature. Hermione has not both absorbed it and carried it away. He is coming to this hitherto neglected enchantment and so he says:

"This Hermione absorbed
The lustre of the land and ocean,
Hills and islands, cloud and tree,
In her form and motion."

Absorbed, and not absorbs. The reader will observe that little is left of nature after all he can gather into these conceptions. They were worth nothing as beauty to the lover in the presence of Hermione. He saw only beauty, luster, in her while she was with him. This extravagant expression is perhaps only an introverted way of saying that Hermione absorbed the attention of the lover and he was not conscious of the luster of land and ocean in the presence of Hermione. When Hermione is gone he comes to nature and finds this luster again, as we shall see in the following lines:

"I ask no bauble miniature,
Nor ringlets dead
Shorn from her comely head,
Now that morning not disdains
Mountains and the misty plains
Her colossal portraiture;
They her heralds be,
Steeped in her quality,
And singers of her fame
Who is their Muse and dame."

This charm of luster as often worn by persons and by nature alike has other names. In "Poetry and Imagination" Emerson calls the quality "transcendency," as that elusive aspect of beauty which description cannot grasp and hold, and which he gives in delicate hints in his "Ode to Beauty":

"Thee gliding through the sea of form,
Like the lightning through the storm,
Somewhat not to be possessed,
Somewhat not to be caressed,
No feet so fleet could ever find,
No perfect form could ever bind."

But in the case of Hermione the lover sees it in her "form and motion." This word "motion" may be well interpreted as meaning manners, since there is nothing seen in manners which may not be reduced to motion, as we have said. Of course manners retire by analysis into psychology at last and are lost to the physical eye as purely spiritual phenomena. There the beauty that follows them is

"Somewhat not to be possessed,
Somewhat not to be caressed,

by the observer.

"Now that morning not disdains
Mountains and the misty plains
Her colossal portraiture."

Where did Emerson get this wild hyperbole? When I was introduced to Emerson by Theodore Parker, as a young man, very much carried away by his writings, he said with his characteristic sweetness and modesty: "I am a great borrower. I read all sorts of books and take what belongs to me." This no doubt describes his way of reading. He did not read everything in a book. He says somewhere: "I read for the lustre." And again: "I value in books only what is transcendental and extraordinary." He says in the chapter on "Idealism" in the little treatise on "Nature": "Shakespeare possesses the power of subordinating nature for the purposes of expression, beyond all poets. His imperial muse tosses the creation like a bauble from hand to hand, and uses it to embody any caprice of thought that is uppermost in his mind." He quotes Shakespeare in these words, said by a lover to his maiden:

"Take those lips away
Which so sweetly were foresworn;
And those eyes—the break of day,
Lights that do mislead the morn."

And he adds: "The wild beauty of this

hyperbole, I may say in passing, it would not be easy to match in literature."

And indeed it is a "wild hyperbole." A maiden's eyes are "the break of day"—an equivalent for morning, and even morning is deceived, misled, by the counterfeit and thinks it is her own proper light.

There are several points of resemblance between Emerson's hyperbole in "Hermione" and this hyperbole from Shakespeare, which he "takes as belonging to him." There is a lover in each, a maiden in each, a personification of morning in each, and morning in each is an interested spectator of effects given by the beauty of the maiden, as if morning were in full sympathy with the lover, like the swallow in a former line. Nature has now her luster back again and is thus a picture of Hermione. Broad landscapes, mountains and the misty plains are a "colossal portraiture." "Steeped in her quality" is a strong and happy expression and comports with the word "genius" as used above. So as the lover looks upon this larger miniature he asks "no bauble miniature," no trifling reminder in ringlets shorn from her "comely head." Many persons are satisfied with a good complexion and a certain regularity in the features of the face, and do not look or care for a "comely head." Phrenology has not quite fulfilled all it promised, but it has instructed us to look at the head as well as the face. The configuration of the head as a whole means more, perhaps, than the technical "bumps" of fifty years ago.

"Who is their Muse and dame."

The mountains and the misty plains are the body and Hermione the soul of the scene. Beauty as subjective, or in the form of emotion, is a universal attribute and the same when the correlate of very different things. Nature and persons often affect us alike. Thus the quality in Hermione and in mountains and the misty plains is Hermione as a figurative or poetical predicate, and is not

beyond the bounds of allowable "double, quadruple or centuple meanings" which the poet sees in words and other symbols. Farther along in the poem the lover calls natural influences his "kindred" who have come to "sooth" him. The word "muse" seems to be a personification for certain effects as well as a fiction for persons. Emerson here uses it as an alternative for "dame."

Now comes a perplexing verse of five lines, the interpretation of which demands a careful review of what has preceded it:

"Higher, dear swallows! mind not what I say.
Ah! heedless how the weak are strong,
Say, was it just,
In thee to frame, in me to trust,
Thou to the Syrian couldst belong?"

"On a mound an Arab lay,
And sung his sweet regrets
And told his amulets:
The summer bird
His sorrow heard,
And, when he heaved a sigh profound,
The sympathetic swallow swept the ground."

The lover has now so far recovered from the sorrow at his great loss that the "sighs profound" have ceased, and the low sweeps of the swallow, his only companion, are no longer needed, so in his changed mood he says:

"Higher, dear swallows! mind not what I say."

Two ameliorations, two signs of convalescence, have come to the lover. First, he has so far forgotten his sorrow as to notice and reply to the critics of Hermione. He cannot bear any depreciation of Hermione. Secondly, though Hermione is gone, he still finds beauty in hill and plain—beauty in nature, and it is the beauty, the soul, of Hermione. In this way he has her still, or, out of his love of nature he has a delightful equivalent. Now another "mind cure" emerges. He has not lost her, as we shall see by analysis of these five lines. It is in view of all this, and chiefly of the last happy thought, that he says:

"Higher, dear swallows! mind not what I say."

Now the paradox:

"Ah! heedless how the weak are strong."

How shall we solve this paradox? By finding two relations, in one of which Hermione is weak and in one of which she is strong. So the words "weak" and "strong" are not used absolutely, but relatively. She is weak in physical power and helpless against the facts of her physical condition, and is utterly unable to escape them. If this may be considered her actual life, then she has nothing besides. She holds her life, in this sense, very largely at the mercy of her husband. He is "arbiter of her fortunes." The lover alludes to this sad circumstance farther on in the poem, as we shall see.

"Ah! heedless how the weak are strong."

He addresses Hermione as in apostrophe, though she may be a thousand miles away:

"Say, was it just,
In thee to frame, in me to trust,
Thou to the Syrian couldst belong?"

In reading this poem in the parlors of a distinguished clergyman, he asked: "Who is the Syrian?" I said that it was the man to whom Hermione was married, presumably, without her love and against her will. This, in an Eastern land, is a possibility very easy to conceive. She is married by the interest and compulsion of her family.

"How do you know?" he asked.

"Well," I could only answer, "I read between the lines, as you do in the Bible, and then see how the case as a whole bears me out."

That the Syrian is the husband of Hermione is thus far only an implication. Hermione had "framed" and the Arab lover had "trusted" or believed that she belonged to the Syrian to whom she had never given herself.

This is delicate and dangerous ground, and Emerson does not often venture upon it. In his lecture upon books, written perhaps not far from the date of this

poem, we find the following not irrelevant passage:

"In novels the most serious questions are beginning to be discussed. What made the popularity of *Jane Eyre* but that a central question was answered in some sort. The question there answered in regard to a vicious marriage will always be treated according to the habit of the party. A person of commanding individualism will answer it as Rochester—as Cleopatra—as Milton—as George Sand do,—magnifying the exception into a rule, dwarfing the world into an exception. A person of less courage, that is, of less constitution, will answer as the heroine does,—giving way to fate, to conventionalism, to the actual state and doings of men and women."

Emerson, I believe, does not return to this theme, too large for settlement by any one mind. He says in "Experience":

"A sympathetic person is placed in the dilemma of a swimmer among drowning men, who all catch at him, and if he give so much as a leg or a finger, they will drown him."

Certainly on this subject it is not safe to give drowning men and women "so much as a leg or a finger." Mrs. Deland a few years ago in her story, *Philip and His Wife*, argues the question well for both, and then leaves them. She does not say how they settled it. I should be inclined to leave it as Mrs. Deland did, and so save my head. In a notable case here in Boston, Rufus Choate contended with his usual eloquence against divorce, saying that the man and wife would come together again, and they did. Perhaps they are the best ones to settle it. At any rate, Emerson does not try to settle it, save in the way suggested in our poem, "Hermione," a settlement in which Hermione agrees, if the Syrian does not. In this settlement Hermione is "strong" and the Syrian is weak and powerless against her. Emerson may have thought

in the case of Rochester, in the case of Milton, that without love there is no marriage. The generalization turns out a vexatious one. It soon gets itself tangled up in endless complications. But that old Bible word, "frame," is a happy choice in the present case. A man once wrote a book to prove that women have no souls. The symptoms at present are rather against such a doctrine. He proved it by the easy argument of the Dutch justice: Six men swore for the plaintiff. They saw the assault complained of. But twelve men swore they did not see it, and the justice said there was a decided preponderance in favor of the defendant. The argument of the man who wrote the book to the end that women have no souls proved that the Bible nowhere says they have, and carried the point, as he thought, by this sweeping negation.

We have the pleasant and generally harmless fiction in our marriage-forms that the bride is given away by some one. But if a woman has a soul and her soul is her own, we might say that she is the only person who can give it away. The act by herself is marriage; without this it is a "frame"—a piece of mechanism without a soul—an event agreeing with law and custom as society demands, but not with what is essential, namely, love, as the soul demands. And this was the great plea of the Arab and Hermione. For a time they were dazed by the social wrong which had torn the lovers asunder. The lover now sees, and Hermione sees, that in a law superior to "frames" she does not belong to the Syrian. She has never given herself to him. By a logic like this, moreover, the lovers could "frame" or construe themselves as belonging to each other. Thus in a high and spiritual sense the lover has not lost Hermione. If she loves him still, she belongs to him still. She, by the only form of gift having a psychological value, has given herself to him. The "frame" of a marriage to another does not annul this essential marriage. But she must

live in "castles in Spain," to use a modern metaphor. In this Hermione is "strong" like her singer—her poet-lover. She is stronger there than the Syrian. She can at any moment leave him. He cannot hinder her. All the troops of the sultan cannot capture her. She can fly away on wings swifter than the swallows, and live delightful hours far away with the man she loves.

Our good didactic teachers are wont to disparage revery—an imaginary life; this often without taking into account the thousand cases wherein it seems proper and unavoidable. What would soldiers do in field and camp, waiting often through inactive periods; what would prisoners do, shut up from the world for many years, but that life other than the actual existence meted out to them were supplied by the imagination? Does one think that Hermione could be kept always in the geometrical or spacial presence of the Syrian. By the laws of the land and by the fact of physical possession only she belongs to him. Did not Napoleon live much in his beloved France during those St. Helena years?

"Ah! heedless how the weak are strong."

The lover is not heedless now. He has sung his sweet regrets to some purpose and perceives the bonds of that finer relation by which he and Hermione are one. This is the last and crowning realization; so he closes the song with his little friend, the swallow. He does not need the low flights any longer.

"Higher, dear swallows! mind not what I say."

This is the solution of the apparent contradiction, the paradox. Hermione is weak in physical power; she is strong in the power to dream dreams. After this the lovers may be considered the subjects of an ideal life, the tenants of fair Arcady, made by their own fancies.

Helen Hunt Jackson has written two poems which may be read as two parts of one poem, in illustration of this dual life, a mixture of the actual and the ideal:

I. APART.

"One place—one roof—one name—their daily bread
In daily sacrament they break
Together, and together take
Perpetual counsel, such as use has fled
The habit of, in works which make
No lie. For courtesy's sweet sake
And pity's, one brave heart whose joy is dead,
Smiles ever, answering words which wake
But weariness; hides all its ache,—
Its hopeless ache, its longing and its dread;
Strong as a martyr at the stake,
Renouncing self; striving to slake
The pangs of thirst on bitter hyssop red,
With vinegar! O brave, strong heart!
God sets all days, all hours apart.
Joy cometh at his hour appointed."

II. TOGETHER.

"No touch—no sight—no sound—wide continents
And seas clasp hands to separate
Them from each other now. Too late!
Triumphant Love has leagued the elements
To do their will. Hath light a mate
For swiftmess? Can it overweight
The air? Or doth the sun know accidents?
The light, the air, the sun, inviolate
For them, do constant keep and state
Message of their ineffable contents
And raptures, each in each. So great
Their bliss in loving, even fate,
In parting them, hath found no instruments
Whose bitter pain insatiate
Doth kill it, or their faith abate
In presence of Love's hourly sacraments."

Emerson and Helen Hunt Jackson were very good friends. He had great respect for her, and she had great admiration for him. She addressed to him the following:

TRIBUTE.

"Midway in summer, face to face, a King
I met. No king so gentle and so wise.
He calls no man his subject; but his eyes,
In midst of benediction, questioning,
Each soul compel. A first-fruit offering
Each soul must owe to him whose fair land lies
Wherever God has His. No white dove flies
Too white, no wine too red and rich, to bring.
With sudden penitence for all her waste,
My soul to yield her scanty hoards made haste,
When lo! they shrank and failed me in that need,
Like wizard's gold, by worthless dust replaced.
My speechless grief the king with tender heed
Thus soothed: 'These ashes sow. They are true
seed.'
O King, in other summers may I stand
Before thee yet, the full ear in my hand."

Is it not possible that "H. H." got a hint for her poem "Two," from Emerson's "Hermione"? She would be quick to read the subtle paradox, the double

life, one in thoughts, another in things, which appears in much of the subsequent parts of "Hermione." Like "Hermione," the poem, "Two," reverses the meaning of presence and absence. It is *here* where the heart is, and a life of reverie and dreams is the real life. What if this life "in concepts" were a hundred times as palpable? Then the mind would be real and nature a dream.

This, then, hereafter is life to the lovers. The Arab lover has come to this, and hence the tender appeal:

"Say, was it just,
In thee to frame, in me to trust,
Thou to the Syrian couldst belong?"

"Higher, dear swallows! mind not what I say,"

he now tells his sympathetic friends. He does not need the low flights any longer. Hermione is with him again. Fate has no power within a world where the mind is its own place and makes its own persons and conditions. "Either really or ideally," says Emerson, "we live with superior persons." What would the exile do without this power?

(To be continued.)

CHARLES MALLOY.

Waltham, Mass.

THE BUILDING OF THE CITY BEAUTIFUL.*

BY JOAQUIN MILLER.

CHAPTER IX.

AWAITING THE RESURRECTION AT KARNAK.

LORN land of silence, land of awe!

Lorn, lawless land of Moslem will,—

The great Law-giver and the law

Have gone away together. Still

The sun shines on; still Nilus darkly red

Steals on between his awful walls of dead.

And sapphire skies still bend as when

Proud Karnak's countless columns propped

The corners of the world; when men

Kept watch where massive Cheops topped

Their utmost reach of thought, and sagely drew

Their star-lit lines along the trackless blue.

But Phthah lies prostrate evermore;

And Thoth and Neith all are gone;

And huge Osiris hears no more

Thebes' melodies; nor Mut at On;

Yet one lone obelisk still lords the spot

Where Plato sat to learn. But On is not.

Nor yet has Time encompassed all;

You trace your finger o'er a name

That mocks at age within the wall

Of fearful Karnak. Sword nor flame

Shall touch what men have journeyed far to touch

And felt eternity in daring such!

"Juda Melchi Shishak!" Read

The Holy Book; read how that he

With chariot and champing steed

Invaded far and fair Judea.

Ye, read the chronicle of red hands laid

On "shields of gold which Solomon had made."

HE WOULD look once more upon Upper Egypt through her eyes, and then away about his work. She was so infinitely above him that he could only clasp his hands and with lifted face worship her; he could worship her from afar as well as near at hand. He could not love her more, though he sat at her feet forever, and walked at her side even through the shadows of the valley of death. He would not, he could not, love her less though millions of miles away.

Did I forget to tell you that her singularly intense and perfect mentality took in and absorbed to herself the minds, the inmost thoughts of those who came in contact with her? She knew men's thoughts,—may I say it, with humbled head?—as Christ knew men's thoughts.

"There is a tomb, mighty tomb, not far from here,"—and this was at Karnak that she now spoke,—"which no man has entered since long, long before Christ came to Egypt, and this you should see."

She had been talking of his going, of his plans, his purposes,—talking to him in the same clear, sweet way as in Jerusalem and at Nazareth, that morning.

* Begun in the December, 1904, issue.

And yet he had said nothing at all of these things to her for a long time.

Knowing that she knew his heart, his hopes, his plans, how quietly good, patient, and true he had begun to grow! And why should he tell her anything, since she knew all and more than all that he could possibly find words to utter in all the centuries that are to be? Why shall time be wasted in helpless, inane, and angular words at all? Let us rather learn to read the soul in silence, and respect it.

Their boat was rocking on the Nile as night came on; and, as the boatmen slowly rowed for the sandy shore, which she had indicated with her hand as the place of the hidden tomb, she said to the man at her side, in her quiet and fragmentary way:

"Yes, Christ surely raised the dead. And do you not see that Egypt anticipated all that? She believed, she knew that some one would some day walk this way so full of the fires of life and immortality, so charged with that finer electricity which men call life, about which they talk so much but about which they know nothing at all, as yet,—that they laid their dead away ready to rise up in all their glory on earth after their long waiting for the Master."

More, much more, she said; and all so much more intelligently than what is here so imperfectly recalled and written down!

It was a woeful, grewsome spot of bone and stone, of sand and serpents, where they landed, and all tracked about with the tracks of wide-footed and enormous lions. And they had to stoop low, almost kneel, to enter the mouth of the cavern. There was no sign of man's hand or foot, although she had come to it as if walking a beaten road.

He had looked back and down to the men as he stooped to enter the gloomy cavern. The boatmen had anchored in the middle of the river,—were they afraid of lions? It was soon dark as they passed on and on in a stooping posture; but she

assured him that in a little time they would find the cavern lighted. With calm assurance she said that when the great founder of Babylon had been laid to rest there, thousands of years before, the walls were left lighted; no, not with electricity, but with a phosphorescent light that must endure while the Nile endures.

But it was wearisome, stooping and groping so long and so far. He began to fear that she had made some miscalculation and was lost. There were other and deeper passes and many tunnels that intersected this dark and narrow one. He could feel them as he groped forward after her,—feel them, not altogether with his hands, but with that other and finer feeling which she had, by example, begun to teach him. She paused, put out her hand, took his in hers for the first time since that first meeting in Jerusalem. But now her hand trembled,—it was almost cold. Had she indeed lost her way? Had she, with her superhuman knowledge and divine gifts, really lost her way in that awful wilderness of tombs? Had she at last lost her strength, her faith? Suddenly she stopped short, and said, "There is a lion in here."

The man tried to stand erect and take some attitude of defence, if only to encourage her. There was no room to rise erect.

But now her blood began to tide and flow again. Her hand was warm once more and her heart strong. "We will go forward," she said as she again led the way, "for to go back will be to invite destruction. He is not far away; I think he is waiting in one of the side passes. There!"

Her hand was again like ice, but only for a time. They stood leaning, looking forward in the fearful darkness at two glittering lights, round, full, flaming lights that broadened and brightened and gleamed and glowed with a fierceness, a hungry, animal fierceness that you could feel. It was something more than light, it was heat. It was heat that chilled,

turned you cold and froze you to the marrow. The man, although trained to the use of arms and not without address in danger, had, ever since coming into her higher atmosphere, and especially since that night up the Yellow Nile, despised their use; and so here he stooped and groped, as helpless and unmanned as a babe.

But her old faith came back, even as she looked into the burning fires before her, and with a pressure of her warm hand she led forward. The pass widened now and was roomier in every way. It soon became a sort of court, great columns of red and gray and blue granite propping the mountains above. On the outer edge of this court lay the huge lion, his nose on his paws, his eyes, his terribly beautiful eyes only, giving the least sign of life or action. But for those eyes of fire and flame, he, too, might have been counted as one of the thousand images that kept attendance on the great Babylonian who sat his throne in robes of state in the vast, wide court far beyond.

That distant inner court was still lighted, as she had said, after all the thousands of years; and there the mighty hunter of Babylon had sat his golden and marble and granite throne as time rolled by, resting and resting and serenely waiting the resurrection. The shapely columns, in all their comeliness and strength, stood out before the far-off light in stately splendor.

Miriam did not pause for one moment. She held the man's hand tight and close, to make certain that he, too, should keep right on as she might lead. The lion did not move; he did not even lift his eyes as they drew near. But suddenly his tail whipped slightly in the dust; then the woman led a little to the left, leaving a column between her path and the paws of the lion. The huge beast seemed pleased with this slight concession; and only noting that they kept straight on, knowing surely that there was but one way out and that he was thrown full length in the only path of exit, he awaited

results with that dignity which is born of boundless strength and absolute assurance. He could afford to wait just a little.

"Yes, here is faith for you; certainly of immortality on earth. Look! Nimrod, the mighty hunter, armed and ready for battle with beasts of the forest, as of old! He has only been resting here all these centuries, ready to rise up and begin life again just as he left off when he lay down to die; as we all shall."

She had forgotten the lion in this supreme moment to which she had looked forward so long, and, possibly at times, with some doubt. But she was now certain that Egypt had been not only the mother of all ancient civilization, but the mother of Babylon's founder and the burial-place of her mighty dead for ages.

Reverently she approached the foot of the lofty throne and kneeled on the polished red granite below, where reached the staff, the long beam of the hunter's spear, still clutched in his right hand, and ready for use when he should rise again.

How long they meditated there, in that soft and hallowed light and holy perfume of the past, no one can say. There are times that despise time, that throw time away as a drunken spendthrift throws coins away; and there is an intoxication of the soul and senses at times like this that puts the intoxication of the body, even from the rarest wines, to the blush.

Suddenly there was a low, slow, deep rumble. It seemed as if the cavern, or court of the kingly dead, began to rock, and roll, and shake and tremble; then a roar!

It rolled, bounded, echoed, rebounded, filled the place and all places, all the passes, got lost, could not find its way out, came back, bounded from wall to wall, from floor to ceiling, and finally went back and moaned and died in that lion's monstrous jaws and tawny mane.

He rose up, came forward, and then, as if he had only been jesting at first in a sort of suppressed whisper, he roared again, again and again.

Five steps of polished red granite of the throne of the mighty dead with spear in hand; but they made it at a single bound, she to the left and he to the right.

The man was about to pluck the spear from the dark and dusty hand and do battle for the woman he deified; but she looked him in the face across the face of the king, and he bowed his head and stepped back in silence, as her now burning hand reached further and fell familiarly on the outstretched left hand of the mighty hunter where it rested on the arm of the throne.

Was it a halo about her head? Was it divine fire that flamed from her burning hand? Nay, no questions. They cannot be answered here. We may only know that some subtle essence—fire? magnetism? electricity?—flowed and swept and shot from her hand, from her body, to his body. And then the mighty hunter was on his feet. As the lion laid his long, strong paw on the third step of the throne, with his tail whipped back in the air and his two terrible hinder legs bent low and gathered for a leap at the man's throat, the spear was in place; face to face stood the lion and his master, once more and at last after all these thousands of years! And the lion knew his master. He knew him only from tradition; but the story of his powers had come down to him with his very blood, and he knew his kingly master when he met him, even in the house of death.

Sullenly, slowly, and with a dignity worthy the occasion and the two mighty kings, the lion dragged, dragged, as if he had to drag it down by force, that great ponderous paw. It literally tore the granite, but he got it down. He got his eyes down from the eyes of the dead; and then sidewise, slowly, gracefully, grandly, with long and stately strides, only the quivering of his flanks telling of his anger, he bowed his head and left the court and crept from the fearful cavern. And when they had ceased to look and listen to make certain he was surely gone, the dead was sitting there as at first.

CHAPTER X.

THE VOICE OF TOIL.

COME, lean an ear, an earnest ear,
To Nature's breast, some stilly eve,
And you shall hear, shall surely hear
The Carpenter, and shall believe;
Shall surely hear, shall hear for aye, who will,
The patient strokes of Christ resounding still.

The thud of loom, the hum of wheel,
That steady stroke of Carpenter!
And was this all? Did God reveal
No gleam of light to Him, to her?
No gleam of hopeful light, sweet toiling friend,
Save that which burneth dimly at the end.

That beggar at the rich man's gate!
That rich man moaning down in hell!
And all life's pity, all life's hate!
Yea, toil lay on Him like a spell.
Stop still and think of Christ, of Mary there,
Her lifted face but one perpetual prayer.

I can but hope at such sore time,
When all her soul went out so fond,
She touched the very stars sublime
And took some sense of worlds beyond;
And took some strength to ever toil and wait
The glories bursting through God's star-built gate.

And He so silent, patient, sad,
As seeing all man's sorrows through!
How could the Christ be wholly glad
To know life's pathos as He knew,—
To know, and know that all the beauteous years
Man will waste in battle, blood, and tears?

Enough of antiquity, of dust, and of the dead; enough of speculation, enough of idleness. Turn we now to toil. Enough, and more than enough of the old; turn we now to the new,—to follow the stroke of the Carpenter's Son, the sound of Mary's loom, or the voice of the dove in the olive-trees.

But one word before bidding a long adieu to the old world and this strange, strong woman of the old.

I do not say or even suggest that she was the reincarnation of that Miriam who was made "leprous white" because of her anger with her brother when he married "the Ethiopian woman." I know nothing at all about such things. But I am permitted to believe that our business is with this world mainly, and with the things of this world; that other worlds have their own, and are and ought to be concerned mainly with their own; that it is a fact, and a very practical fact, that "the kingdom of heaven is at hand."

Immortality? Certain of it. But it is

here. Individuality in the next life? Certain of it, if a grain and not a husk. As no atom of earth perishes, so shall no soul perish or lose its personality. The real acorn, the real grain of wheat does not perish or lose its identity in dust. It is only the worthless grain and the husk and shell that passes back to the common mould.

So, then, if you want immortality, make it. If you want your soul saved, make it worth saving.

These thoughts, bear in mind, are not intruded upon any one, and are but timidly and feebly let fall here as "the still, small rain."

A LARGE solemnity like twilight, almost like night, had settled down on Miriam and the man also, on their return to the vicinity of Cairo. He knew that work was now before him, and he was glad of that. But would she be at his side? No toil could be weary where she was. There could be no rest, no light, no life, nothing for him, save his love for her, where she was not.

He tried to be very honest with himself, with her. But think it over as he might, recall each act and utterance, yet in all their intercourse he could find nothing on which to hang a hope that she would be with him to the end,—be his own. And then she was so silent, so sadly silent of late, all the time. True, she was not strong, strong of body; for as her soul grew strong her body grew weak. Even little threads of silver had wound themselves through her heavy meshes of midnight hair, and her glorious face was wan and pallid as the moonlight in which they sat by the deep-red Nile this last night in Egypt. But he loved her all the more for that. The more?—how could that have been? Let us say, with a tenderness that was new and holy.

But his heart was bursting for some sight, some sound. Would she let him go, and go on alone, with no assurance that she would follow and follow soon,—be with him in heart, and soul too, all the time?

He would put the matter to the test at once. As we have seen, he was not

given to words any more than was she.

"You know I love you, Miriam."

"I know."

"And you?"

Her two hands lifted up and pushed back the great mass of black hair from her fine, white face, and it came out to him like the moon of heaven, and with her face turned full to his she said, slowly, softly, and so very sweetly:

"I love you."

It was the first time she had spoken so.

The hands remained above and about the face, framing it like a face of the Madonna.

"You, you will be mine?"

"Yes."

"God bless you, Miriam, for that promise. But you know I go now to begin my work in the New World. When will you be mine? Where? At what time?"

"Time?" Her hands fell down and lay so heavily in her lap he dared not try to touch them, and she said, looking away beyond, as if at the ghost of Thebes and her hundred gates: "Time? Not in time,—eternity."

He sprang up and threw his arms tightly together across his breast.

"And this is your resolution?"

"Why, dare I be idly happy with all this misery on earth before me? Think of that blind woman with the three naked children yesterday in the street; she had the arms and the mummy-head of some ancestor, selling them for a bit of bread, here in fruitful Egypt! For them, no blame. They know no better. You and I know better. 'For unto whomsoever much is given, of him shall be much required.' The cross and the crown are bound together. Let us go our ways, help to make the crooked straight, and then, in some after life—"

Her voice was inaudible now. Her face sank low and was hidden from his sight; but he saw hot tears falling on her hand; and she was sacred and holy to him as if a halo had descended upon her.

Then she rose up slowly, her face still

bent down, and giving her two hands, said:

"Go; do your work, do good."

"And you?"

"I, I will come to you—sometime; but go, go now."

What a tower, what a pillar of fire was that promise: "I will come to you—sometime! Go, go now. I will come to you—sometime. Good-bye!"

It was a Nile night. To those who have lived by the Nile nothing more need be said to describe the sensuous scene and air. To those who have not dwelt there the description would be as idle as ungrateful. There were palm-trees in the ancient garden by which the lion-river crept in all his sinuous and supple splendor. The moon made little paths and patches and quivering mosaics of silver all up and down the sands to walk upon.

A boat with a single oarsman rocked and rested in the lotus leaves by the level bank above, and at the end of the garden a single nude, black boatman. It was a very quiet place. No boat had landed there in all the time they had lived here.

He turned away, passed down the garden with slow step, empty-handed, alone, and with one word "Good-bye" on his lips. They could not have uttered more than that one word. His resolution was almost failing him, for his heart was breaking. Then suddenly he turned about, flew back to her, threw out his hands and cried, "Good-bye, Miriam!"

Mechanically and slowly and with kindly eyes and half-parted lips, she took his outstretched hands in silence. He pulled her to him, pulled her violently, pressed her to his heart as his right hand swept swiftly about her body, pressed his lips to her proud lips as she struggled and as her head fell back in her effort to escape and then he set her hastily in her place and was gone.

Intensely, triumphantly beat his heart as he leaped into his boat, sped away, and hastened to embark for other lands. And long, long, as he voyaged away, he tried to believe, tried to hope, that there had been at least the faintest thrill of response, and that he had not been entirely a savage.

CHAPTER XI.

THE FOUNDATION STONES.

BE THOU not angered. Go thy way
From God's high altar to the low;
Nor think to kneel and truly pray,
Till thou art reconciled and know
Thou hast forgiven him; as thou must be
Forgiven of the sins that burthen thee.

And if thine eye tempt thee to shame
Turn thou aside; pluck it away!
And with thy right hand deal the same,
Nor tempt thy soul to sin this day.
Yea, thou art very weak. Thou couldst not make.
One hair turn white or black, for thine own sake.

And whosoever smite thy cheek,
Turn thou that he may smite again.
The truly brave are truly meek,
And bravely bear both shame and pain.
They slay, if truly brave men ever slay,
Their foes, with sweet forgiveness, day by day.

And if a man would take thy coat,
Give him thy cloak and count it meet.
Bread cast on waters can but float
In sweet forgiveness to thy feet;
So thou, by silent act like this, shalt preach
Such sermons as not flame nor sword can teach.

Lay not up treasures for yourselves
On earth, and stint and starve the soul
By heaping granaries and shelves
And high store-houses; for the whole
Of wealth is this: to grow and grow and grow
In faith; to know and ever seek to know.

Therefore give not too much of thought
For thy to-morrows. Birds that call
Sweet melodies sow not, reap not,
And yet the Father feedeth all.
Therefore toil trusting, loving; watch and pray.
And pray in secret; pray not long, but say:

Give us our daily bread this day,
Forgive our sins as we forgive,
Lead us not in temptation's way,
Deliver us, that we may live;
For thine the kingdom is, has ever been,
And thine the power, glory, and—Amen!

ON a huge mass of hills, hills heaped and banked and tumbled on top of hills by the great sea of seas, and above the Golden Gate, the man at last pitched his tent and began to build his city.

Water percolated through the broken rocks here and there and formed little pools, where poor, half-starved cattle and sheep had gathered for half a century and made dismal moan for provender as they trampled the rich, black mould into unsightly masses of mud.



F. Edwin Elwell, Sculp.

“LITTLE NELL”

(See “Notes and Comments”)

It was a doleful, grewsome place indeed, if you looked near about you or down into the mud. But to look up to the stars! To look down to the bay of San Francisco; look out through the Golden Gate on the great sea, to count the moving ships, to behold the fleets of snow-white clouds that drew in at the sunset from the Japan seas, to feel the keen, cool winds of Alaska in July! Ah, it was a glorious place if you could only keep your face toward the sea or up toward heaven, and your heart on your duty to man.

And what heaps of stone!—stones from the topmost peak of his hundred acres to the bottom limit of his possessions; stones enough for the material foundations of a large city indeed! As for its moral foundations, no city ever has been built, or ever can be built, to endure with any other than the precepts at the head of this chapter,—the Sermon on the Mount.

Of course it would have been a pleasant thing if this man could have chosen a rich valley by some great river, where commerce, in the spirit of the age, and enterprising people with quick discernment of advantage would come his way at once. It would be pleasant to write down the peace and rest and swift prosperity that would have followed such a choice of location. But we have ugly facts, not pleasant fancy, to confront and deal with now.

The man took the mountain-top, and at the cost of all he had saved in more than half a life-time, simply because a place in the valley was not to be had for what he had to give.

"All the better," he said. "If I succeed on these steepes and heaps of stone, the greater good and the braver will be my lesson to the world. The main thing is to teach and to prove that all men are good or trying to be good; and that all the world and all things in it are beautiful or trying to be beautiful. I shall plant roses here where I find thorns, trees where I find thistles; and if I can make this most barren and most unsightly of all places on earth beautiful, my example

will not be lost." And his heart was all the time with *Her*, and all the time he kept saying over and over her last words: "I will come to you—sometime."

His heap of steep hills sloped to the sun and the sea; but back in the rear a deep and wooded and watered canyon bent like a scimitar and shut out all the world behind him. It was a wild and a glorious place; wolves, catamounts, hosts of wild creatures housed there, to say nothing of the birds that sang and reared their pretty broods in the red-wood groves and groves of madrona, willow, and bay-trees. But he built his little house out in the sun with the Golden Gate in sight, and here he began to plant trees, and to plant and to plant and to plant. He would first make it attractive, and then invite thinkers, poets, men of mind who had a mind to rest, to come and sit down and share it with him; then the world would see and learn and live. Then *She* would come! And why did he begin and toil on so entirely alone? He did not begin alone; or did not propose to do that at first.

He had found, after much care, a small party of men with purposes not unlike his own. But when it came to the toil, the privations, the weary prospect of long waiting for roads to be built, for trees to grow up and bear fruit, for the world to come that way and admire and praise, they melted away, one after one, and went down to the city by the sea and left him all alone. It would be tedious, even if it would be credible, to tell how terribly hard he toiled. But there was fierce excitement in closing in and making clean the muddy springs of water, in training the pure, trickling streams down the tortuous new roadside where roses were newly set by the newly built wall. To see the response of the roses! real gratitude indeed! And then the down-trodden grass—how glad it was to lift up its head after forty years!

But then at last he must have help. He could earn money in various little ways, and would employ some one to

help him in his persistent toil. But whom?

When we employ a man we must not think entirely of ourselves. We must think of his good as well as our own. He needs this consideration.

From far across San Pablo bay, the lights from the watch-towers of the penitentiary shot sharp and continuously in at the door of our silent city-builder. This vexed him sorely at first. It made him miserable to think of the misery there when he so needed rest.

But at last his soul ascended to the duty before it. He went to the prison warden and engaged that each month he should send him the first discharged convict who desired work. The first to come was a poor drunkard. It was not quite an ideal life, this sleeping in the same little cottage with an illiterate drunkard. True, the poor, sullen inebriate did not know that his history was known to the city-builder, but still he was ugly and cross. He did not like the place; and so he soon disappeared, taking what he could lay hands on.

The next was a bright young man who had been a book-keeper, and stolen money from his employer.

Thinking his history unknown, he frankly told it the first night. They became friends. When he drew his first wages he went down into the city, into the sea, as it were, and was drowned,—drowned first in alcohol and then found dead in the bay.

The third was a witless man and an honest man, who insisted on telling his story, hat in hand, before he would sit down. He had been convicted of stealing cattle, and did not assert his innocence till he stood with his month's wages in his hand to set out for the gold mines of Alaska.

Taken altogether, these experiments were in no way fruitless nor discouraging. Now and again he wrought entirely alone. And as he toiled, he took the three convicts and their conduct under the closest consideration. And the prayer of Jesus Christ, the one prayer, as taught him by

that clear-eyed woman from the gates of Jerusalem, kept in his mind and before him always: "Lead us not into temptation! Lead us not into temptation! Lead us not into temptation!"

He had tempted the first unhappy convict to fall. The poor, weak-minded, and sullen man could not resist the temptation to take the man's horse and ride away in the night. He was, then, himself the guilty man.

As for the second man, he, too, had been tempted,—tempted even to his death by Society and the State.

As for the third man, no better man could have been found.

By this time vultures began to gather around and sit on the rocks. They said: "This man with his non-resistance and turn-the-other-cheek must fail, die; and some one must pick his bones."

This was an ugly fact, but who was to blame? "Be ye wise as serpents, but as harmless as doves."

Would a really wise man have come forward and publicly and continuously declared, in the midst of a people who were devoted entirely to money-getting, that he would give to the man who took his coat, his cloak also?

He was tempting some weak men beyond their power to resist. He was literally calling out to the vultures to come from the four parts of the world and wait on the rocks and crags for him to die, when they should gorge on his remains.

People came and went as the years went by,—some queer people, some curious people, and some good people; or rather some people who had had better fortune, better opportunities to be good than those who are called bad.

"Now, look here!" said an honest and observing man one day to the city-builder, digging on his hill, "all this that you are trying to do has been done before, or at least attempted. You are, perhaps, a good man, a very good man; but you are not the only good man that has been. You may build and build, but the sea of selfishness will roll over your city and all

your enterprises here when you die, before you can be carried to the grave."

This had been said in answer to his complaints about the vultures that continually hovered around. He had, in his distress, cried out to this good man, and said:

"In the olden time the ravens fed the prophets; but now it seems to me that the prophets must feed not only the ravens, but the vultures also."

And it must be conceded that he had the most substantial reasons for complaining.

For example: A stout German, whose lands shut him out from the city, nailed up his road, and demanded an acre of land for the right of way. The man gave him a deed for three acres. But this is only one example of his folly and the persistence of the vultures, and we hasten on.

And yet these people on this mountain-side were in some sense better than those in the valley below, and those in the valley below were better than those in the city beyond.

How pitiful, how piteously pitiful it all is, as things now are! This man, worn out at last, bodily and mentally, sat down and tried to see light beyond. There was no light to be seen. He saw that he would ultimately be ground to dust between the hard and selfish elements that environed him. He might carry his experiments forward to the end of his own natural life; he might not be crucified before his time to die; yet he foresaw clearly that his very dust and ashes would be divided among those about him at his death, and all his hopes and plans and persistent toil of body and mind would be as if he had never been.

He began to search the book of Nature for some possible solution of the hard problem before him; and he began to see that Nature had in some way or other protected whatever she wished to perpetuate. Even the timid rabbit, that sat with wide eyes and large ears under the trees which he had planted on his hill-

sides, was not neglected. His coat turned gray each season as the grass turned gray; and when the winter approached, with a sprinkle of snow on the hillside, the keen-eyed hawk that looked down out of the snow-cloud above saw that the rabbit had a new coat as white as the snows about him, and that it required the keenest of keen eyes to distinguish him from the tufts of grass and snow.

"Yet I," said the man to himself, "with all the lessons of Nature before me, have dared to lay my breast bare to all men; and they have pierced me through and through."

One day a small man, with a gray beard, came up the hill meekly washing his hands, and in a mild and sympathetic voice said:

"You seem discouraged. Let me assist you. I have watched you and your work with the deepest interest, and now that you seem so weary I have come to save you. Yes, I am a real-estate agent. There are too many real-estate agents in the town,—three hundred of them. There are nearly two hundred lawyers; there are more than fifty preachers; there are twice as many doctors,—all living on a small city. But I have come to save you. I will sell some of your land. This will give you money to go ahead. I have your permission?"

The small, gray man had not paused for an answer, nor did he wait for a single word, but again washing his hands and smiling again his sickly smile, and still talking on in a soft and sympathetic tone, he crept backward, and crawled like a serpent down the hill to sell the land.

Now, there is nothing in this incident worth telling. The only excuse for it is the ugly truth that these idle, cunning men, made desperate by competition, are crowding every city, and plying their trade to the very verge of crime,—most miserable themselves and making others miserable. What a jar of Egyptian vipers is the heart and soul of a city to-day!

(To be continued.)

POLITICS, THE PEOPLE AND THE TRUSTS AS SEEN BY CARTOONISTS.

70,000 names on Boston American petition



Oppen, in Boston American.

(Reproduced by special permission of W. R. Hearst.)

DO N'T OVERLOOK THE HANDWRITING ON THE WALL, MR. GEORGE.

Gas Commissioner George's Declaration Against the Right of the People to Be Heard in the Gas Trust Capitalization Proceedings Is Received with Great Enthusiasm in Some Quarters, but Mr. George Should Not Permit the Excitement to Cause Him to Overlook the Handwriting on the Wall.



From the Boston American. (Reproduced by special permission of W. R. Hearst.)

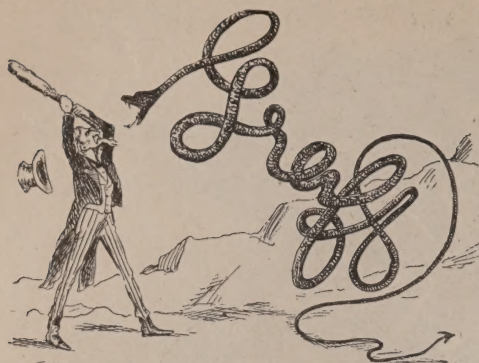
IN THE HANDS OF HIS FRIENDS.

THE COAL TRUST—"Hold him tight, Frosty. These are cold days, and we need the money."



Oppen, in New York American. (Reproduced by special permission of W. R. Hearst.)

STOPPED!



Ben Bengough
Bengough, in *The Public*, Chicago.
"GRAFT."

Will the Modern Hercules Conquer?



De Mar, in *Philadelphia Record*.

THE "LIBERATION" OF THE RUSSIAN PRESS.



Goldsmith, in *Boston Herald*.

BEING GOOD TO THE FILIPINOS.



Leipziger, in the *Detroit News*.

WHEN ALL THE STATUES ARRIVE.

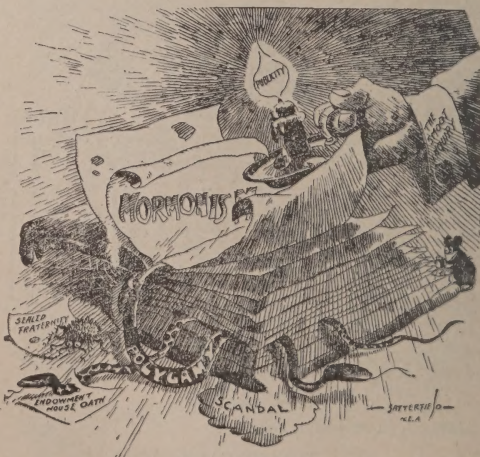
GEORGE W.—"Great Scott, what kind of company is this!"



Maybell, in *Brooklyn Eagle*.

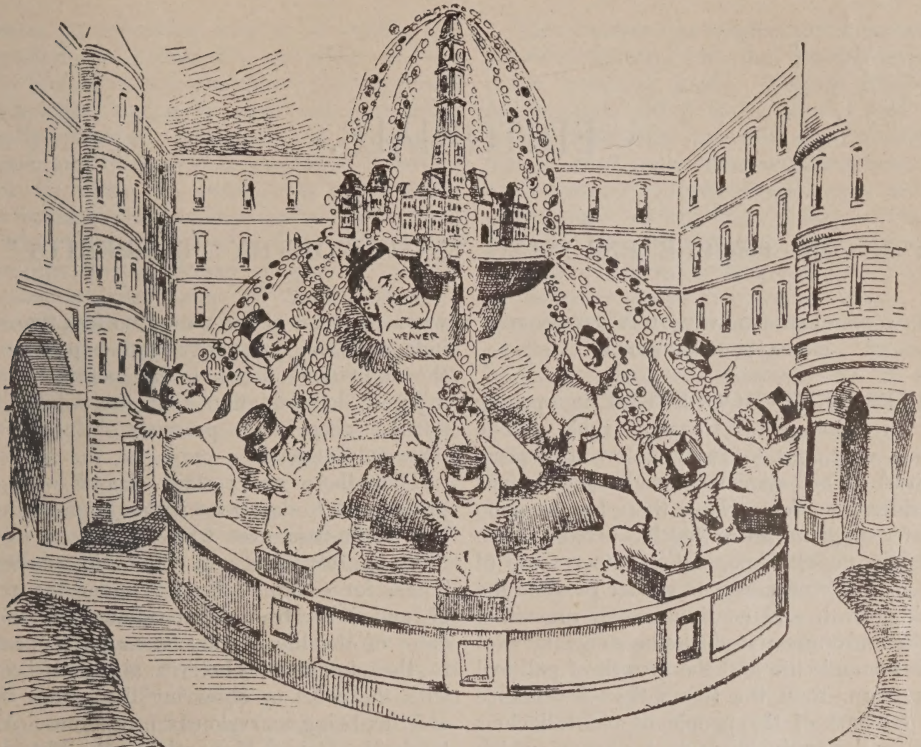
FRENZIED!

Is the S. P. C. A. Neglecting its Duty?



Satterfield, in *Nashville News*.

ABOUT TIME THIS BOOK WAS OPENED AND AIRED.



De Mar, in Philadelphia Record.

SUGGESTED DESIGN FOR THE PROPOSED PHILADELPHIA CITY-HALL COURTYARD FOUNTAIN.



Barth Hlomew, in Minneapolis Journal.

THE TROUBLE JUST NOW IS ON HIS LITTLE INSIDE.



Walker, in Ann Arbor Argus.

THE CZAR—"Gracious! You look worse to me than the Japs."

EDITORIALS.

ARE OUR PEOPLE ENJOYING "NOTEWORTHY PROSPERITY"?

I. A POPULAR FALLACY THAT TENDS TO ENSLAVE THE PEOPLE.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT in opening his message to Congress said: "The nation continues to enjoy noteworthy prosperity." This statement challenges serious consideration, for perhaps there has been no greater single influence that has acted so as to drug the popular imagination into a sense of false security necessary to render possible the rapid growth and continuance of prevailing unjust and oppressive abuses in our commercial and economic life and the growth of political corruption, than the thoughtless acceptance on the part of the people of old fallacious saws and cunningly devised phrases which are either wholly or partially false, but which are adroitly and plausibly presented by upholders of privilege, reaction and a political oligarchy that is dependent upon the financial support of a commercial feudalism a large proportion of whose unearned wealth has been acquired by privilege granted through legislation or the permission to water stock, inflate securities, deceive the people and gamble with loaded dice. The catch-phrases invented by the special pleaders for privileged classes and reactionary and un-American ideals are echoed and reëchoed by the shallow, superficial and unthinking until they are accepted as truisms, and under their protection predatory wealth, class-interests and reactionary elements advance from one vantage-ground to another. In this cry about the increasing prosperity of our people that has been shouted from the house-tops so frequently of late years, and which the President now places as the first dogmatic declaration of his message as something to be taken for granted, we find one of these misleading phrases that serve to work great evil by lulling the people into a sense of security that is unwarranted, and at a time

when the weal of the nation no less than the independence, prosperity and happiness of the individual demand that alertness and aroused determination that are vitally important when in the presence of subtle and powerful dangers.

That there are certain classes who are prosperous to-day goes without question, as is ever the case, even when a nation is in the most unprosperous and miserable condition. Thus, for example, France under the reign of Louis XIV., from the meridian period to the close of the life of that monarch, appeared to the superficial observer acquainted only with the court or observing the nation from afar, as being marvelously prosperous. Certainly the Grand Monarch, as the historians and apologists for despotism and reaction love to call this king, enjoyed all the pleasures and luxuries which money could procure. The luxurious, sensual and dissolute court was prosperous. The treasury was able to wring blood-money from the masses sufficient to enable the government to conduct great and costly wars and to bribe politicians and rulers in other lands. But the condition of the nation was the reverse of prosperous. The people were desperately poor. Tens of thousands were miserable beyond description, —the prey of privilege and the throne. The wretchedness and misery of the poor of this time were little heeded by the aristocracy and the ruling classes; and yet this so-called glorious reign of Louis XIV. rendered the French Revolution well-nigh inevitable.

II. WHO ARE THE VERY PROSPEROUS?

To-day we have certain limited classes that are marvelously prosperous, as has ever been the case in monarchies and class-ruled lands. But while our nation is unquestionably a wonderfully rich land, a country that

creates an enormous amount of wealth, the exceptionally prosperous condition of the very limited class is due chiefly to exceptional advantages, owing to unearned increment, legally-protected privilege and monopoly rights, and the power to gamble with loaded dice, by which the wealth that might make the nation or the people as a whole prosperous is diverted into a few pockets. Thus, for example, a vast stream of gold is steadily flowing into the coffers of William Waldorf Astor in his English home from unearned increment wrung from the dwellers of New York, because he is enjoying monopoly in land the value of which *society* is annually enormously increasing. Or again: certain coteries are acquiring millions of unearned money through inflation or stock-watering and gambling with loaded dice. Mr. Lawson has graphically and circumstantially described the methods by which fictitious wealth is created and the most pernicious form of gambling has been fostered in our land by the ultra-respectable and conventionally pious, in his portrayal of the course of the Standard Oil magnates in obtaining, foisting on the people and manipulating Amalgamated Copper. Mr. Rogers and William Rockefeller, by the aid of some friends, secured the copper properties that made up the Amalgamated for a cost of \$39,000,000. This they capitalized for \$75,000,000, or \$36,000,000 above its cost and value. Here the public were led to believe that a property that cost \$39,000,000 had an actual value of \$75,000,000, being entirely ignorant of the fact that \$36,000,000 was a fictitious creation. The next step taken was to inflame the public imagination and stimulate the lust for gold by pictures of fabulous fortunes to be won by the possession of this stock which was said to represent such inestimably rich properties. And then followed that game so well known to the great gamblers of Wall street who ever play with loaded dice. The stock was pushed up to \$100, and then borne down far below its opening price. Next it was raised to \$130, only to be thrown down to \$33, while at the going and the coming the master-spirits reaped their golden harvest. And this example, as Mr. Lawson points out, is purely typical of methods pursued in Wall street to-day.

Now these masters of fictitious dollars and great gamblers who play with loaded dice in Wall street are doubtless prosperous.

Then there are the magnates that control the people's highways and who, through watering stock, wrecking roads, charging exorbitant freight-rates, giving secret rebates and conspiring with other powerful organizations to destroy small competitors and place producers and consumers entirely at their mercy, are also prosperous. So with other public-service monopolies, like the telegraph and telephone, down to the various municipal monopolies such as electricity, gas and the street-railways. The magnates who control such monopolies and public utilities are also prosperous. So are the heads of certain trust interests, like the steel-trust, for example, where legal privilege and protection are given by which the American citizens are being deliberately plundered of from six to eleven dollars a ton in excess of what the same monopoly charges the citizens of Canada and England for the same material. They, too, are prosperous. But how? By extortion; by taking the hard earnings of American users of iron, who in turn are compelled to charge higher prices to the producing and consuming public to cover this extortion rendered possible by tariff protection.

Then there are the political bosses and machine politicians, as well as secret agents of predatory and corporation interests in the municipal, legislative and national governments, who become rich in a short time and on comparatively modest salaries. Besides these there are certain well-organized and skilled workers in some trades who have been able to almost if not quite meet the increased expenses of living by the increase they have succeeded in securing from the masters of the bread, but these are very limited in number. Certain of the government officials also enjoy salaries and courtesies that doubtless enable them to feel prosperous.

But all these favored ones are a pitiful minority in this nation. They are as the king, court and nobility of France in the days of Louis the Grand compared with the masses. Clearly they cannot be said to be the nation. Nor does a prosperity that depends on wealth acquired through unearned increment, or on the dollars representing no wealth, such as the thirty-six million "made" or acquired dollars referred to above in the matter of the Amalgamated, which is purely typical of the watered-stock abuse that has been so odious a feature of American corporations and especially of the public-service companies, or yet on the money

acquired by interests which through protection are enabled to extort millions of dollars from American citizens in excess of what the purchasers of the same commodities in foreign lands pay the same producers, represent national prosperity. Far from it. It merely represents the ominous centralization of wealth earned by others or diverted through fraud and indirection into the hands of the cunning and unscrupulous few, presenting a phenomenon which reminds us in a startling manner of the prophecy of Charles Fourier, made a century ago in his *Theory of Social Organizations*, when he predicted that "vast giant stock-companies, destined to monopolize and control all branches of industry, commerce and finance," would "establish an industrial and commercial despotism that would control society by the power of capital, as did the old baronial or military feudalism by the power of the sword" and "by monopoly in land."

Clearly no valid claim to national prosperity can rest on the prosperity of small classes, especially when due to such causes.

III. THE PROSPERITY OF A PEOPLE.

It is obviously a pitiful begging of the question to try and justify the claims to national prosperity by pointing to the fact that conditions are somewhat better to-day than at periods of extreme depression such as periodically overtake all nations through combinations of causes,—such, for example, as our people experienced early in the 'nineties. The criterion by which we must judge the prosperity of a nation is the general trend of life and conditions from generation to generation. When we find that each year the number of unencumbered homes is relatively increasing; when the children of the land are better and better conditioned in clothing and food and in the enjoyment of school privileges and that environment that is absolutely essential to the permanency of free institutions in their purity; when we find ever-increasing conditions favoring home-building and no considerable number of women and little ones being driven into factories and mills in order to earn a bare livelihood; when evictions are becoming year by year less frequent; when there are relatively few human beings who are buried in the Potter's Field; when the great majority of the laborers are moving up from conditions of poverty and

dependence to conditions of independence; and when such conditions represent the general course or trend of the life of a nation when taken for a period of a generation, for example, then we are warranted in saying that the people are prosperous, or that the nation enjoys "noteworthy prosperity."

But if the general trend of life for a period of thirty or fifty years is in an opposite direction; if, for example, in considering our present conditions in the light of the trend of events for the past half or quarter of a century, we find that the above conditions do not obtain, the claim that we are notably prosperous is unwarranted.

IV. THE OPTIMISM OF IGNORANCE AND ITS GROUNDLESS CLAIMS.

It is an unfortunate fact that our nation has never made any serious attempt to collect data or statistics by which it would be possible to accurately estimate the number of persons who are "unable to obtain the necessities which will permit them to maintain a state of physical efficiency"; nor have we figures of pauperism or the great army who, after hanging for a time on the verge of the precipice, have fallen into the depths where self-respecting manhood is lost—the slum-dwellers, the professional tramps, and those who by choice seek to live without work; and the absence of these facts makes it possible for those whose "optimism is born of ignorance or lack of real concern" to sneer at the mature conclusions of those whose long personal contact with the poor and whose careful study of their conditions at close range entitles them to speak with authority. It has been the custom with those who are lulling the people into a false and fatal sense of security to denounce and ridicule the statement that the rich are growing richer and the poor poorer. Many of the defenders of the "system" or advocates and apologists for the present trust and monopolistic domination of government systematically deride every reformer and conscientious student of social conditions who points out the extent of poverty and misery in our midst. The attitude of the upholders of the "system" is precisely the same as that assumed by conventional economists and those who opposed all radical constructive programmes of progress in England a few years ago. Whenever a thoughtful reformer would point out the fact that the social conditions were bad, the

editorial, professional or educational authorities would hasten to show that the facts advanced were false or misleading and all evidence to show that poverty was anything like so general as was claimed was absurd. So long as there was no absolute data, these advocates of things as they are persisted in brushing aside facts which clearly indicated the soundness of the reformer's position, while with an assumed authority for which there was no just warrant they asserted the contrary to be the case. At last, however, Mr. Charles Booth undertook his colossal work of ascertaining in an authoritative manner the actual condition of the people in London, so as to find out what relative proportion of the population were in poverty,—that is, were under-clothed, under-fed and compelled to live in unsanitary dwellings, or who were receiving so little remuneration that it was impossible to maintain physical efficiency. The result of his exhaustive investigations showed that in the great British metropolis there were 1,300,000 persons in a condition of either poverty or abject want. Thirty per cent. of the whole population, it was shown, were thus in the poverty stratum. Mr. Booth's work was so complete, so clear, detailed and convincing in character, that the advocates of things as they are could no longer sneer at or ridicule the facts out of court. But while admitting that the showing was very bad, they hastened with multitudinous explanations to explain that conditions in London were exceptional. It was the greatest city of the world; poverty always sought the great centers; the slums of a large city were always tending to increase because of the driftwood that came from other centers. But they maintained that such conditions did not and could not exist in other cities throughout the realm. A few years ago, however, Mr. B. S. Rountree made his thorough investigation in York, following the line pursued by Mr. Booth, with the result that the showing revealed that twenty-seven per cent. of the people of that city were in a condition of poverty. Since then the conventional apologists have had little to say on that subject; but with us they yet persist with their general assertions of growing prosperity while seeking to discredit all those who show the appalling extent of tragic conditions present on every side, due to economic inequality and the pressure of poverty.

V. SOME SIGNIFICANT FACTS BEARING ON THE PROSPERITY QUESTION.

There are certain facts that cannot fail to prove disquieting to patriotic Americans and which tend to discredit the claims of those who insist that we are prosperous. The census reports prove that the unencumbered homes of the nation are not increasing in anything like the proportion of the increase in population during the past thirty years, nor are the unencumbered homes increasing in anything like the proportionate increase during the preceding generation. There is going on a constant and an alarming concentration of wealth in the hands of an ever-narrowing class, and a consequent increase in the number of dependent ones,—a concentration that startlingly suggests the conditions that prevailed after the overthrow of the Gracchi in Rome, when the imperial and patrician class rapidly absorbed the landed estates of Italy, rendering the masses of the erstwhile independent Roman citizens and especially the cultivators of the soil of Italy more and more dependent. In many sections of our land during the last two decades great landed estates have taken the place formerly occupied by numerous small farms, and the farmers in many instances have become tenants. In the cities the number of those who own homes, and especially unencumbered homes, is alarmingly small in proportion to the number of families occupying tenements. This is in part due to causes other than that of diminishing financial ability on the part of the inhabitants, which render it impossible for them to own homes within a distance accessible to their places of business. But there can be no question but what a very large proportion of the tenant population of to-day are renters because their financial conditions are growing less rather than more substantial and prosperous as the years pass.

The following figures taken from the census report for 1900 (Vol. II., page 205) are as significant as they are disquieting to those who understand that a nation's greatness so largely depends upon the number of those who possess homes in which they take a natural pride:

	Free.	Mortgaged.	Rented.
Allegheny, Pa.....	4,021	2,324	18,983
Baltimore, Md.....	19,286	6,960	69,761
Boston, Mass.....	9,944	10,395	89,083

	Free.	Mortgaged.	Rented.
Buffalo, N. Y.....	10,965	11,844	47,298
Chicago, Ill.....	39,246	43,735	258,582
Cincinnati, Ohio.....	9,725	4,915	56,384
Cleveland, Ohio.....	16,240	12,246	48,844
Columbus, Ohio.....	4,445	3,204	17,822
Denver, Colo.....	5,000	3,114	21,215
Detroit, Mich.....	12,378	9,172	35,178
Fall River, Mass.....	1,473	2,098	16,711
Indianapolis, Ind.....	6,741	5,832	25,004
Jersey City, N. J.....	4,569	3,729	34,060
Kansas City, Mo.....	4,501	3,774	26,466
Los Angeles, Cal.....	5,969	3,743	12,745
Louisville, Ky.....	8,361	2,692	31,640
Memphis, Tenn.....	2,676	607	15,851
Milwaukee, Wis.....	9,541	11,278	37,466
Minneapolis, Minn.....	6,287	4,903	28,522
Newark, N. J.....	4,415	6,517	41,270
New Haven, Conn.....	2,413	3,598	16,722
New Orleans, La.....	10,634	1,698	45,129
New York City and boroughs.....	35,050	48,002	617,474
New York City proper..	8,948	13,938	384,349
Omaha, Neb.....	3,127	2,113	13,941
Paterson, N. J.....	2,016	3,088	17,285
Philadelphia, Pa.....	29,033	24,013	196,124
Pittsburg, Pa.....	9,041	7,178	44,364
Providence, R. I.....	4,087	3,708	29,696
Rochester, N. Y.....	6,001	6,289	20,481
St. Joseph, Mo.....	3,062	1,352	11,080
St. Louis, Mo.....	16,097	9,699	90,983
St. Paul, Minn.....	5,556	2,851	20,266
San Francisco, Cal.....	10,186	5,139	49,656
Scranton, Pa.....	4,600	2,583	12,129
Syracuse, N. Y.....	4,082	5,115	15,439
Toledo, Ohio.....	6,793	4,990	15,851
Washington, D. C.....	8,441	4,261	40,753
Worcester, Mass.....	2,055	3,807	17,877

Here is another fact to be considered in this connection. Our manufacturing monopolies formerly asked for a protective tariff that would enable them to manufacture goods in this country and pay a good living wage to the men employed. The protection would prevent Europe from selling manufactures to the millions of America at a much lower rate; so the protection asked was essentially a tax on the whole consuming population, and it was made chiefly on the plea that they wished to maintain a living wage for the head of the family—a wage sufficient to enable the workingman to comfortably support his wife and young and to give his children the benefits of that popular education which was held to be so essential to the permanence and greatness of democracy. This protection was granted, and in time the protected interests became so rich and powerful that they felt they could control legislation. What next? To-day we have in the United States about two million women employed in factories and mills, where they

have largely displaced the men for whose protection and interest the protected manufacturers were once so clamorous. But this is not the worst. There are to-day "over 1,700,000 little children who are forced to become wage-earners when they should be at school." And the defence which the protected interests make, whenever and wherever attempts are made to restore to the child the right to his freedom and his education, is that the poverty of the families make the labor of the children necessary. Thus we see that first the people were taxed by an enormous tariff levied ostensibly to enable the manufacturers to pay the laborers a sufficient wage to keep the family comfortable and enable the children to be schooled; next the men were gradually displaced in many places to make room for women, because female help could be employed at a much cheaper figure; and now the upholders of the "system" demand the further tribute of 1,700,000 child slaves to displace the fathers and mothers and enable a few more fortunes to rise at the expense of the prosperity, comfort, happiness and education of the many. And the chief plea advanced by the men who cry "Prosperity," as it is also of every legislator who is the mouthpiece of the protected interests, is that conditions are such that the children's work is necessary to keep the families from starvation.

There are, however, other evidences of the presence of wide-spread poverty in our midst that help to show the hollowness of the claim of the upholders of the "system." In the Borough of Manhattan in the year 1903 there were 60,463 families evicted from their homes. "This is," says Mr. Robert Hunter in his invaluable new work on *Poverty*, "about fourteen per cent. of the whole number of families in the borough." Another most impressive indication of the extent of poverty, want and misery in our greatest and most opulent metropolis, which Mr. Hunter emphasizes, is the fact that "one in every ten persons who die in New York is buried at public expense in Potter's Field." And our author truly observes in this connection: "Every one familiar with the poor knows how desperately they struggle to give a decent burial to their dead. A poor person will resort to almost any means in order to prevent a member of his or her family having a pauper burial, or, as they say, 'lying in a pauper's grave.' Even the poorest people have friends, politicians or

others, who save them, if possible, from this last disgrace."

Mr. Hunter also cites at length the statistics of relief extended in New York and elsewhere to the suffering, to show the extent of misery in our populous centers; while as a careful student of the question, who has spent years in charity work and in the university settlements of Chicago, New York and other cities, he gives his opinion in regard to the extent of poverty in the United States in the following language:

"I should not be at all surprised if the number of those in poverty in New York, as well as in other large cities and industrial centers, rarely fell below twenty-five per cent. of all the people."

His mature judgment based on intimate knowledge of poverty in this country, and obtained from exhaustive investigations and personal work, is expressed in these words: "I have not the slightest doubt that there are in the United States ten million persons in precisely these conditions of poverty," and he adds, "there may be as many as fifteen or twenty million." Thus he places as the minimum of those in poverty ten million of a population of eighty million.

Can a nation with almost inexhaustible material resources be said to be prosperous when those resources are so largely unavailable for the wealth creators by reason of land monopolization and the private ownership of public utilities, which through excessive fares, rates, etc., discourages suburban life or the development of lands remote from markets, and which is placing the millions of wealth-creators more and more at the complete mercy of small privileged groups or classes?

Another fact which indicates that however prosperous are the trust-magnates and privileged-interests, the condition of a very large proportion of the people is not so favorable as it was, say six or seven years ago, is that the cost of living since the trusts have monopolized most of the necessities of life and have arbitrarily raised prices is far greater than the increase in wages where wages have increased, while with a very large class there has been no increase in incomes. Thus the professional classes, such as clergymen, doctors, school-teachers, etc., and a large number of those working on salaries, have experienced

little or no increase in income since 1897; yet according to Dun's figures as given in the index for November 1, 1904, the estimated annual cost of living for a family of five was \$497.15, or \$134.88 more than the cost for the same family at the prices which obtained July 1, 1897. Here we have more than thirty-seven per cent. increase in the cost of living. How many Americans, outside of the privileged classes, are receiving thirty-seven per cent. more income or wages than in 1897? A man who made \$2.00 a day July 1, 1897, would have to make \$2.74 a day now to earn enough to live as he lived on \$2.00 a day in 1897. It is true that in certain trades that are well organized wages have been materially increased during the past five or six years, but the number of favored ones as compared with the number of those who have enjoyed but slight if any increase is comparatively small. Finally, no student of present-day political life in our municipalities, our states or our national government can, we think, fail to realize the fact that predatory wealth and corporate interests, or the "system," as it has been aptly characterized, are on every hand preventing the people from enjoying that measure of justice and equality of rights and opportunities that is absolutely essential to a truly prosperous people. The sweep of life for the many must necessarily be downward under conditions that make the representatives of monopolies, trusts and great corporations prosperous through the acquisition of unearned wealth or the wealth earned by others. We cannot be prosperous in any true sense of the term while the conditions prevail which Mr. Hunter thus graphically characterizes in his recent work:

"The real cause of our present errors of judgment in this matter lies in the corruption of our political institutions. The business and propertied interests have bought the bosses of our political machinery, and at present our laws are made and enforced in the interest of the owners. When the shame of our cities is notorious; when state and national governments are in the hands of corrupt politicians, owned by corporate interests; when 'the laws which should preserve and enforce all rights are made and enforced by dollars'; when 'it is possible . . . with dollars to "steer" the selection of the candidates of both the great parties for the highest

office in our Republic, . . . so that the people, as a matter of fact, must elect one of the "steered" candidates'; when 'it is possible to repeat the operation in the selection of candidates for the executive and legislative conduct and control of every state and municipality in the United States, and with a sufficient number of dollars to "steer" the doings of the law-makers and law-enforcers of the national, state and municipal governments of the people, and a sufficient proportion of the court decisions to make absolute any power created by such direction'; when the country is being daily betrayed by the 'enemies of the republic,'—it seems utopian to appeal to these powers to do justice to their workers. This may seem a dark view to take of our political institutions, but, considering the great mass of evidence accumulated in the last few years, it is surely warranted. So far as the problem of poverty is concerned, we can perhaps hope for little in the way of justice or reform during the next few years. For, by the help of this corruption, reform is fought at three stages: in the legislature, in the courts, and at the time of its enforcement.

"In consequence of this temporary perversion of our democratic institutions pessimism runs high. Professor Franklin H. Giddings, our most distinguished sociologist, says: 'We are witnessing to-day, beyond question, the decay—perhaps not permanent, but at any rate the decay—of republican institutions. No man in his right mind can deny it.'"

Mr. Hunter is correct in regard to the immediate causes of the conditions which make for poverty; but behind and beyond these causes is the violation of the fundamental laws upon which a true democracy must rest, a disregard for equality of opportunities and of rights, or the just interests of all the citizens, that has made the present conditions possible. Behind the vast corruption funds, behind the corruptors and the corrupted, is the privilege that made and makes corruption possible. Monopoly in land, extortionate protection, monopoly of public utilities, and the moral sanction of state and society given to the most iniquitous form of gambling known to civilization—the gambling with loaded dice as it is practiced by all the great combinations of Wall-street magnates and speculators when they make their great moves,—these and

kindred abuses that are fundamentally undemocratic, inherently unjust and inimical to free institutions, have rendered the reign of corruption and graft, of class enrichment and the spoliation of the millions, facts so notorious that they can no longer be sneered at or successfully denied. The evil consequences resulting from statesmen, publicists and editors lulling the people to sleep by fallacious cries of prosperity and other catch-phrases framed to drug the public imagination, must be apparent to all thoughtful men and women, for they are anæsthetizing the public mind while the "system" is making its position more and more impregnable and is also wringing from the wealth-creators more and more of what they produce while levying from the consumers exorbitant taxes on what they require; when if all persons who realize the gravity and peril of prevailing conditions would boldly and bravely warn the people, we should soon have inaugurated another moral and political renaissance as glorious as that which gave us the Declaration of Independence and made our republic the leader of the world—a moral and political renaissance that would result in the people demanding and obtaining the right to veto corrupt or vicious legislation, to inaugurate needed laws, and to recall venal, corrupt or unworthy public servants, and which would in all probability be followed by public-ownership and operation of the natural monopolies, so that the public utilities of the city, state and nation should be operated for the mutual benefit and enrichment of all the people. Then would come the abolition of privilege that places the few in mastership over the many and the prohibition of stock-watering, gambling with loaded dice and all the rest of the corrupting, demoralizing and essentially immoral features of present-day commercial, economic and political life as found among those who are acquiring millions of unearned wealth. From step to step the nation would thus move along the highway of pure democracy; move as Switzerland and New Zealand are moving, and we should see a sight that would make glad the hearts of all noble-minded Americans—the spectacle of this great republic once again becoming pre-eminently the moral leader in the family of nations, the day-star and the inspiration of every apostle of freedom, democracy and progress on this old earth.

It is toward this end that we are striving;



ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

SING, ALL YE. THE ROUNDELAY, AND HAIL TO THE PIPER WHO PIPES TO-DAY!

Drawn by Dan. Beard expressly for THE ARENA.
(See Editorial.)



THE SYMBOL OF A PARVENUE PLUTOCRACY.

MONEY MAY DRESS A PIG IN ROYAL ROBES, BUT IT CAN NEVER MAKE A
MAN OF HIM.

Drawn by Dan, Beard expressly for THE ARENA.
(See Editorial.)

it is with this ideal before us that we are battling; and such is our faith in the moral virility latent in our people and in the germinal strength of democracy, that we believe the dream will be realized. We believe that the day will come, and that its advent is nearer than most of us imagine, when the people will

awaken from their lethargy, unite, educate, agitate and consecrate life's all, even as did Adams, Franklin, Jefferson, Washington and the other noble fathers who made the republic possible by their courage, their sacrifice and their devotion to the ideal of democracy.

THE SYMBOL OF A PARVENUE PLUTOCRACY.

OF ALL would-be aristocracies that composed of a parvenue plutocracy is the most disgusting and offensive, for it is as gross and vulgar as it is sordid and brutal. Hereditary aristocracies are frequently marked by culture, education and a degree of refinement and ethical sentiment almost wholly absent in a plutocracy based on rapid acquirement of wealth. The master-spirits of the great trusts, corporations and monopolies are not unfrequently touched with money-madness, and in their business relations their avariciousness leads them to subordinate the nobler, truer and finer instincts to sordid impulses. Hence they may fairly be symbolized by the pig. They may live in palaces costing millions of dollars; they may spend fortunes on palatial yachts and luxurious summer-homes; they may dress in purple and fine

linen and adorn themselves with jewels that would buy a dukedom; yet at heart they remain pigs. Especially is this the case in the acquisition of wealth. It is against this pig in man's clothing, this bejeweled, bedecked and belaced animal of the trough, that the sturdy spirit of American democracy is ranging itself. The cartoonist Nast forever fixed the tiger—"that creature of stripes and rapacity"—as the symbol of Tammany. He also gave the donkey to Democracy. Mr. Beard this month fixes the symbol of American plutocracy in his striking cartoon of the bejeweled pig.

In striking contrast Mr. Beard also gives us a second cartoon this month, embodying the spirit of St. Valentine, a cartoon in which he strives to catch and shadow forth the spirit of that day sacred to love and joyous youth.

THE FALL OF PORT ARTHUR.

THE new year opened auspiciously for Japan with the fall of Port Arthur, the most impregnable fortress in the world, with the possible exception of Gibraltar. Russia believed it to be absolutely impregnable, and time and again during the past year reports have emanated from Russian sources asserting that the fortress could never be taken; that it was not only impregnable, but was supplied with provisions and ammunition for several years. But Russia has been so given to reckless statements, to exaggerations and boastings, that sensible people have long since learned to discount her statements and to discredit any

improbable utterances. This led many persons to believe that Port Arthur was far less formidable than it proved to be. The Japanese, however, felt that the moral effect of the capture no less than the importance of the actual possession warranted its capture, let the cost be what it might. And seldom in the history of the world have armies displayed greater valor or determination than those of the Mikado's forces encamped around the doomed fortress. The capture of Port Arthur is another humiliating blow to Russia and must necessarily greatly lessen her already waning prestige in the Orient.

IN THE MIRROR OF THE PRESENT.

THE RUSSIAN SITUATION.

AUTOCRACY'S EVIL HOUR THE PEOPLE'S OPPORTUNITY.

TO THE student of history the situation in Russia to-day is as interesting as it is momentous. Not for more than a century has the world witnessed so titanic a struggle in Christendom between the genius of darkness and brutal despotism and that of light and the free aspirations of mighty peoples. The revolutions of 'forty-eight were sporadic and insignificant in comparison with the silent struggle now going on in the Russian Empire. This struggle is in essence the same conflict that is everywhere throughout Western civilization being more or less strenuously waged between the friends of freedom and popular government and those of reaction, despotism and class-rule. But Russia to-day is pre-eminently the storm-center in the civilization-wide conflict; hence a glance at conditions there will be helpful to friends of democracy everywhere, for we must remember that Russia's conflict is ours—that democracy is vitally concerned in the advance of the millions of Russia toward the light of freedom.

As times of prosperity and tranquility are not unfrequently periods of supreme peril to free institutions, as they afford opportunities for despotism, reaction and corruption to advance in government—opportunities for dangerous precedents to be established, for official classes and special interests to make aggressive forward movements, and for graft, corruption and venality to silently but rapidly permeate the body-politic; so periods of commercial depression, or of national stress and strain, at a time when foreign wars demand the tools of despots and tyrants to be largely engaged beyond the nation's borders, afford the supreme opportunity for friends of free institutions and liberal government to press for vantage upon the citadels of governmental oppression and reaction.

That the Russian people measurably appreciate this vital fact is indicated by the great activity being manifested throughout the empire. The students and educators are alert and active. The landed heads of the

communes are displaying a greater degree of moral courage than men of property are wont to exhibit where bold or outspoken demands are liable to lead to confiscation of property and imprisonment, exile or death for the patriots. The peasants are everywhere giving evidences of unrest and showing that the long and systematic oppression of the bureaucracy has driven them well-nigh to despair; while the workmen in the cities are on all sides showing a growing and settled determination to have a day of reckoning with the criminally cruel oppressors if no reasonable reforms or concessions are granted to the people.

Moreover, the foreign groups of Russian patriots—men whose love for freedom and the ideals of democracy and justice has been so great that it has led to enforced or voluntary exile from their fatherland—are busy with the underground railroad by which Russia is being sown with the literature of revolt, freedom and democracy much as was France in the time of Louis XVI.

These things presage a change for the better, but whether it shall come through peaceful methods, by virtue of the wisdom of the Czar, or by forcible revolution depends on the greatness and true statesmanship of Nicholas II. and his immediate councillors.

THE ATTITUDE OF THE REACTIONARY AUTOCRATS.

THE ACTION of the zemstvos in boldly petitioning for a constitutional government and other liberal and progressive reforms, the growing restlessness of the people and the rising spirit of insubordination in the presence of brutal treatment that has long been the rule in Russia, are enraging and alarming the autocrats and bureaucrats. Some, it is true, merely express indignant contempt at the presumption of the people in assuming that they exist for any other purpose than to minister to the pleasure and gratification of a few more or less dissolute members of a so-called royal family and the subservient tools of despotism that constitute the bureaucracy. This sentiment found expression in the recent characteristic remark of the Grand Duke Sergius,

the uncle of the Czar, the Governor-General of Moscow and one of the leading spirits among the reactionaries, when in speaking of the demand of the zemstvos and the mutterings of the poor of Russia he said: "These peasants think, I suppose, that Russia exists for them as a dog does for fleas."

While some of the autocrats, however, are affecting contempt for the protests and menacing unrest of the people, others are displaying their alarm by their almost frantic defences of the autocracy and by their strenuous efforts to prove that a constitutional government could not exist in Russia because of the ignorance of the people—an ignorance, by the way, for which the church and the bureaucracy are chiefly responsible. Thus we find Prince Mestchersky, who is probably the ablest as he is the most reactionary of the defenders of the autocracy, industriously circulating throughout Western civilization the old, threadbare cry that the people are too ignorant for self-government; that the concession to the demand of the zemstvos would merely mean the autocracy of a class, and that the present despotism is the only kind of government that could successfully carry forward the best interests of Russia. This is the old, old cry of tyrants and despots that has ever rung forth when the people have demanded justice and a wider measure of freedom. It was the cry of King George and the reactionaries that brought on the American Revolution. It is the false shibboleth of the enemies of democracy and freedom the world over, by which they seek to justify reactionary innovations and the maintenance of the terrorism that flourishes in nations where a brutal bureaucracy such as exists in Russia obtains.

The most shameful feature of the present propaganda of despotism is the spectacle of American, English and Continental journalists and other reactionaries taking up and echoing these catch-phrases and false pleas of the special-pleaders for tyranny.

RUSSIA AND SELF-GOVERNMENT.

PERHAPS there is no Russian thinker and expert better able to utter an authentic word in answer to the sophistical cries of selfish upholders of autocracy in Russia than Professor Paul Milyoukov, the eminent economist, historian and educator, who was imprisoned in 1901 for presiding over a meeting of students and who has recently delivered a brilliant course of lectures in Boston on present con-

ditions in Russia. This eminent and careful thinker, before the Twentieth-Century Club, on December 17, 1904, exposed the hollowness of the cry that the Russians were not prepared for self-government. He spoke as an expert, having, as he stated, conducted a special inquiry to determine that very question, and in the course of his remarks he pointed out the fact that twenty-five years ago the Czar of Russia granted the Bulgarians a constitution patterned after that of the Belgians. "The only changes introduced made it even more democratic than the Belgian constitution, for the Bulgarians got a one-chamber legislature and universal instead of limited suffrage." And Professor Milyoukov continued: "I am quite sure that the Bulgarians are not a people of higher intelligence than the Russians; yet experience has shown that they choose their representatives very intelligently and in a way quite up to the level of their own interests as a people. Moreover, the Bulgarians received their constitution after being in serfdom under the Turkish rule. Their constitution has proved a sort of school of political life among them, and enormous changes have taken place in Bulgaria altogether owing to the constant practice of political rights which has been given to Bulgaria by the working of that constitution; and if I were to be asked, here or in Russia, whether the vote should be given in my country generally to the people, I should answer in the affirmative."

The claim of the interested reactionaries in Russia is precisely analogous to the positive assertions of those in our own country who were interested in sugar monopolies and other privileges a short time since, when the independence of Cuba was up for consideration. These would-be fosterers of despotism declared that the claim that the Cubans could be entrusted with self-government was preposterous. They insisted that our government ought not to entertain the idea for a moment; yet Cuba is getting along incomparably better than Russia under autocracy. Moreover, in Russia the people would be led, aided and educated by the educators of Russia and the ablest and most enlightened members of the zemstvos—men in many instances of the widest learning and of the noblest purposes.

SIGNS OF CHANGE.

THE BOLD and statesmanlike plea of the leaders of the zemstvos, recently made to the Czar, showed the liberal leaders of Russia who

represent the communes to be men of intelligence, of moral courage and endowed with a lofty patriotism that argues well for the future of the nation after the baleful spell of an intolerable despotism shall be broken. That it will be broken multitudinous signs indicate. Professor Milyoukov, in one of his Lowell Institute lectures delivered in Boston, well observed that: "Russia is no longer submissive. Political parties are numerous, aggressive and better organized than ever before. The men in power cannot grapple with the problem before them. What and how grave that problem is, is to be appreciated by a study of the revolution."

"From academic to practical, the new liberal movement, dating from the abolition of serfdom, has moved steadily to organization through the instrumentality of the zemstvos, or local assembly, to which were committed the management of local provincial affairs in certain parts of European Russia. The gentry, as already noted, had been brought into personal competition with the lower classes. The gentry had to work—had to descend to what are called in Russia the 'men of mixed ranks.' In this way the capable element in the gentry became more democratic. The liberals of the gentry recruited their ranks from men of lower orders, organized liberal work, and defined more sharply its programme of reform and progress."

"Growth of liberalism was favored at the same time by the rise of the liberal professions, literature and law having their first firm establishment with this new era. In the zemstvos the share of the lower classes was very slight, yet the educated class which directed the work of the zemstvos remained remarkably faithful to its liberal spirit. Schools, hospitals, medical and asylum service, charities—all the agencies of education and relief were actively pushed. All this work, carried out by executive boards or officers, created new vocations which many men preferred to the service of the State. First of these were the school-teachers. Next were the zemstvos doctors, generally pioneers of hygiene and sanitation among the village peasants. Perhaps nearest to the lowest classes were the statisticians, who came into intimate touch with every fact of the peasant's daily life. These, with the teachers of agriculture, the whole group being known as 'the third element,' became from the nature of their work rather more radical than the zemstvos itself."

"The demand for a constitution has been incessant, and widely varied in form."

The *Neue Freie Presse* of Vienna, Austria, in commenting on the recent assembling of the zemstvos congress at St. Petersburg, observed that: "It was not summoned, as was the case with the states-general in France and as was the case with the united Landtags in Prussia. It assembled spontaneously, grew out of the ground of itself, as it were, like a thing of necessity, a something not to be held back, a thing pressing forth into the sunlight, elemental, not needing to be called. These men who came together in the zemstvos congress are heroes and carry their fate in their hands at a word of command that is mightier than all the power of the Russian bureaucracy."

And this journal concludes that "the great historical process has begun. It can be halted, delayed, but scarcely turned backward."

REVOLUTIONARY LEADERS AND THE PEOPLE.

A NUMBER of writers who have dealt with the possibilities of revolution in Russia have insisted that any general revolt would prove ineffectual, because the people would have no capable leaders such as we had in our Revolution or such as the *bourgeois* class in France. Singularly enough, these writers, who for the most part seem to be making the hope the father to the thought, overlook the facts in the case. Perhaps there has never been a conflict between autocratic despotism and the people wherein there were better prospects for able leaders than in Russia to-day. The present bureaucracy of Russia is made up largely if not chiefly of men who have been picked, as was the late tyrant Von Plehve, from the common walks of life. The master-spirits in Russia have demanded three things of their servants: (1) absolute subservency to the despotic decrees of the royal family and the councillors highest in authority; (2) intellectual ability; (3) courage and the absence of sentiments of humanity, justice and morality that would prevent the execution of the most inhuman, brutal and monstrous decrees that the autocrats desire to issue in furtherance of their supposed interests and for the maintenance of an absolute and resistless despotism.

Now they have found it far easier to find recruits for offices among the ambitious but morally defective sons of the common people

than among the high-spirited scions of the old aristocracy. Consequently for several decades there has been going on a steady weeding out of the aristocracy and a driving of the old nobility into the background. Many of the representatives of these old families are to-day members of the zemstvos; others are in comparative obscurity. Numbers have been exiled to Siberia, imprisoned or put to death, while their sons cannot be expected to show any great love for the bureaucracy if the hour strikes for an onward movement for Russian civilization along the pathway of revolution. Besides these there are the educators and the daring and high-minded students who throng the Russian universities and higher schools. Hence in the event of a revolution, capable, high-minded and devoted leaders, as noble and self-sacrificing as were Jefferson, Franklin, Washington or the others of our great fathers, or as were Lafayette and others in Continental Europe, will not be wanting.

THE INSATIABLE GREED OF THE ROYAL FAMILY OF RUSSIA.

THE MISERY and indescribable suffering of the peasants of Russia is largely due to the insatiable avarice or greed of the reigning family of Russia. In a recent issue of the *Anglo-Russian* of London, the editor, Jaakoff Prelooker, in an editorial leader entitled "Insatiable Autocracy" states that the land

owned by the 110,000,000 peasants of Russia aggregates only 35,141,886 acres, while the imperial family alone owns 32,000,000 acres, the remaining 181,606,519 acres being held by the landed aristocracy and the favored nobility. Moreover this writer says in speaking of the character of the land:

"It must also be understood that the land in the possession of the imperial family and the nobility is of the very richest and most fertile, whilst that of the peasants is of the poorest. Notwithstanding this, the nobleman with an average of some 128 acres, is exempt from ordinary State taxes, whilst the peasant with an average of *one-third* of an acre, has not only to pay taxes, but is loaded with many other burdens imposed exclusively upon his class alone."

Is it strange that from the peasant's hut, from the workman's hovel, from the student's attic, comes the cry for change—a cry which when taken up by the educators and the zemstvos leaders may well create consternation in the breasts of the criminals in high places who with the present unholy and indefensible war on their hands in the East are unable to mercilessly crush those who have dared to protest, as bureaucracies have so frequently crushed noble and educator, student, maid, matron, peasant and workingman in the past, whenever they have cried for justice, for education and for freedom?

ADVANCE IN PUBLIC-OWNERSHIP.

SIGNAL SUCCESS OF MUNICIPAL TELEPHONES IN GREAT BRITAIN.

MR. E. DAGGER in the course of an interesting paper in a recent issue of *The Municipal Journal and Engineer* gives some highly important facts relating to public-ownership of telephones in Great Britain, in which he shows that the public-ownership and operation has been eminently satisfactory and encouraging to the tax-payers and the community enjoying such service, however unsatisfactory it has been to the great telephone monopolies that strove to deceive, frighten and mislead the people and influence the action of the authorities as they have done so successfully in the United States. He shows, for example, that in Glasgow there are now

11,500 telephones, the average revenue per telephone being \$21. Ten per cent. is paid as a royalty to the post-office department, so the average which the municipality receives is but \$18.90. Yet in spite of the small cost to subscribers the city meets all operating and maintenance expenses, pays all interest charges, sets aside a sum for a sinking-fund, and also has an annual surplus for depreciation of over eleven thousand dollars.

It is often urged by the owners and the hired agents of the public-service corporations, and echoed by the unthinking, that public-ownership gives poorer service than private-ownership, in spite of the fact that in every instance of which we have any knowledge of municipal-ownership in the Old World superseding private-ownership, the service has been

immeasurably improved under the city's operation; and in comparing public-ownership with private-ownership, the only fair comparisons are clearly those made where the private and public operations have been employed in the same city, or where cities are compared with cities in the same country. But in the case of the municipal telephones in Glasgow the service seems to eclipse that of the private companies anywhere else in the world. On this point Frederick Adams, after personal investigation, writes in the *Brooklyn Eagle*:

"The Glasgow telephone service is the best I have ever inspected. Mr. Bennett informed me that statistics showed that the average time required to make a connection was less than fifteen seconds. It should be explained that the telephone booth is practically unknown in the office of a Glasgow business man. The instrument is on the edge of his desk, and the receiver and transmitter are in one piece. This aluminum device is connected with a wire cord, and the customer may converse leaning back in his chair or walking about the room, as he prefers. It is a most decided improvement over the clumsy and antiquated system which yet prevails in most exchanges in the United States."

Some idea of the rapid increase in the net revenues may be gained from the following figures taken from the Corporation Telephone Department's report for the years ending May 31st. In 1902 the net revenue was \$68,647. In 1903 it had risen to \$170,518; and in 1904 it reached \$241,742.

Outside of the London post-office telephone system, the Glasgow municipal plant is the largest underground system in Great Britain.

In England the public authorities seem more sane and honest than those in America; at least, they are far less subservient to public-service corporations and more loyal to the interests of the people. It has been a frequent policy of the private-service corporations with us to secure so-called experts, who either before the people's servants or through the press warned the public against the dangers of loss through public-ownership. Corporations like the Boston Elevated Railway Company which are pouring from three to four million dollars every year into the pockets of a comparatively few over-rich stockholders and their pliant tools, are always very solicitous lest a city should commit the grave folly of

taking over the municipal utilities; but these alarmist cries that make the way so easy for the people's servants who *wish* to see matters through the spectacles of the over-rich corporations, have little influence in England, where the municipal authorities place the interests of the people before the interests and emoluments of a few individuals. A striking case of this kind is cited by Mr. Dagger in his story of the success of Portsmouth with municipal telephones.

"The results achieved," he tells us, "with this exchange are interesting as proving how worthless are opinions of experts whose evidence is put forward by the monopolies for the purpose of preventing the establishment of municipal undertakings. At the Portsmouth local Government Board inquiry two witnesses were put forward by the National Telephone Company to oppose the granting of borrowing powers to build the plant. They were J. E. Kingsbury, English manager for the Western Electric Company, of Chicago, a 'Bell' corporation, and Herbert Laws Webb, late engineer to the New York Telephone Company (also 'Bell'). The following are extracts from their evidence:

"Q. In your view, will this business be a financial success?

"A. (J. E. Kingsbury): No; I do not see how it can.

"Q. Do you think it commercially sound?

"A. I think it quite uncommercial.

"Q. Are the (proposed) rates remunerative?

"A. (H. L. Webb): I do not think that they can possibly be remunerative.

"Q. Will the undertaking be a charge on the rates?

"A. I think it will be a charge on the rates."

The citizens of Portsmouth were not to be deceived by the testimony of these so-called experts. In spite of their warning, the city installed her own telephone-plant. The receipts for last year, up to March 31st, averaged \$17.50 per telephone (the unlimited service is \$28.61; limited, \$17.54 and \$12.18). After deducting the post-office department's royalty the telephone receipts averaged \$15.79 per instrument, and this enabled the city to pay operating and maintenance expenses, etc. The net revenue amounted

to a dividend of nine per cent. on the capital expended, out of which interest and sinking funds were deducted, leaving \$6,136 for depreciation fund.

These cities furnish examples of the actual practical results of public-ownership of public utilities. How much longer will our people submit to being plundered to make others over-rich, and, what is worse, submit to a spoliation which almost invariably leads to the corrupting of the people's servants?

THE RESULT OF MUNICIPAL PUBLIC-LIGHTING IN CLEVELAND.

THE RESULTS that have attended the lighting of the streets of Cleveland by the municipality instead of under contract (the method which had obtained) afford another illustration of the saving which a city can and should make by municipal-ownership and control of public utilities. Under the old method the streets were lighted by a private corporation, and the city paid \$22.56 per lamp. Under municipal lighting the cost to the city is \$17.38 a lamp. As there are 6,500 gas-lamps at the present time in Cleveland, the saving to the city is \$33,670. The candle-power of the lights is precisely the same as it was when the city enriched the private corporation to the extent of over \$30,000 a year for doing a part of its own business. Only by the power of corrupt wealth is it possible to prevent from year to year the municipalities of America from enjoying the enormous revenue derived by the various private corporations through ownership and operation of public utilities. Is there any good reason why a city should turn \$33,670 a year, or \$336,700 every decade, into the pockets of an over-rich corporation, when this sum can easily be saved to the taxpayers and when the saving, moreover, is favorable to good government? Cleveland, under a genuine reform government, has given the only sane, practical and business-like answer that can be given.

WHY THE GAS-TRUST IN TWO CITIES SEES PERIL IN YELLOW JOURNALISM.

IT is doubtful whether the terrors of yellow journalism have ever before proved such a nightmare to the extortionate gas-monopolies of New York and Boston, and to recreant public officials as of late. During the past

few months Mr. Hearst has exposed the shameful and disgraceful methods by which the mayor and comptroller of New York sought to turn over \$9,000,000 to the gas-trust. The public servants in the great metropolis strove in every way to consummate these iniquitous proceedings, but Mr. Hearst laid bare their action in his paper, attacked them in the courts and finally secured a permanent injunction, preventing the payment of the \$9,000,000 to the great chagrin of the discredited mayor and the exasperation of the grasping monopoly.

In Boston an aggressive movement on the part of the various gas companies that constitute the gas monopoly of Boston and her environs was attacked by Mr. Hearst, first in the *Boston American* and later before the State Commissioners. When the case was brought before the officials Mr. Hearst, through his attorneys, presented the petition of seventy thousand of the citizens of Boston asking that the present exorbitant price of one dollar per thousand cubic feet be reduced to eighty cents per thousand. The trust, as usual, was represented by the ablest legal ability and felt confident in its power to defeat the just demands of a long-suffering and shamefully-plundered public. But Mr. Hearst created consternation in the monopolistic family when he brought from Cleveland, Ohio, Professor Edward Bemis, the famous gas-expert, who after an exhaustive examination made a merciless *exposé* of the preposterous claims of the gas combine. He showed, for example, that from their own figures the Brookline Gas Company, which is one of the gas corporations in the present monopoly, could during the past seven years have paid seven per cent. on its entire capitalization and yet only have charged the public eighty cents per thousand for gas.

One of the State Commissioners has from the first displayed a sense of fairness and that judicial impartiality which should always characterize officials acting in the capacity of judges. The other two commissioners, however, have shown a strong bias in favor of the views presented by the gas-trust and its special-pleaders, one of the Commissioners, Mr. George, going so far as to declare, when he refused to call for certain books which the people's representatives asked should be presented before the Commission, that "the law says that *we* shall settle this question, and not the community," thereby displaying that insolent arrogance which has marked the most

offensive and odious puppets of despotism in olden times, but which is not supposed to be exhibited by the people's servants in a republic.

The cartoons which we present this month bearing on this gas fight are of special interest to the American people because the conflict between these great, oppressive, public-service lighting companies in two of America's great cities is the same conflict that is being waged between the people and the railroads, the refrigerator-car trust, the coal-trust, the sugar-trust and other iniquitous combinations that are deliberately plundering the people. The impudent remark of Commissioner George, in which he expresses so much contempt for the will, desire and demand of the community he is supposed to represent, affords another powerful reason why every American voter should place the demand for the enjoyment of democratic government through direct-legislation above all other immediate demands.

The people's servants have come to hold their employers in contempt and too frequently act as though they held briefs from the oppressors and plunderers of individuals and communities.

However the present case may be settled in Boston, and from the attitude of the Commission at the present writing it is doubtful whether the people will gain their just relief in the immediate future, the work done by Mr. Hearst's campaign has proved of immense value and the cause of public-ownership of gas has been materially strengthened, as it has been made apparent to thousands of our citizens as never before that the only relief for the people from extortion and oppression by public-service monopolies lies in our following the wise example of Old World cities and making and selling our own gas at from one-half to one-third less than the American people are now paying the over-rich private corporations.

SOCIALISM IN ITALY.

PHENOMENAL GROWTH OF THE SOCIALIST VOTE IN ITALY.

PRESS dispatches sent out from Italy and published throughout America, purporting to give the result of the recent election, were such as to woefully mislead the people. Thus, for example, it was heralded far and wide that the Socialists had met a crushing or overwhelming defeat, and we were gravely told by learned editors that labor in Italy had repudiated the vagaries of Socialism. Then came the positive statement that the great Italian Socialist leader, Enrico Ferri, had been defeated.

Now what were the facts? In the first place Enrico Ferri stood for election in three districts. In one he was defeated; in two he was elected. Secondly, the Socialists elected members from twenty-eight districts, while in 1900 they were successful in thirty-two districts, so their voting strength in the new parliament will be five less than in the preceding congress. The Socialist vote, however, almost doubled that of 1900, as at the recent election they polled 301,000 votes, while in 1900 the total vote was 162,000.

The loss of five seats was due to two principal causes. In 1900 the radical Republicans acted with the Socialists in several districts,

supporting their candidates. In the late election the Socialists stood alone, while the Catholic Church, which has for the most part held aloof from elections because the Italian Government antagonizes the absurd claims to temporal power made by the Pontiff, actively assisted the government's candidates in several districts with the hope of defeating the Socialists. Thus, though the Socialists have almost doubled their voting strength they have fewer seats in the parliament. But to talk of the overwhelming defeat of Socialism in Italy, or to say that the laborers of Italy have deserted Socialism is in the face of the returns so pitifully false that one would think that this kind of misrepresentation would be resented by the reading public, even that part of it that has no sympathy with Socialism, for people as a rule do not enjoy being mislead as to palpable facts.

Another thing should be borne in mind in reference to the Socialist vote in Italy. It is not an ignorant vote, as some papers have striven to prove. Quite the contrary. In Italy no person is allowed to vote who cannot read and write, and in the kingdom fifty-six per cent of the population is unable to vote because of being illiterate. The 301,000 Italian votes given to the Socialist ticket were cast by persons who could read and write.

In 1900 the Socialists polled 12.9 per cent. of the entire vote. In 1904 they polled 20 per cent. of the entire vote.

We take pleasure in giving our readers these

facts in the interest of common justice and fair play and to correct the misapprehension of those of our people who have taken the press reports as truthful statements.

SHADOWS ON THE PATHWAY OF PROGRESS.

SOCIAL CONTRASTS THE FRUIT OF PRIVILEGE AND INEQUALITY OF OPPORTUNITIES.

ON THE fifteenth of December the Boston *Herald* published a note to the effect that Mr. Charles Schwab of steel-trust fame recently had a pair of shoes made to order, and on receiving them with a bill for fifty dollars, "he was so convinced of their superiority that he forthwith ordered five pairs more at the same price." On the same day the Boston *Evening Transcript* published the following dispatch from New York:

"NEW YORK, December 15th.—After trudging through the snow from one end of the city to the other in the vain hope of securing employment, his wife and six children being without food and ordered to leave their home in an upper East-side tenement-house because of non-payment of rent, John Corcoran, a clerk, to-day ended his life by drinking carbolic acid."

These social contrasts are strictly typical of conditions that prevail to-day in our land of almost inexhaustible undeveloped wealth, due to unjust and fundamentally inequitable conditions. Elsewhere we call the attention of our readers to the fact that in Manhattan Borough in 1903 there were 60,463 families evicted from their tenements. That is about fourteen per cent. of the whole number of families in the borough. The agony and misery that attended a large number of the families that were thus driven forth from their shelter can never be adequately described, but the above dispatch may enable us to feel something of the anguish of spirit, the utter despair, which some of these unfortunates experienced. On the other hand, the vast wealth that was so quickly acquired by Mr. Schwab and which has been partly squandered at Monte Carlo, came largely by virtue of that vicious legislation which enables a few men to secure from the government special privileges which have placed the American people at their mercy while they have levied such extortionate or excessive prices for their wares

that they have acquired millions upon millions of dollars, and which enable them to-day to still rob the American citizens of from six to eleven dollars on every ton of iron and steel purchased, in excess of what this same predatory band charges the citizens of Great Britain and Canada. Legislation of this character cannot fail to produce multi-millionaires or a plutocracy whose great wealth and power have only been possible of attainment through special privileges and monopoly rights by which the masses have been plundered for the benefit of the few, and such conditions cannot fail to produce increasing examples of social contrasts such as the typical instances cited above.

RECRUDESCENCE OF MEDIEVAL RELIGIOUS INTOLERANCE IN SPAIN.

A RECENT issue of *Public Opinion* contains a translation of a noteworthy editorial from the *Imparcial* of Madrid, Spain, which merits the thoughtful consideration of our people as it illustrates in a striking manner how easy it is for reactionary elements, when once they obtain power, to reëstablish the baleful, soul-shriveling, thought-fettering conditions which marked the Europe of the Dark Ages. The *Imparcial*, as the editor of *Public Opinion* well observes, cannot be suspected of anti-Catholic prejudice. Yet this editorial, after describing the paralyzed condition which prevails in the city of Bilbao, due to the collapse of a speculative boom, passes to the notice of a stagnation more deadly than that of business—the stagnation of the brain and all the nobler and higher sensibilities in man, due to the inflamed condition of the popular mind, the result of the reactionary agitation of the Jesuits and other church fathers in their effort to stamp out free inquiry and the liberal aspirations of the people—a stagnation that is "destroying domestic peace, injuring social relations and transforming the religious sentiment into a poisoned political weapon. Intolerance," the *Imparcial* continues, "has obtained such a form that the inhabitants are divided into two classes, into the 'good' and

the 'bad,' that is, into those who with their gold and their votes elected Urquiji—the candidate of the Jesuits for parliament—and those who opposed this candidate or remained neutral.

"Most powerful in this element, which is continually plotting against everything with a liberal tendency, are the women. No endeavor, no sacrifice, is too great where the object is to fulfil the commands of their father confessors. In this crusade against the 'bad' every weapon is permitted, while all questions of conscience must be put aside. The vilest pretensions are ennobled when they are used for the glory of God, which in this case consists in the utter expulsion of the liberals. Boycotts are declared against merchants, manufacturers, and newspapers, against all in fact, who do not submit blindly to the ruling elements. The señoras form unions for the purpose of boycotting this or that shop, this or that workman, this or that newspaper, while lists are published of all persons who advertise in the offensive newspaper. The insolent boldness with which the reactionaries proceed in their campaign is only to be compared with their lust for battle, while their intolerance is the most supreme of their virtues. All who do not think as they do are lepers, contact with whom will certainly lead to infection; and this unheard-of condition will now be extended throughout the entire kingdom according to the terms of the agreement which the government has concluded with the Vatican."

The above statement from the important Madrid journal is a melancholy illustration of the inevitable result which follows when reactionary and dogmatic religious concepts gain ascendancy over reason and enlightenment. When such conditions obtain, all the finest sentiments, all the instincts of justice and humanity, all thought of the Golden-Rule, give place to savage hate, inspiring fanaticism that turns the dial-hand back toward the gloom of the dark ages.

A CANARD THAT PROVED A BOOMERANG.

DEPUTY Gabriel Syveton, whose brutal assault on the War Minister of France led to his expulsion from the parliament house and who later committed suicide, was one of the most strenuous of the reactionary element in the French parliament. His attacks on the republican government and on all the liberal measures were such as to delight the most

reactionary Clericals. And the immediate cause of his disgraceful assault on the Minister of War was due to the action of the Minister, in seeking to prevent men who were subservient to the reactionary religionists that had ever been hostile to free education and the republic from gaining commanding positions in the army.

When the news of M. Syveton's violent death was circulated, the reactionaries instantly spread the report that he had been murdered by the Free-Masons, notwithstanding that the evidence of suicide was most convincing in character. Later it was claimed that he had been hounded to death by the government because of his loyal and outspoken defence of the reactionaries and the position taken by the upholders of the Vatican. Subsequently, however, the real cause of the suicide was disclosed in the fact that Madame Syveton was about to demand a divorce on account of the improper sexual relations between her husband and her daughter by a former marriage. The daughter in question had married M. Menard. The Paris dispatch published in the *Boston Herald* of December 15, 1904, stated that:

"Both M. Menard and Mme. Syveton had accused the deputy of these relations, and a family council took place shortly before M. Syveton's death, at which violent scenes were enacted, M. Menard declaring that it was the duty of the deputy to put a bullet through his head, and Mme. Syveton announcing her purpose to sue for a divorce.

"This was on the eve of M. Syveton's trial for assaulting War Minister Andre in the Chamber of Deputies. The deputy foresaw the public disclosure of his relations with his wife's daughter, and thereupon committed suicide for the purpose of averting the disclosure."

If instead of being a champion of conventional reaction and clericalism, Deputy Syveton had been a radical republican or a social democrat, the conservative and reactionary press of this and other lands would have given great prominence to the fact and we should have been treated on every hand to long homilies on the evils of secular education, on the menace to morality incident to liberal republican training or the philosophy of socialism. As, however, the statesman was preëminent as a defender of the church and an upholder of reactionary ideals, little has been said on the matter.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.*

Poverty. By Robert Hunter. Cloth. Pp. 382. Price, \$1.50 net. Postage, 12 cents. New York: The Macmillan Company.

I. THE AUTHOR.

THE CONSCIENCE literature of social progress receives an important contribution in Mr. Robert Hunter's new work entitled *Poverty*. The author belongs to that small company of young men who place justice, truth and right above personal considerations or selfish desires and who are justly entitled to be termed servants of light, because it is through the labor of men and women of this class that the success of all great fundamental reform measures and progressive movements is made possible.

Mr. Hunter graduated from the University of Indiana in 1896. On completing his academic education he entered the school of practical service. The social problem held for him an overmastering power. He knew, as we all know, that the increasing tide of misery, vice and crime is largely due to poverty and the pitiable and crime-breeding conditions that environ a large proportion of the very poor in our great cities. Now in order to be able to aid in uplifting these unfortunate ones in so far as lay in his power, and at the same time familiarize himself with all the vital facts and the various phases and problems that need to be understood if one would deal with this question in a large and helpful way, Mr. Hunter determined to engage actively in university-settlement work in various centers. Accordingly he took up his self-appointed task, first settling in one of the districts where the poorest working-people of Chicago were huddled together back of the "yards." Here, while working with and for the very poor, he was able to make an intimate study of their lives, conditions, problems and perplexities. Next he went to Hull House, and during his stay in Chicago he devoted considerable time to the study of lodging and tenement-houses and was chairman of the Tenement Committee of Chicago. From the great Western metropolis he went to Great

Britain, living for a time at Toynbee Hall and other settlements in England. Returning to this country, he became the head of the University Settlement on the East side of New York and Chairman of the New York Child-Labor Committee, which was responsible for the immensely-important laws that protected 290,000 children. He has made careful studies of social conditions in various centers in Europe as well as America, and is therefore admirably equipped for the task of intelligently discussing the grave and growing question of poverty in our republic.

The author is a young man, yet his life has been enriched by a beautiful romance, and since all the world loves a lover we may be pardoned for briefly alluding to it. It was while at work among the very poor of the East side in New York, that Mr. Hunter became acquainted with a young American lady who was also seeking to lighten and brighten the lives of the miserables in that great city. This young woman was the daughter of Mr. Anson Phelps Stokes, a large-hearted, noble-minded man of wealth in New York of whom many of our readers have heard because of his brave stand for Mr. Bryan at the time when self-seeking men of immense fortunes in the Empire City were almost a unit against the incorruptible statesman from Nebraska. Miss Stokes had inherited her parents' love for humanity and her heart went out in sympathy for the unfortunate ones in the great city. Hence she was working with her brother for their relief. After meeting Mr. Hunter a strong sentiment of affection sprang up, perhaps at first due largely to community of sentiment and interest, but in time it ripened into love. The young couple were wedded and their home is to-day one of those ideal firesides where love and service hold sway.

II. THE BOOK.

This work, within certain limits, is strong, fine and deserving of great praise. It contains seven chapters in which are discussed "Poverty," "The Pauper," "The Vagrant," "The Sick," "The Child," "The Immigrant," and the author's conclusions. The chapter devoted to "Poverty," which is a closely-rea-

* Books intended for review in THE ARENA should be addressed to B. O. Flower, Editorial Department, THE ARENA, Boston, Mass.

soned discussion occupying more than sixty pages, contains an array of facts which will prove at once startling and disquieting to those ignorant of the true conditions that prevail in our republic, while they will doubtless seem incredible to the vast multitude of echoes of echoes of our complacent metropolitan press that day by day harps on prosperity and the national wealth at the dictation of Wall-street magnates or professional politicians who are eager to preserve conditions through which a few are becoming immensely rich, and their faithful servants, who misrepresent the people in government, are holding lucrative positions which they hope will prove life-long sinecures. The chapters on "The Sick" and "The Child" deserve special notice. That on "The Child" should be read by every parent in America. It cannot fail to produce a profound and lasting impression. It will make for civic righteousness and a moral sentiment that when once fully aroused will, we believe, destroy the infamy of child-slavery in our republic.

We have quoted extensively from this work in our editorial leader this month and have cited several facts and some data given by Mr. Hunter as embodying the latest authoritative facts relating to certain social conditions, so we will not dwell at length on the work as we otherwise should have done; but we venture the hope that our readers will secure the book and carefully peruse it. You may not agree with all Mr. Hunter's views; you will doubtless feel that the measures suggested are hopelessly inadequate; you will probably wish that he had handled the question along broader lines when he comes to the treatment of poverty; but you should remember that this work is preëminently intended to awaken the sleeping conscience of our conventional society. It is a book devoted mainly to the facts—the grim and terrible facts that must be confronted by thoughtful Christian men and women of America, and nothing is more needed than books that will compel the sleeping church and a complacent, self-satisfied and heedless society to take cognizance of the tragic condition of millions of our people. Many who read this work will be led by it into further investigations. They will not rest until they have studied far enough to see where the great underlying social and economic crimes lie which render the misery of the millions not only possible but inevitable. We confess that when we first read the suggestive remedies advanced by Mr. Hunter we felt

depressed. After reading the views of the great social philosophers who were the fathers of the liberal and revolutionary movements in England, France and America in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, and still further after reading the luminous treatises of Henry George and the profoundly suggestive social philosophies of Marx and the other great social, democratic and practical but idealistic reformers, we always feel inspired and filled with a strong faith in the future; but when we read a conventional work on political economy, in which the author performs the tread-mill act, retracing old ideas born of ages and times when writers sought to bolster up special interests and privileged classes and to avoid any radical position, no matter how fundamentally just or righteous it might be, we always feel profoundly depressed and discouraged. So also when at the heels of a noble work dealing with poverty, so compelling in influence and so fine in spirit as is Mr. Hunter's, when we come to his suggested measures dealing as they do with palliative rather than fundamental reforms, we experience again the same sense of depression and weariness of spirit as when reading conventional economic and political treatises. But by this we would not disparage the palliative remedies when applied as such. Some years ago, when our work entitled *Civilization's Inferno* was first published, a number of friends criticized it on the ground that it devoted too much space to palliative measures; yet it was our aim at all times to insist upon the necessity of fundamental reforms, but at the same time we believe, and have always believed in doing our utmost to save the sinking while the great ships of justice are being builded. Mr. Hunter's remedial measures are for the most part sane, reasonable, just and necessary, and they will appeal to tens of thousands who would be frightened if one proposed more fundamental measures. And yet many of those who to-day will become deeply interested in the measures proposed by our author will five years from to-day be clamoring for more fundamental reforms—reforms that will guarantee equality of opportunities and of rights to all. Books like this work are of immense value at the present period in our conflict against the sordid materialism that is ranging itself with reaction and subtly when not aggressively opposing the ideal of democracy and social progress.

Handicraft and Recreation for Girls. By Lina Beard and Adelia B. Beard. Illustrated. Cloth. Pp. 357. Price, \$1.60 net. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

A Defective Santa Claus. A Poem by James Whitcomb Riley. Illustrated. Cloth. Pp. 78. Price, \$1 net. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

OF LATE years parents as well as teachers are coming more and more to recognize that in the education of the child the training of the eye and hand plays a part quite as important as that of the brain. This fact is witnessed in the increasing number of manual-training schools and in the revival of many of the old-time arts and crafts. When the eye and hand can be trained, the mind informed, and the child at the same time entertained, a needed work is indeed being accomplished; and in *Handicraft and Recreation for Girls*, parents will find a valuable aid in accomplishing this triple task.

The first half of the volume, as the name indicates, is devoted to the handicrafts. Here the most explicit and simple directions are given for spinning, weaving, both on a miniature loom and with pliant grasses and reeds, modeling with clay, working with tissue paper, etc., as well as for making complete miniature copies of a Japanese village, a Russian village, an Indian village and an old Colonial kitchen, fitted out with all the utensils which our grandmothers used in Revolutionary days. Besides these more ambitious undertakings there are numerous suggestions for the very tiny folks, such as weaving dolls' hammocks, "hoppergrass" houses, napkin rings, etc., from the ordinary field-grasses, all of which entertain the child for many happy hours while helping to make the little fingers nimble and skillful.

All the directions in the book are so detailed and simple, and the illustrations are so copious that the work is far more valuable than many similar volumes, which leave so much to the imagination that even grown people would find considerable difficulty in accomplishing many of the things which are said to be so easy.

The second half of *Handicraft and Recreation* contains many delightful suggestions for Easter and Hallowe'en games as well as for simple amusements for very small children.

One would search far to find a book of this kind so varied in its interest and so clear and explicit in its practical directions.

AMY C. RICH.

THIS is a sumptuous little gift-book containing almost two score original illustrations by C. M. Relyea and Will. Vawter which are as natural and true to the simple life depicted in the homely poem as is the poet's charming verse. Of the story here told in rhyme it is only necessary to say that it is worthy of our incomparable poet of the homely and common life in the Middle West. In his peculiar field James Whitcomb Riley has no living peer. The poem gives the story of a memorable Christmas, told by the child in his simple speech not unmingled with the colloquialisms of the country-folk of his neighborhood. In it Santa Claus visits the home and the children catch a glimpse of him, but unfortunately for the paternal Santa his paraphernalia catches fire and to save his life he is rolled in the snow. Before the flames are extinguished, however, his nose is burned and his arm injured. The little ones, however, do not see through the disguise and imagine to the end that it was the real, genuine Santa Claus of the picture-books who visited them, though they cannot understand how their father's nose comes to be so badly *frost-bitten*. It is a charming child-tale in verse.

Painted Shadows. By Richard LeGallienne. Cloth. Pp. 339. Price, \$1.50. Boston: Little, Brown & Company.

DEVOTEES of the realistic school in literature will never enjoy Mr. LeGallienne's work, but for those who value a story more for its fine literary quality than for its fidelity to the real conditions of life, his beauty of phrasing and delicacy of imagination hold a charm which never grows old. We have no writer to-day whose work possesses in the same degree the shadowy, elusive fascination of Mr. LeGallienne's best stories, of which the present volume contains several examples. "Poet, Take Thy Lute," "Old Silver," and "The Shadow of the Rose" are equal to the best of Mr. LeGallienne's former work, although this is not true of some of the other stories, as, for instance, "The Woman in Possession," "The First Church of the

Restoration" and "Dear Dead Women." "Beauty's Portmanteau" is a delightfully humorous sketch, and "The Youth of Lady Constantia" is one of the most beautiful idealistic tales of the transforming power of love that I have ever read.

AMY C. RICH.

Love Poems of Byron. Cloth. Pp. 136.
Price, 50 cents. New York: John Lane.

Love Poems of Byron is a dainty little volume, bound in flexible violet cloth, stamped in gold, with gilt edges, and of vest-pocket size, contains more than sixty poems and selections from Byron's verse devoted to love, among which are "When We Two Parted," "Maid of Athens," "Stanzas Written on the Road between Florence and Pisa," "She Walks in Beauty Like the Night" and "There be None of Beauty's Daughters."

This volume is one of a series of little works entitled "The Lover's Library" which constitutes a veritable treasure-house of poetry of sentiment. The works which have preceded the present volume, and all of which are, uniform with it, are *Love Poems of Shelly*, *Robert Browning*, *Edmond Holmes*, *Tennyson*, *Landor*, *E. B. Browning*, *Burns*, *Suckling*, *Herrick*, *W. S. Blount*, *Sonnets of Shakespeare*, and *Love Songs from the Greek*.

Wanted: a Cook. By Alan Dale. Cloth. Pp. 382. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

SELDOM has it been our pleasure to read a more delightful satire on one phase of our present-day urban life than *Wanted: a Cook*. In this book the well-known dramatic critic who writes under the pseudonym of Alan Dale and who too frequently, in our judgment, sacrifices the demands of honest criticism and a just meed of praise for good work to his own vanity and a desire to say bright things in a cutting way, has treated the servant-girl question in an inimitable manner. Few

housewives in our great cities will fail to appreciate the work which, though exaggerated at times as is the wont of the humorist, is from first to last broadly true, and on the whole the story will prove as excellent a cure for the blues as the first reading of Mark Twain's *Innocents Abroad*.

Chuggins. By H. Irving Hancock. Illustrated. Cloth. Pp. 94. Price, 50 cents. Philadelphia: Henry Altemus Company.

THIS story describes the exploits of a boy who leaves the home of his uncle when the war with Spain is declared. He finally reaches Tampa and from thence works his way on a transport to Cuba. After several minor adventures he arrives on the firing-line. Here he finds a dead soldier whose gun and cartridges he takes and forthwith rushes into the thick of the fight, deporting himself like a veteran and attracting the attention of Colonel Roosevelt. Later he serves as a water-carrier and aide to a Boston surgeon who is engaged in caring for the dead and wounded on the field. The surgeon, however, is finally seriously wounded, and Chuggins assists him to the hospital and remains with him until they return to New England. The surgeon succeeds in persuading Chuggins' uncle and aunt to allow the boy to return with him to his Boston home, and Chuggins is highly delighted when he hears his benefactor state that he thinks he has sufficient influence to get the lad into West Point. The story is well written and will doubtless appeal to the immature imagination of children. It is prettily bound and well illustrated; but its influence on the mind of the young will be, in our judgment, more vicious than beneficial. It stimulates the war-spirit. The fostering of the savage in the mind of man is bad enough, but to elevate boys of tender years to the position of heroes on the field of blood is, we think, an evil that is only second to that exerted by the yellow-backed tales of bandits and frontier outlaws.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

THE MASTER-SPIRIT IN THE REIGN OF CORRUPTION: This issue of *THE ARENA* opens with Mr. BLANKENBURG's thrilling and realistic story of the sinister career of the late Senator QUAY, the master-spirit in the reign of undemocratic and corrupt practices which has virtually overthrown republican government in the Keystone State and has set the downward pace for other commonwealths, while exerting a baleful influence upon the national government on the one hand and municipal life throughout America on the other. It would be difficult to overestimate the far-reaching influence for evil which has followed the carnival of corruption rendered possible in Pennsylvania by the supremacy of boss and machine-rule, supported and sustained by corporate and privileged interests; and we believe that we are in no wise exaggerating the importance of these papers when we state that, great and serviceable as have been the numerous exposures of present-day corruption and the evils which have become so deadly a menace to the republic, no series of papers heretofore published are so well calculated to arrest the attention of the more thoughtful and arouse the conscience-element of America to action as this historical survey of almost incredible political turpitude and depravity, written by one whose knowledge of all the facts in the story is only surpassed by the superb courage and high moral rectitude displayed in combatting the aggressions of corruption. We would urge all of our readers to call the attention of every thoughtful friend to this series of papers, destined to become historic and of far-reaching importance. They are papers that no thinking American can afford to ignore—papers which all patriots should feel it a sacred duty to disseminate.

How Scandinavia Has Solved the Liquor Problem: The third paper in our series of international contributions dealing with democratic progressive movements and social and economic advance in foreign lands appears in this issue in the masterly presentation of how Sweden and Norway have solved the drink problem through public-control of the liquor traffic. This paper has been prepared for us by Mr. M. ALGER, the secretary to our American Consul at Christiana, a journalist of experience and a painstaking and careful writer. From his discussion it will be noted that there are important points of difference between the uses to which the profits derived from the sale of liquor are put in the two countries, though otherwise the method of control is very similar, and in each instance the supreme aim of the government has been to reduce the crime, misery, poverty and degradation which follow upon an unrestricted traffic. We have received many inquiries from different parts of the country for facts relating to the Gothenburg system, and so far as we call to mind the present paper is the clearest, fullest and most comprehensive magazine discussion of this question that has yet appeared on this side of the Atlantic.

The Expansion of Municipal Activities: During the last two decades Great Britain has made marvelous progress in municipal government.

City after city has taken over the public utilities that were being indifferently run by private corporations whose master-object was to make as great profits as possible for the few who were pecuniarily interested in controlling these monopolies. In every instance, so far as we have been able to ascertain, public-ownership in Great Britain has proved a distinct and in most instances a brilliant success, resulting in reduction of fares and other charges to the citizens, increased pay to employees, reduction in hours of labor, and a substantial profit after paying interest and setting aside a certain sum for a sinking-fund. In many instances these sums have been princely in character and by being turned over to the fund known as the Public Good have enormously added to the conveniences, comforts and well-being of the citizens. In America recently there have been many signs of the awakening of the people in regard to their municipal responsibilities, and though sentiment in favor of municipal-ownership is overwhelmingly strong in many centers, the power exerted over the people's servants, the daily press and other opinion-forming agencies by the dangerously rich and powerful monopolies that control the public utilities has been such as to prevent in most instances the people from having an opportunity to take over these public utilities. There has, however, been a wholesome expansion along many lines which has been admirably summarized in the thoughtful paper by the Honorable CLINTON ROGERS WOODRUFF, Secretary of the National Municipal League, which appears in this issue of *THE ARENA*.

The Divorce Question: Last month we published an exceptionally strong paper giving a discussion of the divorce question from the standpoint of an orthodox Christian. The author, Mrs. SPENCER TRASK, while discouraging the attempts of the extremists to secure prohibitive divorce legislation instead of appealing to the Christian on the ground of his obligations to literally follow the words attributed to Jesus, nevertheless made a strong plea against divorce from the conventional religious view-point. *THE ARENA* believes in fundamental discussions of all the great ethical problems and in giving both sides the opportunity for a hearing. This month we publish an exceptionally vigorous plea for liberal divorce laws presented from the view-point of the science of sex psychology. The author in the preparation of this paper has gone deeply into the subject, consulting the ablest authorities on sex psychology and presenting the issue in the vigorous, fearless, thought-stimulating manner of the careful and fundamental scientific student. It is a paper that will furnish much food for serious reflection to persons who have only listened to superficial discussions of this question.

The Refrigerator-Car Trust Exposure: The revelations made by Mr. W. G. JOERNS, a well-known lawyer and journalist of Duluth, Minnesota, and a contributor to the *Annals of the American Academy of Social Science*, of Philadelphia, in this issue of *THE ARENA* constitute a tale of almost in-

credible infamy—a tale of conspiracy to crush honest industry and plunder the public that has few parallels in the history of modern oppressive acts. That the principal facts were adduced as sworn testimony before the Interstate Commerce Commission makes the revelations all the more impressive. Did Mr. ARMOUR see the coming storm when, after satisfying himself that Mr. ROOSEVELT was bound to be elected, he volunteered the statement to the *New York World* that he favored the election of President ROOSEVELT and had contributed to his campaign-fund? And did he hope by obligating the present administration to save himself from the public wrath on account of the iniquitous action of the beef-trust and the refrigerator-car trust? And if he did do this in imitation of the course followed by Mr. CASSATT of the Pennsylvania Railroad, will it avail him anything? These are questions that doubtless have occurred to tens of thousands of American citizens since the election. Those who hold that President ROOSEVELT spoke the truth when he declared that he was in no way beholden to any interests and that he would carry forward his high obligations to the people regardless of fear or favor, believe that strenuous days are before the oppressive, extortionate, law-evading and law-defying railways and trusts. We regret to confess that we do not find in President ROOSEVELT's past conduct evidences of persistent moral courage and strenuousness in assailing entrenched predatory wealth or corporate and monopolistic aggressions that justify us in holding such views. Certain it is, however, that no President ever had so splendid an opportunity to "curb greed and shackle cunning" as THEODORE ROOSEVELT; and it is equally certain that the American people realize this. It is within the power of the President to make good his promises and implied promises to the American people and head a crusade against the plunder of the millions by the privileged few that would make him one of the best-beloved chief-magistrates that has filled the Presidential chair. But to do this he would be compelled to exert a degree of moral stamina and courage that we feel is not an accompaniment of his physical courage.

Warren and His Cartoons: This month we give our readers the second sketch dealing with American newspaper cartoonists which will be a feature of *THE ARENA* for 1905. Next month we expect to devote to the work of the late THOMAS NAST, with special reference to the history of the rise, progress and overthrow of the Tweed Ring. Never did the pen of a high-minded and conscientious cartoonist do such faithful service for the cause of good government as was wrought by Mr. NAST in what long appeared a hopeless battle against the most powerful and corrupt political ring that ever plundered a city, subsidized a press, degraded moral ideals and disgraced a commonwealth.

The Russo-Japanese Discussion: In this issue we publish a spirited discussion of the Russo-Japanese contention by Judge EDWARD CAMPBELL, of Pennsylvania, and Professor EDWIN MAXEY, LL.D., M. Dip., of the University of West Virginia, and one of the associate editors of *THE ARENA*. Judge CAMPBELL is a strong partisan of Russia, while Professor MAXEY is heart and soul in sym-

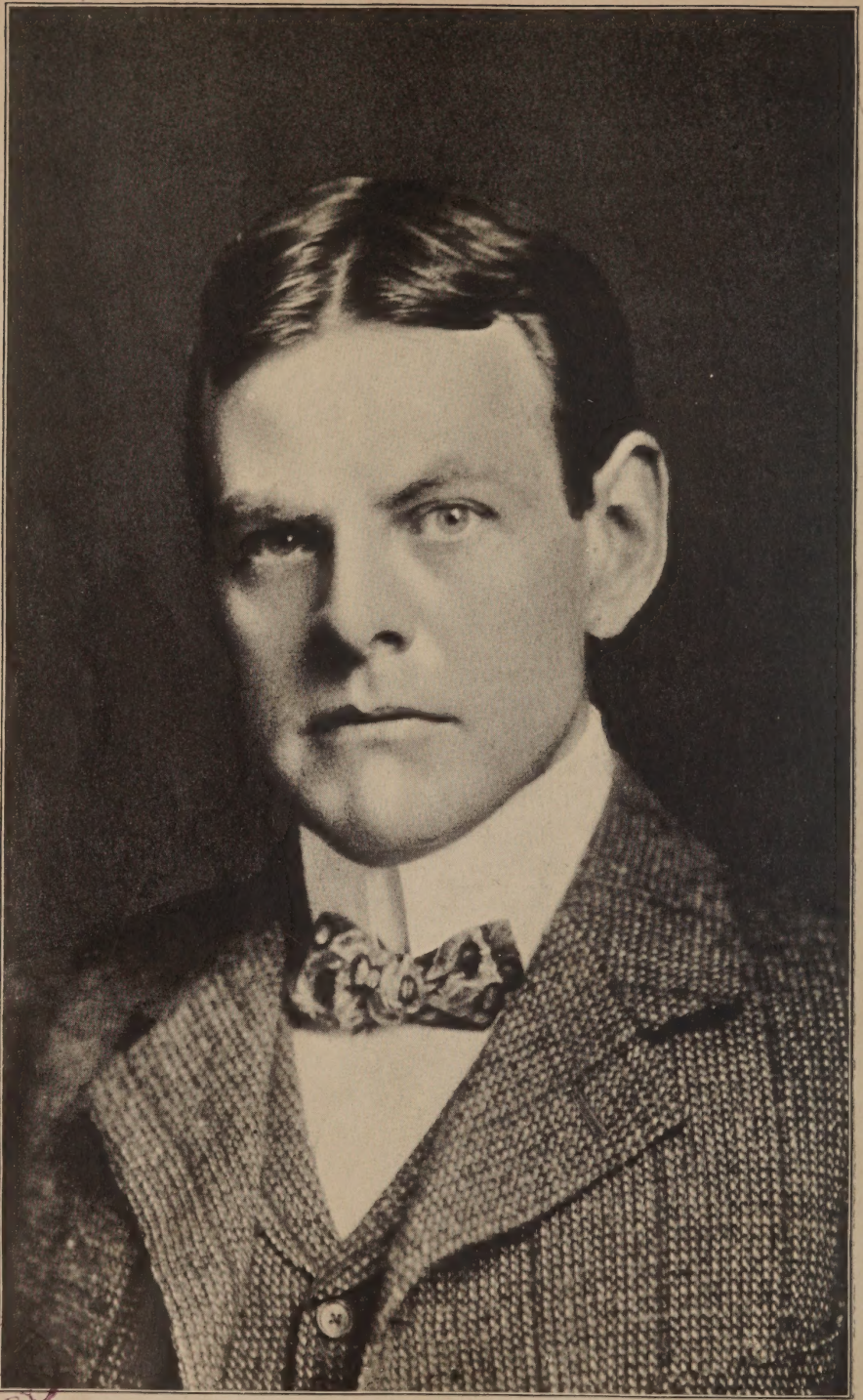
pathy with Japan. These papers, therefore, give the views of champions of both sides. Professor MAXEY is one of the few Americans who hold the academic degree of Master of Diplomacy. He has made diplomatic history the subject of special study and is thoroughly familiar with the present status of the great world-powers and problems.

Matthew Arnold as a Poet: The recent admirable paper by Professor ROBERT T. KERLIN on "Matthew Arnold: 'A Healing and Reconciling Influence'?" is this month supplemented by a delightful paper on the great English writer as a poet. We are glad to note a growing interest in the thought of MATTHEW ARNOLD on both sides of the Atlantic, for while we by no means agree with all of his conclusions, we recognize that the trend and sweep of his thought were upward and toward the high and the noble. He was at all times, to paraphrase EMERSON, "harried by the fiend of love of the Best"; and furthermore he was a powerful conscience-force, and there is nothing that present-day civilization more urgently demands than the conscience-element in literature and life. Mr. PECK's paper will appeal to friends of good literature and high ethics, and it also serves to relieve in a way the rather strenuous character of the leading contributions in this issue.

Some Notable Papers Crowded Out: We had purposed publishing in this issue of *THE ARENA* Mr. GRAY's brilliant paper on the cooperative movement in Great Britain and Mr. HEWES' historical survey of Direct-Legislation in Switzerland, but the exposure of the Armour Refrigerator-Car Trust outrage against the American people was a subject demanding immediate attention, and Mr. BLANKENBURG's paper was somewhat longer than we had anticipated. Thus we have been compelled to carry over both these contributions, together with Mr. POWELL's paper on "The Second Great Struggle Between Autocracy and Democracy in the United States" and the first of two brilliant contributions by Professor KERLIN on "Main Currents of Thought in the Nineteenth Century."

Our New Art Feature: This month we introduce a new art feature such as will appear from time to time in *THE ARENA*, consisting of a full-page half-tone reproduction, printed in sepia ink on India-tint paper, of photographs of some of the best works of American sculptors and painters who are building up a great art in the republic. The possession of fine pictures of these representative works, will we are confident, be highly prized by all our readers. This constitutes one of the many improvements which will be introduced from time to time in this magazine.

This series we open by a representation of Mr. FRANK EDWIN ELWELL's "Little Nell," a part of the eminent sculptor's famous DICKENS group. This creation was given a place of honor in the section of American Sculpture at the World's Fair held at Chicago. Later it was exhibited at the Art Club of Philadelphia, where it was awarded a gold medal. Subsequently it was purchased by the Fairmount Art Association of Philadelphia. Mr. ELWELL, who is one of the associate editors of *THE ARENA*, has for some time been Curator of the Department of Ancient and Modern Statuary in the Metropolitan Museum of Art of New York City.



DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS

"We do not take possession of our ideas, but are possessed by them,
They master us and force us into the arena,
Where, like gladiators, we must fight for them."—HEINE.

The Arena

VOL. XXXIII

MARCH, 1905

No. 184

FORTY YEARS IN THE WILDERNESS; OR, MASTERS AND RULERS OF "THE FREEMEN" OF PENNSYLVANIA.*

II. THE MASTER-SPIRIT.

By RUDOLPH BLANKENBURG.

CHAPTER II.

"RIPENED AND REVEALED."

THE DISCLOSURES about "the modern financier" which have caused intense interest from ocean to ocean are possibly overdrawn and exaggerated, yet we have for years been keenly alive to the fact that Jack Sheppard and Captain Kidd earned quite an honest and respectable living compared with the "financial highbinders" of to-day. We find, unfortunately, another sphere of public activities even more demoralizing and serious than the stock-gambling and lamb-fleecing pirate—the odious political outlaw and spoilsman. It would require the imagination of a Dumas and the genius of a Dickens to adequately fathom and truly picture the depth of political corruption and degradation prevalent for years in many states and municipalities of our fair land, to deservedly decry and denounce the man, who, with patriotic words on his lips but treason in his heart, belies and betrays

all that is sacred and dear to the lover of his country and its institutions.

The corrupt politician and crooked financier are of the same breed of the *genus homo*; sometimes the qualities of the two are combined in one person, a combination which is apt to make its possessor a leader and star performer among his fellow-crooks. The politician, who, by virtue of his profession may also be a law-maker, often has in his keeping the making and moulding of our statutes and he has them so framed that he and his pal, both at times within the shadow of the penitentiary, easily escape legal conviction though their moral guilt is as an open book.

To the uninitiated it must appear incredible that we, who are supposed to have the power to correct these crying evils, languidly permit their continued existence; that we excuse, apologize and even applaud, if cowering transgressors, fearing the coming retribution, make churches, hospitals, educational and charitable institutions the dumping-ground of their burdened consciences, by contributing or willing to them a share of their ill-gotten gains.

*The first of this series of articles appeared in the January, 1905, number of THE ARENA.

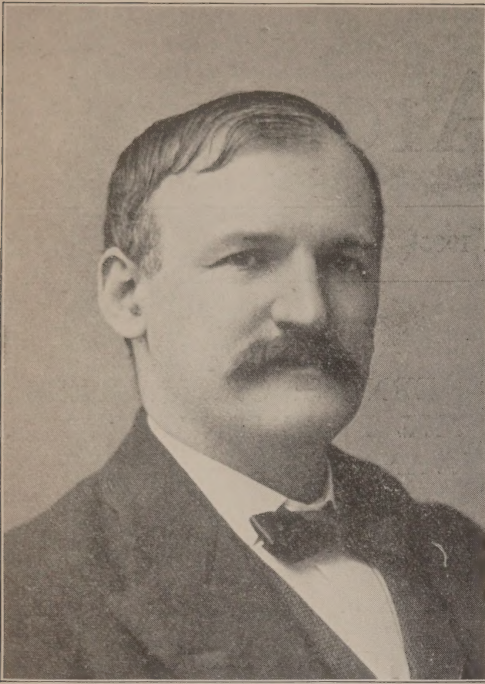


Photo. by Gutekunst, Phila.

ROBERT E. PATTISON,

AN HONEST, UPRIGHT DEMOCRAT,

Who was twice elected City Controller of Philadelphia,
and twice Governor of Pennsylvania.

We have no one to blame but ourselves if we permit the financial marauder or the political degenerate to take the reins and drive us, like a pack of moral and mental nobodies to pecuniary ruin and into civic bondage.

Mr. Quay, after assuming the Senatorial toga, had no rival to dispute his authority as leader of the Republican party; it would take volumes to describe his checkered career; allusion can be made only to some of the more important phases of his reign.

He understood perfectly that, while it was essential to bestow all important offices upon his chief lieutenants, and minor ones upon his henchmen, the control of legislation was indispensable to his success. He kept a watchful eye upon the legislature and was careful wherever feasible to have candidates named and elected who would do his bidding; this

gave him the power to drive profitable bargains with corporations by having laws passed or defeated as best suited his purposes. The long-distance telephone between Washington and Harrisburg was often kept hot to ascertain Quay's will when interesting bills were under discussion.

To keep his followers well in hand he prevented re-apportionment of the legislative districts by defying the commands of the Constitution; thus Senatorial districts, with marked increase in population, are as they were thirty years ago, while there has been but one change in the House during the same period. Of course the mandates of the Constitution counted as nothing with Quay and his cohorts, though whole counties have for years been practically disfranchised by being deprived of proper representation.

In 1890, when in the zenith of his power, Quay conceived the idea that it might be profitable to control not only the legislative but also the executive branch of the State Government. He said to a distinguished Philadelphia editor, "I want to know just for once how it feels to own a governor," and quietly formulated a scheme to bring about the coveted result.

The most popular of the aspirants for the Republican nomination for Governor, was Daniel H. Hastings, of Center county, then Adjutant-General of the State, under Governor Beaver. Hastings had displayed great executive ability in administering the vast relief-funds contributed for the survivors of the disastrous flood at Johnstown, and in this way had become widely known and immensely popular. Had Quay remained passive, the delegates to the Convention of 1890 would have been instructed for Hastings, without any effort on the part of the latter, in at least two-thirds of the counties of the State. Quay was aware of this, but he wanted a candidate entirely subservient to his own domination, and he distrusted Hastings, who he feared might decline to take orders.

The candidate of his choice whom he thought he could own, and who apparently was willing to be owned, was State Senator George W. Delamater, the son of a former State Senator who had amassed a fortune by a lucky oil-strike. Like so many "get-rich-quick" individuals he took up "statesmanship" as a pastime, spent money lavishly and questionably, was elected to the legislature and commenced to cast longing glances at the Governorship. Quite a number of the more creditable members of the Republican organization in Pennsylvania repudiated Delamater as a candidate, but he depended upon Quay to force his nomination through a reluctant Convention and was not disappointed.

Quay had one of his double-faced spells at this time and to the partisans of Hastings he pretended to be for Hastings. A prominent Republican leader from Philadelphia, who knew the deep-seated opposition to Delamater among the better class of Republicans throughout the State, visited Quay at Beaver and warned him, that if Delamater was nominated he would be beaten at the polls. Quay apparently acquiesced in this view, and instructed his visitor to return to Philadelphia and have as many Hastings delegates elected as possible. The latter followed instructions in good faith, only to find later on that Quay was employing federal patronage and every other agency within his power to transfer these Hastings delegates, elected in accordance with his own instructions, to Delamater.

Quay was encouraged and urged on in his advocacy of Delamater by State Chairman Andrews who, while he knew the candidate's weak points, relied upon his fascinating personality to win the fight. After the nomination had been forced through the Convention, Quay attempted to cajole Hastings and his friends with the promise that the latter should have the nomination four years later. This promise was made not only to Hastings himself, but in the presence

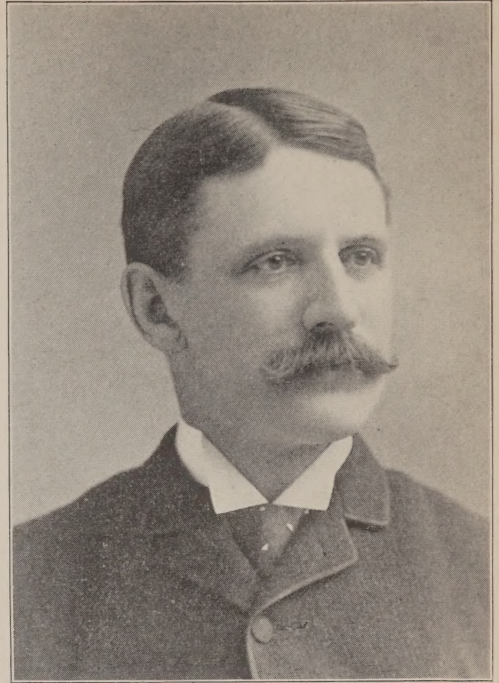


Photo. by Gutekunst, Phila.

GEORGE W. DELAMATER,

QUAY'S CANDIDATE FOR GOVERNOR IN 1890.

He ignored charges of "buying and bribing voters," and was defeated by Pattison.

of several of his warmest friends, Quay at the time going the length of offering to put the compact in writing. Hastings was confiding and accepted the agreement in good faith, and even took the stump and made speeches for Delamater and the State ticket during the campaign.

Delamater on the advice of Quay and Andrews, made a personal canvass and took special pains to visit leading reformers in Philadelphia; he captured quite a number who obligingly extolled his worth and endorsed his candidacy. He made some calls, however, which resulted disastrously, one of them followed by an open letter from the writer of this article, which was widely circulated and is partly quoted here as it discloses Quay's, as well as his candidate's, utter lack of political morality:

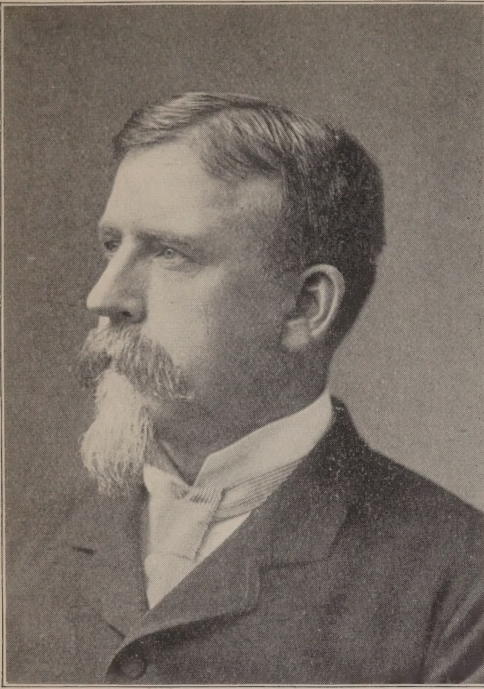


Photo. by Gutekunst, Phila.

DANIEL H. HASTINGS,
GOVERNOR OF PENNSYLVANIA,

Who placed Quay in nomination for President of the
United States, at St. Louis, in 1890.

"PHILADELPHIA, August 5, 1890.

"HON. GEORGE W. DELAMATER.—

Dear Sir: Absence from my office when you called last week prevented my giving you personally the reasons why I cannot support you and vote for you for Governor of Pennsylvania, and I now do so in writing.

"You were openly and directly charged in April last by ex-Senator Emery, a reputable and responsible citizen, with one of the gravest crimes against our free institutions—'purchasing your election and bribing citizens to vote for you,' etc.—and you were challenged by Mr. Emery to bring an action at law against him so he could set his proof before the people, oath-bound.

"Had you been charged with embezzling money, robbing a widow or orphan, you would as an innocent man not have allowed one day to pass before bringing

suit for civil and criminal libel against your accuser; yet here, charged with a crime much more serious and far-reaching in its consequences, you have rested silent for months, whether because you have no defence, or do not consider the charge of 'bribing voters and purchasing your election' a serious one, I know not.

"Crimes against individuals, such as larceny, embezzlement, forgery, are insignificant compared with crimes against the sacred rights of citizenship and the elective franchise, which is the bulwark and foundation of our liberties. Let every thoughtful man, partisan though he may be, pause, reflect, and take to heart the earnest call made upon you in April last by one of the leading Republican papers of the country, the *Philadelphia Press*, to meet the charges against you fully and completely.

"Had you the right appreciation of the gravity of the accusation against you, you would not have let four months elapse without even as much as a murmur, and were you at this late day to bring an action against your accuser it would lack force and weight, as the law's delay could easily be invoked by your counsel to defer trial until after election, and then, as is generally done in such cases, have the suit withdrawn.

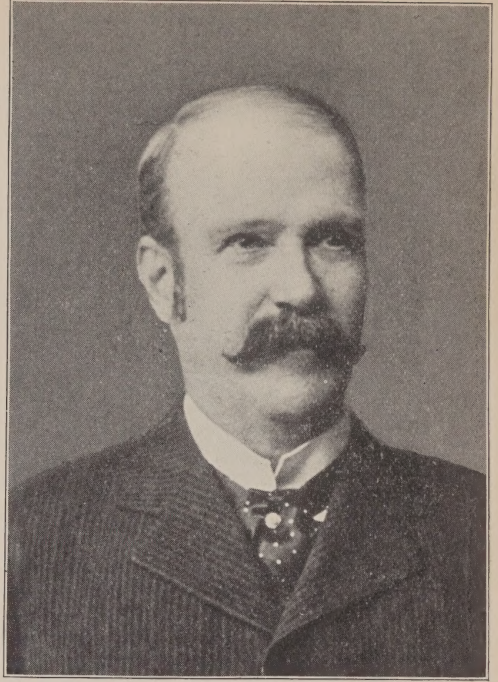
"The nomination of ex-Governor Robert E. Pattison, fortunately, makes it easy for Republicans who own themselves to exercise their better judgment by casting their ballots for him. His personal character is without blemish; his record whenever the rights of the people were jeopardized by arrogant and powerful corporations is enviable; his political career has won the admiration of even his political opponents, as expressed in the editorial remarks of the most partisan Republican papers when he relinquished the Gubernatorial office four years ago. . . ."

After an exciting campaign, appeals to honor and conscience prevailed; Delamater was defeated by Pattison, a Demo-

crat. Quay, having thus forfeited the Governorship, took unadulterated pleasure in firing a characteristic parting shot at the guileless reformers whom he had so opportunely buncoed. He repudiated his short but unique alliance with them and covered his retreat by proclaiming that he had tried to please the reformers by nominating and electing a candidate of their choice and after their own hearts.

The more experienced of Hastings' friends were doubtful of Quay's sincerity, and the sequel proved that they were right. Four years later, Quay did everything in his power to persuade the leaders of the Philadelphia delegation, in whose presence he had made the solemn pledge to Hastings, to abandon the latter and turn in for William A. Stone, on the ground that Stone would not have to be told what was expected of him, but would know by intuition what Quay wanted and be eager to do it. These persuasions to political treachery failed to carry, and Hastings was nominated by the Republican State Convention in 1894, not because Quay desired to keep his promise, but because he could not convince enough of the delegates that the violation of a contract of this nature was good politics. He submitted to the nomination of Hastings because he could not help it. He insisted, however, on dominating the policy and appointments of the Hastings administration until he forced a breach and originated a factional opposition to his leadership, which raged and kept him in constant turmoil and perturbation for the next half-dozen years.

Quay had succeeded in securing his reelection to the United States Senate in 1892 because the Independent organization, which had defeated Delamater in 1890, had not been maintained, being suffered to lapse into disintegration with the close of that campaign, while Hastings and his friends remained quiescent, relying on his promise that the latter should not be opposed for the Governorship in 1894. Having in this way again



DAVID MARTIN,

FOR YEARS LEADER OF "THE COMBINE."

Long one of Quay's lieutenants, then a victim of his duplicity. Quay denounced him in the United States Senate; afterwards retracted and apologized.

fortified himself in the possession of a place of great power for six years to come, Quay grew bolder and more uncompromising and dictatorial in his manner than ever. After Hastings' election he had alienated by his duplicity and arrogance the leaders of the Republican organization in Allegheny county and Philadelphia, who now formed an alliance with the Governor and his administration and determined to submit to the Quay yoke no longer. The Allegheny leaders were C. L. Magee and William Flinn. David Martin was the recognized head of the Philadelphia organization. The combination was a powerful one in the number of delegates it could control in a State Convention and it was made still more so by the sympathy it secured from the country districts among a large class of the in-

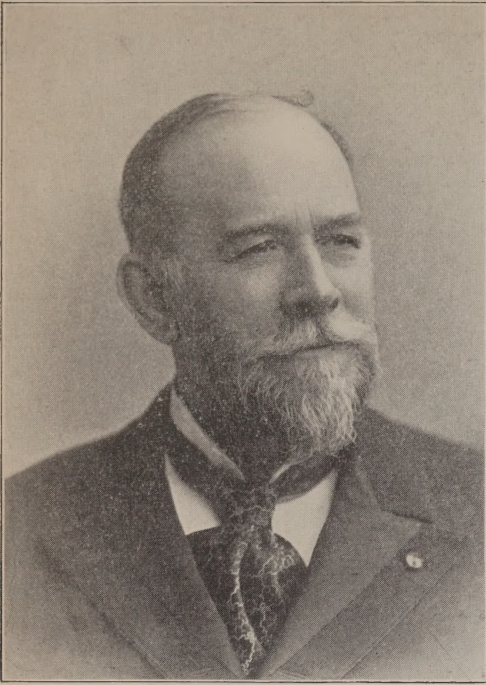


Photo. by Gutekunst, Phila.

GEN. JAMES A. BEAVER,

Who, after an honorable and brilliant career in the army, served four years as Governor. Now Judge of the Superior Court.

telligent Republicans who had grown restive under Quay's tyrannical rule.

The first clash came in the fight for the control of the Republican State Committee and the election of a Chairman. During the previous campaign, the Chairman of the State Committee had been B. F. Gilkeson, who received the appointment as Commissioner of Banking upon the installation of Hastings as Governor, in 1895. Gilkeson had always been a Quay partisan, but having accepted a State office which made him a part of the administration, Hastings and his friends decided to make battle for his reelection to the State Chairmanship. Quay, realizing that the combination was too powerful to be beaten by anything short of the most heroic measures, threw himself into the breach and announced his own candidacy for the Chairmanship in opposition to that of Gilkeson.

As usual Quay played the game with a double face. He secured large contributions from corporations, moneyed institutions and other dependent sources which were under obligations to him, or were made to believe they were. These campaign-funds he used extravagantly and, of course, corruptly to secure the election of delegates pledged to his support, while at the same time he pretended to be horrified at the corruption practiced by his opponents. He secured the adoption of the following plank in the platform of the State Convention which was to choose the State Chairman: "We decry the growing use of money in politics, and the corporate control of Legislatures, Municipal Councils, political primaries and elections, and favor the enactment of laws to correct such abuses." As a matter of fact, he had spent several hundred thousand dollars in electing and purchasing delegates to the Convention which he forced to adopt this resolution, by the practice of the very abuses which he decried. The resolution was a ludicrous instance of Satan rebuking sin.

His posing as the apostle of reform on this occasion was one of the most enlivening chapters of Quay's career; it was "high comedy." He had, at that time, lost control of the municipal rings of Philadelphia and Pittsburgh; they had dissolved partnership with him and had to be disciplined! He declared war against them with this ultimatum: "That he would fight the battle for 'good government' (sic) until he was eliminated from Pennsylvania politics or until the lobbyist, contractor, jobber, ballot-thief and franchise-grabber had become a nightmare of the past!"

The thought of Mr. Quay leading a political revival was enough to make angels weep and could hardly have been eclipsed by Robert G. Ingersoll conducting a religious revival. Yet his simulated candor deceived even as seasoned and cool-headed an observer as Colonel McClure who took Quay's promises at

face value but found them to be veritable "Chadwick" notes.

In an editorial, "Quay the Republican Tilden," Colonel McClure used this language in commending the new reform movement launched by the greatest political craftsman of our time and generation: "Senator Quay has assumed the rôle of Tilden in Pennsylvania" . . . "There is no misunderstanding the attitude in which Senator Quay stands before the people of Pennsylvania to-day" . . . "He stands for better politics, for independent legislation in city and State, the entire freedom of elections" . . . "for proper control of corporate power" . . . "civil service," . . . "overthrow of the lobbyist and jobber!" . . . "And to this cause the Senator is so solemnly and positively committed that for him to falter in the struggle would be to end his public career in infamy and shame!"

The political millennium seemed within reach but it was quickly side-tracked and gave way to a *régime* even more debased, vicious and offensive than that of the past, which in comparison to its successor was a mere kindergarten of infamy. Quay after this "Opera Bouffe Reform Monstrosity" used money more profusely than ever to maintain his power; he fathered and encouraged bad and corrupt legislation to an extent hitherto unknown; corporate control assumed intolerable proportions; elections became the merest farce; the jobber and lobbyist reigned supreme!

The "Republican Tilden" died of inanition; he was carried to an untimely grave; no head-stone marks his mystical abode!

It was at this time that Frank Willing Leach, a pronounced reformer in 1882, soon thereafter in Quay's service, now occupant of a fat place in the Sheriff's office, resigned his position and enlisted for Quay with these words: "Recently a vicious warfare has been inaugurated against him (Senator Quay), led almost wholly by men who have been raised by

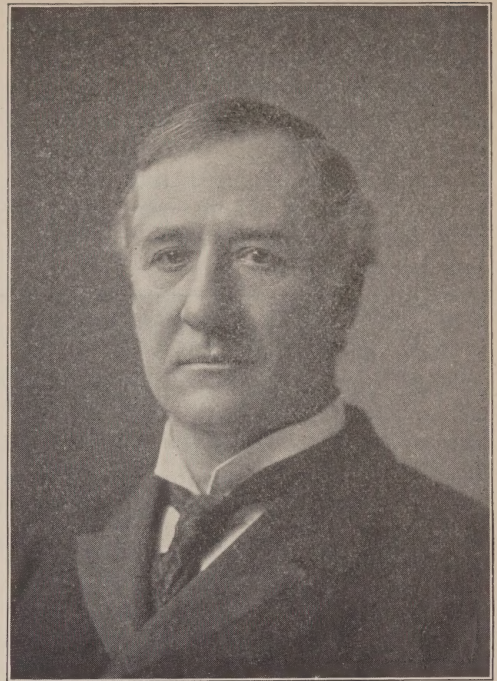


Photo. by Gutekunst, Phila.

GEORGE B. ORLADY,
A DISTINGUISHED JURIST.
Judge of the Superior Court.

his influence from 'insignificance and penury to prominence and wealth.'"

What a wealth of information these few words convey! Mr. Leach should have explained by what means Quay raised his henchmen from "penury to wealth"—in what legitimate business enterprise? Was it the iron industry, in cotton or woolen mills, in banking or merchandising, farming or the workshop, or where? The glaring light of truth was unwittingly thrown upon the dark and devious ways of Quay's politics which enabled his followers to amass suspicious wealth in what should be the most honorable of all our callings—in public office!

Even with his lavish expenditures, Quay would have failed of success except for the audacity with which he claimed delegates who were loyal to his opponents, and the threats of extreme measures to which he resorted for the purpose of

frightening them into a compromise. To explain this it will be necessary to shortly review the situation. A law had been passed creating a Superior Court consisting of seven Judges, five of whom were Republicans and two Democrats. Hastings had appointed these judges, three or four of whom were his personal friends, including former Governor James A. Beaver, George B. Or-lady and Charles E. Rice, all excellent appointments. It was expected that these Republican judges would, following the usual custom, be nominated by the Republican State Convention for the full ten-year terms. Quay seized upon this condition to play a combined game of bluff, coercion and false representation, which resulted in success. Calling a caucus of his followers on the evening before the Convention, at which none of the delegates known to be loyal to the Hastings candidate for State Chairman were present, Quay sent out an untrue report to the effect that those attending and pledged to his candidacy constituted a majority of the Convention. This in itself did not deceive the clear-headed leaders of the opposition who were satisfied that the statement was a false one. It was accompanied however, by a threat that the Quay contingent would hold a separate Convention the next day, and nominate a complete set of new candi-

dates for the Superior Court Judgeships and that this separate ticket would be maintained in the field to defeat the Judges already on the bench.

This cabal of deceit and threat frightened Hastings, who did not want to sacrifice his friends, and the result was a proposition for a midnight conference, consisting of three members from each

side, to arrange a compromise programme for the Convention of the following day. The main condition insisted on by Quay was his own election as State Chairman, in consideration of the nomination of Hastings' friends for the Superior Court. Hastings learned, with chagrin, after he had been dragooned into this agreement to save his friends, that Quay did not control a majority of the delegates, and that if he and his

THREE VICTIMS OF EVIL ASSOCIATION:

J. BLAKE WALTERS,

CASHIER OF THE STATE TREASURY,
THROUGH WHOSE CONNIVANCE QUAY
SPECULATED WITH STATE FUNDS.

HE COMMITTED SUICIDE.

A. WILSON NORRIS,

AUDITOR-GENERAL, QUAY'S PARTICULAR CRONY.

HE DRANK HIMSELF TO DEATH.

JOHN S. HOPKINS,

CASHIER PEOPLE'S BANK, IN WHOSE
DESK WERE FOUND THE PAPERS
INCRIMINATING QUAY IN MIS-
USING THE BANK'S FUND.

HE COMMITTED SUICIDE.

friends had maintained a bold front, the bluff would have failed, and Quay would have been unhorsed.

It is worthy of note, in this connection, that one of the articles of the compromise agreement consisted of a pledge on the part of Quay and his friends to support Hastings for the United States Senatorship upon the expiration of Don. Cameron's term, two years later. It is needless to add that this was a pledge Quay never intended to keep, he having already given a similar promise to two prominent Philadelphians. While it is probable

that, at this time, he had not definitely decided which of the two he would prove false to, it is beyond question that he intended to cheat Hastings.

As a sequel to this contest which he had won by an unheard of expenditure of cash, by false pretenses, audacity and

He picked out his candidate and boasted that he would make not only his nomination, but also his election, unanimous. On being remonstrated with because the candidate was considered an infidel, he sneeringly asked: "What church would you like him to join? Tell me, and I'll

Commonwealth of Pennsylvania
Treasury Department
Harrisburg Pa.

July 31st, 1896~~88~~

James McManes, Esq.,

President Peoples' Bank.

Philadelphia, Pa.

Dear sir:--

On Monday we will mail you check for \$100,000, for credit of Commonwealth of Pennsylvania General Fund, which will make a credit to our account of \$600,000. The understanding is that I am not to draw against any part of this \$600,000 deposit until the Hon. R. R. Quay has paid or arranged satisfactory to you the loan of \$100,000, which you are to make to him next week.

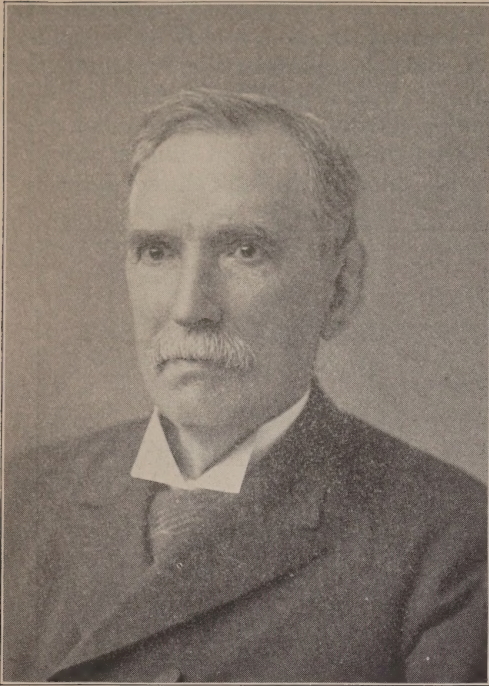
Very truly yours,

R. J. Haywood
State Treasurer

coercion, Quay shortly afterwards stated to a friend who made the story public, that any loyal follower of his who would repay him the hundreds of thousands of dollars the State Chairmanship had cost, could have it and welcome, as the only use he had for the position was to keep it under his control!

In 1895 Quay arrogated to himself the nomination of a Mayor of Philadelphia.

see to it." Popular indignation at Quay's arrogance, at last awakened, knew no bounds; there was an uprising of all classes demanding home-rule and the turning down of Quay's man. David Martin, the City boss, long one of his faithful adherents, fearing party defeat, succeeded in convincing Quay that his candidate could not be elected, and Quay agreed to his being deserted. This



Photo, by Gutekunst, Phila.

JAMES MCMANES,

PRESIDENT PEOPLES BANK,

Who, rather than have its unsavory affairs exposed, personally paid the deficit of \$600,000.

created such a storm of fury among the powerful friends of the "betrayed aspirant for the mayoralty" that Quay became frightened, and, fearful of losing caste and influence, he looked for a scapegoat and selected David Martin as the most convenient and plausible victim. Without the least compunction he charged him with the candidate's betrayal and made the affair appear like a case of high treason which demanded, if not instant decapitation, prompt and exemplary punishment. Quay took the first opportunity to denounce David Martin on the floor of the United States Senate as the paid agent and lobbyist of the Pennsylvania Railroad, relegated him to the rear and made Israel W. Durham, the present head of the machine, his successor. Not long afterwards Quay apologized to David Martin by openly declaring that he had been mistaken. His accusation

had worked like a two-edged sword, and hurt Martin less than it did his alleged employers, whose enmity the Senator could not afford.

In spite of his political chicanery, his frequent betrayal of friends when he could no longer use them or could supplant them by enlisting the services of former opponents, Quay had the goodwill if not regard of many prominent men, especially in the manufacturing industries. This was largely owing to his exertions when the Wilson Bill was before Congress. All branches of the National Government were in the hands of the Democrats who, among other reductions, proposed radical changes in the iron and woolen schedules. Quay defeated them by strategy which would do honor to the lone highwayman holding up a train. He threatened, not to shoot, but to talk to death the unresisting Senators who were, and still are, clinging to that irrational and unjustifiable vagary called "Senatorial courtesy," which permits any member to talk *ad infinitum* on a subject or bill, even if he has nothing to say.

Quay read, day after day, speeches of which he was not the author (they were written for him by tariff experts, at the instance of Thomas Dolan), in a tone hardly audible, and continued until he had literally worn out the opposition and until they accepted changes upon which he insisted. This may be called "statesmanship" by interested parties, but thinking people generally will denounce this manner of legislating as a dangerous precedent which may come home to worry its advocates when they least expect it.

It is perhaps admissible here to express the hope that "Senatorial arrogance" will soon be given the quietus by President Roosevelt, by his making Senators understand that the Constitution says: "The President *shall nominate and by and with the advice and consent of the Senate shall appoint*" . . . does not mean, *by and at the command and dictation of the Senate shall appoint*. . .

It will be a happy day for our country when the President asserts himself and relegates usurpers of his prerogatives to their proper places.

A spectacle which those who witnessed it will never forget was the placing in nomination of Quay for the Presidency of the United States, at the St. Louis Convention, in 1896. He had, by his peculiar methods, secured a majority of the Pennsylvania delegates who were willing to gratify his ambition for an empty honor in the nomination for the highest office in the gift of the people. They knew that he, of all men, had not the ghost of a chance of election, even with Bryan as his opponent. Senator Foraker, of Ohio, in a brilliant speech, which aroused the immense audience to the highest enthusiasm, nominated William McKinley, the pure and patriotic man of the people, whose untimely and tragic death was mourned the world over.

Pennsylvania followed Ohio and cut a sorry figure when Governor Hastings, of commanding presence, ascended the rostrum and attempted to eulogize the man who had duped and cheated him so often, and who he knew would do so again at the first opportunity. It was a distressing sight, from the popular outbreak for McKinley to the paid clackers who had been hired and were distributed over the vast auditorium to create enthusiasm and applause for Quay, but ingloriously failed! Hastings regretted in after life, that he ever consented to play such a farcical rôle before the country.

Quay's betrayal of official trust in securing a pardon for Kemble; his continued silence on the grave charge of illegally using and speculating with treasury funds to the amount of a quarter of a million dollars, remained unavenged; it seemed as if he were immune and that he would never be taken before the bar of justice. His successful evasion of punishment made him bolder and bolder until at last, he was caught in transactions which caused the greatest sensation.

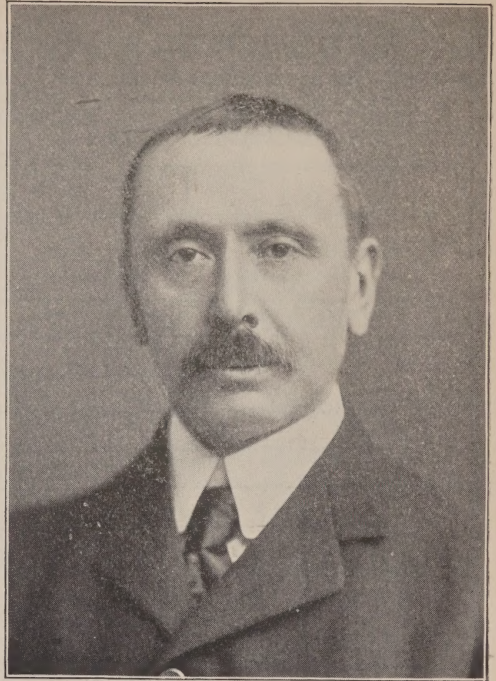


Photo. by Gutekunst, Phila.

P. F. ROTHERMEL, JR.,

DISTRICT-ATTORNEY OF PHILADELPHIA,

Who prosecuted Quay on criminal charges. Quay was acquitted. Rothermel was punished by being refused a renomination.

Philadelphia was startled one morning by the announcement that John S. Hopkins, cashier of the People's Bank had committed suicide, by shooting. This bank was owned and controlled largely by politicians who made it a clearing-house for their financial transactions and kept enormous deposits of State funds in its vaults. An investigation of the bank's affairs disclosed the fact that Quay and State Treasurer Haywood had conspired to loan the bank large amounts of State funds which were then used by Quay and his friends for speculating and other purposes. Some of the papers found in Hopkins' desk incriminated Quay to such an extent that proceedings were instituted against him and he was arrested. The following correspondence throws light upon these unclean transactions:

Form No. 1.

THE WESTERN UNION TELEGRAPH COMPANY.INCORPORATED
21,000 OFFICES IN AMERICA. CABLE SERVICE TO ALL THE WORLD.

This Company TRANSMITS and DELIVERS messages only on conditions limiting its liability, which have been assented to by the sender of the following messages. Errors can be guarded against only by repeating a message back to the sending station for comparison, and the Company will not hold itself liable for errors or delays in transmission or delivery of Unrepeated Messages, beyond the amount of tolls paid thereon, nor in any case where the claim is not presented in writing within sixty days after the message is filed with the Company for transmission.

This was UNREPEATED MESSAGE, and is delivered by request of the sender, under the conditions named above.

OS. T. ECKERT, President and General Manager.

NUMBER	SENT BY	REC'D BY	CHECK
N. P.	H. Y.	R.	10 Dh

RECEIVED at 10 14 A 189

Dated St. Lucie, Fla., 4

To John S. Hopkins.

If you buy and carry a thousand met
for me I will shake the plum tree

M. S. Quay

"COMMONWEALTH OF PENNSYLVANIA.

"TREASURY DEPARTMENT.

"HARRISBURG, PA., July 31, 1896.

"JAMES McMANES, Esq., President Peoples' Bank, Philadelphia, Pa. Dear Sir: On Monday we will mail you check for \$100,000, for credit of Commonwealth of Pennsylvania General Fund, which will make a credit to our account of \$600,000. The understanding is that I am not to draw against any part of this \$600,000 deposit until the Hon. R. R. Quay has paid or arranged satisfactory to you the loan of \$100,000, which you are to make to him next week.

"Very truly yours,

(Signed) "B. J. HAYWOOD,
"State Treasurer."

This was a plain conspiracy which involved the Peoples Bank President, James McManes, formerly President of the Philadelphia Gas Trust of unsavory memory, R. R. Quay (the Senator's son) and the State Treasurer.

The most interesting paper found was the now famous "Shake the Plum-Tree" telegram:

"The Western Union Telegraph Company.

"No. Sent by Rec'd by Check
"N. P. H. Y. R. 10 Dh.

"Received at 10.14 A. M.

"Dated St. Lucie, Fla., 4.

"To John S. Hopkins:

"If you buy and carry a thousand met.
for me I will shake the plum tree.

"M. S. QUAY."

Quay's letter to Cashier Hopkins also is significant:

"1612 K. Street, Dec. 10, 1897.

"DEAR JOHN: I have 1000 shares Sugar at Huhns, bot at 142, which I wish you to pay for and take over to the Peoples. I have bot it 'for keep' but do n't wish the stock to be placed in my name just yet, as I will sell if I find I can get it in lower.

"Get rid of the Met Scrip & Cen Jersey stock as rapidly as you can at figures fixed.

"Yours truly,
(Signed) "M. S. QUAY."

Quay's trial was a "cause célèbre." It

lasted nine days, from April 11th to April 20th, 1899. He was defended by the ablest attorneys obtainable and the prosecution was conducted by District-Attorney Rothermel with marked ability. Quay appeared before the bar of justice with utter nonchalance,—one might have thought he was the least interested person in court; and he had good reason to so appear, for his attorneys held the trump-card which they played at the proper moment. When the District-Attorney offered the papers found in poor Hopkins' desk and got to the marrow of the charges the defence pleaded the two-year statute of limitations, thus excluding the vital proofs of Quay's guilt. The judge, thanks to the law that throws its safeguards around the big criminal, had to sustain the defence! Quay escaped conviction, but severe punishment was meted out to District-Attorney Rothermel, who had had the temerity to place Quay on a level with the ordinary sinner and had prosecuted him without fear or favor. He was a marked man from that day and was denied a re-nomination by the all-powerful organization of Quay adherents at the expiration of his term.

When Quay left the court-room he was received by a shouting multitude and escorted to his hotel like a conquering hero. What a sad commentary on the morality of a community! The accused whose guilt was clear, escaped jail only by pleading that which an innocent man would spurn to interpose—"the statute of limitations"; he is honored and applauded to the echo—what may this

1612 K STREET,

Dec. 10. 1897

Dear John,

I have 1000 shares Sugar at Hukins. lot at 142. which I wish you to pay for and take on with the Peoples. I have let it 'go keep' but don't wish the stock to be placed in my name just yet, as I will sell if I find I can get it in lower

Get rid of the Met. Scrip & Cons very fast as rapidly as you can. figures fixed

Yours truly

W. S. Quay

echo have whispered when it reached Quay's ears?

Thus Quay disgraced perhaps the highest law-making body on earth. When he returned to Washington he was showered with congratulations by many of his colleagues and Pennsylvania, to her eternal shame, later on returned him to the United States Senate for the third time!

One of the latest victims of Quay's treachery was Attorney-General Elkin, to whom the succession to Governor Stone had been promised. Elkin had a majority of the delegates but Quay, fearing a contest and the defeat of the Republican ticket on account of Elkin's record as a member of the Stone cabinet, ordered his undoing and selected in his

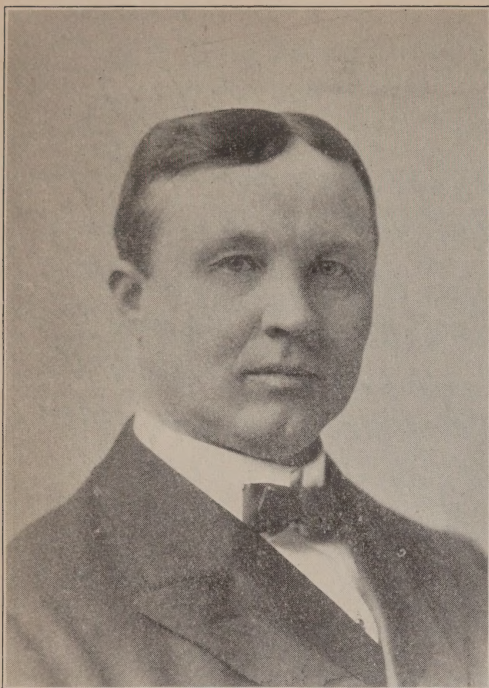


Photo. by Gutekunst, Phila.

JOHN P. ELKIN.

Quay broke faith with him and prevented his nomination for Governor of Pennsylvania. Later elected a member of the Supreme Court.

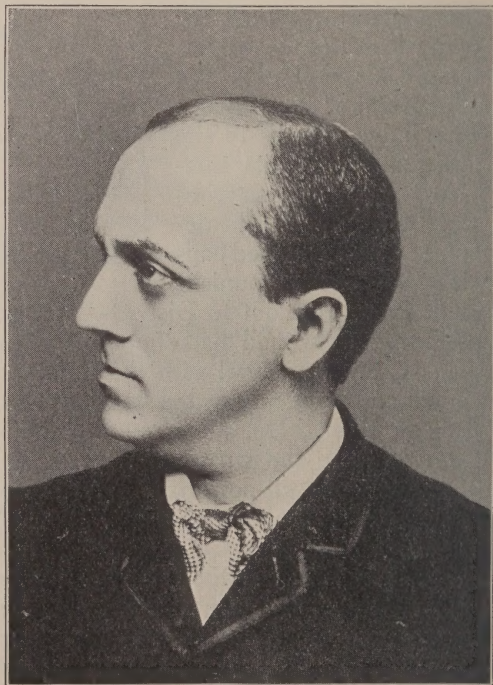
place Judge Samuel W. Pennypacker, of Philadelphia. Mr. Elkin, though at first refusing to submit, at last succumbed and was rewarded two years later by being elected as one of the Judges of the Supreme Court. While the one-man power that can shift a candidate from political to judicial office is dangerous, Mr. Elkin is known as a man, still on the sunny side of life, of unusual ability, and it is the hope of his friends as well as his late opponents, that he may win laurels in his high and responsible office that will redound to his honor and credit.

The candidacy of Judge Pennypacker was received with feelings of mixed amusement and surprise. His integrity was beyond question, his sincerity of purpose undoubted, but his political wisdom was distrusted. Judge Pennypacker at the head of the machine ticket, to many, seemed as absurd a proposition as would be an orthodox minister at the head of a

congregation of avowed infidels, or a band of thieves with "Thou shalt not steal" for their motto.

Pennypacker was elected and it was not long until the "gang" found a marked change in the gubernatorial atmosphere at Harrisburg, a change that will be discussed in another article.

The politicians who had applauded Pennypacker's nomination and election soon ascertained that they had made an egregious blunder and looked for relief. They proposed to have Pennypacker vacate the Governor's chair in favor of Lieutenant-Governor Brown, who was more to their liking. A vacancy in the Supreme Court presented the desired opportunity and Pennypacker was tempted to take the bait; while he never declared himself a candidate, he coyed with the allurements for months.



J. HAY BROWN.

JUSTICE OF SUPREME COURT.

Entered a dignified protest against elevating Pennypacker to the Supreme Court through a political deal. For this he was viciously attacked by Quay in his last message to "The Republicans of Pennsylvania."

About this time Quay made his last appearance on the political stage in a letter to "The Republicans of Pennsylvania" on Pennypacker's alleged candidacy, which disclosed a remarkable change in the Senator's mentality and penetration.

In this letter he treated the Governor as a nonentity who would have to do as he was ordered. He plainly stated that he knew more about the gubernatorial exchange proposal than Pennypacker himself, indeed no one doubted that he originated the brilliant idea of imitating the "department-store exchange system" in the political field:

"If the governor does not suit, bring him back and I'll exchange him."

Governor Pennypacker had the good sense to decline being made a stalking-horse for the purpose of putting in his place a successor who was wanted by the whole machine outfit, although Quay led him up into a high mountain, showed him the chair of the Supreme Court, asked him to worship Satan, and all would be his!

Quay in his manifesto made a vulgar and ferocious attack upon Justice Brown, who had entered a thoughtful and dignified protest in defence of the honor and integrity of the Supreme Court; he disclosed the cloven foot when he stated that

all officials whether page, door-keeper, governor or judge owed their positions to the "close" organization of which he was the type and master. In short he showed that the frail body and his intellectuality were fast approaching dissolution; the letter was written at his winter retreat, St. Lucie, Florida, February 13, 1904, and he died at his Beaver home, May 28th of the same year.

Mr. Quay's friends and admirers who may chance to read this sketch will in all probability condemn it as cold, illiberal and severe. They should not forget that it deals only with the public life and acts of its subject. If there are any misstatements, let them be pointed out; if there are none, let the plainness of speech be ascribed to the pen of one who considers wrong-doing in public life as an unpardonable sin, aggravated to a degree if committed by a man of good blood, bright mind and high education.

The seed sown by Quay in early manhood had matured and ripened, and as the grim reaper approached it revealed a growth of hurtful, poisonous vines, parasitic and destructive, which, unless uprooted and stamped out, may wither the glorious work of Washington and Lincoln.

(To be continued.)

RUDOLPH BLANKENBURG.

Philadelphia, Pa.

A PEN-PICTURE OF A GREAT RADICAL MEETING IN PARIS.

BY MRS. FRANCES HARDIN HESS,
Special Commissioner of THE ARENA in Paris.

EVEN though the American, by the recent presidential election, has just had translated for him, into figures, the growth of the Socialist movement in the United States, still it is difficult for the average citizen of the United States to recognize the magnitude of any pro-

paganda until it affects his own personal relations. Several months have passed since election-day, and even yet it has not filtered down into the brain of the two controlling parties that a mighty wave of *something* has swept over the ballot-box, and that this wave must

henceforth be reckoned with in guiding the ship of state.

France can teach them—Democrats, Republicans, aye, politicians of every ilk,—just as the French Revolution taught the world a new rule of conduct, "*Liberté, Égalité, et Fraternité*"; for Socialism in France has passed out of the experimental stage and already it is ingrained in the fabric of the body-politic.

Indeed, the balance of power in France to-day is held by Socialism, *not* because (as in the United States) it is a third political party leaning to the side that gives it the most hope, but because of the *actual* representation in the governing bodies,—representation put there by the franchise of the people.

Then, too, progress is always represented by *positive* character, and in France to-day, whatever else may be said of it, Socialism has chosen men to represent it that are fearless, unequivocal, and uncompromising.

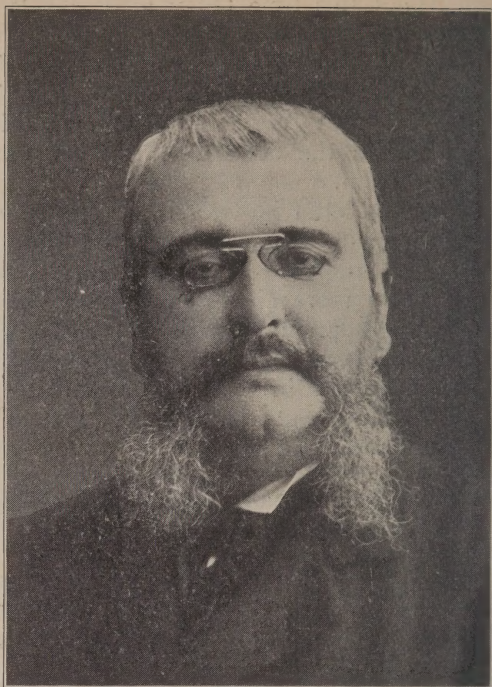


Photo. by Gerschel, Paris.

FRANCIS DE PRESSENSÉ.

The recent Socialist Conference held at the *Palais du Trocadero* revealed a vitality that, to say the least, must have irritated the opposing politicians.

Various were the estimates as to the numbers present. Some said five thousand, others fifteen thousand, but that is irrelevant.

The "staying power" was what interested me. The house was packed to the roof an hour before the appointed time (8.30 P. M.). Midnight came and went. Still this enormous concourse of people never diminished.

Promptly at the hour advertised, amid a storm of applause, came the three speakers of the evening: Anatole France, Francis de Pressensé, and the "man of the hour"—Jean Jaurès.

Any propaganda would have been happy to find itself ensconced in these three types, for here were the mental, the moral, and the physical temperaments, each in its own way proclaiming what Socialism had done and would do.

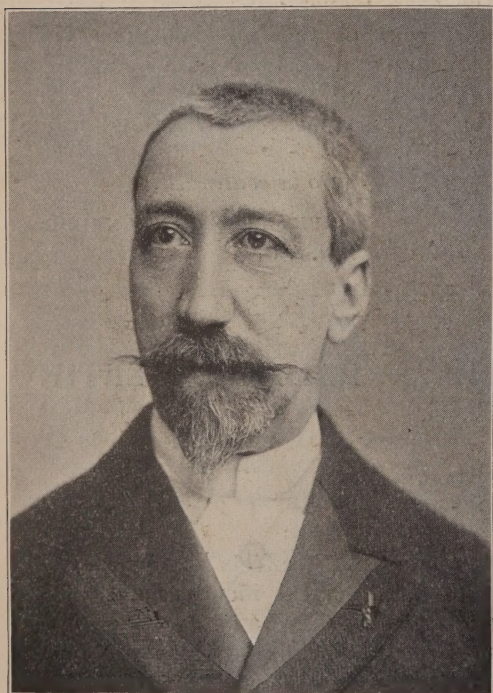


Photo. by Catel & Farcy, Paris.

ANATOLE FRANCE.



Photo. by Nadar, Paris

JEAN JAURÈS



Even the French nation itself stood symbolized before one in these three men, all in the prime of life.

Anatole France presided. Anatole France, with all the elegant finesse of the Parisian; small, delicate in build; intellectual in feature; suave in manner; brilliant in address,—but why try to describe him? As a member of the "Forty Immortals" he has been portrayed again and again. He opened the Conference with (as he said) "a few words," but these *few* words occupied nearly an hour. He touched upon the meaning of Socialism in the abstract, and on its concrete interpretation in France. As a matter of course it was the latter item that formed the theme of his address. He pointed out the necessity of prosecuting the separation of the Church and the State, "so well begun," and dwelt at length on the Russo-Japanese war.

(And here I may note, for the sake of history, that the press gives the impression that all France sympathizes with Russia in the present unpleasantness, but when M. Anatole France passed in review all of the data concerning this war in the Far East, every sentence brought thundering applause. It is not in my province to prejudice the question in any way, but I must state the facts of the evening, as I have said, "for history's sake").

The newspapers of the following morning (even those opposed to Socialism in all its forms) characterized the address as worthy of Voltaire, so brilliant, so scathing and so convincing was it.

Francis de Pressensé, editor of *La Vie Socialiste*, certainly six feet in height, well proportioned in physique, giving one the impression of the sturdy English type, was more quiet and grave in manner than any Frenchman that I have ever seen. His address was also the most logical of the three, and though delivered in a conversational tone it was yet earnest and convincing. He dwelt on the injustice of military trials and on the necessity of a reform in the "*code de justice militaire*." Freely translated, he said:

"I will not speak of the making (!) of officers, nor of the officers hostile to the Republic. I wish simply to call your attention to the ordinary soldier—the private—and I wish to decry the exploits of military justice (or the military-court trials)—this bad institution which it is necessary to suppress *because it is impossible to have a military justice that will be just. It is an institution which is absolutely contrary to all democratic government.*"

Then he dwelt on the rise and growth of the idolatry of the army. This latter point recalled to my mind a certain reverence for things military that is creeping into the United States. It seemed to me that it would not be a bad move if the Americans would invite M. de Pressensé to the United States, for his evidence is eminently in keeping with those who do not believe in a large standing army; with those who believe in anti-imperialism; with those who prefer a real democracy to a pseudo-empire.

Half past ten brought the close of this able exposition of *conditions militaire* in France, and of the work Socialism had accomplished in this avenue, and the work that lies before not only the French Socialists but all mankind that would suppress abuse of power.

Then came Jaurès, the idol of the rank and file of France; of the "masses as opposed to the classes." As he sat in his chair, during the other addresses, he impressed me as distinctly theatrical; he seemed to me to assume poses; he seemed to make an effort to *appear* interested in what the others were saying; he seemed to me to be the first to lead applause when the others had scored a point; he seemed to me, in other words, conscious that he was in the lime-light of public appreciation. I said all of this to my neighbor, a French workingman.

"Ah!" he said, "you misjudge him. He is a man of the people and for the people. He is French and you are American; you ought to understand him,

but you don't. You *will*, when he is through speaking."

At this juncture he arose to speak. He did not remain behind the president's table, as the others had done, but came out to the front of the magnificent stage. All who had sat around him during the evening instinctively moved back to give more room. He had the full sweep of many square feet and this space he utilized to its full extent as he paced back and forth in his opening. I acknowledge that I was more than ever unpleasantly impressed, and I settled back in my chair to listen perfunctorily. But not many words had fallen from the orator's lips before I began to realize the man and to understand in a measure his power.

Not so tall as de Pressenssé, yet as heavily built, his body seemed too large for his lower extremities. His head, larger in proportion than his body, sits on a throat built as a ponderous column between two massive shoulders. Look at his picture, and the heavy jaws show the bull-dog tenacity of never letting go, of keeping everlastingly at detail,—that infinite capacity which Carlyle characterizes as genius. Florid in complexion; hair red-brown, flecked with gray; eyes restless (as are all French eyes) but kind and at times pathetic—eyes magnetic as are the eyes of every leader of men; full of movement as every man of romance blood, yet by the very intensity of every

motion swaying the multitude to agree with him in spite of themselves, Jean Jaurès won my admiration as he has that of everyone who comes in touch with the magic of his power.

"The Interior and Exterior Political Life of France" was the thread upon which he strung pearl after pearl of oratory. As I have said, magnetic, earnest to a fault, he played upon the people's feelings until they could restrain themselves no longer, and burst forth into wild applause. Over and over again did this occur until it seemed that the gamut of human emotions had certainly spent its force; but when the "wee, sma' hour" of one o'clock had struck, the vast army of people was loath to let him go.

After sketching the philosophy of Socialism and its power to settle all human ills in the general, and France's troubles in particular, he concluded as follows:

"Socialism is no longer groping. That which appeared as a dream has crystallized itself into an ideal of reality. The men of my generation will not bequeath to mankind *complete justice*, but they will bequeath to it *un commencement de justice, et la certitude de la justice complete*."

FRANCES HARDIN HESS.

Paris, France.

THE NEW SCHOOL OF SOCIALISM IN EUROPE.

BY DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS.

AT THE 1904 Congress of the International Socialist Party, at Amsterdam, every delegation, including that from the United States, was able to report substantial to amazing progress in its own country. That there are now about ten million Socialist *voters* in the civilized nations; that the Socialists are a

great political power in France, Belgium, Holland, Italy and Spain; that they have more members of the lower house of the German parliament than any other party, except possibly one; that their propaganda is the most active in the world to-day except that of the Roman Catholic Church—these and many similar facts

are interesting and important; but they do not begin to measure the importance of the Socialist movement.

Socialism, as a dogmatic system, is the outgrowth of the teachings of that group of French political economists whose writings were so influential in directing the French revolution, who were the intellectual ancestors of Adam Smith, Jeremy Bentham and the Mills in England, and who inspired the German Hebrew, Karl Marx, to write—or rather, to begin—*Das Kapital*, the most famous and probably the most influential work on political economy ever written, the holy book of Dogmatic Socialism. And this latest international congress, like its predecessors, reaffirmed the letter of the creed and frowned on any and all participation by Socialist parties in the government of their respective countries. Apparently the Socialist Party is just where it was at the beginning, is waiting patiently until it has an overwhelming majority everywhere, then to reorganize society at a single stroke.

But this is apparent, not real. The old-time Socialists, like the eminent orator and writer, Bebel of Germany, who is perhaps the best-known Socialist in the world, still dominate. They stand sternly for no compromise. They fear that the first compromise with the existing order, however plausibly to the advantage of Socialism, would be as the entering wedge to the complete disruption of the movement and the loss of all that has been so hardly won. They know human nature and they fear that, if Socialist leaders accept offices from aristocratic or bourgeoisie governments, Socialism will be used by ambitious "sparrows for positions" to get themselves the comforts and the honors they covet, and the cause will go the way of so many other causes of promising beginning.

But there is an increasing minority in the International Socialist Party that openly repudiates this policy of aloofness and inaction; and in the majority, bowing to the party's ancestral heroes and to

its living hero, Bebel, there is an increasing number that is impatient of the old restraints, regarding them as the product of Socialism in its theoretical stage and as out of place now that a practical work can be done. These "heretics," as Bebel would call them, represent the Socialism of to-morrow, the Socialism that is to be the greatest problem the present social order has had to face. It will be these Socialists of to-morrow that the dominant Individualism of the United States will have to meet—and yield to or win over.

There are three ideas which may be called the irreducible minimum of the new Socialism as well as of the old. These three are:

First. The brotherhood of man.

Second. The infamy of war.

Third. The community of goods.

Bebel preaches these, and so does Jaurès. Wherever you find a Socialist, there you will find a man who, whether or not he thinks Karl Marx was the giver of a final gospel of political economy, will stand in the last ditch for those three principles. They are Socialism.

These doctrines will have a familiar historic sound to everyone who has read the history of the early Christian church, that practiced literally the teachings of Jesus. It at once appears that here, in this great industrial-political-ethical movement, is a modern recrudescence of the early Christian Church, a re-statement to this "bourgeois society" of employer and employé, of the ideas that shook to its foundations the Roman society of master and slave. There is one radical difference—in addition, of course, to the difference of origin. The early Christian fathers, looking about a world ringing with the anguish of the oppressions of that day, saw no hope here and pointed the eagerly listening multitudes of Rome's wretched subjects to the life hereafter; the Socialists, finding the human lot vastly ameliorated and seeing in modern scientific advance prospect of

vastly greater amelioration, point their hearers to happiness in this life—to the millennium of the universal social-democratic republic, abolishing boundary-lines, class-distinction, pride and power of private wealth.

Bebel and the other diminishing though still dominant disciples of Marx and Liebknecht look on the Socialism as formulated by Marx and preached by Liebknecht as a religion, look on any compromise for any purpose much as an early Christian father looked on the alleged Christianity that erected its altars in the temples of the Olympic gods and trooped to worship with paganism. But not so the new-school Socialists under the leadership of Jaurès.

Beyond question these of the new-school are not less devoted than the old-timers. But they do not regard Socialism as a religion dealing with a remote millennium of the International Social-Democratic Republic, but as a practical scheme for the gradual renovation of society, step-by-step. That is why those who regard Socialism as a peril are apt to feel that the Jaurès type is as much more dangerous than the Bebel type as a Robespierre was more dangerous than a fiery but dreamy, bookish Rousseau.

Every great movement has had the two classes—the men who dreamed and the men who did, the impractical souls who built and kindled the fire, the practical souls who took its flaming faggots and touched them to the institutions that were to be destroyed. And the doctrine, whatever it was, has always undergone strange transformations in passing from the theoretical to the practical stage.

The leaders of the old Socialism were men born and bred in poverty, even in misery—its founder was not only a poor man, but also a Hebrew, and a Hebrew in Germany. They began to hate as soon as they began to think. At the doors of an "employer and employé society," with its inequalities in the distribution of wealth and power, they laid

all their misfortunes and wrongs. And they preached its utter destruction. They could see nothing good in it; they would have nothing to do with it except sword in hand and aimed at its heart. To speak civilly to one of its functionaries or beneficiaries was to deny the faith. Not of this mettle or manner are the new Socialists to whom the control of the movement must soon pass. They are the children of the present generation—the generation that has begun to benefit throughout by the discoveries of science. They were born either in affluence or comfort, or, at the worst, in not wholly miserable poverty. They were educated well at splendid free schools. Their early associations were formed in the conditions of carelessness of class which ever more and more prevail in a society that becomes ever more and more democratic in spite of the efforts of so many of the "ups" to convince the "downs" that "up" and "down" are not equally human.

Thus, these practical Socialists endorse with a mental reservation the Socialists' battle-cry: "You have everything to gain; you have nothing to lose but your chains." They feel that, while this was probably true enough fifty years ago, it is considerable of an exaggeration to-day. They would probably modify it to something like: "Send the rest of your chains to join those you have already lost." These new Socialists are many of them rich, almost all of them extremely comfortable, almost none of them what would be called poor. They are skilful in their various businesses, trades, professions and they reap at least a part of the rewards of skill. They are employers, many of them; and they think they know that there are other reasons for poverty and crime besides the unjust distribution of profits—the four I's, for instance, Idleness, Incompetence, Ignorance and Intemperance. They say: "Society was originally sacerdotal, became military, is now capitalistic. The rule of priest was better than no rule;

the rule of soldier was preferable to the rule of priest; the rule of "Captain of Industry" is an advance upon the rule of the soldier. What next? Why not this Socialistic scheme? Certainly there will be something—evolution is not over, perfection is not attained. We can't foresee what that something will be. Let us take this Socialism as a steering hypothesis, as lying in the right direction, even though it be beyond the port we may hope to reach, and let us work heartily for the best we can get from day to day." Of course, this is a guess at the "esoteric" doctrine of the new Socialism—at what is going on in the minds of its advocates. But the guess cannot be far wrong. As Balzac said: "The essence of party is action." The essence of action is adaptation to circumstances. And the essence of adaptation is freedom from the tyranny of unchangeable non-essentials of creed.

"On the way to the International Republic there are many important fortresses to be captured," these new Socialists say. "For instance, there are the eight-hour law, compulsory arbitration, confiscatory inheritance-taxes, heavy graduated income-taxes, compulsion upon employers to insure employés, dividends to labor out of surplus during shut-downs, etc. For all these measures 'practical' Socialism," they urge, "can get many allies who would never assent to any of the fundamental doctrines of Socialism, who would fly from proposals to abolish national boundary-lines or to disarm or to hold goods in common. Why not use these allies? Perhaps they will like us better, and our doctrines too, after associating with us. We are in no more danger of going back to them than is a child in the fifth reader in danger of forgetting all it has learned by helping a child in the primer with its lessons. Then there are arbitration between nations, cutting down armaments, minimizing the powers of privileged classes—would not these be great strides in the direction of what we want? Why not

act with those who, while not of our faith, would go at least so far?"

To go again to the early history of Christianity for a simile—so long as the early Christians stood aloof and spat upon the ground openly whenever they passed a pagan temple, the church grew slowly. But when it became impossible to distinguish Christian from pagan by outside appearance, when Christian female slave was proselyting the children of her master or was secretly filling the soul of her mistress with the fire of the new faith, then the triumph began; and before the rulers of Rome realized what was going on, the empire had been won—their very families were of the new faith without their knowledge. It is by some such method, adapted of course to freer modern conditions, that the new Socialism propagates—and will propagate more and more vigorously from year to year.

The criticism of the new Socialists upon the old, of the advocates of action upon the advocates of aloofness, appeals to the universal human instinct for "doing something." It appeals also to the restless impatience of those who are now inclining to Socialism in the belief that the injustices are an integral part of the present social structure and not a remnant from the past which democratic-individualistic progress will gradually eliminate as healthy blood eliminates hereditary weaknesses and diseases. The socialists of action say: "Look at Germany where our party's open adherents with their families number nearly half of the whole population, where we have 52 daily newspapers and 17 bi- and tri-weeklies and weeklies, circulating 600,000 copies. We are in the majority in Saxony, yet thanks to the policy of inaction Saxony took away universal suffrage without any effective protest from us; and they are about to abolish universal suffrage in the empire. It is Teutonic to dream large dreams and quietly submit to anything reality may bring—it is Teutonic but it is not the way to make successful war upon caste." Or, to quote Jaurès: "Revolu-

tion does not precede light. First, light; then, revolution." And, say the new Socialists, the way to make political light is to enlist in practical political action.

The great aids to the "practical Socialist" propaganda, besides the excesses of princes and plutocrats, are the universal increasing intelligence and desire for a higher standard of living, the universal free school, college and university, the newspaper full of news of the higher standards of living, and the ever-widening difference in all our modern societies between the mode of living of the wealthy classes and that of the professors, teachers and comfortable classes generally. It is not easy for the professor or teacher with their one or two thousand a year to find wholly without flaw a system that enables men he regards as inferior mentally and morally, to have several palaces and establishments in keeping. The professor may not want the ostentations; but he dislikes the sense of inferiority the other man's ostentations give him and his fellow-professors—and their wives and daughters. He will still cling to the sheet-anchor of individualism, but he will admit—and will teach and will spread the conviction—that there is "something" in the criticisms of these Socialists, wrong though they are fundamentally. And so, "practical" Socialism has won a missionary, the more effective because unconscious and unsuspected.

The "practical" Socialists look upon France and the United States as the two most promising fields for their gospel. In the opinion of the writer, there are two views of the development of the United States widely entertained in Europe. The view of the European ruling classes is that we are rapidly moving toward an imperial oligarchy, with our oligarchs chosen by our aristocracy of wealth through controlled parties, the choices being formally ratified by the people—just as the Roman Senate used to "elect" the Emperor. The other view is that we are in the near future to

be reconstructed into a modified social-democratic republic, with the production and distribution of the necessities of life under a state control so rigid as practically to amount to Socialization, with heavy taxes on wealth, with compulsory arbitration, etc. Whether either of these views has any validity is of no consequence here. The point pertinent is that, in the opinion of the "practical" Socialists, and, for that matter, of the European ruling classes, too, our ancient individualism is perishing. And the Socialists laugh at the way Americans shy at the name Socialist. "Read the platforms of both your great parties," said a French Socialist recently to an American. "Read the speeches of your candidates for office. Read the laws proposed and the laws passed at the last sessions of the legislatures of all your great states. Then tell me what you think has happened to your cherished dogma of 'Every tub on on its own bottom.' No, you Americans have done with individualism. You are not profound political reasoners but you are very practical. You think individualism is responsible for the sudden and corrupt power of corporate wealth. That is not so, for it came about through laws passed in violation of your great principle of free competition, through laws favoring a few individuals at the expense of the masses. However, we Socialists are not complaining. It does n't matter whether you abandon your false principle from good or from bad logic so long as you abandon it. America individualist? On the contrary, it is Socialist. And your corrupt corporations and your vulgar, ignorant moneyed class which your newspapers so patriotically exploit—they are driving people of every kind, except the vulgar, ignorant rich, into our ranks by the tens of thousands. They do n't call themselves Socialists yet. Most of them still have a vague suspicion that Socialism has something to do with bombs and assassinations. But they are socialistic, and that means that to-morrow they will be

Socialists, eager to end by legislation the stupid and cruel inequalities of the present *régime*."

There is no denying that an impartial survey of civilization to-day does seem to show that the open and obvious advance of the gospel of Karl Marx does not adequately represent the triumphs of Socialism. Those triumphs, rather, appear in the vague and intangible but portentously substantial results of the activities of the "practical" Socialist—he who shaves and bathes every morning, who does not wear great whiskers nor foam at the mouth, who changes his costume with the fashion, and conceals under the bosom of his immaculate shirt a heart all ablaze with enthusiasm for the cause he so discreetly advocates.

Of these new-school Socialists, the most conspicuous and the most powerful is the Frenchman, Jean Jaurès, statesman, orator, retail clothing-merchant and reputed millionaire.

Ten years ago Jaurès was looked on as an interesting dreamer; and even the old Bourbon aristocracy, clutching desperately its shadowy claims to long ancestry, used to go to the Chamber of Deputies to hear his passionate eloquence against social injustice and against war and the military spirit. To-day, all the elements of reaction in France—all the aristocrats and all the snobs and all the dreamy theoretical monarchists in and around the French Academy—speak of him with shudders, and would no more go to the Deputies to hear him than they would go to a lazaret in plague-time. The reason is that everyone now sees that the supposed Utopian is a highly shrewd and practical man of affairs, as capable at politics as at selling clothing. And in the "*Bloc*," as they call the combine of sundry groups of radical Republicans which administer the French Republic just now, while Jaurès controls directly only the forty Socialist Deputies, he is, not indeed the whole directing force of the combine, but he has the best brain and the best backbone—and the best voice.

The citadel of his strength is his oratory. He comes from the South where France gets most of her great cooks, orators, statesmen, soldiers, artists, poets and business men. He has the ardent Southern temperament, but he combines with it calmness of judgment and a capacity to make political fights without bitterness. His opponents are bitter—so bitter that their abuse of him is usually coarse and crass, after the manner of the attacks of bad temper. Jaurès is without sting—or, rather, he never uses his extremely penetrating and poisonous sting in personalities. His hate is all for error; his cue where persons are concerned is invariably sweet reasonableness. And his lofty tolerance is really maddening—when you do n't happen to agree with him.

But while he is talking, is pleading whatever cause, it is hard not to agree with him. In the first place, he is most moderate in statement, in that respect as unlike the run of radical talkers as a calm sea is unlike a lunatic sea. Nine-tenths of what he says is—at least, to a person bred in democratic-republican ideas—undisputably true. And he is always talking for and of peace, justice, simplicity, high thinking, courtesy—personal, national and international. And how well he does talk! A frank, common face, a beautiful voice, kindly, generous, good-humored eyes that darken to grow sad, not stern; the most ingratiating manner, the clearest of enunciations, the simplest words, the aptest illustrations. The transition from statement of fact to rhetorical fancy is always slow, carrying along the most unpoetic hearer, up and up until—the voice is silent; the dream is ended, and you say: "It was a dream, but such dreams should—and could—come true."

The last International Convention of Socialists, after listening with delight to his eloquence, reluctantly obeyed Bebel and refused to sanction the Jaurès theory of the way to advance the Socialist cause. That assembly of old warriors

against caste really, rather than against the social system, told him to please Bebel—that if the Socialist party in any country acted with any other groups, participated in national policies, accepted administration offices, the result would be simply the old, old story—ambition using the unrest of the masses to lift itself among the classes. And Jaurès pleaded in vain; henceforth he goes on with his opportunist programme under the frown of the “International.” But he will go on—and he knows that frown is only for Bebel’s sake.

In the work of establishing the republic in France and eliminating the monarchists and reactionaries from the control of education, the army and the navy, the radical Republicans found that they could not count on one large Republican section. It refused to sanction what the radicals regarded as the vital part of the work, the tearing out of the venerable roots of the old *régime*, embedded in religion and in the military and naval caste. This “moderate” group took as its motto “Nothing arbitrary.” So, Waldeck-Rousseau, the then Prime-Minister, turned to Jaurès and his group of thirty odd votes. He put one of Jaurès’ followers, Millerand, in his cabinet and thus got a majority of eleven for his famous law against the ecclesiastical associations in exchange for radical labor legislation.

Ten years ago Socialism was about as unpopular and feeble in France as it is in the United States to-day. And the radical parts of the Socialist programme, those that are crucially Socialistic, are still without any strong support outside of the artisans and day-laborers—an even smaller proportion of the population in France than with us. But Socialism—as a phrase, as a name—is heard in France now with astonishing tolerance when we consider that the Socialist attack is upon the capitalistic or employing classes and that these are the main classes of the French people. For, France is the land of the small farmer, the small manu-

facturer and the small shop-keeper. Why does the bourgeoisie listen calmly and even complacently to the Socialists, why does it act cheerfully with them in politics, why does it consent with only mild murmurings to the adoption of one Socialistic project after another?

The answer is, Jaurès. He is a Socialist—out and out, with voice ever lifted up against the employing classes, with ever fresh plans for curtailing their privileges, plans which he not merely talks but induces Combes and the *Bloc* to enact into law. But—Jaurès is also a shop-keeper, and a mighty successful one. He is a bourgeois of the bourgeoisie, a perfect type. And the others look at him, at his wealth, at his shops, and say to themselves: “True, he does talk in a very unsettling way sometimes, and he urges and secures many laws which operate against his class. But it is *his* class, after all. He is ‘one of us.’ As he is a mighty shrewd fellow, he probably does these things to head off worse. These are troublesome times, and if there must be a revolutionary movement, it’s a good thing to have a fellow like Jaurès in control of it, to guide it, to save what he can, to keep down its lunatics.”

And further, Jaurès being a bourgeois, has all the bourgeoisie’s deep predjudice against militarism, imperialism and everything else that tends to disturb peaceful toil and trade. And they love to hear him assail these things with eloquent fancy and still more eloquent fact. And they see that, largely through his untiring zeal and fertility of ideas and dauntless courage, the military spirit, so traditionally French, the craze for “*la gloire*,” is being checked, sobered, shamed. Socialism in France has its devoted following among the very elements that usually shriek loudest for war and make all the trouble in ticklish times—the class that has strong passions and not much ability to think and no business of its own to think about. It is to that public that Jaurès has been talking; it is to that public that he has made his pleas for

peace, disarmament and universal brotherhood. And the steady, conservative masses of the French, the bourgeoisie, feel that whatever harm he may have done and may be doing by assaults upon "capitalism" is more than counterbalanced by the good he has done and is doing as a potently persuasive preacher of peace and peaceful methods.

There is no intention in the foregoing to impeach Jaurès' disinterested sincerity as a Socialist. He is a Socialist, heart and brain, and life, if necessary. And all the time he is working toward the triumph of his Socialistic ideas and ideals. There are many kinds of opportunists. Most of them have no conscience but the expediency of the moment. Of those who start with conscience, few have more than a tattered shred of it or of conviction left after a brief period of trafficking under the dangerous flag of concession and compromise. As our own politics has too often shown, the good man who begins by tolerating evil that good may come, is soon doing evil that good may come, and thence slides easily down into the moral quagmire whence ever rises the steam and stench of hypocrisy to smutch and offend the face of heaven. But once in a while there comes a man with sufficient clearness of view and solidity of conviction to realize the opportunist ideal—compromise only to gain ground for principle. Jaurès seems to be one of these admirable, dangerous men. For a cause, served by such a man, is bound to advance, regardless of whether it is a just cause or unjust. And the progress of Socialism in France is an illustration to the point. While the progress of Socialism in democratic America might be wholly calamitous, and proof of retrogression from the state of individual freedom which is America's precious gift to her children, the same progress in paternalistic France might be an easing of the bonds of paternalism and a progress toward liberty. And it may be that France will have to go far toward Socialism before she finds the road to freedom

she has so long, so patiently, so hardily sought. In Europe, in all Europe, there is an inheritance from the past of which we Americans know little—the inheritance of the idea of the overlordship of the State. And that is why Socialism of the unadulterated brand takes so much more readily there than with us. Jaurès, for example, is talking to a people who say to themselves: "The State must rule. Since that is so, let us take this man's advice and appoint our own rulers and compel them to administer for our benefit instead of for the benefit of capital only." Europe looks on the State as a guardian; America looks on it as a ward.

In France, Jaurès is denounced by reactionaries of all degrees as a master, a tyrant, the actual ruler of the *Bloc*. "He has but to lift his hand," shrieks Paul de Cassagnac, "and Combes, like a well-trained dog, comes running." At the Socialist International Congress, on the other hand, Jaurès was denounced as a slave. "He has made the Socialist party of France the tool of the bourgeois republic," declared his opponents to the Congress. "He has tied it to the *Bloc*."

The truth lies between these two. He has kept the Socialist party intact. He has helped the *Bloc* to do things of which all Socialists approve, and in exchange has got many Socialistic concessions for workingmen. He has not abandoned the "war upon classes," but he has helped one class—the republicans—to disarm another, the monarchists. Bebel, and the most of the Socialists at the Congress, asserted that to them a republic run by capitalists was even more offensive than a monarchy, which might hold the balances with some of justice between capital and labor. But Jaurès had the best of the argument. For, he pointed out that he was gaining ground for Socialism in France under his policy of opportunism while the opposite policy in other countries was keeping Socialism a mere theory.

How far will Jaurès go? Those who do not wish to see France experiment

with the Socialist State fear that he will go very far—and the French pattern will, in this day of the telegraph and the newspaper, not long escape the attention of the masses throughout civilization. Socialism has had thinkers; it has had orators, many orators; it has had able organizers of the converts made by its eloquent missionaries. *But never before has it had a statesman.* His calmer opponents compare him to France's other great statesman from the same South, and of the same mental and moral characteristics, Gambetta. He, too, was a mighty wielder of the difficult sword of opportunism—difficult to wield, difficult to oppose. But, as it has been pointed out, while Gambetta used his opportunism for the French republic, Jaurès uses his for the "International Socialist Republic." And the marvel, and the menace, is that he, preaching the abolition of boundary and race-lines, prevails, gains not merely a hearing, but more and more applause among a people so intensely "national" as the French! Preaching internationalism, crying down revenge upon Germany, calling upon France to disarm, he has advanced from mere orator to powerful political leader; and he has taken with him, without their realizing it, a mass of sober, shop-keeping, narrowly French and intensely capitalistic people who would not for an instant admit that they were Socialists or socialistic. When Jaurès' socialistic projects are included in their party's programmes and are put through, they say: "But that is not Socialism. Does Jaurès advocate it? Well, then, there's another of the many sound ideas he has, mixed in with his Socialistic dreams."

What is Jaurès' programme? Here is a recent statement of it, made by himself in his own vivid, clear style, which no doubt loses in the writer's translation:

"In France there is a party of advanced radicals, of Socialistic radicals. It is not, like ours, a proletarian party. No

more is it an exclusively capitalistic party. It is composed of elements in process of evolution, of workers in small industries, of artisans, of democratic farmers. They don't understand collectivism, but they accept a part of the reforms we wish. This democratic bourgeoisie of Socialistic radicals, now dominant in France, believes in secularization, in separation of churches and state, in a heavily progressive tax upon incomes and inheritances; it believes in the gradual nationalization of railways, banks, mines, sugar and other refineries, life and fire and other insurances, in brief, in the nationalization of all the industries that are in the way of becoming monopolies. We Socialists do not confuse ourselves with this democratic bourgeoisie, because it is not communistic, collectivist, proletarian as are we. But when, with its assistance, we can prevent reaction, can obtain reforms, can develop labor legislation, we should be foolish, criminal, to reject that assistance."

That is, Jaurès is taking the bourgeoisie into Socialism; but because he is gently backing it, instead of trying violently to pull it, it does not realize that the scenery is changing.

Such is the plan and such the progress of Socialism's first statesman. The situation he is creating in France is not a French, but a world-situation. To deny it is to refuse to read the plain pointing of the vanes in the wind of human destiny. Universal suffrage; the poor and the toiling overwhelmingly in the majority in the electorate slowly awakening to its power through the ballot; capitalism setting the example of concentration and of the use of the State for private enrichment through tariff and corporation legislation; the only active and frank propagandists among the masses either avowed Socialists or socialistic—what must be the event?

DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS.
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GERHART HAUPTMANN: SOCIAL IDEALIST.

BY ARCHIBALD HENDERSON, Ph.D.

THERE is one figure among contemporary dramatists who, both by his achievement and by his promise for the future, commands sincere and just admiration. He has escaped Ibsen's extreme tendency to moralizing, and yet acquired much of his sure grasp of the technical side of dramatic art. Possessed with Ibsen's deep sympathy and accordance with the vital thought-currents of modern life, Hauptmann, nevertheless, always remains the dramatist; he is never the explicit reformer. Mentally unclouded with the intangible imaginings of Maeterlinck, Hauptmann is imbued with the mysticism of sanity and reality. Untrammelled with the labyrinthine philosophy, which, as M. Ferdinand Brunetière claims, has made most German dramatic literature so mediocre, he is yet keenly alive to the profounder meanings in the lowly tragedies of Gorky, the altruistic doctrines of Tolstoi, and the stupendous ideals of Nietzsche.

Gifted thus diversely, this fertile and original genius is a master of poetry as well as of prose; poetry as delicate, as impassioned, as tumultuous as his prose is realistic, life-like, natural. A poet whose fancies and images spring from nature, the woodland and the primitive forest; a *prosateur*, whose pictures and characters body forth the essential lineaments of the real life of to-day. Charming poet, finished *prosateur*, yet more—a mystic and a master of that symbolism in art inextricably associated with the names of Ibsen, Maeterlinck, and D'Annunzio.

Thus many of the qualities that make for greatness in the dramatic art of to-day—be it prose or poetic drama—are combined in Gerhart Hauptmann, whose very name, "Captain," stamps him as a leader in the new literary movement of Young Germany. He it was who wrote the first of the German naturalistic

dramas which, in his own and Sudermann's hands, have swung the literary activity of the Germany of to-day into the rushing current of modern thought. More than the leader of a movement, he is a genius, a figure of stately and commanding power.

Gerhart Hauptmann is one of those phenomena of which Novalis, the mystic, spoke in the words: "Every person who consists of more than one person is a person of the second power—or a genius." Byronism was Hauptmann's youthful nourishment, and his early poems are stamped with the seal of Byron, Hebbel and Schiller. He dreamed of some strangely transforming synthesis of the arts, and studied sculpture in Rome. His youthful epic, "Promethidenlos," with all its immaturity, its subjectivity, reveals the first glimpse of the altruistic vision which appears and reappears through all his dramas. The first radical reversion of his views is ruthlessly revealed in "Vor Sonnenaufgang." Since that time the dualism of his nature has perpetually asserted itself. Hauptmann is continually surprising the critics and astonishing the world with some new proof of his versatility, some new illustration of his artistic virtuosity, some new demand for a reconsideration as to his place in contemporary literature. One moment putting literary Germany in a ferment with his "naturalism without fig-leaves," the next jarring the nerves with his pathologic and neurasthenic types of modern morbidity; now arousing imperial opposition to his dramatic presentment of socialistic doctrines; now evoking admiration for his clever studies of local character and provincial humanity; appealing next to poetic instincts and the Christian ideal, he performs the impossible by blending together, in a consistently wrought and

emotionally touching picture, the idealism and realism of our sleeping and waking life. After his bitter disappointment over the failure of his realistic drama of suffering and distress, of fifteenth-century setting, he returns to his idealistic and poetic vein and writes one of the most widely-discussed and highly-praised dramatic poems of the last half-century. Since that time his works have all shown a realistic exterior, often veiling the idealistic and mystic longings of the poet of humanity.

Gerhart Hauptmann has been the bold leader in the intellectual movement in Germany in the last fifteen years, and he won the battle against bitterly indignant and virulent critics. From the first he has stood breast deep in the tempestuous flood of modern ideas. The "*Sturm und Drang*" period of Goethe and Schiller in the eighteenth century found its counterpart in the thought-movements and spiritual struggles of Young Germany. The stream of the newer intellectual consciousness in Germany gained its volume and impetuosity from three great currents of modern thought. The mighty current from Scandinavia, dammed to overflowing for a time by the bulwark of German conservatism, finally swept over Germany after the daring production of Ibsen's "Ghosts," in 1889. The great tidal wave of Socialism, which set in from France at almost the same time, carried Hauptmann and others along with it, and left the ineradicable stamp of Zola upon the German consciousness. The impetus given to German philosophy and to German thought by the extreme individualism of Friedrich Nietzsche, and of Goethe before him, was profoundly felt and manifested by Hauptmann.

The founder of the *Freie Buehne* (Free Stage), Dr. Otto Brahm, awoke all intellectual Germany in 1889 with the production of Ibsen's "Ghosts," thus throwing open the gates to the most modern German drama. As with Antoine's *Théâtre Libre* and Grein's *Independent*

Theater, interests, battles and controversies began to cluster about the *Freie Buehne*. Hauptmann's "Before Sunrise"—already known to the public in printed form and denounced as an "accumulation of dirt" and the "apotheosis of the vulgar"—was produced in 1889. It proved to be a harbinger of the new era in German literature. Hauptmann, like Shaw, after "Widowers' Houses" was christened at the Independent Theater, became not a celebrated, but rather a notorious character.

Defective in technique, "Before Sunrise" is nevertheless one of the most perfectly natural and life-like of all the recent German dramas of modern life. Pinero, even in "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," has never written more veracious and appealingly-real dialogue. Although a poet at heart, Hauptmann in this play forsakes his poetic muse, aiming solely at a vital presentation of real life in all its sincere naturalness. He had known from childhood the neighborhood he chose for the *milieu* of the play. Hauptmann was born at Salzbrunn, in Silesia, in 1862—a neighborhood where the peasant-farmers had suffered physical, mental and moral deterioration through the sudden acquisition of wealth discovered upon their property. It was just such a family as those he had known that Hauptmann selected for dramatic study in this play. The millionaire father of the family is a besotted drunkard who has transmitted to his children the ineradicable taint of alcoholism rampant in his blood. His daughter Helene—a flower growing on the surface of a pestilential marsh—has so far escaped the hereditary taint. Alfred Loth, an ardent young Socialist, falls in love with her, winning her love in return. The family physician, an old friend of Loth's, has seen the horrible effects of the immutable law of heredity evidenced in the elder daughter. He plies Loth with merciless logic, warning him of the fatal results of heredity, until Loth, in a frenzy, rushes away from the house without a word of

explanation or parting to Helene. In morbid fear of hereditary taint, crazed by the hopeless horror of her environment, and in despair over her lover's cowardly desertion, Helene commits suicide.

In his next two plays, "*Das Friedensfest*" and "*Einsame Menschen*" (1890), Hauptmann analyzes certain social problems and aspects of modern family life, where motive and responsibility rather than positive, constructive deeds constitute the psychologic basis of the action. While "*Before Sunrise*" was, in Hauptmann's own words, "a social drama," with lengthy stage-directions and even plans and diagrams, the next two dramas are types of that "bourgeois drama" which Diderot invented but lacked the genius to perfect. "*Das Friedensfest*" might be called a dramatic exemplification of Hegel's profound paradox that "All action is guilt." Here is depicted a family made wretched and home a place of torment, by the misunderstandings and mistakes of its members, one of another. The play teaches, if anything, that disparity of education, training and instruction leads inevitably to dire results: diversity of interests, manners, and even moral standards, subversive of all mutual sympathy and domestic congeniality. In "*Einsame Menschen*" Hauptmann has treated from the naturalistic standpoint the same moral problem which Maeterlinck so beautifully analyzes in "*Aglavaine and Selysette*." Unlike the play of the Belgian, with its mystic coloring and subtle delineation of the most secret springs of human love, Hauptmann's play is purely modern in its frankness and artistic sincerity. The problem is set before us in its natural terms, the souls of the characters are revealed in their undisguised nakedness, and the solution is the logical outcome of the social and moral hypothesis. Anna Mahr, the morbid product of modern university education, strangely familiar variant of Rebecca West and prototype of Vivie Warren, infuses into the play something of the true Ibsenic spirit. As in "*Before Sunrise*," the end is harrowing—

the suicide of a disillusioned and disappointed victim of the failure to discover an elective affinity.

Hauptmann's great social drama, "*Die Weber*," (1892) divides with "*Die Versunkene Glocke*" the honor of having placed Hauptmann in the very front rank of modern dramatists. Indeed, it has given him not only a European but a truly cosmopolitan reputation. Dealing with a pressing problem of labor, it created much excitement in Germany, actually becoming the subject of speeches in the Reichstag. The Emperor William put his veto upon it, forbidding all army and government officials to enter the doors of the Deutsches Theater on the nights when "*Die Weber*" was produced. Its performance in fact was suppressed by police intervention, for the alleged reason that the play was revolutionary and likely to incite the masses of discontented Socialists in Germany to lawlessness and insurrection. The result of all this opposition is not difficult to imagine. Unusual interest and curiosity were aroused, tens of thousands of copies of the play were sold, and finally a movement, inaugurated by Herren Freytag and Virchow, secured the removal of the imperial veto. The people now swarmed to see the play, which received such a recognition as is seldom the lot of a new drama.

No drama of modern times is equal to "*The Weavers*" as a fearful picture of the misery, poverty and wretchedness of the laboring classes. A genuine Volks-drama, it presents before us, in sweeping strokes and with looming background, what we are accustomed to-day to call a "strike." Through it all runs an undercurrent of insistence upon universal recognition of the social evils of our own time. To suppose, as did the Emperor and others, that the play was endowed with any political intent, betrays a complete misunderstanding of the purpose of the dramatist. Just as Ibsen once disclaimed any propagandist encouragement in "*A Doll's House*" to the Feminist Movement, so Hauptmann publicly

disavowed any political intent in writing "Die Weber." He wrote his play under the dramatic impulse, showing therein the influence of Zola's "Germinal" perhaps, but more particularly the ineradicable impressions of his boyhood left by the stories told him by his grandfather, himself a weaver, of the misery that stalked through the Silesian mountains in 1844.

The drama is of great artistic interests, aside from the history of its production, its connection with the social propaganda, and its blood-relation, if I may say so, with the author. Unlikely as the comparison may seem at first sight, "Die Weber" has a literary consanguinity with Maeterlinck's "L'Intruse," Ibsen's "Ghosts" and Hauptmann's own drama, "Vor Sonnenaufgang." In all these dramas there is a superimpending, adumbrating force which directs the movement of the action, and in whose coils the characters are entangled. It is a power which either drives men to act or leaves them powerless to act; which in all cases controls and determines their destiny. In "L'Intruse" there is no main character, neither hero or heroine. Across the gray and somber shades of this impressionist picture falls the black shadow of a scythe, a skeleton, a skull—the shadow of Death itself. In "Ghosts" and "Vor Sonnenaufgang," Ibsen and Hauptmann seem to proclaim, as Maeterlinck has said: "That they have found, in material science, the unknown that surrounds us, the equivalent of ancient fatality—a force of equally resistless predestination." The great protagonist in these two plays is no imposing human figure; no *Uebermensch*, no God-man, no Titanic character of flesh and blood; no Lear, no Wallenstein, no Faust, but a pitiless, inexorable law, working out its fatal, inevitable result—the Law of Heredity. In Hauptmann's colossal drama of elemental instincts, "Die Weber," the hero is not a person, but a power; not an individual, but a clamant cause. It is Starvation, Hunger, Want—a gigantic composite, "type of the hungry

weaver face whose shadow is darkening the whole land." To me, the play depicts more than the historic struggle of the starving weavers of Silesia. Who shall say that it is not the symbol of the gigantic struggle in progress to-day between oppressed Labor and its tyrannical oppressor, Capital?

In all of Hauptmann's plays up to this time, the pessimistic and tragic sides of life have been put in evidence, and grimness, never lightness, has been the omnipresent mood. In his next two plays, "The Beaver Coat" and "Colleague Crampton," he evidences his marked ability as a comedy-dramatist. These amusing sketches of local rather than general or universal interest need not detain us here. They add nothing, I believe, to Hauptmann's cosmopolitan reputation, serving merely to call attention to his versatility—to his ability to write light comedy as well as heart-breaking tragedy. Later, in 1900, he drew, so to speak, a second impression of Mrs. Wolff, the cunning and ingenious thief, first revealed in "The Beaver Coat." Neither this play, "Der Rote Hahn," nor "Schluck und Jau" (1900), an amplification, into a drama or broad farce, of the motive in the introduction to Shakespeare's "The Taming of the Shrew," show Hauptmann in any save a tentative and experimental attitude.

"Der Arme Heinrich" (1902), although it has received the extravagant encomiums of Kuno Francke, does not present Hauptmann in the capacity in which he most excels. This legend of "Poor Henry," an epic poem in Hartman von Aue's hands, becomes with Hauptmann a long and somewhat tedious recital of how a medieval lord, infected with leprosy, was finally healed through the simple faith and self-surrender of a simple peasant-girl. The Hauptmann of European influence and international reputation, however, is to be sought in "Hannele" and "The Sunken Bell," in "Fuhrmann Henschel" and perhaps in "Michael Kramer" and "Rose Bernd."

The radical German critics, who ar-

rayed themselves under the banner of Zolaesque naturalism, had applauded in enthusiastic terms Hauptmann's fearful pictures of hereditary alcoholism, "Vor Sonnenaufgang," and his gigantic epical drama of modern labor, "Die Weber." His light comedies irritated them, but when "Hannele's Himmelfahrt" was produced at the Berlin Court Theater in November, 1893, consternation is the only word to describe their feelings. Had Hauptmann betrayed his former ideal? Was he a traitor to naturalism, his erstwhile mistress? Many wordy *critiques* and indignant articles were written before the critics and the German public at large were reconciled to this new manifestation of Hauptmann's genius.

"Hannele," translated into English by William Archer, impressed me immediately, as some of Maeterlinck's plays do, with the spiritual subtlety and mystic instinct of the genius who created it. In this dream-poem Hauptmann has made a daring experiment in dramatic art, such as one would fear to see made by a less consummate public genius than Hauptmann. In all of Hauptmann's other plays flow one or the other of the predominant currents of his art. In "Hannele" these two currents—the stream of scientific naturalism and the stream of poetic mysticism—have flowed together and blended in a truly marvelous way. Moreover, Hauptmann has reconciled these two apparently opposing elements by an application of the principle of symbolism, that makes the drama a unique experiment in dramatic history.

In this play Hauptmann has indeed wrought the miracle of the commonplace. In that last fleeting hour, passed between natural and supernatural, when the pulses flicker and "the casement slowly grows a glimmering square," he has shown us what dreams may come. The veil is lifted, the mist fades from before our eyes, and we look deep into the soul of a little child. Her physical shrinking from the squalor of her surroundings and the brutality of her father, her pathetic

longing for the shining raiment, her attempt at suicide as the "open sesame" to the gates of heaven, her identification of the Christ with the only truly Christian character she has known, her beloved schoolmaster, her strange blending of Christian story and fairy legend, and her perfectly literal interpretation of them—these delicate, subtle and allusive touches reveal a deep insight into the heart of youth. I shall not attempt to answer the question whether or not this play will live on the stage. Indeed, I shall not even ask the question. The importance of "Hannele" consists largely in its revelation of Hauptmann as a true poet of the idealism and mysticism of common life.

Fanciful as the resemblance may be, at least it is not absurd to liken Hannele's dream to that of the poet Hauptmann himself. Environed by coarseness, ugliness, harshness all her life long, Hannele in those last moments reveals the subconscious longings which have always lain dormant and hidden in her heart. At last the moment for utterances comes and with it the revelation of all her longings and aspirations for sweetness and light, beauty and happiness. Is not this, in some faint sense, a symbol of Hauptmann's own life? From the very inception of his career, the muddy and turbulent thought-currents of his own time have swept over and submerged him. His poetic fire has been extinguished, his lyric cries stifled. His conscience, not his inclination, forced him to write in prose instead of poetry. Not beautiful souls and noble hearts, but the degenerate perverts of his own age have felt the sharp point of his irony. Debased sensualists, hypochondriac egoists, hysterical neurasthenics, clever shop-lifters, and poverty-stricken nihilists have emerged from his brain in a sordid and repulsive train. Naturalism, with all its pettiness, its dirt, and its sensuality, has for long held in check the spirit of poetry, with all its fancy, its delicacy, its loveliness. In "Hannele" Hauptmann seemed to have discovered at last, in Stephen Phillips'

exquisite phrase, "the late-found child of all his empty dreams and longings"—the dream-child of his poetic fancy, born to deliver him from the slough of naturalism into which he had fallen.

Upon "Florian Geyer" (1895), Hauptmann devoted the most painstaking effort, but the play—built on the foundation of the Peasant War of 1525—proved a failure, due no doubt to the multitude of its interests, and the consequent loss in continuity of impression, so imperatively requisite in the drama. It was reserved for "Die Versunkene Glocke" to set Hauptmann, as a dramatic poet, alongside of Ibsen, Phillips and Rostand.

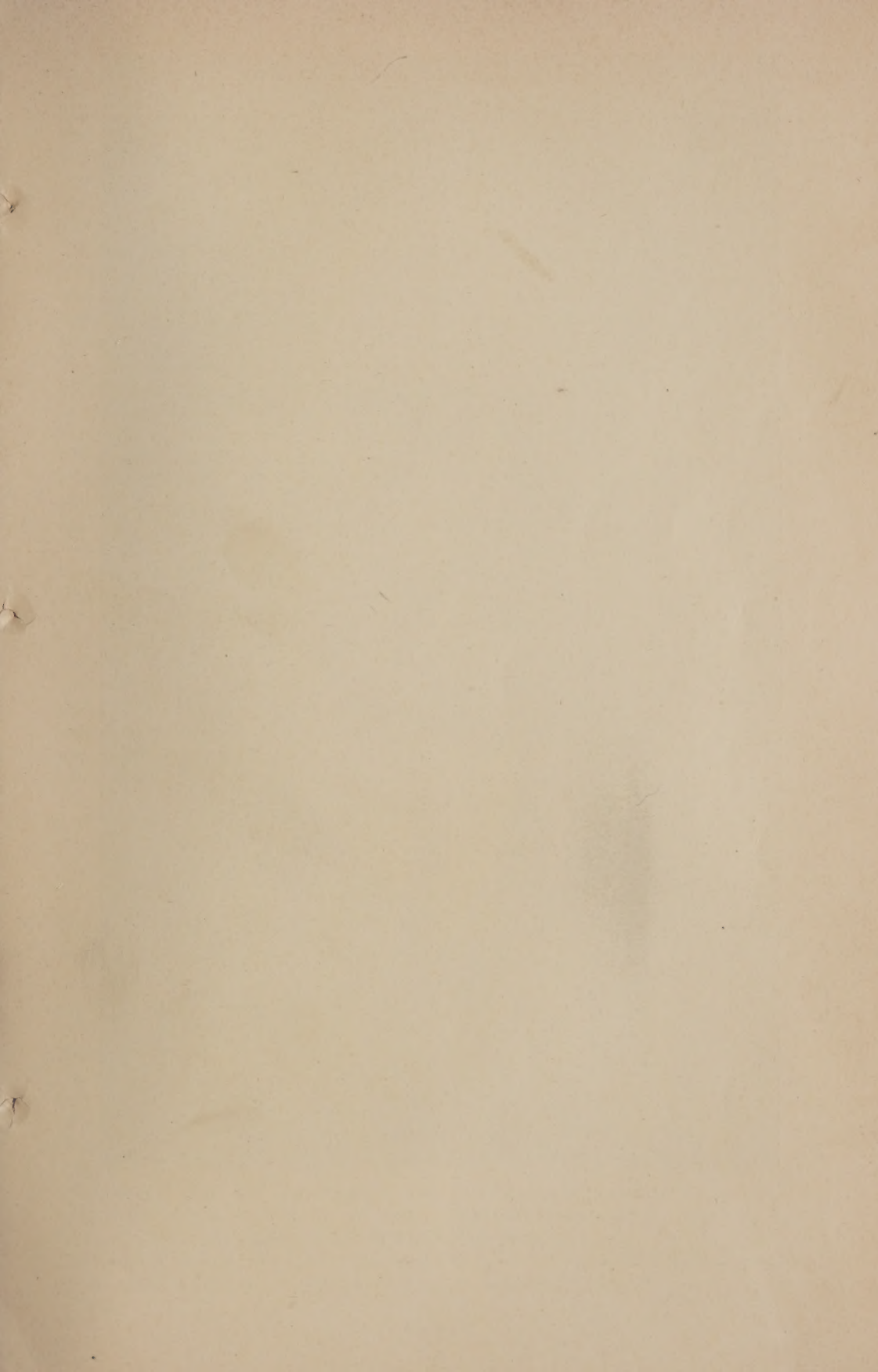
There are certain qualities which give "The Sunken Bell" (1896) a preëminence above the other works of Hauptmann and mark it as a work of unquestionable genius. In it Hauptmann harks back to primitive nature, with all its elves, gnomes, fairies, satyrs and sprites, for the *milieu* of the piece. It is a perfect fairy-story, and, like Hans Andersen's *Märchen*, might delight any child in the telling. Every element of nature, from its subtlest charm to its weirdest mystery, is caught and crystallized in variant types of nature's children. Rautendelein is a child of light, the impersonation of the glamor and fascination of the forest. Old Wittichen is a symbol of the Time-Spirit, bending over the whirring loom, while the Wood Sprite and the Nickelmännchen seem to represent the coarse, bestial instincts in human nature,—of passion, desire and lust. They stand for those influences in nature which rob man of his ideals, his strivings for purity and beauty, and which seek to drag him down to the level of his brutish instincts.

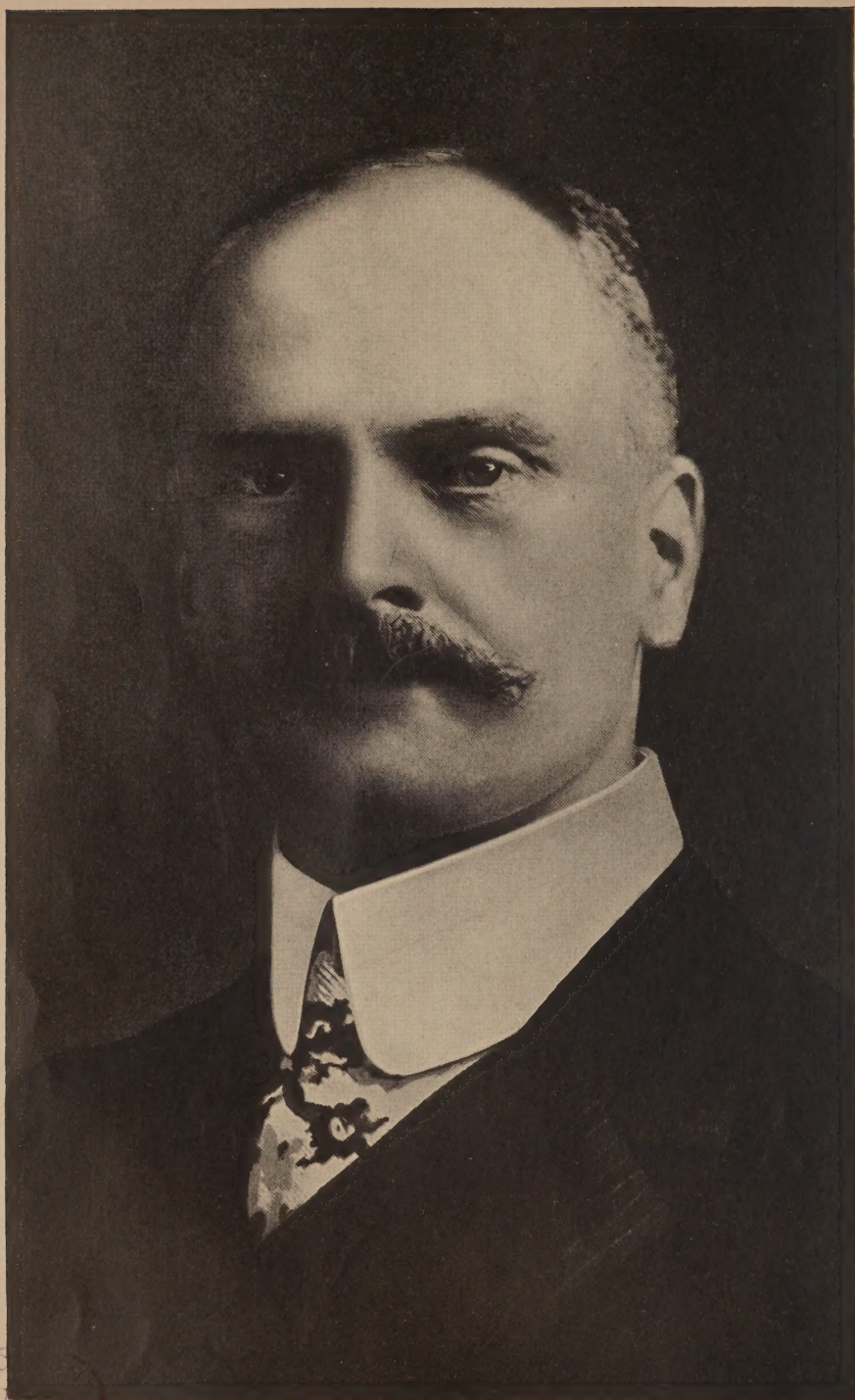
In the marvelous conjunction of the ideal and the real, the natural and the supernatural, the physical and the spiritual in this play, Hauptmann showed a depth of comprehension, a gift of poetic insight, which compel us to rank him with the greatest poets of his own time. As John Firman Coar has said: "If

Goethe's 'Faust'—philosophically speaking—is humanity's travail at the birth of the new spirit of science, Hauptmann's 'Submerged Bell' might perhaps be called humanity's travail at the birth of the new spirit of intuition."

The perfectly natural charm of the fairy-story, enjoyable by young and old alike, is merely the emanation from the drama. The child might listen with eager rapture to the purely superstitious side of the narrative, but the deeper interest, the heart of the mystery, reveals itself, not to the mind of childhood, but to the mentality of experience. In no other drama, not even in Maeterlinck's "Seven Princesses" or Ibsen's "When We Dead Awaken," have I seen symbolism so penetrate and envelope the literary structure. Nothing in the whole drama can, by any stretch of the imagination, be interpreted in a purely literal sense, save the one central idea—the struggle of the large man for an ideal beyond possibility of attainment. The drama is one transfigured symbol. It is not the story of the struggle of Heinrich, a German bell-founder; it is a symbol of the aspiration of the individual man, working his way upward to an atmosphere of greater clarity and more searching truth.

While Hauptmann in his next play, "Fuhrmann Henschel" (1899), shows a marked indebtedness to Tolstoi and his "Power of Darkness," yet this detracts nothing from the somber power of the play. Once more he turns to his native Silesia, the *milieu* of both "Vor Sonnenaufgang" and "Die Weber." Despite its dialect, that of the Silesian peasants, it is almost as easy to understand, when either read or played, as any of Hauptmann's non-dialect plays. "Fuhrmann Henschel" possesses the same remarkable qualities of naturalness, verity and consonance with human nature that were such notable features of "Vor Sonnenaufgang." Over the whole play hovers the shade of great tragedy. The entire piece leaves indelibly stamped upon the mind the impression of straight





J. C. GRAY

power and compelling strength. Here is the greatness of simplicity, of fundamental instincts, of elemental passions. Hauptmann once said that he had too much else to do to formulate any philosophy of his own. In "Fuhrmann Henschel" he shows that it is impossible for a modern German dramatist to write a true and poignant tragedy without infusing into it the perplexing and disquieting problems of modern philosophy. Here he reveals, in well-nigh perfect fashion, the incipient faltering, gradual breaking up and ultimate disintegration of a human mind through the pervasive influence of self-accusation and self-condemnation. Moral responsibility is the vulture gnawing at the vitals of this peasant Prometheus. A broken vow, a hapless marriage and the brutal blows of chance effect the dissolution of the wagoner's mental powers, the wreck of his moral being. A great, simple, untutored mind is Henschel's, stubborn and strong. He has a soul, a warm heart ripe with the juices of humanity. Gentle to his bed-ridden wife, kind to his child, generous and forgiving to his calculating and unideal second wife, he spreads over the drama, in its first two or three acts, a kindly and benignant light. As the action moves forward, as misfortune and a sense of moral guilt lay their hold upon him, his mind becomes diseased, his faculties fall a prey to mad hallucination, he becomes a moral parietic. This drama is a powerful study in pathology—Huneker calls it a drama of insomnia—interpreted in the mystic spirit of profoundly human art.

"Michael Kramer" (1900), and "Rose Bernd," Hauptmann's latest play, are charged with little of that high, imaginative tensility so characteristic of much of Hauptmann's work. In "Fuhrmann Henschel," the simple, downright and honest-hearted teamster looms up in something like majesty and tragic greatness above the depressing, revolting environment that impinges upon him with tremendous force. We see something of the same thing in the pathetic figure

of the old artist, Michael Kramer, endowed with a soul full of longings for supreme achievement in art, yet hampered, retarded, disappointed and disillusioned by the unappreciation of his wife, the utter physical lassitude and moral *lacune* in the character of his son, and by his own failure to achieve greatness in his beloved art. "Rose Bernd" stretches out to Hardy on the one hand and to Brieux on the other. Rose is vaguely suggestive of Tess of the d'Urbervilles, and of that pathetic outcast of society in "Maternité." Exceptionally painful and squalid, this last play of Hauptmann's is also hopeless and pessimistic, a tragedy of pity and terrible suffering. There is no triumphant passage through the fires of purification to the heights, as in Tolstoi's "Resurrection," but only the piteous struggles and last mad crime of a modern Gretchen.

Hauptmann's three distinct and pre-eminent contributions to modern dramatic literature are "Fuhrmann Henschel," "Die Versunkene Glocke" and "Die Weber." For its literary beauty "Hannele" was awarded the Grillparzer prize at Vienna in 1897. Yet this play is too novel, too unique, too unlike any other drama ever written, for any just comparison or estimate. "Fuhrmann Henschel" is a drama of human nature as well as of artistic naturalism. "Die Versunkene Glocke" is a poem of high and ennobling art, animate with supreme literary grace and beauty. "Die Weber" is perhaps Hauptmann's greatest achievement. If it does not seek to solve social problems, yet it forces those problems upon us for consideration. Above all, it suggests and almost creates, by contrast, certain *social ideals*—the legitimate function and noble office of the modern drama. "Die Weber" is a sign-post pointing the way to the future. The great drama of the twentieth century promises to be the social drama, pulsating with the warm tides of altruism, charity and justice.

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THE PRESENT STATUS OF COÖPERATION IN GREAT BRITAIN.

By J. C. GRAY,

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THE COÖPERATIVE movement in Great Britain which to-day has attained such great importance as an industrial and social force, owes its conception, its capacity, and its progress entirely to the genius and energy of workmen. It was born of their needs, was the outcome of the hard conditions under which they lived and worked; its methods were adapted to their requirements, and its results have been achieved by their unaided efforts. Therefore the history of the coöperative movement in Great Britain is in no small degree connected with the lives of the workers during the last sixty years, and its progress is undoubtedly reflected in many ways in the improvement which the same period has seen in the conditions surrounding industrial and social life.

Coöperation in some form or other had been advocated by social reformers for many years before what is now known as the coöperative movement came to be established. The great pioneer of social-reform—Robert Owen—made coöperation a principal feature in all his schemes for improvement of the lives of the workers. He founded coöperative societies and established agencies of various descriptions to meet their requirements, long before the present coöperative movement was thought of, and, although his plans for the most part failed to attain complete success, the principles which he advocated lived and formed the basis of the future successful movement. The present generation of coöperators have shown their gratitude to Robert Owen, and their appreciation of the great work which he accomplished in preparing the way for their own achievements, by erecting a memorial over his grave and by contributing handsomely to the erec-

tion of a public library at Newtown, the place of his birth.

The present-day movement is generally understood to date from the establishment of the Rochdale Pioneers' Co-operative Society, in 1844. It was the first attempt to put into practice new ideas and methods in carrying on co-operative work. These Rochdale workers, many of them miserably poor, were anxious to improve their condition. They knew of the many remedies for poverty proposed by various social-reformers of the day, but whilst discussing all these projects with earnestness born of their needs, they found none to exactly meet their requirements. It was at this stage that a new idea was projected. The coöperation of that day up to that time had been mainly a coöperation of capital and work, but no great progress was possible because the workers had no capital with which to work. It was useless talking to poor men who had no capital, and no security to offer for capital, telling them that they should combine to become their own employers and so improve their conditions of life. Employment required capital, and no capital was forthcoming, so other means had to be thought of.

By a stroke of genius there was devised the present well-known and simple system of coöperation, by which poor people were enabled to create capital for themselves. They said: "If by reason of our poverty we have no capital which we can use in employing ourselves, we are at any rate bound to spend our scanty earnings in order that we may live. At present we spend those earnings in such a manner that other people profit by our needs, inasmuch as by purchasing those requirements singly we pay more for

them than we should if we purchased jointly. Let us therefore use this purchasing power which we possess (small as it is at present) and join our forces in a coöperative society which shall purchase for us goods in bulk at wholesale prices, and retail the same to us according to our needs at retail prices. By doing this we pay no more (perhaps less) than we are now paying to the shop-keepers, and the coöperative society which we have founded gains the difference between the retail and wholesale prices after expenses of management have been paid. This difference we will apportion amongst ourselves in proportion to our purchases, thus each member of the coöperative society will reap the benefits according to what he has purchased from the society, such purchases, on the part of a loyal member, being in accordance with his needs. In this way we shall each be building up and accumulating profits to be capitalized in the society to be used for further developments, either by way of providing better conditions of employment or otherwise for the general well-being of the community."

Thus argued the pioneer coöperators of Rochdale amongst themselves. It resulted in the formation of the Rochdale Pioneers' Coöperative Society, in 1844. A brief statement of its objects, as published at the time, may not be out of place here, as showing how far-seeing were these early pioneers, although some of the aims must have appeared very distant and almost impossible to attain.

Their programme was as follows:

"1. The establishment of a store for the sale of provisions, clothing, etc.

"2. The building and purchasing of a number of houses in which their members may reside.

"3. The manufacture of such articles as the members may determine upon, for the employment of such members as may be out of employment, or who may be

suffering in consequence of repeated reductions in their wages.

"4. As a further benefit and security to the members of this Society, the Society shall purchase or rent an estate or estates of land, which shall be cultivated by the members who may be out of employment, or whose labor may be badly remunerated.

"5. That as soon as practicable, this Society shall proceed to arrange the powers of production, distribution, education and government; or, in other words, to establish a self-supporting home colony of united interests, and assist other Societies in forming such colonies."

This was truly an ambitious programme for a few poor workingmen to adopt, but the results obtained have justified their wisdom and bear witness to their foresight and energy. It was not long before societies of a similar kind became spread all over Great Britain. The Rochdale Pioneers' Society, commencing in 1844 with 28 members, had at the end of 1903, 12,028 members who owned between them £276,471 of share and loan capital. The trade of the Society for 1903 was £260,162 and the profit £49,359.

In Great Britain coöperative efforts have been confined mainly to *distribution* in the retail store, and *production* in the work-shops of the Wholesale and Productive Societies, although during the last few years a successful attempt has been made to extend the benefits of the coöperative system to those engaged in agricultural pursuits.

For the purpose of this article, however, I propose to deal only with the two best-known phases of coöperative work—distribution and production. I mention distribution first because, although in the natural order of things there must be production before there can be any distribution, in the coöperative programme the natural order was inverted, and distribution preceded production for the reasons previously explained. True, there had, previous to 1844, been many at-

tempts made to establish Societies for production but none of them lived long. It was only after the distributive societies had been established for a number of years that coöperative production began to make headway. The distributive societies by their accumulated profits not only find a considerable portion of the capital required to carry on coöperative productive societies, but they also provide a ready and sympathetic market for the goods which they manufacture, therefore the success of coöperative production is bound up with that of the distributive societies, as is proved by the constant and steady progress which is being made in both directions.

As regards coöperative distribution, it is the practice in Great Britain to establish such societies only when and where there is a demand for them on the part of the people whom they are intended to benefit. A society is never forced on the people of any locality, there must in all cases be shown a strong local desire before any society is established. Whenever a strong desire is shown locally then the Coöperative Union (which has been established by the societies of the United Kingdom for the purpose of mutual help and support) steps in and renders what assistance it can to the local people to form their society. At present the largest distributive society in Great Britain is that of Leeds, with 49,379 members; Plymouth comes next, with 34,647 and Bolton third, with 30,736. These three societies together do a yearly trade of nearly £3,000,000.

At the close of 1903 the position of the retail societies was as follows:

Number of Societies.....	1,481
Number of Members.....	1,987,768
Share and Loan Capital.....	£27,981,697
Sales.....	£57,512,917
Profits.....	£8,993,562

The whole of these societies pay a fixed interest (which is never more than five per cent.) on capital, and the remainder of the profit is then divided

amongst the members *in proportion to their purchases*. A considerable proportion of the members allow their profits to accumulate as share capital in the society, and thus gradually build up capital for themselves, as was the intention of the original pioneers. It will be seen that this item on the programme of the pioneers has advanced a long way towards attainment, about £28,000,000 having been accumulated in the societies. This amount, being considerably in excess of the requirements of their ordinary retail business, permits of capital being set free to be used for other purposes and objects included in the coöperative programme, *viz*: productive work-shops and factories, building houses for members, educational work, etc., etc.

Following closely on distribution comes production. In former years there was a strong divergence of opinion as to what was the orthodox form of coöperative production. This difference of opinion arose chiefly from the fact that the subject of coöperative production was viewed by different people from different standpoints. Whilst the workingmen of Lancashire and Yorkshire were busily engaged in their project for carrying on distributive societies, which, when successful, were also to extend their operations into the field of production and employment of their members, the same problem was also being attacked by a band of earnest workers in London who were known as Christian Socialists, and as the result of their efforts many small productive societies were established, none of which, however, now survive. The idea of the Christian Socialists was that productive societies should be started by the workers in the various industries who should either provide the necessary capital themselves, or obtain it from other people on loan, the workmen themselves to control the concern, and after paying a fixed interest on capital to divide the remaining profits amongst themselves in proportion to their earnings as workers.

It will be seen that these two forms of coöperative production were widely different from each other, and it was in regard to this difference that the battle of opinion raged furiously for many years. Both forms of production grew up and developed in the coöperative movement alongside each other, and although the form of production which is carried on by the federated capital of the distributive societies is perhaps making more rapid headway by reason of the greater capital which it has at its command, some of the older productive societies established on the lines laid down by the Christian Socialists are still going strongly, and have been eminently successful.

It has become recognized now by supporters of both ideas that it is better to work for the material success of their respective societies, rather than split hairs in controversy as to methods, because no matter which form of production be adopted, the condition of the worker is certainly improved, and the work of coöperation is thereby extended. It is also clearly recognized that to a great extent the efforts of coöperative production must follow, and not go in advance of, the requirements of distributive societies. As a rule outside markets are not sympathetic towards coöperative production, the prejudice of traders being very strong against anything having a coöperative name. Therefore, the market into which a productive society can go is practically limited to the coöperative movement; hence the success of distribution leads on to the success of production.

The position of the movement in regard to production may be briefly summarized as follows:

I. PRODUCTIVE SOCIETIES.

Industries included: cotton, linen, silk, wollen, boots and shoes, leather, metal, hardware, wood-workers, building and quarrying, printing and bookbinding, corn-milling, baking, etc.

Number of Societies.....	146
Capital.....	£1,445,301
Number of Employés.....	8,427
Sales.....	£3,078,827
Profits.....	£208,259

II. PRODUCTIVE DEPARTMENTS OF THE ENGLISH AND SCOTTISH WHOLE- SALE SOCIETIES.

Number of Societies.....	2
Capital.....	£1,851,605
Number of Employés.....	15,911
Sales.....	£4,810,238
Profits.....	£183,453

III. ESTIMATED PRODUCTION CARRIED ON BY DISTRIBUTIVE SOCIETIES.

Number of Employés.....	17,923
Sales.....	£5,000,000

It is sometimes said by the critics of the coöperative movement that although it has been very successful in distribution, its efforts in the direction of production have not been so good. The above figures, however, show that this criticism is not quite correct. It has been shown previously that the trade of the distributive societies was £57,512,917 for the year 1903. For the same year the sales of productive societies and the value of the goods manufactured by the distributive societies themselves came to £12,889,065. It must be remembered in making this calculation that the trade done by the distributive societies is practically the limit of the market which is open to the productive societies. It must also be borne in mind that the amount put down as the sales of the productive societies and the manufactures of the distributive societies is calculated at *wholesale* prices, whilst the trade of the retail societies is put down at retail prices. Deducting twenty-five per cent. from the amount stated as being the trade done by the distributive societies for 1903, and allowing for the amount expended on articles of foreign manufacture and growth which must be imported and cannot be produced at home, we obtain the following figures:

Trade of the Distributive Societies for 1903 at retail value.....	£57,512,917
Deduct 25 per cent. for gross retail profit	14,000,000
Net Wholesale value	£43,512,917
Deduct value of goods purchased abroad	5,600,000
	£37,912,917
Sales of Productive Societies and value of manufactures of Distributive Societies.....	£12,889,065
	£25,023,852

HOUSES.	
Houses built and now owned by Societies...	8,247
Houses built and sold by the Societies.....	5,080
Houses built by members on advances made by the Societies.....	23,940
	37,267
MONEY.	
Expended by Societies on houses owned,	£1,658,810
Expended by Societies on houses sold to members.....	1,141,267
Advanced by Societies on houses built by members.....	5,327,078
	£8,127,155

It appears, therefore, that about *one-third* of the goods and articles sold by coöperative societies of home production are actually manufactured or produced within the coöperative movement. This is a much larger proportion than is generally supposed to be the case, but it leaves a considerable margin for the extension of coöperative production.

It may not be out of place here to mention what has been done by coöperative societies to *provide suitable dwelling-houses for their members*. The Coöperative Union endeavored sometime ago to obtain information on this matter, but only 344 societies furnished any particulars. As far as they go, however, these particulars show that the societies have done a great deal in this direction. The 344 societies have built houses, or have advanced money to members for the purpose of enabling them to build, to the following extent:

The above figures and facts relating to the position of the coöperative movement show that it has gone a long way towards realizing the aims of the early pioneers as set forth in that somewhat ambitious programme to which attention has previously been called. They also furnish a striking object-lesson as to what may be done even by poor working people, if they are united in their efforts.

Some critics aver that the methods adopted by the coöperative societies are antiquated and altogether unsuited to present-day requirements, but at any rate in Great Britain they have stood the test of time and to-day show a stronger front and a greater amount of success than ever before. Other nationalities are rapidly following on the same lines and are showing equal evidence of success as may be seen by the reports from the various countries submitted to the Congress of the International Coöperative Alliance which was recently held at Buda Pest.

J. C. GRAY.

Manchester, England.

THE DIVORCE PROBLEM: A SUGGESTION.

BY HENRY GAINES HAWN.*

LIBERTY in all things, License in none" is the perpetual cry of the human, and the words prefigure the ideal condition, civic, intellectual, moral, religious, towards which civilization tends.

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Nothing so retards this up-lift in growth as the placing an embargo upon the individual conscience in matters which the experience of the ages, the impulses common to mankind, show to

the University of Tennessee and at Washington and Lee University, Lexington, Virginia. Upon coming

be natural, unvarying, and hence—lawful.

"Man's inhumanity to man" has no darker record than that made by the imposing of "pains and penalties" for acts of themselves normal and inherent; it makes innocence,—criminality, not in fact but in effect, and stamps truth with the brand of hypocrisy. To a certain extent the refinements of life, if not civilization itself, are dependent upon the *seeming* denial, the negation, of truth.

We no longer destroy our weaker or less cunning animal brethren in open combat, tear their vitals with tooth and nail and sustain bodily existence by devouring them, but with only a fictitious difference this is just what we do.

We pretend to have no organs of digestion, assimilation, disposal, generation, in common with the lower animals, whereas we not only possess corresponding organs, but employ them in the identical ways for the identical functions.

Just at the point where the conflict between the needs of the body and the needs of the mind begin, there civilization is born; but no amount of sophistry can blind the individual or the race to the fact that the "animal man" must be first considered, its mandate obeyed, if the "spiritual man" which animates the body into a living soul, is to be sustained.

All of which means: that body, viewed merely as body, has laws which we dare not disobey, for disobedience means death; has a Holy of Holies which we dare not desecrate; has a dual existence which we cannot ignore.

These reflections are occasioned by the timely and all-engrossing discussion of the divorce question; and as no one seems willing to speak the great truth underlying the whole matter, to cry it aloud from

the housetops, this is an attempt to do so. Marriage is primarily sexual; it has always been so, and always will be. Here then is one of the sacred, universal, eternal verities of existence which no amount of "cant" or masking, or make-believe will alter by a hair's weight.

Talk as we may of the "love of soul," "unconscious sexual attraction and selection," the truth at the center is—sex. If marriage is pertinent to sex, equally so is divorce; and we can have no solution of this vexed question until we face it squarely and meet it first on the plane of the material where it rightly belongs, and afterwards, on spiritual ground.

The attitude of the House of Bishops in the Episcopal General Convention, in Boston, Massachusetts, as expressed by their proposed amendment to the canon on marriage and divorce, is a clear indication that this problem is not met on its legitimate plane.

"No minister shall solemnize a marriage between any two persons unless by inquiry he shall have satisfied himself that neither person has been, or is, the husband or the wife of any other person then living, from whom he or she has been divorced for any cause arising after marriage."

Is this a pose on the part of the reverend gentlemen; or is it only an index to their lack of world-knowledge? Have we not the warranty of the Scripture they expound for divorce for at least one cause? Is not this out-Bibling the Bible?

The church as a whole has for the last two centuries lagged woefully behind the times, with the result that it finds itself at variance with the State.

The body-civic, despite a seeming regard and respect for the body-religious, has taken unto itself the regulation of all

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dealing with the psychology of song. He is also the dramatic instructor of the Cornell University "Masque," which famous organization is at the time of this writing rehearsing his musical comedy, *Anno 1992*, for early production. He is a fine representative of the more thoughtful and progressive Southern men who have won important positions among the educators of the metropolis.—B. O. F.]

laws pertaining to marriage, birth, death, until nothing but the forms of ceremonial are left to the church. This being the case, the enacting of canons upon divorce, by any religious denomination, in or out of convention, can have no effect upon the ultimate civic adjustment of the married relation other than that which pertains to the individual members of such assemblies, as private citizens.

Do the Reverend Bishops think that the race has reached that spiritual plane where marriage is always and only a spiritual compact? Are they ignorant of the workings of the sex instinct, blind to its universality, its malevolence, its beneficence, its essential power? Of all men the priest should be the most intimately acquainted with the sex-controlled bondage of mankind. The life lived close to his parish, in hamlet or metropolis, has taught him nothing if he has not gleaned that one experience, that sex and its regulation is at the foundation of both the civic and the religious life.

Have these scholars of divinity had no hard-fought battles with their own sexual natures, battles which taught them the almost superhuman power of this impulse?

The rest of mankind, those not in priestly orders, are so familiar with the cyclonic and innate power of sex that there scarcely remains in their hearts to-day more than a gentle reprimand, coupled with sympathy for those in the toils of its illicit expression.

Why not frankly face this condition?

Upon many statute-books we still find un repealed laws for the punishment of adultery and of pre-marital indulgence; but are these laws enforced? If not, why not? Plainly because such errors of conduct are, deep in our consciences, appraised as incident to human nature, a common heritage. When adultery is proved, and a decree of divorce is granted, is the guilty party arrested, tried, convicted and punished for his crime? Not in these days of enlarging sympathy and charity.

With this lesson of the centuries, do not the Episcopal Bishops realize that they, as churchmen, and their influence if effectual with state and national laws, would place a premium upon concubinage? The question is not, had men best abstain from the sexual life if divorced and forbidden to re-marry; nor is the query "Can they"; but bluntly "Will they?" and all human experience cries out "No." If not marriage, what? Celibacy? Ask the fallen woman. No, gentlemen, you either discuss a passion about which you know nothing, or "reckon without your host"—Nature!

And yet, something must be done; and something radical. Some sage has said: "That marriage, for women, is the one form of slavery remaining on the earth to-day." This may fittingly be enlarged to apply to man as well. Let us review the condition: When woman was but a chattel, a piece of household property, divorce was out of the question. Here indeed was slavery, a state of serfdom where bodily assault was the lawful privilege of one party and the lawful torture of the other. The rebellion of neither soul nor body was of the least avail. As civilization advanced the woman became more and more a consenting party, until we begin to dream of that ideal condition when, with coëqual privileges, both man and woman are the consenting parties in entering, continuing or discontinuing the marital relation. What dark hint looms up here? Does this imply that divorce is to be permitted? It means more; but it does not even smack of the doctrine of "Free-Love," that euphonious name for free-lust, but it does open a way to another realm of truth, and cries out that divorce without love is more holy than marriage without love.

Let us use the word "love" for a moment to denote mere physical passion; shall two people who find themselves mutually physically repellent, be compelled to live together? Nature and nature's God say "No." But as love

signifies so much more than the physical (this as an outcome of our spiritual growth) let us consider marriage on the higher plane, and what do we find? We find that things of the spirit dominate the physical to such an extent that the fact that "man does not live by bread alone" is made at once apparent. We find spiritual love so all-compelling that the most unattractive bodies are made mutually beautiful, and that perfect union, body and soul, results. On the contrary, let the physical be never so ideal, in form, stature, texture, age, if spiritual repulsion exists all is chaos, involving body and soul in torturous wreckage. Are such souls mated? Shall the farce go on forever?

What factor in our civilization is so potent for evil as is unhappy marriage? Nature has laid her curse upon it, and can we do better than to listen to her denunciations?

Though both parties to such a contract be chaste as Chastity, shall the lives of either or both be sacrificed to a formula? No passion in the whole gamut can equal in intensity the rancorous hatred which disillusioned love becomes. Even in the rare cases where the man and woman are possessed of that dignity of character which prevents the expressing of this hatred, it is a *living presence*—and it cannot be hidden, nor its poison nullified. We hear the clamorous voices of the conservative and the churchly hissing their anathemas upon him who says frankly that marriage is not lawful in the sight of God or man unless the union be mutually gratifying in body and soul. Even the devotion of one party only, does not make a sacrament of marriage—but prostitution to the one who does not love.

We have tried the plan of the one man owning many women; of one man owning one woman; our last experiment will be that where there is no ownership, but a mutual consenting; marriage will be founded upon this consenting and will cease with the consenting. Preserve the

home forsooth! Preserve the home where two human beings have every aspiration deadened, every ambition thwarted; where sexual contact is loathsome, where children are unwelcome, and if born are spiritually strangled by the environment of discord and latent hatred? Let us not forget that emotion, intangible, invisible, inaudible though it be, is the very essence of life, and that this most powerful agent makes directly for health or for disease, for growth or for decline, for regeneration or for degeneration. This fact is now recognized by scientists; "Emotion is not a condition of the external muscular tissue, but a modification of the viscera, and the internal organs, heart, liver, stomach and glands all participate in it."

Shall we then continue to ignore the great law of life, that spirit is more than body; that what is harmful in the spiritual realm is doubly so in the physical?

Mankind has, of necessity, spent its force, thus far in history, in conquering the material world; now that we may cry Victory, we have a new world to invade, the psychic; we have a foot upon the threshold and stand appalled at the glimpse we gain of the mysteries beyond. Let us take heart of grace; *this* world, too, is ours; and already we have learned that much which we believed purely physical is in fact spiritual; and this is true of marriage. If it be not of the spirit, it is not marriage, but prostitution—whether legalized or not.

If, then, divorce of the spirit exists between a man and woman is marriage of the body a holy sacrament? Is it even desirable viewed as a physical union?

An army of living martyrs, men, women, children, cries aloud "strike off this shackle!"

If, then, divorce could be *free*; without stigma; attainable for the asking; granted for such grounds as "non-performance of duty," "bodily unfitness, unsoundness, incompetency," "age disparity," "incompatibility," "drunkenness or drug

habit," "contagious disease," "mental delinquency," "non-support," "desertion," "adultery," and above all "mutual consent," bondage would be liberty. What an incentive to right living, when each party to a conjugal union realizes that the other is not bound, but free! How about the children? What? that foolish question again? Can any sane man hesitate between the rearing of children in an atmosphere of peace, poise, love, sympathy and encouragement, (even though that environment be supplied by the State) and an atmosphere burdened with distrust, suspicion and rancor? But the children, except in rare instances, need not be entrusted to the State; the little ones will serve, as they always have served, to keep the marriage intact and this with *redoubled* force should divorce be easily attainable.

It should be self-evident that a co-partnership entered upon with mutual consent should be similarly dissolvable. As to restrictions, let a Marital Court safeguard the home by such required limitations that abuse of divorce becomes well-nigh impossible. Let parties to a desired divorce file their petition a year in advance of the suit; such petition to be kept secret. In this twelve-month time will be granted for the man and woman to fully weigh their differences, ascertain how much of their antagonism is due to temper, pique, or to some flippant cause. At the end of the year advance the petition to a public marital court; the couple to live apart for a year of probationary separation. This will still further test the desirability of the union and give friends and families a chance to act as peacemakers.

During this time of separation of parents the children can be assigned to the more worthy party, or to a consenting outsider; or, as a last resort, to an institution until such time as difficulties are adjusted.

On the filing of a private petition for divorce by either or by both parties, the judge of a marital court could and

would suggest a remedy for many of the justifiable complaints above enumerated. To illustrate: the "non-performance of duty," is placed at the head of the list with aforethought; an investigation of the unhappy marriages in any personal circle of acquaintances will show that this is a more fruitful source of discord between men and women than all other causes combined. Where duty is mutually performed there can be no friction—so much service, so much wage.

The gauge of Love is Duty's Excess. If, then, men and women fail to meet even their obligations in marriage, discord is inevitable. The great majority enter the married state without understanding its responsibilities, its duties. In such cases a judge can often make clear to either or both just where they "miss or exceed the mark." Likewise where the plea is "non-support," the court can decree what constitutes support—and so on, through the list of justifiable causes.

Divorce in all cases should be attended with responsibilities; a man should not be allowed to put away a woman for any cause and not be in part responsible for her maintenance; until such time as she re-marries or is provided with a livelihood. The paying of alimony to another man's wife is nothing short of filthiness. These are suggestions made in all good faith; and the far cry of Free-Love will yet make itself heard and lead us, not to its own goal, but to a compromise between bondage and license.

It would seem that if marriage could be *more* and divorce *less* restricted, that the conservation of the home, of human happiness, would be the better served.

If the House of Episcopal Bishops would concern themselves more with whom they *marry* than with whom they *re-marry* they would deserve and receive the respectful attention of humanity.

HENRY GAINES HAWN.

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THE NEVADA REFERENDUM VICTORY AS AN ILLUSTRATION OF DEMOCRATIC PROGRESS.

BY ELTWEED POMEROY, A.M.,
President of the National Direct-Legislation League.

A EUROPEAN diplomat recently congratulated the Honorable Joseph Chamberlain on the English colonial policy, whereupon the British statesman replied that England had no colonial policy; that the nation had simply blundered into a great colonial empire. The German Kaiser has labored ceaselessly to build up German colonies, but has miserably failed and cannot understand the reason for this failure. Mr. Chamberlain by his speech and the Kaiser by his acts show how profoundly ignorant they are of the reason of democratic progress. England's great colonial empire is the legitimate result of the strong and vital democratic spirit of her colonists. Germany has disastrously failed in her attempt to build up such an outside empire because the democratic spirit has been hampered and tied at every turn by rules and regulations, so that popular initiative or the power to expand and grow has been unreasonably curtailed where it has not been entirely prevented.

The secret of colonial and of all true progress is freedom, which makes possible the development of the power and spirit of individual initiative, so that whenever a new occasion arises the individual is ready to successfully meet it instead of looking to some authority to tell him what to do. Guarantee to men that justice which comprehends equality of opportunities and of rights, and there is little danger but that they will successfully meet and conquer every crisis that may arise, although their victories may not be spectacular or dramatic in character. Indeed, democratic progress is rarely brilliant or eye-attracting. It consists rather of a multitude of small deeds of initiative and creation by a

multitude of men. It is not boastful. It does not surround itself with pageants. The autocratic spirit cannot understand it. Indeed, to it the progress of democracy seems little more than a series of petty details and happy blunders. This assumption, however natural though it be to superficial observers, is entirely erroneous. England did not blunder into a colonial empire. Her sons and daughters came to this country; they went to Canada, Australia, New Zealand, and to the ends of the earth; and usually the home government left them free to meet and master the problems that confronted them. In this the Mother Country evinced the wisest order of statesmanship, as it fostered the real democratic spirit of the virile men and women colonists, which enabled them to meet each condition as it arose, with the result that great lands and peoples developed out of hard conditions. When the home government interfered and strove to force its will upon a colony it made a serious blunder—a blunder that divided the Anglo-Saxon world by the American Revolution.

The autocratic spirit which to-day possesses the business and industry of our country and largely controls the press, does not see the signs of real democratic progress. It is self-centered, arrogant and blind to the general undercurrent of discontent and unrest and the quickening of the democratic impulses in the heart of the multitude; and this blindness will lead to its downfall through attempts to overreach itself, just as the blindness of the Russian autocracy led it into the grave blunder of the Russo-Japanese war.

The immediate purpose of this article, however, is to describe what is in my

judgment the greatest happening of the November elections—a happening which strikingly illustrates both the method of democratic progress and the blindness of the autocratic leaders of industry, of the press, and of the pulpit.

Shortly after the election I wrote to the Secretaries of State in the various commonwealths, inquiring if there had been any referendums or constitutional amendments, and if so, for copies of the amendments and the vote on them. Some days later I was surprised to receive from the Secretary of State of Nevada the following:

“CONSTITUTIONAL AMENDMENT FOR THE
REFERENDUM IN NEVADA.

“SECTION 1. Whenever 10 per cent. or more of the voters of this State, as shown by the number of votes cast at the last preceding general election, shall express their wish that any law of resolution made by the legislature be submitted to a vote of the people, the officers charged with the duty of announcing and proclaiming elections and certifying nominations or questions to be voted on, shall submit the question of the approval or disapproval of said law or resolution to be voted on at the next ensuing election wherein a State or Congressional officer is voted for, or wherein any question may be voted on, by the electors of the entire State.

“SECTION 2. When a majority of the electors voting at a State election shall by their votes signify approval of a law or resolution, such law or resolution shall stand as the law of the State and shall not be overruled, annulled or set aside and suspended, or in any way made inoperative except by a direct vote of the people. When such majority shall signify disapproval, the law or resolution so disapproved shall be void or of no effect.”

On March 19, 1901, this amendment passed the Nevada legislature, and on March 6, 1903, it passed a second legisla-

ture.* It was submitted on November 8th, last, and carried by a vote of 4,404 in favor to 794 against; save that in Eureka county the two sections were voted on separately, and the second section received 23 less votes in favor and 5 less against. These are the official figures, and it is a fact that Nevada is the fourth state in the Union to embed the referendum in its constitution.

The general ignorance of the people in regard to really important constitutional enactments in the different commonwealths, and the difficulty of obtaining reliable data pertaining to legislative enactments, find a striking illustration in this case. As President of the National Direct-Legislation League I naturally endeavor to keep in the closest possible touch with the movement all over the country, and in 1902, while searching through the laws passed the year before, I found a report of the first passage of this amendment and printed in the June issue of the *Direct-Legislation Record*. Last spring I communicated with the Secretary of State of Nevada, and he sent me an entirely different amendment modeled closely after the Oregon amendment, and stated that it had passed their legislature on March 12, 1903,—that is, six days after the second passage of the amendment recently voted on. Further inquiry of the Secretary of State and of the mover and seconder of these amendments brought no reply. I therefore concluded that the earlier amendment had been allowed to lapse so that the better one might pass. But a month after the November election I ascertained that Nevada had actually enacted a referendum amendment. I immediately wrote Mr. Shibley at Washington, and he interviewed the Nevada congressmen, but neither of them knew that the amendment had been passed. Indeed, I suppose I was the first person outside of the state to know of this important item of real

* In Nevada every constitutional amendment must pass two legislatures before it is submitted to the people.

news, and I only learned of it incidentally a month after the victory. I do not know, and seem to be unable to find out, who worked for its passage.

This procedure is characteristically democratic. A few thoughtful electors see the need of the referendum. They understand that in a republic changed conditions demand modifications and changes in methods, whereby the principles of popular rule may be maintained. They are acquainted with the fact that various cantons in Switzerland, in order to meet such changed conditions, long ago introduced the referendum, and that it has proved altogether successful, becoming a bulwark of freedom and democracy. They know that it has been successfully introduced in Oregon and other commonwealths, and they set to work to secure the legislative enactments by which it will be possible to ascertain the wish of the people upon the question. That is all. A need is felt, and it is met by the initiative of comparatively unknown men. There is no blare of trumpets, no loud boasting, no oratory; and yet a far-reaching victory has been won for republican institutions,—a victory affecting the fundamental law of a commonwealth and one that is relatively of far more importance than the choice of a president from among several really good men. Yet probably the readers of this article now hear of this referendum victory for the first time.

I feel at times, when I see the rapid concentration of wealth on every side, when I see the manner in which the

President, Congress and the central legislative bodies are often unconsciously drawing to themselves power and crushing out the opportunities for the development of individual initiative, that this country is in grave peril,—indeed, that the indications are that it is going the way which all other countries and civilizations have gone when they have become wealthy, and when because of this wealth power has been concentrated, creative ability has been shackled, and corruption and autocracy have been fostered. But on the other hand, as I watch closely the currents of our national life, I see from time to time such incidents as the passage of the Nevada Amendment, quiet, untalked-of incidents, wherein some unknown men, seeing the opportunity to help mankind in the mass without perhaps benefiting themselves at all, have seized that opportunity and carried to completion some needed work, after which they have sunk back into the ranks, neither expecting nor receiving public praise or reward. And the spectacle of such victories renews my courage and strengthens my belief in the invincibility of democracy. So long as such things can be done, America will make progress, and the kings, the czars and the diplomats of the Old World will not understand the reason. They will think, as Mr. Chamberlain said of the English colonial policy, that our success is due to a series of happy blunders.

ELTWEED POMEROY.

East Orange, N. J.

HOW FOUR MEN RESCUED A CITY FROM ENTRENCHED CORRUPTION; OR, THE RISE, DOMINANCE AND DOWNFALL OF THE TWEED RING.

BY B. O. FLOWER.

I. THE RING AND THE SOURCE OF ITS POWER.

MR. ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE has performed a service of inestimable value to the republic by publishing at the present time a detailed story of the rise, progress, domination and downfall of the Tweed Ring.* Especially valuable is this historical sketch because of the clear and comprehensive description of how four men overthrew the most powerful and corrupt political organization in America, attacking it when it was in the very flower of its prestige and power, entrenched in office, controlling public opinion, dispensing favors to its sycophants and aids with lavish hand, and crushing its enemies with the multitudinous weapons at its command.

The evil which had become so rank in the metropolis of the Empire State in the early 'seventies of the last century has permeated our body-politic. To a great extent commonwealths, like Pennsylvania, Missouri, Delaware, West Virginia, Rhode Island and other states, have fallen under the same corrupting and almost all-pervading combination of evil influences as made Tammany thirty years ago appear invincible. Hence no chapter in history is more important for our citizens than that telling just how the four men who placed all thought of self in subordination to the imperative demand of civic morality, overthrew the Ring and redeemed the city.

It was in 1869 that Thomas Nast, who

* See *Thomas Nast: His Period and His Pictures*. By Albert Bigelow Paine. Profusely Illustrated. Cloth. Pp. 539. Price, \$5.80 net. New York: The Macmillan Company.

had returned from fighting in freedom's glorious cause under Garibaldi and had accepted a position on *Harper's Weekly*, fired two or three broadsides, in the form of powerful cartoons, at the political corruptionists who were plundering the city and in the form of a ring or machine had begun that systematic reign of loot and graft that has few if any parallels in modern history. The most noteworthy of these cartoons was entitled "The Economical Council at Albany, N. Y." It was the first drawing in which the members of the Tweed Ring were identified. In it Governor Hoffman, formerly Tammany mayor of New York City and the servile creature of the Tweed Ring, was represented as the supreme pontiff, Pius Hoffman I. At his side, on a dais, sat Peter Sweeny in cardinal's robes. Before the dais were great chests of wealth, the tax-payers' and tenants'



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TWEEDLEDEE AND SWEEDLEDUM.

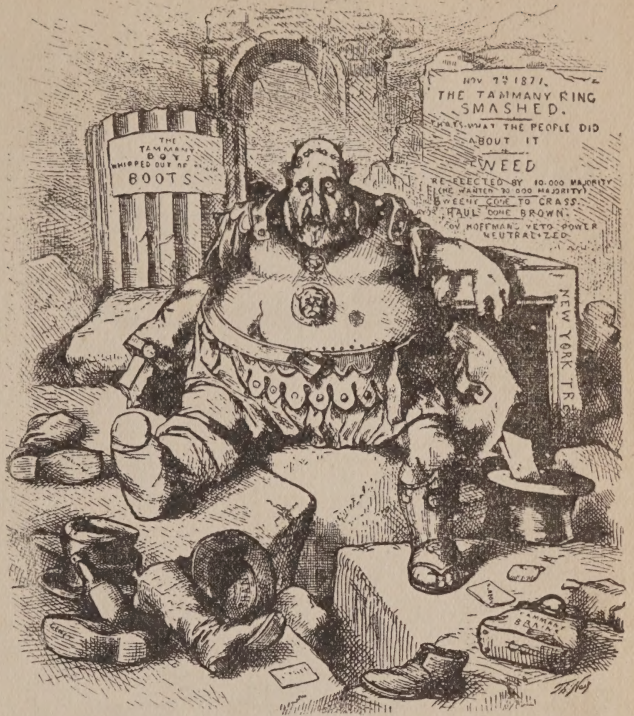
tribute, wrung from the people by high taxes and exorbitant rents. Around these chests and in front of the pontiff stood a mitred throng wherein were pictured in strikingly faithful portraiture William Tweed, Richard Connolly and Oakey Hall; also Jay Gould and Jim Fisk of the Erie contingent, who were already working hand and glove with the Ring. This picture proved the opening broadside in the most remarkable newspaper campaign for sound morality ever waged in America; but it was not until 1870 that the real war was declared.

The conditions prevailing are graphically described by Mr. Paine. At that time, we are told, "the government of the City of New York was wholly in the hands of four men": William Marcy Tweed, known as "The Boss" or "Big Bill"; Peter B. Sweeny, often called the "Brains" of the Ring; Richard B. Connolly, popularly and accurately described as "Slippery Dick"; and A. Oakey Hall, whose name was often written by himself as "O. K. Hall," and by Nast as "O. K. Haul."

"Their reign," observes our author, "was as absolute as if they owned every street, public building and park of the city, with most of the inhabitants, body and soul.

"They did, as a matter of fact, own or control every public office in New York City, and a working majority in the State Legislature, while the Tammany governor, John T. Hoffman, was a mere figure-head, elected and directed by the Ring.

"Nor did the baleful influence of corruption end with State and city officials. Bondholders, contractors, merchants, artisans—even ministers of the gospel



From Albert Bigelow Paine's biography of *Th. Nast: His Period and His Pictures*. Copyright, 1904, by Albert Bigelow Paine.

"WHAT ARE YOU LAUGHING AT? TO THE VICTOR BELONG THE SPOILS."

and philanthropists—were hoodwinked, intimidated or subsidized into aiding those gigantic pilferings which in a period of less than thirty months defrauded the city of New York of a round thirty millions of dollars, emptied the treasury and added more than fifty millions to the public debt which, in the form of taxation, we and the generations to follow must pay.

"It is difficult to understand the moral and patriotic impulses of a community in which such a condition could endure. It would almost seem that some dire influence of the planets was operating upon the lives and minds of those who, under normal conditions, would be expected to represent and preserve the city's moral, political and financial integrity. As an example of the Ring's supremacy, one has but to refer to the files of that period to



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THE TAMMANY LORDS AND THEIR CONSTITUENTS.

learn that, for a time, the great majority of the metropolitan daily press was frankly for the municipal government, while the remainder—to pervert an old line—praised it with faint condemnation, or remained silent, when silence was itself akin to crime.

“In that evil hour the blight of the Ring had extended to every corner of the city’s moral and intellectual life. When it is remembered that not only men whose political and financial ambitions rendered them sensitive to its influence were bought or blinded, but that such a ven-

erable and justly venerated man as Peter Cooper was for a time misled into public support of Tweed and his associates, it may be conceived that the general public was hopelessly confused as to facts and principles, while those whose clearer vision impelled them to reform, remained in what seemed a hopeless minority.

"Even Parton, who had himself assailed the city government, tried to dissuade Nast from his efforts against the Ring, declaring that he could never win the fight and that it was foolish and Quixotic to try.

“‘They will kill off your work,’ he said. ‘You come out once a week—they will attack you daily. They will print their lies in large type, and when any contradiction is necessary it will be lost in an obscure corner. You can never withstand their assaults, much less hope to win.’

“Well, indeed, might Tweed ask in the first days of the exposure, ‘What are you going to do about it?’ and Mayor Hall, ‘Who is going to sue?’

“The Ring itself was a curious assortment of incongruous natures—its single bond of unity being that of sordid self interest and gain. Tweed, the leader—Supervisor and Commissioner of Public Works, etc., etc.—who had begun his public career as foreman of the Americus (or Big Six) Fire Company, was a coarse and thoroughly ill-bred ward-politician, a former member of the ‘forty thieves’ Board of Aldermen (1860), a drinking, licentious Falstaff, with a faculty for making friends. Sweeny—Park Commissioner, City Chamberlain, etc., etc.—was a lawyer of education and ability.



THE MADONNA
A TWENTIETH-CENTURY CONCEPTION

William Ordway Partridge, Sculptor

somber and seclusive—a man who loved to control great multitudes, unseen—to direct legislation, unsuspected. Connolly, controller of public expenditures (a bank clerk who had early acquired the sobriquet of 'Slippery Dick'), was a shifty human quantity without an honest bone in his body; while Mayor Hall—'Elegant Oakey,' as they called him—was a frequenter of clubs, a beau of fashion, a wit, a writer of clever tales, a punster, a versatile mountebank, a lover of social distinction and applause.

"Tweed was the bold burglar, Sweeny the dark plotter, Connolly the sneak-thief, Hall the dashing bandit of the gang. This curious assembly constituted the great central Ring. Other Rings there were, and rings within rings—each with its subsidiaries and its go-betweens—but all tributary to the motley aggregation of four whose misdeeds have been the one reason for preserving the record of their features and their lives."

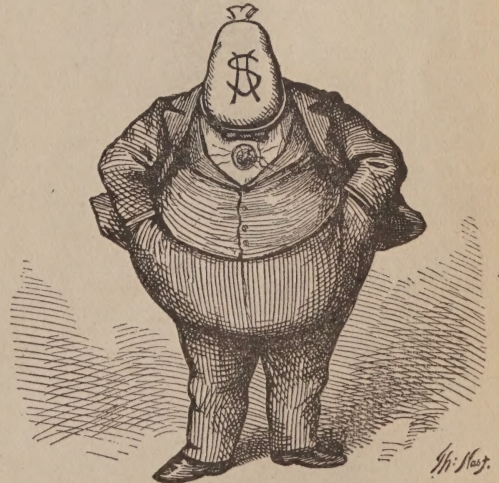
Such was the Ring and its power in the early 'seventies. Its methods were simple and crude. Since then predatory wealth and political corruptionists have found it advisable to retain and employ the shrewdest lawyers and to proceed with great caution in their campaigns for robbing the people of their wealth and so debauching the public as to render possible a reign of graft and the domination of privilege by means of the unholy alliance of political bosses, public-service corporations and trusts; but in that primitive day of corrupt rule simpler methods were followed. The city government was entirely in the hands of the Ring. Controller Connolly refused to show his books. The courts were entirely controlled by the Ring, members of the bar were apparently in sympathy with it, and men who were too curious about the way the city's money vanished found that they had fallen on evil times.

On the other hand, "men with claims against the city—Ring favorites, most of them—were told to multiply the amount

of each bill by five, or ten, or a hundred, after which, with Mayor Hall's 'O. K.' and Connolly's endorsement, it was paid without question. The money was not handed to the claimant, direct, but paid through a go-between, who cashed the check, settled the original bill and divided the remainder (usually sixty-five, sometimes ninety per cent. of the whole) between Tweed, Sweeny, Connolly and Hall—Tweed and Connolly getting twenty-five per cent. each, and Sweeny, Hall and the underlings the residue."

When the expenditures became the subject of general scandal the people began to complain, and to quiet the rising tide of discontent the Ring had a committee appointed from among the most wealthy and influential citizens of New York, to examine the accounts. On this ill-famed committee we find such men as John Jacob Astor, Moses Taylor and Marshall O. Roberts serving. Their report was all that the Ring could desire. In it they stated:

"We have come to the conclusion, and certify, that the financial affairs of the city, under the charge of the controller,



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THE "BRAINS"

That achieved the Tammany victory at the Rochester Democratic Convention, October, 1871.

are administered in a correct and faithful manner."

Such a report from pillars of society—the ultra-respectables of New York—in the face of the fact that the city was being robbed of millions upon millions of dollars, and the further fact that the members of the Ring were suddenly becoming millionaires, owning palatial country and city residences, seems almost incredible, until it is known that the members of the committee were also being indirectly bribed and were thus, as are so many of the pillars of the church and society to-

day, participants in the criminal, immoral and dishonest acts of the more daring thieves, that more than aught else are sapping the foundations of democracy. The key to this amazing white-washing report, signed by John Jacob Astor, Moses Taylor, Marshall O. Roberts, George K. Sistare, E. D. Brown and Edward Schell, is given in the following lines by Mr. Paine:

"Certainly nothing could establish 'Slippery Dick's' credit more firmly than such a document as this, and when we begin to look for explanation we cannot help noting the fact that it was not necessary in those days for a millionaire to claim residence in Newport to avoid his taxes. The accommodating courts had a habit of vacating assessments for what, in certain legal documents, is described as 'love and affection' and a modest 'sum in hand, duly paid.'

"Then, when the notorious 'Viaduct Job' came along and we find the names of most of these gentlemen, as well as those of the leading newspaper owners—associated with the names of Tweed, Sweeny, Connolly and Hall, and some seventy other good men and true—as stockholders and directors, we begin to understand how the Ring, like a great malignant cancer, had sent its fibrous growth through every tendon and tissue of the body-politic, to possess, to poison and to destroy."

One of the chief sources of the strength of the Ring was found in the subserviency of the daily press. Some of the papers, it is true, occa-



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A GROUP OF VULTURES WAITING FOR THE STORM TO "BLOW OVER"—"LET US PREY."

sionally gave space to a savage denunciation of the wholesale robbery of the people, but they quickly lapsed into significant silence or suddenly became aggressive champions of the corruptionists. The New York *World* spoke of Tweed in the following unequivocal terms:

"He thrives on a percentage of pilfering, grows rich on distributed dividends of rascality. His extortions are boundless in their sum as in their iniquity."

Later this paper thus championed the Ring:

"There is not another municipal government in the world which combines so much character, capacity, experience and energy as are to be found in the city government of New York, under the new charter. The ten most capable men in the National Administration at Washington would be no match in ability and sagacity for the best ten in the New York City government, although General Grant has the whole country to select from."

The Ring in those early days of political debauchery and degeneracy seemed to possess a power over many of the greatest daily papers which apparently is not altogether unknown to the great public-service corporations, the trusts and other privileged interests of our time.

II. THE FOUR MEN WHO WROUGHT THE RUIN OF THE RING.

It was in the face of such conditions that the young David of journalistic art, Thomas Nast, went forth to battle against the Goliath of greed and graft, backed as was the giant power by the governor of the state, the New York State Democracy, the entire city govern-



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ment of the metropolis, the judiciary of the city, most of the daily papers, Jay Gould, Jim Fisk and the Erie contingent, to say nothing of the eminent respectables, and finally rendered doubly secure in its position by the complete control of an election machinery that, if we except the present corrupt régime in Philadelphia, has probably never been approached in an American city for the manipulation of majorities. Surely it is not strange that James Parton, not being gifted with the moral enthusiasm that burned brightly in the soul of the young man recently under the inspiring influence of Garibaldi, sought to discourage him from a work that to the superficial observer seemed foredoomed to failure. The artist, however, was a moral enthusiast. He was young and possessed of the courage of youth. He had been present when Garibaldi's rugged regiments overthrew the might of monarchical and reactionary churchly power on Italian soil; he had witnessed a people intoxicated with the gladness born of freedom; he had been baptized anew in the warm light of liberty; hence he feared nothing but the wrong—that which was reactionary, oppressive and un-American; and week after week he assailed with his terrible pictures the Tweed Ring.

At first the members were amused. They felt secure, but later amusement



"WE KNOW NOTHING ABOUT THE STOLEN VOUCHERS. TOO THIN! WE ARE INNOCENT."

Connolly Sweeny Tweed Hall

From Albert Bigelow Paine's biography of Th. Nast: *His Period and His Pictures*. Copyright, 1904, by Albert Bigelow Paine.

gave place to indignation not unmingled with terror, which finally found expression in Tweed's coarse and uncouth exclamation:

"Let's stop them d—d pictures. I don't care so much what the papers write about me—my constituents can't read; but, d—n it, they can see pictures."

On the appearance of an earlier cartoon Tweed's indignation and fighting spirit were in evidence. It was in 1871 that *Harper's Weekly* published a picture by Nast entitled "Tweedledee and Sweedledum." It represented Tweed and Sweeny looting the people's treasury and handing some of the stolen wealth to their poorer friends, while they were setting aside the larger share for themselves. When the Boss saw this picture he exclaimed:

"That's the last straw! I'll show them d—d publishers a new trick!"

"He had already threatened Harpers with an action for libel. . . . He now gave orders to his Board of Education to reject all Harper bids for school-books, and to throw out those already on hand. More than fifty thousand dollars of public property was thus destroyed, to be replaced by books from the New York Printing Company—a corporation owned by the Ring.

"The Harper firm held a meeting to consider this serious blow. A majority of the members would have been willing to discontinue the warfare on so mighty an enemy. Fletcher Harper never wavered. When at last the argument became rather bitter, he took up his hat and said:

"Gentlemen, you know where I live. When you are ready to continue the fight against these scoundrels, send

for me. Meantime, I shall find a way to continue it alone."

"They did not let him go, and the fight went on."

Too much cannot be said in praise of Fletcher Harper's splendid stand. From the first he had proved himself a tower of strength to Nast, encouraging and stimulating him to do his best. He had also given him great liberty in his work. Now he took a positive stand that might easily have meant financial ruin for himself and his associates rather than surrender to thieves when surrender meant, almost to a certainty, the complete triumph of political corruption throughout New York State and possibly throughout the nation; for the Ring had already fixed greedy eyes upon the national treasury at Washington.

Besides Thomas Nast and Fletcher Harper, two new Richmonds now ap-

peared in the field, sustaining much the same relationship to each other as that existing between Harper and Nast. These men were George Jones, the proprietor of the *New York Times*, and Louis John Jennings, the editor of the *Times*. Mr. Jones was a man of wealth. Mr. Jennings was an Englishman of great courage and perseverance. He abhorred the corruption that flourished throughout the official life of the city almost as much as he loathed the venality and sycophancy of the bench, bar, press, church and society, that tolerated such criminality and wholesale dishonesty. Mr. Jones shared his editor's sentiments and finally he gave the word to attack the Ring boldly and unsparingly.

It is to these four men that the honor belongs of crushing the Tweed Ring and exiling or bringing to justice the arch-conspirators against good government and the people.

WHO IS INCERSOLL'S CO?" N.Y. TRIBUNE.

MR. INCERSOLL, ALLOW ME TO INTRODUCE YOU TO ME G



TWO GREAT QUESTIONS.



"WHO STOLE THE PEOPLES MONEY?" - DO TELL. N.Y. TIMES.

'T WAS HIM.

From Albert Bigelow Paine's biography of Th. Nast: *His Period and His Pictures*. Copyright, 1904, by Albert Bigelow Paine.

III. DRAWING THE LINES OF BATTLE.

With Nast pouring broadsides into the Ring each week and Jennings assailing it day by day so boldly and so circumstantially that the people could not fail to feel that if the charges were not true the editor and reputable publisher would be quickly arrested for criminal libel, the conditions of the Ring became less and less secure. In vain it sought to silence its assailants by threats and attempts to bribe. The denunciations of the *Times* appeared day after day, and each week Nast gave emphasis to the charges with his terrible and often brutally telling

cartoons. At last the Ring began to strike back, and seldom has the moral turpitude of an urban press been more vividly exhibited than in the attacks on the *Times* and on Nast. Indeed, one almost feels that he is reading a present-day metropolitan or other great daily paper in its editorial criticisms of Mr. Lawson or some other writer who is exposing corruption in high places, when reading such editorial utterances as the following from the *New York Herald*, published on July 4, 1871, and entitled "Humbug Reformers":

"Every now and then there springs up,

like mushrooms in a night, a crop of municipal reformers who assail the authorities with might and main, until obliged to desist from sheer exhaustion, or other causes which are not at all difficult to explain. These humbug reformers are organized bands of uneasy people who have been left out in the cold in the matter of some fat contract or other—that of the city printing and advertising being not the least of the causes that arouse their holy indignation. It is with the intention of having their silence purchased by what they call the ‘Ring’ that all this parade of alleged extravagance, over-taxation and fraud is made.”

Another characteristic editorial of this class appeared in the *New York Sun* of February 3 and 4, 1871:

“The decline of the *New York Times* in everything that entitles a paper to respect and confidence has been rapid and complete. Its present editor, who was dismissed from the *London Times* for improper conduct and untruthful writing, has sunk into a tedious monotony of slander, disregard of truth and black-guard vituperation. . . . Let the *Times* change its course, send off Jennings and get some gentleman and scholar in his place, and become again an able and high-toned paper. Thus may it escape from ruin. Otherwise it is doomed.”

Other daily papers either defended the Ring outright or remained discreetly silent, while the general indifference of the people gave courage to the thieves and Mayor Hall cheerfully declared that, “It will all blow over. These gusts of reform are all wind and clatter. Next year we shall be in Washington.”

This idea of getting to Washington was a dear dream to the members of the Ring in more than one sense. They cherished it fondly and it proved to be one of the greatest factors in their undoing. The Ring and the Erie contingent planned to secure the nomination of

Governor Hoffman for the presidency, feeling sure that if once elected this pliant tool would virtually turn all offices over to them and their friends. But there was a small, shrewd, keen and inordinately ambitious politician and lawyer that this new plan of the Ring did not please. Samuel J. Tilden, as Chairman of the Democratic State Committee in 1868, “had been hand and glove with Tweed during that notorious campaign.” He had been counsel for the Erie directors when Tweed and Sweeny were on the board and was thoroughly familiar with their villainy; but he was a shrewd politician whose eyes had long been fixed upon the presidency. Now that the Ring had passed him over and settled definitely on Hoffman, he saw no promise of political aid from that direction. If he gained the presidency, it must be over the ruin and not by the aid of the Ring. Thus the dream of Washington, which Tweed and his companions cherished, was going to cost them dear, as we shall presently see.

Mr. James O’Brien was an intimate political friend of Samuel J. Tilden. He was the sheriff under the Ring, and it was through Mr. O’Brien that the proofs were secured that precipitated the overthrow of Tweed and his associates. One morning O’Brien repaired to Controller Connolly’s office and stated that he had a favor to ask, and he stated this in such a manner that Connolly knew that if the favor asked were not granted, there would be trouble brewing. O’Brien had a friend, one William Copeland, whom he wished given a position then held by one of the bookkeepers in the controller’s office. Connolly had offended O’Brien on a former occasion, and O’Brien was known to be a dangerous man to have for an enemy. At a time when the *Times* and *Harper’s Weekly* were stirring up the public and creating a general demand for an investigation, it would be peculiarly unfortunate to run the risk of having O’Brien make a confession of what he knew. Still, the controller hesitated.

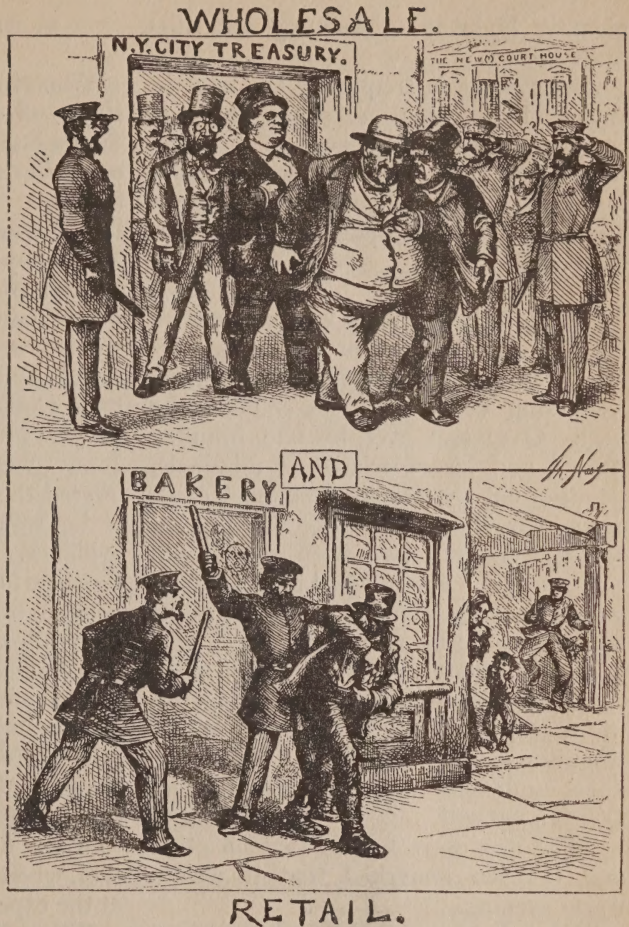
He had grave misgivings. The men in his office were tried and true. He knew nothing of Copeland. O'Brien, however, pressed his case and insisted that he knew Copeland, that he was all right, and that he was safe and could be trusted; so finally Connolly consented, and the Trojan horse entered the controller's office.

No sooner was Copeland at the books than "he began to make a transcript of the items of the Ring's frightful and fraudulent disbursements, mainly charged as expenditures on the courthouse, then building. He worked fast and overtime to get these, and within a brief period the evidence of a guilt so vast as to be almost incredible was in O'Brien's hands. Another man, one Matthew O'Rourke, in a similar manner had been installed as county book-keeper, and in this position had also fortified himself with proofs of enormous frauds, chiefly in connection with armory rents and repairs. O'Rourke had been a military editor and was especially fitted for this job."

Thus in the hour when the members of the Ring, that had defied the public by insolently demanding, when Nast opened his crusade, "What are you going to do about it?" and that had later shown signs of fright only to recover their equilibrium and declare that it "would all blow over," were planning to move on Washington, a powder mine was being laid under their very seats.

IV. JENNINGS RECEIVES A MIDNIGHT VISITOR.

The power of the Ring was still so great that though every week found more



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and more people awakened, to the superficial observer the outlook for speedy retribution seemed far from encouraging, especially when he remembered that the great criminals were securely entrenched behind "cunningly devised laws, fraudulent voting machinery and an army of accomplices, composed of capitalists, railway magnates, office-holders, prize-fighters, loafers, convicted felons and a subsidized press." Indeed, as Mr. Paine further observes: "The Ring had imperial power over every public issue and franchise, not only in the city but the State. The Erie Railroad, with Tweed and Sweeney as directors and with Fisk and Gould as its financiers, was simply a

gigantic highway of robbery and disgrace."

And yet, as is frequently the case in critical hours when a forlorn hope is carrying forward the cause of honesty, justice and right, help was near at hand for the four moral heroes who had remained undaunted, undismayed and determined.

"Louis John Jennings, who, as we have noted, had maintained an unceasing warfare, was one night sitting in his office, wondering what move he could make next. Over and over he had branded Tweed and his associates as criminals, pointing out the frauds that must exist, daring the Ring to produce the city accounts. His life had been threatened, and more than once he had been arrested on trumped-up charges. Like Nast, he had been accused of almost every crime in the calendar. . . . Pondering as to the possibilities, and the probable rewards, of American reform, the sturdy Englishman began writing, when the door suddenly opened, and James O'Brien entered.

"The men were known to each other and O'Brien remarked that it was a warm evening.

"Yes, hot," assented Jennings.

"You and Nast have had a hard fight," continued O'Brien.

"Have still," nodded Jennings rather wearily.

"I said you have had it," repeated O'Brien, and he pulled a roll of papers from an inner pocket. 'Here are the proofs of all your charges—exact transcriptions from Dick Connolly's books. The boys will likely try to murder you when they know you've got 'em, just as they've tried to murder me.'

"Jennings seized the precious roll and sat up till daylight, studying it all out. It was only a day or two later that O'Rourke came in with the added documents, and was engaged by the *Times* to assist in making the great attack."

V. MEN SUPERIOR TO BRIBES.

When it came to the ears of the master-spirits of the Ring that the New York *Times* had obtained the transcript of the controller's books which would substantiate the criminal charges made by the *Times*, there was consternation in Tammany Hall, until Connolly hit upon a plan of buying off Jones. Did not every man have his price? All Jones wanted was a big bribe; they were yet safe. And so, judging Jones by other men, Connolly repaired to the office of a lawyer in the Times Building. Later Jones was sent for. Here Connolly offered the proprietor five million dollars if he would not publish the damning evidence. This interview is worth recording, for in an age like ours, when the keenest brains are on every hand being directly or indirectly seduced from loyal and single-hearted devotion to the cause of democracy and the interests of the people and are being employed to maintain corrupt and extortionate corporations, ring-rule and machine domination, it is well to remember that there are men to whom five million dollars is no temptation, when its possession would be bought at the expense of moral rectitude.

When Mr. Jones entered the private office of the lawyer who had sent for him, and saw Controller Connolly, he exclaimed, "I do n't want to see this man," and turned to leave.

"For God's sake!" exclaimed Connolly, 'let me say one word to you.'

"At this appeal Mr. Jones stopped. Connolly then made him a proposition to forego the publication of the documents he had in his possession and offered him the enormous sum of five million dollars to do this. As Connolly waited for the answer, Mr. Jones said:

"I do n't think the devil will ever make a higher bid for me than that."

"Connolly began to plead, and drew a graphic picture of what one could do with five million dollars. He ended by saying:

"Why, with that sum you can go to Europe and live like a prince."

"Yes," said Mr. Jones, "but I should know that I was a rascal. I cannot consider your offer or any offer not to publish the facts in my possession."

In this connection we will mention the tempting offer made at a later date to Thomas Nast. We have seen how the Ring strove to silence *Harper's Weekly* by dealing a crushing blow to the business of the firm; but failing thus and seeing that Nast's pen, after the exposure of the Ring's corruption by the *Times* and the Booth Committee, was growing more and more terrible each week, it determined to buy his silence. The story as given by Mr. Paine is as follows:



From Albert Bigelow Paine's biography of Th. Nast: *His Period and His Pictures*. Copyright, 1904, by Albert Bigelow Paine.

WHAT THE PEOPLE MUST DO ABOUT IT.

"The Ring now resorted to new tactics. They determined to buy where they could not intimidate. A lawyer friend one day intimated to Nast that, in appreciation of his great efforts, a party of rich men wished to send him abroad, and give him a chance to study art under the world's great masters. The friend was probably innocent enough—an unconscious tool of the Ring.

"Nast said very little except that he appreciated the offer and would be delighted to go, but for the fact that he had important business, just then, in New York. . . . On the following Sunday an officer of the Broadway Bank, where the Ring kept its accounts, called on

Nast at his home. He talked of a number of things. Then he said:

"I hear you have been made an offer to go abroad for art study."

"Yes," nodded Nast, "but I can't go. I have n't time."

"But they will pay you for your time. I have reason to believe that you could get a hundred thousand dollars for the trip."

"Do you think I could get two hundred thousand?"

"Well, possibly. I believe from what I have heard in the bank that you might get it. You have a great talent; but you need study and you need rest. Besides, this Ring business will get you into trouble. They own all the judges and jurors and can get you locked up for libel. My advice is to take

the money and get away."

"Nast looked out into the street, and perhaps wondered what two hundred thousand dollars would do for him. It would pay the mortgage on the house in the city. It would give him years of study abroad. It would make him comfortable for life. Presently he said:

"Do n't you think I could get five hundred thousand to make that trip?"

"The bank official scarcely hesitated.

"You can. You can get five hundred thousand dollars in gold to drop this Ring business and get out of the country."

"Nast laughed a little. He had played the game far enough.

"Well, I do n't think I'll do it," he

said. 'I made up my mind not long ago to put some of those fellows behind the bars, and I'm going to put them there!'

"The banker rose, rather quietly.

"Only be careful, Mr. Nast, that you do not first put yourself in a coffin!" he smiled."

VI. AMAZING REVELATIONS.

Connolly returned to his companions, terrified and despairing, and "on July 8th was published the first instalment of those terrible figures that, having once been made to lie, now turned to cry out the damning truth in bold black type—black indeed to the startled members of the Ring.

"The sensation was immediate. The figures showed that an enormous outlay had been charged as 'armory rents and repairs' which never could have been legitimately expended. Ten lofts, mostly over old stables, had been rented at a cost of \$85,000, and though these lofts had not been used, an additional \$463,064 had been charged for keeping them in repair. Ten other armories had been kept in repair for a period of nine months at the trifling cost to the county of \$941,453.86. The upper floor of Tammany Hall, worth at that time about \$4,000 a year, was charged in the list at nine times that sum. The *Times* asserted the absolute truth of these figures, and boldly called on the officials to disprove them by producing their books."

On July 22, 1871, the *Times* exploded its second bomb by publishing Copeland's transcript of Connolly's accounts. These figures more than bore out all the charges made by the *Times* and *Harper's Weekly*. They were carefully tabulated, printed in clear, fair type, and showed at a glance how the city had been robbed of millions upon millions of dollars.

"Many of the great sums had been charged as repairs or furnishings for the new court-house, and most of them had been distributed through such 'contrac-

tors' as J. H. Ingersoll & Company, Andrew J. Garvey, Keyser & Company and others, who had 'arranged' whatever small part was really due for goods and labor, and deposited the huge balance to the credit of the various members and associates of the Ring.

"The new court-house was still far from complete, and miserably furnished, yet it had already resulted in the neat outlay of \$11,000,000, when the most liberal estimate placed its value, finished and luxuriously furnished, at less than three millions.

"A few items will be sufficient to show the scale upon which the Ring conducted its financial policy:

"Forty old chairs and three tables had a record value of \$179,729.60.

"A charge for repairing fixtures, through J. H. Keyser & Company, was \$1,149,874.50.

"Thermometers, \$7,500.

"Another charge for furniture, through Ingersoll & Company, \$240,564.63.

"City and County Advertising—paid to the newspapers of New York City, \$2,703,308.48—a large proportion of this vast sum having been paid in the early months of 1871.

"A single item of stationery was set down at \$186,495.61. What, in heaven's name, could the .61 have paid for with stationery bought at Ring rates? Possibly it represented the actual cost of the entire outlay.

"Then there were carpets, shades and curtains, also supplied by that marvelous firm, Ingersoll & Company, at the fairly comfortable figure of \$675,534.44. Why always these odd cents? It must have been worrisome to make change in those days of opulence. But one cannot help admiring the two liverymen who in a few brief days earned nearly fifty thousand dollars by supplying the aldermen with carriages, mostly for funerals. That must have been a busy season for aldermen, keeping up with all those obsequies. Nor must we overlook one G. S. Miller, a carpenter who was set down as having received \$360,747.61 (another .61—fatal

POLITICAL "CAPITAL"

The "people are in a very puzzled and dependent state of mind about the political situation, and have got beyond the point at which they look for the appearance of the ideal statesman uniting the purest motives with the highest ability. They can get the pure motives, and they can get the highest ability; but somehow, owing to no matter what circumstances, to get a man who unites both into a leading place in the government is a work of such difficulty that most people have given it up as (for the present at least) a bad job, and are willing to connect themselves with any man who, for whatever motive, will do good work. It so happens, too, that the work to be done at this moment is not work which calls either for the highest order of genius or the highest aspirations. A man may do it very well without being a Moses or a Washington—without, in short, being either a prophet or a hero. He has neither to lead a race out of captivity nor call a nation into existence. The task before the American politician of to-day is the simple and somewhat homely one of preventing public officers from stealing and dividing the public money, and of preventing the government from cheating its creditors; and when a man offers himself for this work, there is no general disposition to ask whether he is a statesman of the first rank, or whether his political judgment has always been sure or his voice been always heard on the right side. In fact, they go so far as to say that, to make capital in this way is a good thing to do, and they wish all politicians to engage in it. They are ready to forgive all curious inquiries into the motives or antecedents of men who will undertake to put an end to cheating and stealing. In fact, the voters of the country are sticking notices up offering the highest offices in their gift, and "no questions asked," to any body who will bring in a few plunderers of the state. Mr. Tweed has achieved his present success simply owing to his having, before any body else of his class, understood the exact nature of the situation. He perceived sooner than his competitors that the time had come to stop preaching, and to begin making arrests and drawing up indictments. He saw, first, and his competitors find, that his audaciousness has rendered him the highest service, and his enemies actually play into his hands."—*The Nation*, October 7, 1873.

REWARD TO ALL PUBLIC THIEVES WHO HAVE ENOUGH AND CAN STOP OTHERS FROM CHEATING AND STEALING.

THEY WILL BE REWARDED BY HONORABLE POSITIONS AND FAT OFFICES.

IT TAKES A THIEF OR ONE WHO HAS ASSOCIATED WITH THIEVES TO CATCH A THIEF.



From Albert Bigelow Paine's biography of Th. Nast: *His Period and His Pictures*. Copyright, 1904, by Albert Bigelow Paine.

TWEED-LE-DEE AND TILDEN-DUM.

REFORM TWEED.—"If all the people want is to have somebody arrested, I'll have you plunderers convicted. You will be allowed to escape; nobody will be hurt; and then TILDEN will go to the White House, and I to Albany as Governor."

sum) for one month's work. 'Is not,' asks the *Times*, 'this Miller the luckiest carpenter alive?'

"But Garvey, Andrew J. Garvey, the plasterer! Generations of plasterers yet unborn will take off their hats to his memory! \$2,870,464.06 had he earned at his humble trade in the brief period of nine months. Fifty thousand dollars a day was his record for an entire month!

Surely never was a month so well plastered as that long-ago June! 'As G. S. Miller is the luckiest carpenter alive,' comments the *Times*, 'so is Andrew J. Garvey the Prince of Plasterers. His good fortune surpasses anything recorded in the Arabian Nights. A plasterer who can earn \$138,187 in two days (December 20th and 21st), and that in the depths of winter, need never be poor. With a

total of \$2,870,464.06 for the job, he could afford to donate the .06 to charity.'

"As heretofore stated, during thirty months of Ring-rule, thirty millions of dollars had been stolen out of hand. The city debt had increased more than fifty millions and was doubling every two years. No wonder the shores of Long Island Sound were lined with the elegant homes of the city contractors and financiers. Matthew J. O'Rourke, who since that time has made a careful study of the city's finances, states that counting the vast issues of fraudulent bonds, the swindling of the city by the wealthy tax-dodgers, by franchises and favors granted, by blackmail and extortion—the total amount of the city's loss through the Tweed Ring stands at not less than Two Hundred Millions of Dollars."

VII. SOME OF NAST'S TELLING CAR-TOONS.

This was the summer-time for Thomas Nast. Picture after picture appeared, each more compelling than the former. Among these notable cartoons was one entitled "The Tammany Lords and Their Constituents" that was very disquieting to the Ring. It showed Tweed, Connolly, Hall and Sweeny luxuriating at the palatial summer home of the first, while the poor attic-dweller in the city was being evicted.

Another telling cartoon was entitled "The 'Brains' of the Rochester Convention." It represented Tweed's body. The head was a money-bag shaped like the head of the Tammany chief, but with the dollar-mark in place of eyes, nose and mouth.

Another very striking picture was suggested by Mayor Hall's observation that the reform storm would soon "blow over." It represented a group of vultures standing on the prostrate form of New York, waiting for the storm to blow over. The vultures bore the heads of Tweed, Connolly, Hall and Sweeny.

A cartoon that did much to cause

Protestants everywhere to rally to the support of the public schools was entitled "The American River Ganges." It represented Tweed and his associates throwing the children from the public schools down an embankment where, coming up from a river, were a great number of crocodiles, each wearing the mitred hat of a Roman prelate. This cartoon was suggested by the constant work of the Ring in the interests of the Roman Church and against the public schools.

A picture that created great indignation in the hearts of Tweed and his associates was entitled "Why is the Treasury Empty?" It showed on one side the workingmen who had labored for the city, but who were not able to get their pay, standing before the empty vaults of the city treasury, while behind these same vaults were revealed Tweed, Sweeny, Connolly and Hall, reveling in champagne and delicate viands.

After certain vouchers had been stolen, all the members of the Ring were quick to declare that they knew nothing of the theft. This suggested an effective cartoon entitled "Too Thin."

But the two cartoons that immediately followed the *Times'* exposure and that created the greatest sensation were entitled "Two Great Questions." The first was suggested by Horace Greely's inquiry, "Who is Ingersoll's Company?" Nast pictured Ingersoll as introducing Tweed, the Ring and their associates to Greely. The other was suggested by the *Times'* query, "Who stole the people's money?" It represented the master-spirits of the Ring and their accomplices standing in a circle. Each man was pointing an accusing finger at his neighbor and saying, "'T was him."

"Wholesale and Retail" was the title of an accusatory and fearsome picture which was well calculated to make shivers run down the back of the great Boss. It consisted of two pictures, the upper one representing Tweed, Sweeny, Connolly and Hall coming out of the city treasury where they had helped themselves



From Albert Bigelow Paine's biography of Th. Nast: *His Period and His Pictures*. Copyright, 1904, by Albert Bigelow Paine.

"STOP THIEF!"

In the foreground is the prostrate figure of Connolly. Hard upon his heels are Hall, Sweeny, Tweed and N. Sands. Farther back are Fisk, T. Fields, H. Smith, and others less distinct.

in a lordly way. Policemen on either side of the doorway were touching their caps; while just below this picture was another drawing representing the outside of a bakery. A poor, starving man, hunger-crazed, had entered the bakery and stolen a loaf of bread. Two policemen had seized and were clubbing him, and a third policeman was running to their assistance.

Among the savage pictures that naturally enraged the members of the Ring was that of four tigers behind the bars, bearing the faces of Tweed, Sweeny, Connolly and Hall.

It has always been the policy of great rogues and master-spirits in political and commercial knavery to assume to possess superior knowledge and virtue in the presence of public indignation. They strive to throw dust in the eyes of the people, to contemptuously sneer at their critics, or to intimate that they are inspired by unworthy motives. Not un-

frequently they assume the rôle of champions of justice and integrity and insist on the punishment of their own tools. This is frequently the case when they have been able to make some arrangements with pliable servants by which the latter are promised a pardon after they have been convicted, provided conviction has been rendered inevitable—something which the leading offenders will if possible prevent. Nast was ever keenly analytical, and many of his cartoons mercilessly exposed such subterfuges as these. A very notable example of this kind was the cartoon which finally led to the arrest of Tweed in Spain. It represented the Boss playing the rôle of moralist. He was arrayed in striped garments, suggestive of the garb which the artist held he should be wearing. He had seized two small street urchins, typical of the little offenders whose infractions of law were slight, and was dragging them to justice while privately assuring them that they

would be pardoned out. After Tweed had escaped from jail and had fled to Europe, he was detected in Spain by his resemblance to this cartoon, the Spanish officials supposing from the picture that he was a kidnapper of children. The cablegram announcing his arrest declared that Tweed "had been identified and captured at Vigo, Spain, on the charge of 'kidnapping two American children.'"

When all the daily papers that had upheld the Ring and various officials were breaking for cover, the members of the Ring began to accuse one another and to join in the general clamor. This suggested a cartoon entitled "Stop Thief!" representing the members of the Ring rushing at full speed, each vociferating, "Stop Thief!"

But the most powerful of all Nast's cartoons was the one printed on the eve of the election that proved to be the Waterloo of the Ring. It was entitled "The Tammany Tiger Loose.—'What are you going to do about it?'" In this famous drawing Nast utilized a sketch of the Coliseum made when he visited Rome at the time of Garibaldi's triumph. He restored the amphitheater. In the imperial box sat Tweed and his associates. The galleries were filled with the American people. In the arena lay the crushed ballot-box and the figure of Columbia, prostrate under the savage claws of an enormous tiger—"the creature of rapacity and stripes," defiant, desperate and brutally fierce. This is one of the greatest cartoons that has ever appeared in an illustrated publication.

After the overthrow of the Ring, Tweed was represented as Marius amid the ruins of Carthage.

VIII. THE OVERTHROW OF THE RING.

The Ring had met a fatal check when it failed to bribe or buy the silence of Jones and Nast. All the city was now aroused. Men who had remained silent or who had worked hand and glove with the Ring, now experienced a sudden spasm of virtue. On every side the

smaller rogues and the eminently respectable gentlemen who had long been beneficiaries of the Ring were breaking for cover. Samuel J. Tilden was now a star actor in the campaign for reform. He was indefatigable and effective. Mr. Paine thus admirably pictures this passage in the history of the collapse of the Ring:

"And just here came Samuel J. Tilden's great moment of entrance. His appearance on the stage was as dramatic as it was effective. It was the moment in the melodrama when the avenger rushes from the wings, holding high the damning proof that makes conviction sure.

"The Booth Committee was ready to make its report. Through Andrew H. Green, Mr. Tilden knew precisely what that report would be. Two or three days previous he 'happened causally,' as he says in his affidavit, to drop into Mr. Green's office, and was there shown some startling figures from the books of the Broadway Bank. Traced through the bank's entries, these figures showed just how an account against the city—a sum of \$6,312,641.37—had netted a clear profit of \$6,095,309.17 to *Tweed and his friends*, and just in what measure the transaction had been arranged. Why the bank had not rendered so important a public service before, does not now matter. Neither does it matter why Mr. Tilden, who later acknowledged that he knew as far back as 1869 that the Ring 'was opposed to all good government,' should have waited until this particular and supreme instant for strenuous action. It is enough that it was the supreme instant, and with his affidavit and the clear and full statement of the Broadway Bank, Mr. Tilden strode into the limelight, and the public rose up in a concord of cheers and commendation. . . .

"On the next day the report of the Booth Committee removed the last breath of doubt. On that day William Marcy Tweed was arrested, and, though re-



From Albert Bigelow Paine's biography of *Th. Nast: His Period and His Pictures*. Copyright, 1904, by Albert Bigelow Paine.
THE TAMMANY TIGER LOOSE.—"WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO ABOUT IT?"
(The first use of the famous Tiger Symbol.)

leased on a million-dollar bond, supplied by Jay Gould and others, that first arrest marked the beginning of the end. Samuel J. Tilden, like an avenging angel, with all the skill and knowledge and ambition of his kind, had linked his legal acumen with the brilliant daring of the *Times* and the rentless genius of Nast! The glory of dishonor was waning dim. In its declining day, long shadows of somber prison-walls reached out to enclose the Ring."

Tweed escaped to Spain, where he was apprehended and returned to America, to die in disgrace.

"Of all the fortunes acquired by the Ring and its adherents, scarcely the remnants of a single one exist to-day. Less than a million of the loss was recovered by the city, but the men who had sold themselves for plunder had not the ability to preserve their ill-gotten price. Some of them died in exile, others in prison. Some were allowed to return and testify against their fellows, and all, or nearly all, have perished from the sight of men, and left only dishonored names behind."

IX. THE LESSON FOR THE HOUR.

This brief sketch of the work wrought by four men for civic righteousness is a mere digest of the admirable chapters in Mr. Paine's life of Nast that deal with the most important service rendered by the great cartoonist. The lesson it inculcates is of supreme importance for our people at the present time, showing as it does the compelling power of social righteousness when bravely espoused. When a man imbued with the consciousness of his own moral rectitude and singleness of purpose realizes the essential iniquity, the baleful nature and the far-reaching potency for moral disintegration of a crying evil before which conventionalism, conservatism and greed main-

tain a discreet silence, and with that high and holy consecration that places the cause of right, justice and morality above all thought of self—all thought of wealth, popularity, freedom and even life itself—and with the faith in the eternal power of righteousness that led Socrates to drink the hemlock and Jesus to face Calvary,—in a word, when a man, conscious of his own rectitude of purpose, conscious of the magnitude of an evil that is sapping the vitals of public life, and ready to risk all and if needs be sacrifice even his life for the triumph of virtue, justice and nobleness, enters a conflict, he becomes a host in himself, for he has by his moral courage and enthusiasm born of the "love of the Best," and by his invincible faith in the power of right, leagued himself with the might of the moral order—has established as it were connection with that cosmic spiritual activity that through all ages makes for righteousness and progress, and from him emanates a power that touches and quickens the latent divinity in his fellowmen. One, two, three or four such men are more powerful than the combined and entrenched power of sordid greed and vested interests actuated by the self-seeking spirit; for the former are positive and constructive, the latter negative and self-destructive. The indomitable spirits that sink all for a noble cause ever exert an influence that is compelling in character, awakening long-dormant spiritual energy, which when once kindled burns with living flame. The allegory of Gideon and his three hundred men putting to flight the hosts of Midian is a striking illustration of this eternal truth, but not so impressive as that emphasized in the above story, in which four men met, battled with and overcame the most powerful and corrupt ring of modern times.

B. O. FLOWER.

Boston, Mass.

THE POEMS OF EMERSON.

HERMIONE.

III.

By CHARLES MALLOY,

President of the Boston Emerson Society.

"I am of a lineage
That each for each doth fast engage;
In old Bassora's schools, I seemed
Hermit vowed to books and gloom,—
Ill-bested for gay bridegroom.
I was by thy touch redeemed;
When thy meteor glances came,
We talked at large of worldly fate,
And drew truly every trait.

Once I dwelt apart,
Now I live with all;
As shepherd's lamp on far hill-side
Seems, by the traveller espied,
A door into the mountain heart,
So didst thou quarry and unlock
Highways for me through the rock."

IN THESE two verses the poet sings the power of love, in the enlargement and rounding out of the character of the young man at a susceptible age. Life all at once becomes a serious thing and is no longer a succession of pleasant trifles. A certain timidity and cowardice begin to disappear and a sense of manliness and comradeship with the actors in the world's affairs grows up instead. This is especially apparent in the society of the other sex, to which new plans and dreams have a definite relation. Carlyle, in *Sartor Resartus*, has given well the salient features of this experience. The following is part of an episode in the story of his hero, Professor Diogenes Teufelsdröckh:

"Next moment he finds himself presented to the party, and especially by name to Blumine! Peculiar among all dames and damosels, there in her modesty like a star among earthly lights. Noblest maiden! whom he bent to in body and in soul. Blumine was a name well known to him: far and wide was the fair one heard of, for her gifts, her graces, her caprices; from all which vague

colourings of Rumour, from the censures no less than the praises, had our Friend painted for himself a certain imperious Queen of Hearts and blooming warm Earth-Angel, much more enchanting than your mere white Heaven-angels of women, in whose placid veins circulates too little naphtha-fire. Herself also he had seen in public places: that light yet so stately form, those dark tresses, shading a face where smiles and sunlight played over earnest deeps; but all this he had seen only as a magic vision, for him inaccessible, almost without reality. Her sphere was too far from his; how should she ever think of him? O Heaven! How should they so much as once meet together? And now that Rose-goddess sits in the same circle with him; the light of her eyes has smiled on him; if he speak she will hear it! Nay, who knows, since the heavenly sun looks into lowest valleys, but Blumine herself might have noted the so unnotable; perhaps from his very gainsayers, as he had from hers, gathered wonder, gathered favor for him? Was the attraction, the agitation mutual, then, pole and pole trembling toward contact when once brought into neighborhood? Say, rather, heart swelling in the presence of the Queen of Hearts, like the sea swelling when once near its Moon! With the wanderer it was even so: as in heavenward gravitation, suddenly, as at touch of a seraph's wand, his whole soul is roused from its deepest recesses, and all that was painful and all that was blissful there, dim images, vague feelings of a whole past and a whole future, are heaving in unquiet eddies within him.

"Often, in far less agitating scenes,

had our still Friend shrunk forcibly together and shrouded up his tremours and flutterings, of what sort soever, in a safe cover of silence, and perhaps of seeming stolidity. How was it, then, that here, when trembling to the core of his heart, he did not sink into swoons, *but rose into strength, into fearlessness and clearness?*

"It was his guiding Genius (Demon) that inspired him; he must go forth and meet his destiny. Show thyself now, whispered it, or be forever hid. Thus sometimes it is even when your anxiety becomes transcendental that the soul first feels herself able to transcend it; that she rises above it in fiery victory, and borne on new wings of victory moves so calmly, even because so rapidly, so irresistibly. Always must the wanderer remember, with a certain satisfaction and surprise, how in this case he sat, not silent, but struck adroitly into the stream of conversation, which henceforth, to speak with an apparent, not a real vanity, he may say that he continued to lead. Surely, in those hours a certain inspiration was imparted to him, such inspiration as is still possible in our late era. The self-secluded unfolds himself in noble thoughts, in free, glowing words; his soul is as one sea of light, the peculiar home of Truth and Intellect, wherein also Fantasy bodies forth form after form, radiant with all prismatic hues."

One will see in this picture some hints for a delineation of the Arab lover as given in the next three verses of the poem.

"I am of a lineage
That each for each doth fast engage;
In old Bassora's schools, I seemed
Hermit vowed to books and gloom,—
Ill-bested for gay bridegroom.
I was by thy touch redeemed;
When thy meteor glances came,
We talked at large of worldly fate,
And drew truly every trait.

Once I dwelt apart,
Now I live with all;
As shepherd's lamp on far hill-side
Seems, by the traveller espied,
A door into the mountain heart,
So didst thou quarry and unlock
Highways for me through the rock."

"I am of a lineage
That each for each doth fast engage."

We know the tribal union that prevails in Arabia. If one is murdered his whole family is pledged to wreak vengeance on the murderer. This is a substitute for law and is often the only law that can reach the offender.

"In old Bassora's schools."

Bassora is in Turkey, in Asia. The Arab's education at this old school would designate his rank as in the class of gentlemen of his country and time. The lines our poet gives us about his hero show him a man of culture and refinement. Yet he was shy, timid and solitary, for all that, and was "ill-bested" for a career in society. He was "vowed to books and gloom" till he came under the potent charm of Hermione. She saved him. As he said: "I was by thy touch redeemed." This will suggest the young Teufelsdröckh.

"When thy meteor glances came,
We talked at large of worldly fate,
And drew truly every trait."

Who can talk of life so wisely as a pair of lovers? Father and mother are back numbers. New theories have come and the dawn of a new world, and they, the lovers, will be leaders in a better order of things. Business, politics, domestic and social economics shall henceforth have them for guides and conductors. The reader will see a concealed humor in these lines:

"Once I dwelt apart,
Now I live with all."

Though he has lost Hermione as a physical presence, he is too wise to seek "books and gloom" again. Whatever befalls, man should be content to lead his life in the society and service of his fellows. No brave spirit will ever yield to grief and bereavement. "In the loss of my son, now two years since," says Emerson, "I seem to have lost a beautiful estate, no more. I cannot get it nearer to me."

"Behind us as we go all things assume

beautiful forms, as clouds do afar off.
The soul will not know either deformity
or pain."

So now says the lover: "I live with all."

Note the rare simile:

"As shepherd's lamp on far hill-side
Seems, by the traveller espied,
A door into the mountain heart,
So didst thou quarry and unlock
Highways for me through the rock."

The shepherd's lamp on the far hill-side presents an analogy to an opening or a tunnel through the mountain's heart, the long reaches of solid rock; and the maiden, by the added strength, courage and energy with which she inspires her lover, makes all obstructions and difficulties melt away behind him.

One will naturally want at this point to read Mr. Emerson's "Essay on Love" in the first volume of essays. This essay was perhaps written out of the same general thought or cognition as the poem "Hermione."

"The passion," says the poet in the essay, "remakes the world for the youth. It makes all things alive and significant. Nature grows conscious. Every bird on the boughs of the tree sings now to his heart and soul. Almost the notes are articulate. The clouds have faces as he looks on them. The trees of the forest, the waving grass and the peeping flowers have grown intelligent; and almost he fears to trust them with the secret which they seem to invite. Yet nature soothes and sympathizes. In the green solitudes he finds a dearer home than with men. It expands the sentiments; it makes the clown gentle and gives the coward heart. Into the most pitiful and abject it will infuse a heart and courage to defy the world, so only it have the countenance of the beloved object. In giving him to another it still more gives him to himself. He is a new man, with new perceptions, new and keener purposes, and a religious solemnity of character and aims. He does not longer appertain to his family and society. *He* is somewhat. *He* is a person. *He* is a soul."

It is out of the forces of this new and larger life that he makes a "highway through the rock."

The last two verses are an episode, and not essential to the main argument of the poem. We now come back to the story again. The lover now breaks out into apostrophe to Hermione again, though she is still far away.

"Now, deceived, thou wanderest
In strange lands unblest;
And my kindred come to soothe me."

The love-sick young man, deserted of his maiden, does not go to his kindred or relations for consolation. They are the last to appreciate his loss. They do not share with him his exorbitant estimate of Hermione. They wonder, perhaps, from the beginning, at his infatuation, and are there not a hundred left as good as she? He hears with indignation that she has a peer in the wide world. So the first words of our lover are in reply to what has been said in depreciation of her beauty. So the kindred come to soothe him are kindred only by a figure of speech, and he says:

"Southwind is my next of blood."

The southwind was a prominent divinity in Emerson's Pantheon. Again and again he refers to the southwind as a muse or power for thought and emotion. How tender the inspiration of the southwind in "Threnody":

"The Southwind brings
Life, sunshine and desire,
And on every mount and meadow
Breathes aromatic fire;
But over the dead he has no power,
The lost, the lost, he cannot restore;
And, looking over the hills, I mourn
The darling who shall not return."

If the southwind in our cold Massachusetts has such power, what of the southwind in Arabia?

"Southwind is my next of blood;
He is come through fragrant wood,
Drugged with spice from climates warm,
And in every twinkling glade
And twilight nook,
Unveils thy form."

We have in the last line an expression of that wonderful power called "visualization." I have not this power in an eminent degree, but once or twice in my life I have been given the vision of one long dead, with such real and tangible emphasis that I saw the living eye. Such apparitions are no doubt sometimes thought to have an objective reality. This power of visualization is strong in many painters, notably in William Blake and in Michael Angelo.

How does the southwind bring these strange visitors? By its awakening influence, of course, upon the imagination. Certain places, certain hours of the day, contribute something to this experience, and there are many objects and influences in nature which bring their ministrations to this charming susceptibility. Our lover, in this poem, enumerates several of them and also some contributions from art. The "twinkling glade" and "twilight nook" are given in this verse. We shall all consent to the adaptation of these places to such phenomena. They, in poetic phrase, "unveil" the "form" for a moment which they seem to bring.

"Out of the forest way
Forth paced it yesterday."

We recall, at this line, the words of Tennyson, in which he seems to sing the power and the condition here given by Emerson. The passage referred to is in his "Dream of Fair Women," when he comes to Jephtha's daughter, who was slain by her father in fulfilment of a vow:

"She locked her lips; she left me where I stood.
'Glory to God,' she sang, and passed afar,
Thridding the solemn boskage of the wood,
Toward the morning star."

What but a picture given in the imagination? And what was the "solemn boskage of the wood" of Tennyson but the "forest way" of Emerson? And who has not felt this place for dreams and visions on his entrance to a forest?

Here is another favorable condition

for the appearance of some bright apparition:

"And when I sat by the watercourse,
Watching the daylight fade,
It throbbed up from the brook."

These influences as "kindred" come to soothe the forlorn lover. He has come to them and they are kind. They take his part, however the world may go or whatever others may say. All the predicates of the following verse have respect to these kindred and their kind offices in the interest of the Arab. "All the world loves a lover," says Emerson in the "Essay on Love." The monologue of the lover thus goes on:

"River and rose and crag and bird,
Frost and sun and eldest night,
To me their aid preferred,
To me their comfort plight."

And this is what they say:

"Courage! we are thine allies,
And with this hint be wise,—
The chains of kind
The distant bind;
Deed thou doest she must do,
Above her will, be true;
And, in her strict resort
To winds and waterfalls
And autumn's sunlit festivals,
To music, and to music's thought,
Inextricably bound,
She shall find thee, and be found.
Follow not her flying feet;
Come to us herself to meet."

A few lines in this verse will need annotation. River, rose, crag, bird, frost, sun, eldest night,—these after the southwind are an enumeration of some of his "kindred" come to soothe the lover. They stimulate his imagination and bring him the seeming presence of Hermione. In a world of dreams he recovers her—he has her still. Nature rather than society gives him the requisite inspiration. "Courage!" say these kindred. "We are thine allies"; and then they give him law, the brief, compact like a gem, and in a rhyme he cannot forget:

"The chains of kind
The distant bind."

This of course would mean a mystic, a transcendental union, and something more than geometrical propinquity or an abode together in space. Such a false and unwed union she had and must bear with the Syrian. Still,

"The chains of kind
The distant bind,"

and defy space and defy time also, for the space and time of those thus bound are in the mind, which does not know the "chains" of those limitations. They are boundaries in nature but not in the soul and do not prevail where souls are united. So fantasy, dreams, imaginations, ideal worlds, castles in Spain, wherein we are creators, world-makers or poets,—these are some of the names for such flights and transcendencies, and one is poor indeed who has nothing but facts to feed upon. This was Martha's choice, but Mary had chosen the better part.

These allies and kindred go on and say of the lovers and to the Arab:

"Deed thou doest she must do,
Above her will, be true."

That is to say, when the lover seeks Hermione in the world of his own thoughts she is seeking him also, in the same way; and as he is true to her she is true to him, even though she tries to forget him in the "frame" that she belongs to the Syrian. She may will as much, but "above her will" she must be true to the man she loves, and

"In her strict resort
To winds and waterfalls"—

that is, when she goes out all alone into beautiful natural influences—into "autumn's sunlit festivals," into "music, and music's thought"—she shall "find" and be "found." These powers shall make the dreams in which the lovers will be together again.

"Music and music's thought."

There are many persons who cannot appreciate fine music. I cannot. I

think Emerson could not. But the susceptibility to music in its effects upon the imagination is perhaps not lost by this limitation. Only poorer music will do, but the dreams come all the same. "Music's thought" is better than music. "Music's thought" is one of the kindred and allies, potent in its calling of sundered lovers together. "Come to us," say these transcendental friends, these lovers of lovers in all time and space. The southwind, the river and rose and crag and bird and frost and sun and eldest night and winds and waterfalls and autumn's sunlit festivals and music and music's thought,—these say to seemingly separated lovers, Come to us and we will give you back the loved and lost. "Follow not her flying feet," say these all to the poet lover, singing his sweet regrets to his faithful friend, the "summer bird." Come to us and we will give you back Hermione.

Two conceptions have emerged, among several others, in our reading of "Hermione," which are worthy of further consideration.

First, the possibility of a quite extensive intellectual life, without the aid of new sensations. It is when the mind weaves its web, like the spider, out of threads of its own. These are what Carl Pearson would call "stored sensations."

In the session of the School of Philosophy of 1884, devoted to Emerson, several lectures and papers were given upon the subject of immortality. One paper was by William T. Harris. It was published in pamphlet form and Mr. Harris gave me a copy which I keep among my treasures. The view presented in brief is as follows: Man is the only creature that forms concepts and accumulates them in the mind. He is thus able to use them again in a mental process without recurrence to the sensations in which they originated. Sensations in the first place cannot occur without impressions from nature or the objective world; but another world, an ideal world, may be

constructed out of this second-hand material without the aid of nature again. This is why we can live our lives over again in thought, in reveries, in dreams, and we can make additions, corrections, and in a thousand ways amend the imperfections of the real life. But Mr. Harris' principal point was, as I understood it, that it gives a rational way in which a very high form of consciousness may continue when what we call death, or the end of our connection with nature, has come.

Young men see visions; old men dream dreams. Nobody but an old man can tell how real and tangible this dream-life becomes. The days of our childhood, our youth, our active manhood, the folly and sins, left behind. What if this power were a hundred times as strong? This ideal world would then be real, and the world we once thought real would appear the dream. This second life is the life in which we have left *Hermione* and the Arab lover. This is the sense in which "my kindred come to soothe me." How poor our lives would often be if it were not for these blessed fictions! George Eliot expresses regret in ending one of her stories that she must now take leave of her "pleasant people," the ideal people of her own creation.

A second thought which we have used by the way, and to which we now return, suggests the practical lesson of this parable of "*Hermione*." "Who of you by taking thought can add one cubit unto his stature?" But Beauty may be brought somewhat within the province of the will. It may be cultivated. Keep your heart right and you will look all the better for it. That is a plain way of stating the law. Goodness is a good thing to look at. I had the happiness to stand in a crowded hall for an hour and a half one night and listen to a speech by Abraham Lincoln. Certainly he was the homeliest handsome man I ever saw. Yet there came ever and anon a strange beauty into his face. It was expression from the moods of his

mind, and was not there when his face was in repose; yet his beautiful life had left a witness which was permanent. In this way, if one has not lived a good life he loses his beauty as he grows old. It takes but a slight change in the lines of some parts of the face to pass from beauty to an aspect which is repulsive. You will sometimes see this transformation easily when one is talking in an ugly way. I have seen a handsome woman made a fright in a moment by bad temper or the expression of contempt and hatred of another. It is wise always to keep the face in good nature.

I kept a country school one winter, when young, in a back town in Maine. We opened the school in the morning by reading each a verse in the New Testament. A boy six feet tall, but very dull and nearsighted, had the verse, "Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free." He read it, "Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall mark your face." I did not correct the boy. I thought his version good enough, and for fifty years I have repeated it, adding a little, as—"Ye shall know the truth and the truth shall mark your face." "Ye shall know the good, and the good shall mark your face." "Ye shall know the beautiful, and the beautiful shall mark your face."

When bad thoughts and bad emotions become habitual, they work like busy sculptors and cut their wicked alphabet into the face and manners of the subject.

I have often thought of our noble Mrs. Howe and wondered what her face must have been when she wrote the "*Battle-Hymn of the Republic*." She gives us a hint in two of the lines:

"In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across
the sea,
With a glory in his bosom that transfigures you and
me."

Would that some Raphael could have painted her and given the transfiguration!

I heard Emerson for the first time in 1847. It was in Boston. He had an audience of his own about him, and he

was at his best. I remember the glory that at times came into his face. Well might an English hearer say: "His face became phosphorescent, like the face of an angel." We have no picture of that Emerson. We never shall have. A true picture must be distilled from a hundred Emersons.

I was acquainted with an old member of congress in my youth. He was present when Webster made his great speech in reply to Hayne. He said: "We have no picture of the Webster of that great hour. He made no gestures, or only a slight movement of the head. But his eyes! O, such eyes! No man could resist the power that was in his eyes."

The man who could wield the thunders

of Jupiter in the great voice of his eloquence did not need gestures. Edward Everett always insisted that there were moments when Webster's eyes emitted sparks of fire. A picture of Webster, as of Emerson, must come from a hundred Websters, each giving a reflection of some mood.

"If it be, as they said, she was not fair,
Beauty's not beautiful to me,"

but a "queenly character."

When you go to sit for your picture, *train* for beauty as the athlete for strength, by being as you would look. Thus only can we "hitch our wagon to a star."

CHARLES MALLOY.

Waltham, Mass.

THE BUILDING OF THE CITY BEAUTIFUL.*

BY JOAQUIN MILLER.

CHAPTER XII.

THE FIRST LAW OF GOD.

Look back, beyond the Syrian sand,
Beyond the awful flames that burst
O'er Sinai! The first command
Outside the gates, God's very first,
Was this: "Thou shalt in sweat and patient toil
Eat bread till thou returnest to the soil."

"YOU have a rough place here, it seems to me," said a man with bag and gun and dog as he came around a crag up out of the canyon one evening. There was a tone of derision in the voice of the hunter. He was from the city, and seemed to think the man who was trying to plant a little olive-tree in a cleft of the crag ought to not only let him have the shooting of the birds, but a better road to flush them from.

Our city-builder was weary, and for a moment was angry. But lifting his face from his work he laid the little olive down, and slowly straightening his back

he looked the man in the face, and then looked about and above, and then said quietly as he did so, "Yes, yes, it is rather rough under foot; but it is as smooth overhead as any man's land."

The hunter whistled to his dog, and left the man with the little olive-tree alone in his clouds. For he did not understand; and we are always afraid of that which we do not understand.

The lonely man on the peak kept on planting his olive-trees in the clouds. He thought of the dove bringing an olive-branch in its beak, "plucked off," and reflected that the ancients must have planted their loftiest peaks in olive-trees and made them flourish, and so took heart a little. He finished planting his tree, and being very weary and very lonely he lay down by his mattock, with his face to the glorious Balboa seas below, and thought of Jacob on the plains of Shinar as he pillowed his head on a stone and slept and dreamed.

*Began in the December, 1904, issue.

Lo! on the plains of Bethel lay
 An outworn lad, unhoused, alone,
 His couch the tawny mother clay,
 His pillow that storm-haunted stone;
 The hollow winds howled down the star-lit plain,
 All white and wild with highborn wintry rain.

Yet here God's ladder was let down,
 Yea, here for aye and aye!
 Not in the high-walled, splendid town,
 Not to the throned king feasting high,
 But far afield beneath the Syrian stars
 God's ladder fell from out the golden bars.

And ever thus. Take heart! to some
 The hand of fortune pours her horn
 Of plenty, smiling where they come;
 And some to fame and some to wealth are born,
 And some are born to pomp and splendid ease;
 But lo! God's shining ladder leans to none of these.

The German neighbor on the hillside
 below saw the weary dreamer through
 the rift of clouds that came driving in
 from the sea with the stars, and kindly
 came up the peak and awoke him.

"It von't pay you to plant olive-trees
 here. Vy you do dees?"

"To make my little portion of the
 world more beautiful."

"Boh! I do n't believe in beauty; dot
 do' n't pay."

"Then you do not believe in God?"

"Vell, not in dot sort of a God, nohow."

This German had been amazed at the
 man's deeding him so much more land
 than he had demanded. He thought it
 was a mistake at first; and so for months
 had said nothing. But at last he could
 conceal his curiosity no longer. Leaning
 over the shoulder of the man from whom
 he had received it, one Sunday as he sat
 reading, he said:

"My lawyer, he say when a deed is
 recorded it is done mit, and no one can
 change it. So dot matter he is settled
 mit. You owe me notting, and I owe
 you notting. But tell me vy you make
 it t'ree for one."

Slowly the man opened the Book at the
 Sermon on the Mount and quietly pro-
 ceeded to read. He paused a moment
 when he came to the thirty-first verse;
 then he read in a slow, low, and kindly
 voice, and closing the book, he looked his
 neighbor calmly in the face and repeated:
 "And if a man will sue thee at law and

take away thy coat, let him have thy cloak
 also."

Now this big, hearty German was not
 a bad man; he was, in fact, far from a
 bad man as the world goes. But this
 strange, new man had tempted him, and
 the end was not yet.

Meantime the people for his city, to
 people his city, did not come, save to look
 on curiously and go away. The City
 Beautiful was building slowly indeed.

At last one man with much money
 came and proposed to build and abide,
 with all his household.

"And you are certain it will pay me?"

"Perfectly certain that it will pay you
 immensely, sir."

"Well, if you are so certain I can make
 money—"

"Stop! Who said money? I said it
 will pay you. But to make money here
 on these rocks! Why, you might as well
 try to plant God's altar in corn, or to
 grow wheat on the pinnacle of Saint
 Paul's cross, as to make money on these
 glorious heights. No; you would be
 paid, but you would take your pay from
 the heaped-up gold of the golden sunsets
 of the Golden Gate; from the silver banks
 of clouds beyond; from the certificates of
 perfect health from the far-off Japan
 seas; from the satisfaction of having
 built or helped to build one, just one,
 City of Refuge, where the Jews had so
 many. From these and the like of these
 you would be paid ten-thousand-fold, my
 friend, but you would make no money."

"Well, I will think it over, and I may
 come back."

He did not come back; and so the
 world kept on going by the other way.
 True, crowds came oftentimes,—carriages
 and carriages, on Sundays; for the drives
 were good, the air delicious, the spectacle
 of the seas and cities below divinely
 glorious. But with the exception of a
 painter, a poet, a traveler who came to
 rest for a few days, the City Beautiful
 continued to be uninhabited.

Finally a friend in Japan sent two
 little Japanese gentleman from Tokio, to

serve him, to be his companions, to hear his philosophy, to learn his interpretation of the story and teachings of Christ. And this was good! "At last, at last!" said the hermit.

On the third day after they came a big Irishman and his followers came to the hermit's cottage.

"We are a committee," said the leader, "for the protection of white labor. You are a laboring man, and of course will stand by white labor. The Japs must go, or they will get the worst of it."

The man tried to protest, but all his protestations were of no avail. The foreigners said their children would stone the Japanese as they went up and down the road if they did not leave. The man told his two little strangers all, and they quietly and with scarcely a word gathered up their books, bowed their heads sadly, and were gone.

And so ended the only little ray of sunlight that had broken through the clouds for a long, long time. They had been so humble, so willing to learn, so ready to help, so patient, so filled with that dignity which is the only humility, and that humility which is the only perfect dignity, that he had learned to love them truly and deeply. They had had that spirit of meekness in them that could wash a brother's feet and yet not seem foolish. And when they went away he bowed his head in his hands at the table and was well-nigh broken-hearted.

But he took up the Book after a time and read once more the Sermon on the Mount. Then he read it again. He closed the lids a little bit savagely after this last reading. He spent the next few days in the canyon, cutting out the poison-oak,—a task which none other had ever been willing to perform.

How weary in spirit he was! and She had not kept her promise to come. How sore at heart, how sick of it all! He had grown gray here in a little time. The end was not far off.

"Ah, if I could only take this deep, cool canyon, with its pleasant waters and

its profound woods, and go to some far-away place! But no; that would be turning my back on the battle to which God has set my face. I shall fight it out here. Happily, it will not be long now; whatever comes, I shall not run away."

The next day was Sunday. The big German came, came alone, with his coat thrown leisurely over his arm. The hermit was at his little desk in his study, as was his habit on this day.

"Ah, Japs gone, eh? Dot's right; plenty of good German girls to be had, an' dem lots better nor Japs. But I want to see you about you cut down dem shade from der vater in der canyon. Of course it is on your own ground; but you see der vater runs down by me. I want der vater kept cool for my ducks and pigs and chickens. Now, if you cut down der bushes, dot lets in der sun, dot makes der vater varm. My lawyer, he say if you do dot you must pay me."

"How much pay do you want?"

"Vell, I vill not be hard. Ve can agree, I t'ink. Can you pay me a little now? Dot will bind der bargain, my lawyer say."

"Come over into the canyon, and I will pay you there."

"Good, good! ve vill get on. I have always tried to help you, as you vos a new settler; and now you are going to oblige me."

The man had snatched his overcoat from the wall, and was walking fast; the German ran along at his side.

The road was a road of roses; but the man walked too fast to heed the roses, or even hear the many friendly speeches which the garrulous German was making from time to time, as he came puffing on after him.

There was a big heap of stones on the high summit just before descending the steep path into the canyon. The sun was warm, hot. He threw his heavy coat against the high mound of stones under the olive-tree he had planted, and hastened on, the German at his heels.

CHAPTER XIII.

FALLEN BY THE WAY.

"How SHALL man surely save his soul?"

"T was sunset by the Jordan. Gates

Of light were closing, and the whole

Vast heaven hung darkened as the fates.

"How shall man surely save his soul"; he said,

As fell the gaily day, discrowned and dead.

The Christ said: "Hear this parable.

Two men set forth and journeyed fast

To reach a place ere darkness fell

And closed the gates ere they had passed;

Two worthy men, each free alike of sin,

But one did seek most sure to enter in.

"And so when in their path did lay

A cripple with a broken staff,

The one did pass straight on his way,

While one did stoop and give the half

His strength, and all his time did nobly share

Till they at sunset saw their city fair.

"And he who would make sure ran fast

To reach the golden sunset gate,

Where captains and proud chariots passed,

But lo, he came one moment late!

The gate was closed, and all night long he cried;

He cried and cried, but never watch replied.

"Meanwhile, the man who cared to save

Another as he would be saved

Came slowly on, gave bread and gave

Cool waters, and he stooped and laved

The wounds. At last, bent double with his weight,

He passed, unchid, the porter's private gate.

"Hear then this lesson, hear and learn:

He who would save his soul, I say,

Must lose his soul; must dare to turn

And lift the fallen by the way;

Must make his soul worth saving by some deed

That grows, and grows, as grows to fruitful seed."

AS SAID before, the silent man with set lips cast aside the coat on his arm as he reached the rocky summit where he had planted the olive-tree. It had flourished wonderfully. As he hastily threw the coat beneath its beautiful green and gray and dove-colored branches and hurried on down over the high, steep brow of the hill he did not see the symbol of peace at all. His eyes were blinded with rage. He led on and on down the steep and wooded road to the very bed of the canyon.

The robust German followed close at his heels. His mind was full of speculation and expectation. He had become

convinced that his neighbor, the dreamer, was entirely helpless; that his lands were surely slipping from his tired hands; that they must fall into the hands of some one, and why not as well into his hands as those of another?

"Yes, down here in the deep canyon he will make some concessions for the sake of peace, as he always does, and as there will be no witness I can fix it up to suit myself. And he, of course, will consent to whatever I say, for the sake of peace. Let me see, I must have a little money to bind the bargain; a little spot cash, if only one dollar, to bind the bargain, my lawyer say—" Thus, in plain English, ran his thought.

The big man's calculations were suddenly interrupted. They had reached the dense redwood grove at the bottom of the canyon, when the dreamer wheeled sharply about. His back was to the largest of the stately redwood-trees; and his face only a few feet from that of his robust neighbor.

The peaceful brook purled and rattled along in its bed of rocks and pebbles, birds sang pleasantly from the further hillside in the sun, but all else was silent. The place was as secure from intrusion as a country church-yard.

The man drew in his breath sharp and quick and said hastily, between his teeth:

"You are well to-day?"

"Yes, yes, never so well; but I vos varm. I puts on my coat, so I not take cold."

"No! you will not take cold. You will not have time to take cold!"

"Vy, vat do you mean?"

"What do I mean? I told you I would pay you, settle with you, here in the canyon, and I intend to keep my word. Hear me! Jesus said 'Turn the other cheek.' Well, I turned the other cheek, you smote that also. And now I am going to smite you. I am going to smite you, hip and thigh, from Dan to Beersheba!"

The German was not dull; neither

was he a coward. He saw that there was battle in the eye of his outraged neighbor, and in a second he threw his coat aside and prepared to meet it like a man.

With right foot forward and his big, red fists in rest, he awaited the onset. But his neighbor was not now in such great haste. There was a pause, and the German, who really knew himself all along to have been terribly in the wrong, took quick occasion to say, "Is dees your Sermon on de Mount?"

"Yes, yes, it is. For I have read it over and over since I read it to you, and I find it is written there that you shall not give that which is holy unto *dogs*, nor cast pearls before *swine*."

It was too much, that peculiarly personal accent given the allusion to the low creatures named; and the German, suddenly blinded with rage, struck out terribly with his big, red, right fist.

He was a huge man, nearly twice the weight of his neighbor, and not so old. But he had not spent the past five years in wrestling with the elements on a mountain side. His had been a sedentary life in the city; and so his first blow, which spent its force above the mark, as he stood on ground higher than that of his sinewy opponent, was his last. But he forced the fighting like a good German soldier as he was, and bore down heavily on the man, who stood with his back to the tree, and at last, by sheer weight and force, he bore him to the ground.

But, as in the story of old, the earth came to the rescue. The dear old mother earth, whom he had loved and on whose bosom he had rested, or wrought in forms of beauty for years past, came to his help as she came to the help of the shepherd king of old. He sprang to his feet with renewed life. The German again stood before him, formidable indeed to look upon, but almost breathless.

Thud! thump! thud! The first landed with terrific force on the big man's big throat. His head was thrown back by the blow, and before he could recover

the first was followed by the second, and the second by the third on the same unguarded column.

The big, red fists fell to the big man's side. The big mouth opened and the big man gasped helplessly, but could not even find breath to cry out for mercy. The battle was over.

"Come, now, and be washed; then go and tell your Dutch and Irish friends that is was poison-oak. What! Do you want more? Come! and be decent about it, or I'll thresh you till you do."

The big man had held back as disdainful to accept help from his enemy; but the other man would not be trifled with now,—the rage of battle was on him; and so, accepting the outreaching hand of help, he suffered himself to be led down to the pretty little brook, over which he bowed his big head, gasping and gasping for breath, and was washed as if he had been a new-born babe.

Pretty soon he stood erect, then he stooped over, washed his face with his own hands and then rose up and slowly wiped his face and his hands with his handkerchief.

At last, lifting his head, he looked his neighbor full in the face as he reached his right hand. The other took it and shook it heartily.

"Dot's all right; you cuts down vot you likes."

With this the German gathered up his coat and took his way down the canyon toward his home.

The city-builder looked after him, his heart bursting with shame and humiliation. He wanted to run after him, to bring him back, to beg his pardon, to beg his pardon on his knees. But the chill and damp of twilight soon began to creep into his bones, and he slowly ascended to the olive-tree on the high hilltop where he had thrown aside his coat. He gathered the garment about his chilled shoulders, and too weary to go further, he lay with his face to the dust. He had never been so entirely miserable in all his miserable life.

How continually he had taught all men the wisdom, the duty, the beauty of turning the other cheek! and yet, here he had gone down to the low and bestial level of a poor, ignorant foreigner and fought and fought as a dog might fight.

True, he had been tempted, terribly tempted; but he had fallen so low, so foolishly, that he could now no longer hold up his head or have the heart to go forward with his lessons of love and beauty and duty at all.

He lay there on his face, and he felt that surely the end of all his hopes and aspirations had come.

In his despair his thoughts kept continually turning to her, Miriam. Where was she? What had he done that she had not kept her promise? Five years had swept by. He had missed her presence, her calm counsel, serene wisdom, so much all the time; and as hope began to falter, and all things to fall away from him, he had come to think of her continually and to wish for her or death. "I will come to you—sometime." And now that he needed her so entirely his soul went out to her entirely,—a poor, lone dove on the deluge of waters, that found no place for the sole of its foot.

He lay there on the heights in the gathering night, and, as his heart went out to her, he continually repeated: "I will come to you—sometime"; and then he murmured: "Lead us not into temptation! Lead us not into temptation!"

CHAPTER XIV.

UNDER THE OLIVE-TREES.

THOSE shining leaves that lisped and shook
 All darkness from them, sensate leaves
 In Nature's never-ending book;
 Leaves full of truth as garnered sheaves
 That hold till seed-time fruitful seed,
 To grow as grows some small, good deed.

How strangely and how vastly still!

The harvest moon hung low and large,
 And drew across the dreamful hill

Like some huge star-bound, freighted barge;
 Some strange, new, neighbor-world it surely seemed,
 The while he gazed and dreamed, yet scarcely dreamed.

THE POOR, discouraged dreamer under the little olive-tree on the high peak above the sea was so very sore in soul, and so very sore in body, too! He could have borne with the last; but the two together made him earnestly wish to die and leave it all with the one word "Failure" for his epitaph.

After a time the ever-welcome winds, warm and balmy as with a healing balm, blew in and on and away down toward the Mexican seas from Japan.

"Oh that I had the wings of the dove to fly away and be at rest!" he sighed piteously, as the warm, strong winds went on by, bearing their snow-white fleets and happy voyagers. Surely, these clouds that drove dreamily about, above, were mighty ships that bore sweet souls bound heavenward.

From the city and the mountain-side below him came up the song and the melody of closing day. Still further below, many and many a church-spire pierced the warm, white clouds that blew in from the sea and drew softly through the tree-tops above the city. The sound of church bells came up to him through the world of clouds; came up to him there under the little olive-tree, as if they had lost their way, as he had lost his way, there on the stony steeps of his mountain.

Beyond all this the bosom of the great bay of San Francisco rose and fell with the sea of seas, and gleamed and glistened and gloried in the face of God as if a living thing.

At the Golden Gate, without, the great sea, with its hundred thousand white-clad choristers, the sea doves, sang and shrieked and shrieked and sang.

A huge sea-lion from the seal rocks beyond the city of San Francisco rose out of the sea, climbed to the top of his crag, and there lifted his bearded face straight up in the air, and mouthed his doleful monotone till it rolled and rose above the clang of the church-bells and above the songs of the hundred thousand white-clad singers of the sea of seas.

And still the soft and balmy winds

came in continually with their warmth and healing from the dreamful seas of Japan.

But the man under the olive-tree was miserable, utterly miserable, for all this melody, all this harmony of sea and song, this harmony of heaven and earth.

"Oh, why may I not build a ship of clouds and launch it on this strong, sweet current that flows in so steadily from Japan? Surely, surely science might make a ship to sail these mighty streams of the upper world! Why, men have been sailing their helpless little air-ships in the valley, from little town towers for centuries; but who has dared these brave, big currents that keep place in heaven like mighty rivers which turn not to the right nor left, but keep straight on? Surely, when the great navigator comes he will launch his stately ships upon these strong and steady currents. Man has kept his face to the ground in quest of gold; but some day, some great and good and really wise Columbus will come, and will launch his ships here on these strong, swift, sweet currents of Japan, and sail to the undiscovered continents of heaven."

Such were the weary and desolate man's dreamful and confused thoughts as he lay there wrapped in the large solemnity of gathering night. Meantime, the countless belts and curves and crescents of electric-lights leaped suddenly into existence and climbed to the top of mountains beyond the city of San Francisco. The stars had stood there but a moment before. Now, one could not tell where the lights left off or the stars began.

The gorgeous and flaming star of Mars had hung just above the grand and indescribably pathetic figure of "Our Mother of Pain," at whose feet the pious and patient men of God, a full century before, had built their holy little temple, the Mission Dolores.

A strangely brilliant little star was settling down, down, down, straight between the lifted breasts of the Holy

Virgin where they lift perpetually, as in the piteous agonies of motherhood.

The man's racked and wearied senses wandered now, and grew confused with the sea of lights in which his star lay drowning at the feet of Our Mother of Sorrows. For now the face and figure of the most divinely glorious being ever seen seemed to be dimly limned out before him; and the Star of Bethlehem was in her wondrous night of hair. It was she! Miriam! that wondrous woman of Jerusalem and of Egypt! "I will come to you—sometime." She had come.

And a ship was there! Was it but a cloud? Surely there was no mistaking the fact of the strong and steady stream from Japan.

It seemed to him that no word had been said as he arose from under the olive-tree, entered the ship, and so sailed on and on and on. They sailed by the porch of heaven. It was pavilioned with stars, propped with fearful arches formed of uncompleted worlds.

They sailed beneath the Milky Way, that seemed as some great arch above a surging river. They sailed amid the stars, above the drowning moon, above all storms and counter-storms; and the mighty river which, like the Gulf Stream, girdles the world, swept on and on and on.

Black and white and storm-tossed clouds were banked below or heaped on either side. These seas and shores of tumbled clouds were bed and banks of this awful Gulf Stream of the upper world, on whose strong and certain currents the air-ship sailed and sailed and sailed.

It was full morning when he landed; and he was alone. The ship had rested on a pine-set mountain-top. A vast valley lay below. In the center of this valley, sand-sown and tawny as a desert of Africa all about its borders, lay gleaming like silver in the morning sun a city of indescribable splendor and magnitude.

Almost overcome with awe and wonder, the man descended from the car, keeping his eyes fixed on the far-off city amid its groves in the heart of the tawny desert.

Descending through the pines a little distance down a well-worn road, he came to a small station. A man approached him, but he kept turning about to look for the silent and serenely beautiful Madonna, who had accompanied him in the glorious voyage above the world. He saw her not, and was sad.

Olive-trees, orange-trees, birds, bees, blossoms—a railroad depot in the midst of all this, and yet all things so like one perpetual Sunday. It was as quiet, as flowery here as the entrance of some gorgeous church on some Easter Sunday,—as if the people were waiting for the minister to come in. Yes, there was the music, and such music! No shrieking, soul-tearing sounds—sounds in combat, notes in battle, notes at war with notes—such as distract the civilized (?) earth from end to end; no sickening smells and other abominations that hold high carnival at the average depot in the outer world.

Peace, peace, peace! Melody, poetry, Paradise!

And yet, this was surely all on the solid earth; for the man who came forward and touched his cap to the stranger was gray about the temples. Surely he, at least, had not yet done with time. People were coming and people were going, just as elsewhere; old people and young people, plain and beautiful.

"The train starts exactly on the hour. You see that you have time to take your seat for the city."

The hand indicated a high tower where a great clock hung above the few, brief rules, the set times for coming and going.

As the stranger took his seat he could not help missing those ever-present lies that are set up in any depot on earth: "Shortest route!" "Only safe line!" "Quickest and cheapest line to the city."

In fact, as he looked out through the car,—for the cars were made of malleable glass, transparent as air and indestructible as brass (one of the lost arts restored),—he could not but note the entire absence of the decorative advertisements.

The shapely clock-tower, with its girdles of brass and its sides of broad bronze, was a goodly place for "posters," too.

But these enterprising people had not even put up a sign to say that space on this tower for advertising purposes was to be had cheaper than on any other clock-tower on the road.

Without a word or sound or sign from any one save from the clock in the tower and the little clocks at the end of each car that indicated not only the time, but the name of each station, they glided out and they glided on.

Inquiring of a pleasant-faced priest at his side, he learned, to his great relief—for he had neither scrip nor purse—that as the roads all belonged to the people, the people did not take tribute of themselves nor of the stranger within their gates who came to honor them with his presence.

"I have surely been here before," said the man at last, as if to himself, while he sat looking out upon the beautiful groves and roads of roses and bananas and wooded and watered parks, through which the swift and silent cars continually descended.

"If you will allow me," began the kindly monk, "that is a matter, the idea of having been here before, which we have under deep consideration."

"Will you explain?"

"Certainly. Meditative people are almost constantly seeing something in this life that they say they have surely seen before; and that something is always something beautiful or grand or inspiring, appealing to the best that is in us. And this, some of us, at least, take to be one of the tangible and visible evidences of immortality. This, some of us hold to be pretty clear evidence that we not only shall live hereafter, but that we have lived long, long before. No, no, my son, you have never looked on this scene in this life, previous to this; for it is all very new. But it may be that somewhere else, in some other world, or at least in some other life, you, in a happy

moment of harmony with all things, saw something very like this, under restful and harmonious conditions very like to these," said the priest, thoughtfully.

The stranger was dumb with wonder and delight. He had at last and for the first time since leaving the lady of Jerusalem by the Nile come into an atmosphere of thought in which his soul if not his body had been born from the first. He lifted his hat and sat uncovered in silence. Cottages, fields of corn, cane, cotton, a lane of banana-trees shut out the sun from the gliding palaces of glass all along now.

"And all this, you tell me, was only an arid sea of gleaming sand and baked mud a few years ago?"

"Certainly; we at first found rain hard to produce; but we had been prudent enough to bring with us something better than the natural storms of rain,—intelligence, and a colony of scientific men and women. We now have rain whenever it is needed, but never when it is not needed."

"Indeed! And such cars!"

"Yes," said the priest, "we make glass houses, railway ties, railway tracks, and railway cars, as you see here, out of the sands."

"And they never break?"

"Glass is not only elastic, as all know, but glass, by our redemption of a lost art, is made as malleable as gold or copper."

It is hardly known what more the priest said or might have said, as they glided on down under the broad banana-trees; for just then the stranger caught a glimpse of a party gathering bananas. They were girls, up in the trees among the birds, buried in the broad leaves, an arm thrusting up after the yellow fruit, a brown limb thrusting out below, drawn back, bound around and twined about a branch to hold fast! Ah! he forgot that a priest was within a thousand miles of him.

Many stations, many short stops, then on and on through the continuous and seemingly endless lane of laden trees.

At one of the little, leafy stations the priest put forth his hand and received from a pretty Indian girl two yellow bananas. They were like yellow ears of corn, so large were they. And such flavor!

"The world, the outside commercial world," said the priest as he handed one to the stranger, "has never yet tasted a banana. Those wild things, gathered green by savages of the Cannibal Islands and thrown into the holds of sailing vessels to rot and ripen, ripen and rot, are not bananas. They are disease. They are death, death for little children, old people, young people, all people."

At last they glided over a glass bridge that spanned a bent lagoon. The central railway station, where they now stopped and from which all tracks, trains, pneumatic tubes, airship-lines, and even streets and highways ran, was simply a palace, a glorious palace of glass, blue above as the sky is blue; and under foot the solid earth, snow-white sand, with fountains bursting up through, blossoming trees, and birds in every tree, and a song in the throat of every bird; for all things were so beautiful and all things were so happy the birds could but sing always.

CHAPTER XV.

AS WHEN THE CHRIST SHALL COME AGAIN.

FROM out the golden doors of dawn

The wise men came, of wondrous thought,
Who knew the stars. From far upon

The shoreless East they kneeling brought
Their costly gifts of inwrought gems and gold,
While cloudlike incense from their presence rolled.

Their sweet of flower-fields, their sweet

Distillments of most sacred leaves
They laid, low-bending, at His feet,
As reapers bend above their sheaves—
As strong-armed reapers bending clamorous
To gather golden full sheaves kneeling thus.

And kneeling so, they spake of when

God walked His garden's sacred sod,
Nor yet had hid His face from men,

Nor yet had man forgotten God.
They spake. But Mary kept her thought apart
And, silent, "pondered all things in her heart."

They spake in whispers long, they laid
 Their shaggy heads together, drew
 Some stained scrolls breathless forth, then made
 Such speech as only wise men knew,—
 Their high, red camels on the huge hill set
 Outstanding, like some night-hewn silhouette.

THE stranger was hungry,—more than hungry, he was famishing. The good priest knew this,—knew it not from words, maybe, not from look, act, or utterance. But so sensitive and refined had these people grown here, even in a few years of meditation and unselfishness, that they really knew the thoughts and feelings of one another,—as dumb horses, dogs and other lower animals know our desires and designs. More of this, however, later on.

Over and across a wide, snow-white, sand-sown avenue of orange-trees, where no cart, car, carriage, or any other rumbling nuisance could pass, the good priest led to a public restaurant by a great fountain.

"Not being a strong man," he began as they sat down, "I chose the duties of a waiter when I came, and I serve my two hours of daily toil here. However, my toil, I regret to say, must come to an end next year, as I shall then be sixty. This man who will wait on us now is a young Methodist clerygman, or rather he was a Methodist clerygman. But as all roads run in together as we approach any one city or center of any sort, so here, as we attain peace and approach something nearer the common center of more perfect life, we find all religions running in together. We are all walking along so nearly together here, in fact, that we can and do touch hands across the narrow and dim little lines that divide us."

"Well, well, well! and you say you, a not very strong man, will lay aside the menial employment of a common servant, or waiter, at the age of sixty, with regret?"

"Certainly. I really and truly like to serve. If Christ could wash his disciples' feet, might I not give bread to a hungry man; or even wash a hungry man's plate?"

The stranger held his peace a moment,

and then, as the choice repast was served, ate in silent amazement as the priest continued:

"But of course I cannot be idle. After reaching sixty years I must begin to hold office; so I shall be required to serve the Republic many years still, if I live. In fact, no man or woman who lives long enough can hardly escape serving a term as president."

"May I be permitted to know the mystery of it all?"

"There is no mystery at all. Mystery there may be in other republics, where presidents, and often thousands of other officers are chosen by man's popular voice, but not so here. God, Nature, elects our every officer. You see, any one coming here from the outer world, and all who are born here, are registered,—age, occupation, and so on. Well, every one attaining the age of seventy becomes a senator, and the oldest persons in the Senate comprise the Council. The oldest of these is president, and is usually a person of eighty; for we live in the full enjoyment of all our faculties at least ten years longer than in the outside world, where the brain and body are strained and strung till they break from the very tension."

"And then you have no elections at all?"

"Yes, the election of Nature; the choice of God."

The stranger shook his head at this intensely democratic proposition.

"I see you do not entirely approve of leaving the election to God. You fear that some bad or foolish man may by this means attain the head of government. Listen to me. Does not the Declaration of Independence of a certain great nation assert that 'all men are born free and equal'? Now, if we are born equal, how is it that we become so unequal as we go forward in the great outer world? Why, you see some are hit, hit hard in the hot and bitter battle of life. Wrong, insult, oppression, hard work, hunger,—ay, hunger, hunger of body and soul,—

these things dwarf, break down the very best and finest of you. And so it is that you in the outer world, with your lawyers, your politicians, your idle parsons and your idle priests, your lying money-lenders and land-agents, your oppressive middle-men, eleven idle and scheming men to the one slave at work, one man working ten, fifteen, twenty hours, if he can stand up under it— Ah me! no wonder that man succeeds, with all this evil and ill-doing, in making unequal that which God made equal.”

They had risen and passed out into the street. The stranger was full of wonder, and entirely silent with awe and admiration. And yet he could not help recalling the fact that he had somewhere, far back in life, heard much of this which was being uttered here. His mind went back to a voyage up the Nile, to a night amid the ruins of fearful Karnak, to the glory and the serene beauty of a pathetic and splendid face there. His soul went out continually to the grand and silent woman who had come to him in the clouds only the night before and had carried him away and out of his world of cares, out of himself, to this, her world.

“You are thinking of her?”

“Of whom?”

“Well, no matter about her name. Let us say our guardian angel. I am desirous of leading you to her. Shall we proceed directly to her, or wait till to-morrow? To-morrow were better.”

“At once, please God, at once!” cried the man, with clasped hands, as he saw the kindly man hesitate.

“You need rest.”

“Indeed, indeed, I do not need rest. I am strong as a lion. I need only her—to see her.”

A shade of concern and deep sadness swept over the sensitive priest’s face, as if he had something in his mind which he hesitated to tell. At last he said:

“Yes, yes, you are strong.”

“And she—she, my Madonna, Miriam—she is not strong?”

“Far, far from strong my son.”

The priest’s head was on his breast as he spoke. Then lifting his face he said pleasantly:

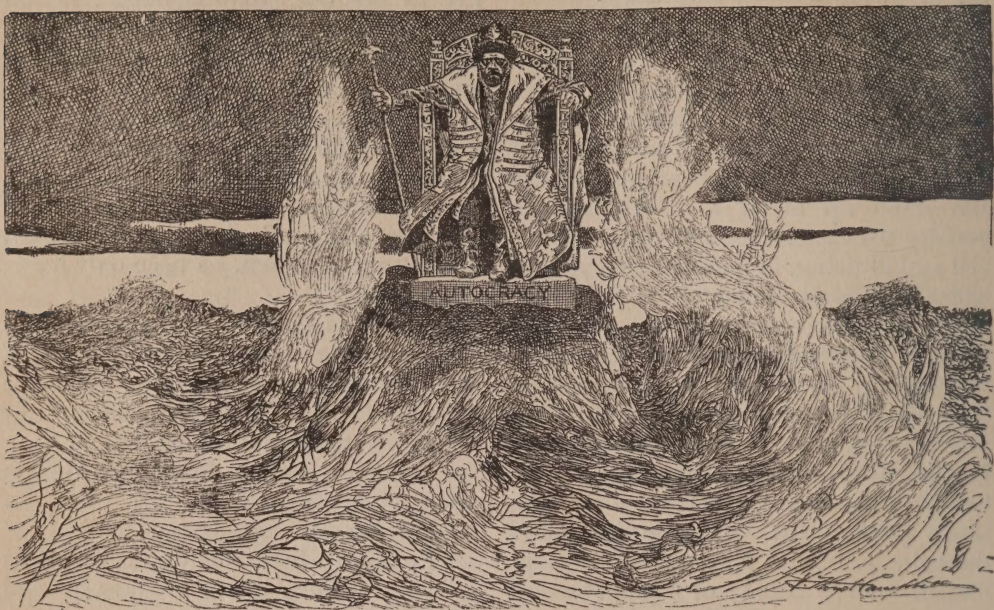
“But she forbids all sadness on this score, and so I must obey her and be cheerful.”

“But I may see her to-night?”

“To-morrow, my son, to-morrow.”

(To be continued.)

POLITICS, THE PEOPLE AND THE TRUSTS AS SEEN
BY CARTOONISTS.



Campbell, in Philadelphia North American.

THE RISING TIDE.



Oppen, in New York American. (Reproduced by special permission of W. R. Hearst.)

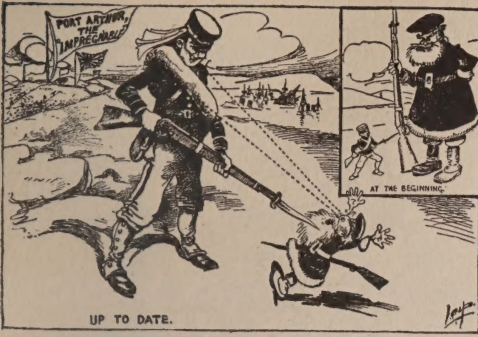
"ALL THIS MUST PASS AWAY,"

Russia's Wolves, and the Den that shelters them.



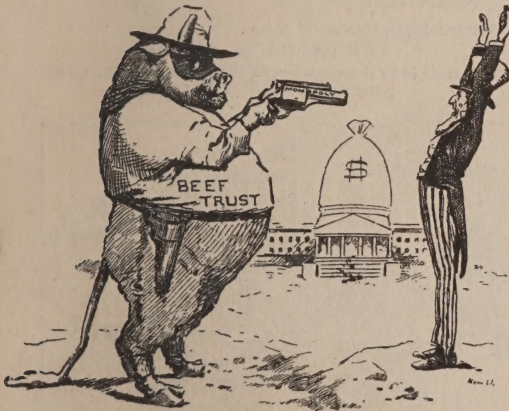
Warren, in New York Globe.

LOOKING FOR SOMETHING SOFT TO FALL UPON.



Leipziger, in Detroit News.

"MY, HOW HE DOES GROW!"



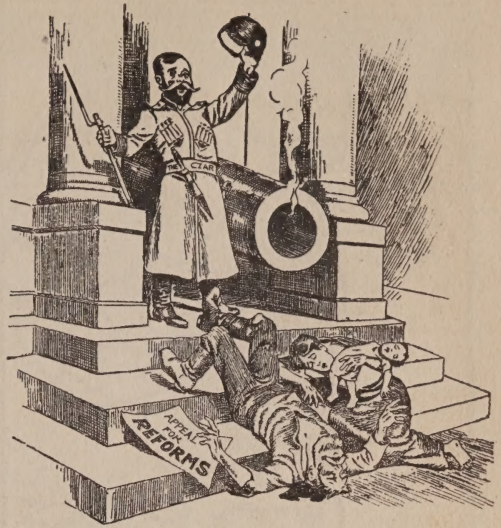
Kemble, in New York Herald.

UNCLE SAM—"I am getting just a little bit tired of this game."



De Mar, in Philadelphia Record.

THE BIG STICK TO THE RESCUE.



De Mar, in Philadelphia Record.

A BATTLE WON AT LAST.



Gage, in Philadelphia North American.

THE MAIN SQUEEZE GETS ALL.



Walker, in Girard (Kan.) *Appeal to Reason.*

A SOCIALIST CARTOON.

The Man-Who-Is-Contented-With-His-Lot is the one that supports capitalism and tramples under foot the workers.



Satterfield, in Nashville News.

THE BATTLE IN KANSAS.

Kansas is in the clutches of the Standard Oil Company and is howling for relief.



Leipziger, in Detroit News.

THE AMEN CORNER IN THE NURSERY.

UNCLE JOE—"The reason there won't be any tariff revision is because we need the money."



Osborn, in Philadelphia Press.

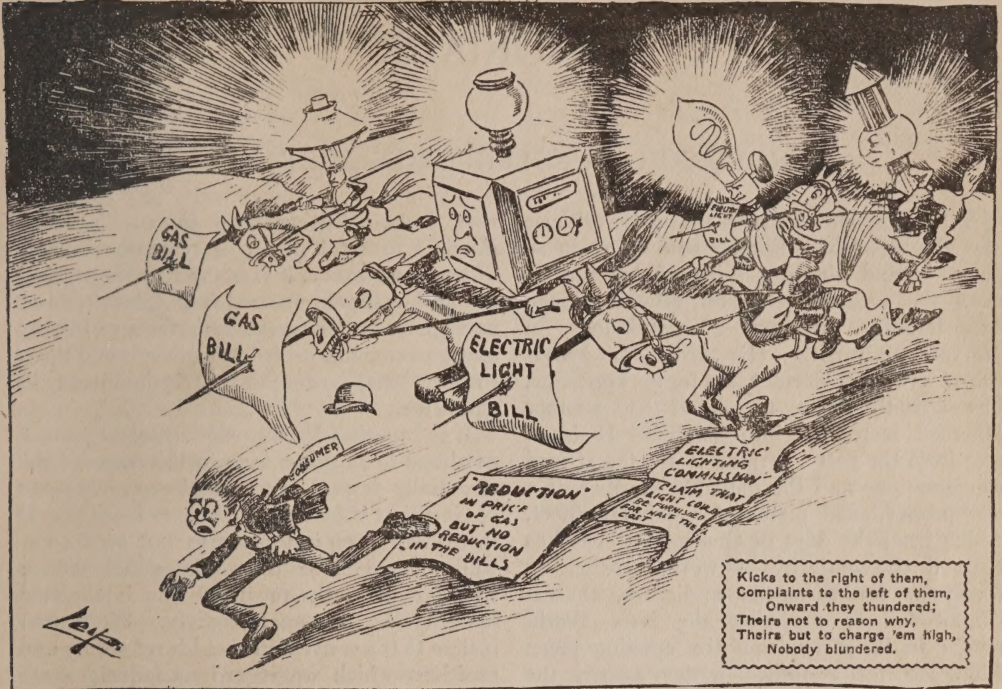
GOVERNOR'S NEW MUZZLER CONSIDERED A HUGE JOKE.

He won't be happy till he touches it.



Satterfield, in Albany Times-Union.

GOVERNOR PENNYPACKER—"There's no doubt it, I've really got to muzzle this dog."



Leipziger, in Detroit News.

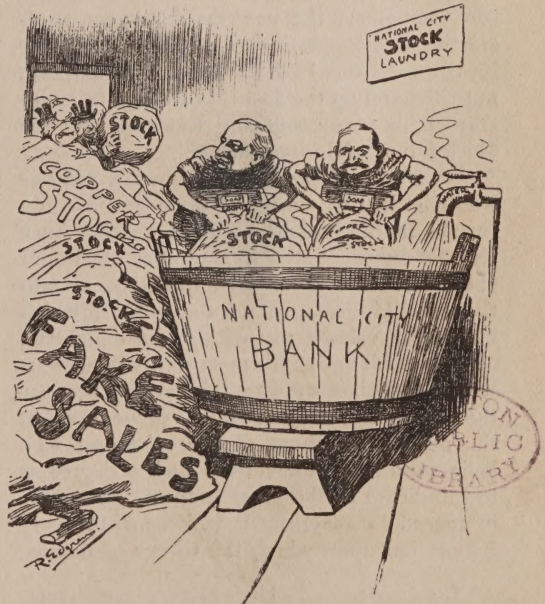
THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE.—THE GAS SITUATION IN DETROIT.



From the Boston American. (Reproduced by special permission of W. R. Hearst.)

PLUCKING THE PUBLIC.—THE GAS SITUATION IN BOSTON AND NEW YORK.

GAS TRUST—"Squawk! squawk! all you will, silly goose! I'll have your feathers before I let you go!"



Edgren, in New York World.

COME IN AND BE WASHED!

EDITORIALS.

PROFESSOR MUNSTERBERG'S MISTAKE.

IT IS by no means a pleasant task to criticise the views of a thinker who writes in so generous and kindly a spirit of America as does the eminent German scholar, Hugo Munsterberg, professor of psychology in Harvard University. His work, *The Americans*,* written in German and for the Germans, has recently been translated by another Harvard instructor into English. It is so free from the petty, carping spirit, the absurd exaggerations and the palpable sacrifice of a well-proportioned picture for popular effect, which from the days of Charles Dickens has marked the majority of works written by foreigners for European audiences, that it cannot fail to prejudice the New World reader in its favor from the opening page. Moreover, few American writers possess the charm of style and felicity of expression of this thoughtful German when presenting abstract and speculative theories and matter rather didactic than otherwise.

Of all the addresses delivered at the Emerson Centenary, the one that was most attractive and suggestive to us was the plea for idealism delivered by Professor Munsterberg, notwithstanding the fact that we regard as incorrect his views touching Emerson and the Declaration of Independence.

So in *The Americans* we have a volume whose seductive charm of style and (within certain limits) breadth of mental vision have scarcely been equaled in a treatise of similar character. But these very qualities, no less than the kindly spirit of the author, which makes the volume so inviting and delightful, also render it one of the most subtly dangerous works that has appeared in years, because the view-point, prejudices and inclinations of the author are those of the aristocrat who believes in class-rulership to such a degree as to blind him to the great fundamental truths in regard to government which are the very foundation upon which the theory of democ-

racy rests. Writing thus from a position inimical to a full-orbed or sympathetic view of true democracy, it is natural, perhaps, that our author should proceed from false premises and ignore certain great basic facts of history and government, or at least subordinate them to facts that are relatively insignificant in character.

It is true that Professor Munsterberg could not hope to stand so high in the favor of the essentially despotic and reactionary Emperor of Germany if he expressed views more liberal than those given in this work; but we are unwilling to believe that this gifted author would consciously prostitute his intellectual integrity for personal motives. We rather incline to the conviction that his reasoning and positions which we regard as fallacious are due chiefly to his point-of-view, his prejudices, and a certain un-American intellectual atmosphere in which he has lived while in the New World. He is, we imagine, in far more hearty accord with the reactionary government of the Emperor William than with the progressive and truly democratic ideals of such apostles of free government as Thomas Jefferson or Abraham Lincoln. Indeed, he takes occasion in his chapter on the self-direction of the American people to observe that:

"Officially Germany is aristocratic and monarchic through and through, and no one would have it other."

Here we have an unconscious expression on the part of the author of his contempt for the people. We are told that "no one would have it other," and yet the Social-Democratic vote in Germany represents an electorate positively, radically and fundamentally opposed to the present monarchical régime, and that vote at the last election numbered 3,112,000, and the present membership of the Social-Democratic party in the Reichstag is over eighty. What shall be said of a writer assuming to speak as an authority on popular government, and yet who brushes aside as

* *The Americans*. By Hugo Munsterberg. Translated by Edwin B. Holt, Ph.D. Cloth. Pp. 619. Price, \$2.50 net. New York: McClure, Phillips & Company.

something too insignificant even to be taken into consideration the expressed voice of three million intelligent voters?

In so far as our author sympathizes with democracy, it is only with the Hamiltonian or aristocratic ideals of so-called popular government. Now Hamilton, as our readers know, regarded the constitutional monarchy of Great Britain as an ideal government. He had no faith in the people. He strove with all the power of his commanding genius to make the republic a class-ruled land where property qualifications should bar a large proportion of the people from active participation in government and where the offices of president and senators should be practically life positions, while the governors of the various states, instead of being elected, should be appointed by the centralized power at Washington.

Nothing is clearer than that however sympathetic Professor Munsterberg may be with our people, he is not in active sympathy with democracy or genuine republicanism. Moreover, he has a case to prove. A republican government, though the form that would inevitably obtain in a self-directing nation like our own, he holds would be quite out of place in other lands. "The American democracy," he tells us, "is not an abstractly superior system of which a European can approve only by becoming himself a republican and condemning, incidentally, his own form of government; it is, rather, merely the necessary form of government for the types of men and the conditions which are found here. And any educated American of to-day fully realizes this. No theoretical hair-splitting will solve the problem as to what is best for one or another country."

Again he observes:

"The American political system, therefore, by no means represents an ideal of universal significance; it is the expression of a certain character, the necessary way of living for that distinct type of man which an historically traceable process of selection has brought together. And this way of living reacts in its turn to strengthen the fundamental type. Other nations, in whom other temperamental factors no less significant or potent or admirable are the fundamental traits, must find the solution of their political problems in other directions. No gain would accrue to them from any mere imitation, since it would

tend to nothing but the crippling and estranging of the native genius of their people.

"The cultivated American of to-day feels this instinctively. Among the masses, to be sure, the old theme is still sometimes broached of the world-wide supremacy of American ideals.

"The cultivated American is well aware that the various political institutions of other nations are not to be gauged simply as good or bad, and that the American system would be as impossible for Germany as the German system for America.

"Those days are indeed remote when philosophy tried to discover one intrinsically best form of government."

Elsewhere he tells us that:

"The Republic of the United States is so entirely different from all other republics since in no other people is the craving for self-determination so completely the informing force. The republics of Middle and South America, or of France, have sprung from an entirely different political spirit; while those newer republics, which in fundamental intention are perhaps more similar, as for instance Switzerland, are still not comparable because of their diminutive size. The French republic is founded on rationalism. The philosophy of the eighteenth century, with its destructive criticism of the existing order, furnished the doctrines, and from that seed of knowledge there grew and still are growing the practical ideals of France. But the political life of the United States sprang not from reasoned motives but from ideals; it is not the result of insight but of will; it has not a logical but a moral foundation. And while in France the principles embodied in the constitution are derived from theory, the somewhat doubtful doctrines enunciated in the Declaration of Independence are merely a corollary to that system of moral ideals which is indissolubly combined with the American character.

"The political ideas which led to the French Revolution had been outlived by the middle of the nineteenth century. A compromise had been effected. The whole stress of the conflict had transferred itself to social problems, and no one earnestly discussed any more whether republic or monarchy was the better form of government. The intellectual

make-up of a people and its history must decide what shall be the outward form of its political institutions. And it is to-day tacitly admitted that there are light and shade on either side."

We are republicans, Professor Munsterberg assures his readers, because of our self-direction,—something absent in many civilized lands. Next he assures us that our republic resulted from an entirely different informing influence than that which led to the overthrow of the monarchical order in France. "The political life of the United States sprang not from reasoned motives but from ideals; it is not the result of insight but of will; it has not a logical but a moral foundation." On the other hand the French republic, we are assured, "is founded on rationalism. The philosophy of the eighteenth century, with its destructive criticism of the existing order, furnished the doctrines, and from that seed of knowledge there grew and still are growing the practical ideals of France."

This ingenious plea is as thoroughly fallacious as is the author's assumption that nobody would have the German monarchical government other than it is. In the first place, the American republic was the fruit of the expanding ideals of freedom that obtained in the more thoughtful and liberal minds of England, France and America in the eighteenth century. Locke, Montesquieu, Diderot, Rousseau and other liberal philosophers sowed the seeds of democracy throughout Western civilization. In America Thomas Jefferson's *Summary View of the Rights of America* embodied these ideas so lucidly and succinctly that all men could grasp, understand and hold them. This paper, perhaps more than any other single writing in the New World, served to convince the rationality and satisfy the moral demands of the American people, prior to the Revolution, as to the essential justice of the fundamental demands of free institutions; but this discussion was largely an epitome of ideas which had long since obtained among the more advanced thinkers of England and France.

It is true that with the American people the moral ideal probably exerts a greater influence than with some of the European peoples, but to represent the cause of our democracy as being something different from the cause which produced the democratic revolt in France is the height of absurdity. In each

instance democracy was the fruit of broadening intelligence and culture and of the natural and inevitable aspirations of an emancipated brain and a quickened conscience. It was in each case fundamentally both rationalistic and ethical. The ideal of justice, of brotherhood and fraternity was the overmastering concept in each instance, and must always be where the democratic ideal prevails; and in proportion as this concept is realized a nation is truly democratic; in proportion as it fails the nation is reactionary and the victim of class-interests and influences.

In America the ringing words of Thomas Jefferson were complemented by the luminous thought of Benjamin Franklin, Thomas Paine, the Adamses, and other high-minded and self-sacrificing patriots and daring thinkers.

The men who rendered the French Revolution inevitable were men who were powerful by virtue of the justice of their cause and the idealism which vivified their logical arguments. It was the excesses of the French Revolution, born of the sufferings of the people and the legitimate outcome of generations of despotism, ignorance, superstition and misery, that in time produced the reactionary movement in the French government in the meridian period of the nineteenth century, and not any giving up on the part of the people of the fundamental ideals of democracy, as our author would have his readers understand—a fact which the last twenty-five years in the history of France have clearly demonstrated. Moreover, when our author intimates that the French people do not possess the spirit of self-direction, that they are not genuine democrats or are not capable of appreciating the spirit of democracy, he treads upon a path dangerous for his reputation as a sincere thinker and a well-informed student of political life; for during recent years the French Republic has demonstrated in a marked degree not only its appreciation of the ideals and genius of democracy, but its realization that government is progressive; that a wider diffusion of knowledge, united with economic emancipation, is the legitimate demand of present-day democracy.

Professor Munsterberg, in striving to limit the proper sphere of democracy to the United States, does violence to the facts of history and raises the temperamental characteristics of a people above the rational instincts and the universal aspirations and experiences of the

enlightened human heart. The history of government in a progressive civilization is marked by steady expansion and growth. Change here, as elsewhere in living organisms, is the order of life. The aspirations of a people move along certain well-defined lines. As general intelligence increases, as mental and moral growth marks the entire people, there comes the demand for greater freedom and a larger measure of justice, and for a recognition of *society* as the true and rightful source of government instead of some of its accidents, freaks or monstrosities. As men rise in intelligence out of barbarism, superstition and ignorance, they more and more recognize the absurdity and incomprehensible folly of resigning their interests, prosperity and happiness into the hands of some man who happens to be the eldest son in a certain family whose ancestor, through superior strength or prowess on the field of conflict, or through chance or cunning, gained mastership of the people. This offspring may be mentally erratic and physically deformed. He may be a dissipated *roué*. He may possess far less intellectual ability than nine-tenths of the educated of the land, and he may be morally inferior to nine-tenths of his people. He may be at once antagonistic to the interests of true statesmanship, hostile to all honest criticism, and contemptuous of the rights of the people. And yet, because he is the son of some son of some other son who gained the scepter, he is confided with the life, death, prosperity and happiness of a great people.

Now as general intelligence obtains in any land, the absolute absurdity, the gross injustice and essential iniquity of such an arrangement become more and more apparent, and at the same time the principles of democracy naturally take deeper and deeper root in the public consciousness. Democracy belongs to no land, no nation, no people. It is the ripened expression of the intelligence and the awakened conscience of humanity, demanding that the government shall express the principles of the Golden Rule, which epitomizes the noblest dream of ethics as it relates to government; shall assert the fundamental truth of the law of solidarity; shall, in a word, shadow forth justice, freedom and fraternity, giving equality of opportunities to all and special privileges to none, though being ever ready to extend the hand of loving help to the weaker members of society. It is the natural and inevitable evolution of public conscious-

ness where education and moral unfoldment obtain, instead of being the product of rationalism in one land and of moral idealism only in another. Moreover, it moves along certain well-defined lines. It demands the progressive extension of the rights, privileges and liberties of all the people. Thus the growth of government is seen from the absolutism of the ancient Oriental despot, slowly, through many changing forms and with a rising and receding tide, but ever groping its way toward freedom, until at length, when enlightenment has loosened the bands of superstition and ignorance, the ideal of democracy breaks upon the vision of the more or less emancipated mind, and the dream of liberty, of justice and of fraternity, based on a recognition of the law of solidarity and the inherent right of society to rulership, dominates the public mind.

There is not, nor can there be, anything local, anything ephemeral, or anything stationary in democracy. It is the legitimate and inevitable evolutionary result due to the broadening intelligence of the age. This is, of course, not saying that democracy as we find it to-day is the realization of the dreams of any or all of the great democrats who have lived. It is the nearest approach to the dream yet actualized in society.

The mistake which many democrats as well as upholders of autocratic, monarchical or class-government make is in regarding government as something that is stationary and not susceptible of growth, change and unfoldment. Liberals who take this position assume that the revolutionary epoch closed the door of growth; that henceforth there is no demand for a progressive constructive movement in the political organism.

It was too much to expect that the great fundamental principles of democracy could be realized at once. Furthermore, changed conditions demand an expansion of principles which will best meet the requirements of democracy and insure to the people the largest possible measure of freedom, justice and equality of opportunities and of rights. More and more are thoughtful men of all civilized lands coming to see that the fruits of political emancipation cannot be enjoyed in anything like their fullest degree until we have also economic emancipation. Civilization is marching upward toward the light; there is a constant evolution or development. So, also, with government, and the most progressive lands are yet far from the goal.

The ideal of justice, freedom and fraternity, though more fully embodied in a republic than in class-ruled lands, is as yet only partially actualized, and so long as this ideal floats before us, popular government must continue to expand, unfold and develop. As Victor Hugo rightly observes, in speaking of the mission of art and the triumph of democracy:

"The human caravan has reached a high plateau; and, the horizon being vaster, art has more to do. This is all. To every widening of the horizon, an enlargement of conscience corresponds. We have not reached the goal. Concord condensed into felicity, civilization summed up in harmony,—that is yet far off."

There is nothing more amazing, and to thoughtful republicans amusing, than Professor Munsterberg's constant allusion to the cultivated American as an upholder of aristocratic government or of an aristocratic republic. Thus, for example, he assures us that "the cultivated American of to-day" feels instinctively that "the American political system . . . by no means represents an ideal of universal significance; it is the expression of a certain character, the necessary way of living for that distinct type of man which an historically traceable process has brought together."

Our author, however, does condescend to admit that "among the masses, to be sure, the old theme is still sometimes broached of the world-wide supremacy of American ideals."

Again he says:

"The cultivated American is well aware that the various political institutions of other nations are not to be gauged simply as good or bad, and that the American system would be as impossible for Germany as the German system for America.

"Those days are indeed remote when philosophy tried to discover one intrinsically best form of government."

In reading such words as the above one wonders whether it is possible that our Harvard professor has associated entirely with the toady and sycophantic element that justly merits the contempt of all sturdy and robust thinkers, whether they be Americans or Europeans; while his expression in regard to the remoteness of the day "when philosophy tried to discover one intrinsically best form of government," reveals again how thoroughly

and inherently reactionary is his own point-of-view.

In regard to the weakness of a democracy Professor Munsterberg says:

"The essential weakness of such a democracy is rather the importance it assigns to the average man with his petty opinions, which are sometimes right and sometimes wrong, his total lack of comprehension for all that is great and exceptional, his self-satisfied dilettanteism and his complacency before the accredited and trite in thought. . . . All ambition is directed necessarily toward such achievements as the common man can understand and compete for—athletic virtuosity and wealth. Therefore the spirit of sport and of money-getting concerns the people more nearly than art or science, and even in politics the domination of the majority easily crowds from the arena those whose qualifications do not appeal to its mediocre taste. And by as much as mature and capable minds withdraw from political life, by so much are the well-intentioned masses more easily led astray by sharp and self-interested politicians and politics made to cater to mean instincts. . . . The seditious demagogue who appeals to passion is less dangerous than the sly political wire-puller who exploits the indolence and indifference of the people; and evil intent is less to be feared than dilettanteism and the intellectual limitations of the general public."

Before noticing this general indictment, let us consider for a moment the author's contention that it is democracy that is responsible for the money-madness with our adult population and the craze for athletics with our youth.

It is a noteworthy fact that while truly democratic conditions prevailed in America,—that is, before privileged and class-interests united with political rings and bosses to thwart the rule of all the people for self-enrichment and aggrandizement and to defeat the free and untrammelled growth of democracy by various means, not the least of which was the control of nominations, there was no money-madness such as prevails today in the republic. It was not until after such sinister influences as the Tweed Ring, operating with Jay Gould, Jim Fisk and the Erie contingent, and Simon Cameron and Matthew Quay, acting with Tom Scott and the Pennsylvania Railroad and the Standard Oil Company, became so masterful as to gain

in an incredibly short time either overreaching political power or vast sums of acquired wealth as a result of political corruption and privilege, that money became a leading determining factor in securing prestige and power in America. Before this the ideals of the American youth were noble and sturdily ethical, and this lowering of ideals and shifting of the standard of success from personal worth and noble endeavors and attainments to acquisition of wealth came as a result of the subversive and undemocratic influence that was injected into the American democracy. It was the legitimate and inevitable result of the ultra-high protective system of tariff, the rise of privilege and of corporate wealth, uniting with shrewd and unscrupulous agents and attorneys in political life to secure selfish ends at the expense of the people.

Again. Before the entrance of this principle of class-government, with its false and artificial standards and ideals, there was no athletic craze or undue emphasis on physical sports present in our educational institutions or among our young. But on the other hand, in the democratic days the literary societies and the debating clubs held the place now occupied by football, baseball and like games. Here the change from a general desire on the part of the young to excel in literary exercises and in forensic art to a passion for physical prowess and power was as marked as the change in ideals and life among the elders, and was doubtless due in part at least to the shifting of standards and ideals that resulted in the placing of the chief emphasis on materialistic rather than idealistic aims and concepts.

With the rise of classes or the growth of what Professor Munsterberg terms the aristocratic spirit, came a degree of artificiality never before known in America, a diminution in the old sturdy integrity that marked business life, and a strong reactionary tendency in government and in the ideals of a large proportion of the more successful among the beneficiaries of privilege and class-legislation. Thus as a matter of fact the money-madness and the "athletic virtuosity" of which our author complains are due to the presence of reactionary and undemocratic ideals, or, in other words, to a falling away from the just, sturdy, and equitable ideals of democracy.

Passing to a consideration of the general indictment of democracy's weakness, in which it is held that it assigns to the average man undue importance, which results in "a lack of

comprehension" on the part of the nation as a whole "for all that is great and exceptional" and in a "self-satisfied dilettanteism and complacency before the accredited and trite in thought," leading to the subordination of art and science and even causing politics to be dominated by individuals of mediocre ability, we find a contention that is on its face specious, and yet, as in the case of gain-getting and physical sports, is thoroughly fallacious. The Professor has allowed himself to be led astray by mistaking the aristocratic or class-rule of the present, with which he so heartily sympathizes, for the result of democracy. What he complains of is the result of class-rulership, the result found in monarchies and all class-ruled lands. As a matter of fact nowhere are true merit and real greatness of character and mind more quickly recognized than in a true democracy. The public mind is quick to discern the worthy, if left free, unhampered and unprejudiced. There is but one exception to this rule, and that is that the advance guard in all lines of research are regarded with more or less suspicion by the people, who are naturally conservative rather than radical in thought. But the history of civilization proves nothing more clearly than that theocracies, monarchies and class-ruled lands have been equally slow to recognize any advance in science, speculative thought in government, or indeed in any direction except in art and dilettante forms of literature. The pioneer reformers, the radicals and the daring thinkers in the sphere of science have been ostracized, persecuted and not unfrequently slain by the reactionary governments of the past, and we think it is safe to say that no government, even in this respect, has been as liberal to new thought and the enunciation of high and humane ideals as have the democracies; while in respect to intellectual and moral greatness, democracy may well stand bonneted in the presence of any other form of government. And if we except art, which in the nature of the case cannot be expected to be vigorously fostered in a new land where a nation is in the process of building, we confidently assert that no European country can make a better showing of appreciation of her distinguished sons than the United States, so long as the government was in fact a democracy.

Before the modern plutocracy arose and privileged interests and wealthy corporations succeeded in overthrowing or thwarting the popular will, the halls of state were filled by

our ablest statesmen,—our Jeffersons, Madisons, Clays, Websters, Bentons, Calhouns and Sumners. So in literature, it is remarkable what honor, popularity and recognition were accorded to our poets, novelists, scientific workers and inventors; to our Longfellow, Lowells, Bryants, Whittiers, Holmeses, Emersons, Hawthornes, Prescotts, Motleys, Howes, Morses, Edisons, and scores of others, by a people largely pioneers, battling for bread and building homes.

There could have been no such marvelous advance as America has made in invention, in scientific discovery and in literature if Professor Munsterberg's criticism were even measurably just.

It is true, however, that after the Civil war, with the rise in power of the great railways, the Standard Oil and other corporations and the protective system of tariff, a new and powerful influence entered American political life. Privilege, in essence reactionary, in spirit that of class-government, as thoroughly inimical to democracy as it is congenial to aristocracies or class-governments, became more and more a dominating factor in the republic. From the national government down to municipal rule, public-service corporations and other privileged interests by various direct and indirect methods began to debauch and corrupt government on the one hand while they systematically secured the nomination to important offices of men who had been attorneys or lobbyists for their interests, and over whom they felt they could exert a controlling influence in all measures in which personal and selfish interests were pitted against the interests of the people. As a result our government to-day is honey-combed with men of low ideals or no ideals,

and though many of them are men of strong intellect, their lack of moral greatness and their long subserviency to conscienceless masters have rendered them as conspicuously wanting in the elements of great statesmanship as they are in those of lofty patriotism or fidelity to the demands of democracy.

In aristocratic governments a large proportion of the hereditary representatives are not only pledged to the interests of their class, and therefore place those interests before the interests of the nation, but they are frequently mentally far inferior to the men selected by the people. Take England, for example. Who were her great statesmen during the last century, or from what rank did they come? Gladstone, Disraeli, Bright, Cobden, Morley,—one may run through the list of the really great and those who were nobly endowed with moral sentiments, as well as intellectually brilliant, and he will find that the large majority were the men whom the people or the electorate at large pushed to the front, not the hereditary aristocrats.

So as a matter of fact the real evils or shortcomings of democracy, which Professor Munsterberg points out, are due to the lack of democracy or to the reactionary movement which resulted from the power of organized wealth dominating political machines and thwarting, nullifying or overthrowing the will of the unorganized masses or the people. The weakness and evil pointed out are present with us, but they are due to too little democracy, not to too much democracy. Just in proportion as the aristocratic, privileged and reactionary influences or class-rule have supplanted democracy, the evils of which Professor Munsterberg speaks have grown apace.

A GOVERNOR WHO WOULD SCREEN THE DESTROYERS OF THE REPUBLIC.

NOTHING more alarms the great thieves, bribers, corruptionists and other wealthy criminals, or is more dreaded by the sleek and well-fed advocates and special-pleaders for the men who, but for the power they wield through ill-gotten gain, would be wearing striped prison-suits, than the telling cartoons of the brilliant and courageous American artists.

The destruction of the Tweed Ring was rendered possible through the powerful

pictures of Thomas Nast. Tweed on one occasion said: "Let's stop them d—d pictures. I don't care so much what the papers write about me; my constituents can't read, but, d—n it, they can see pictures." And on another occasion he exclaimed in rage and alarm on beholding one of Nast's terrible cartoons illustrating in a striking manner how the Ring was robbing the people: "This is the last straw. I'll show them d—d publishers a new trick."

And forthwith he had all the school-books published by Harper Brothers thrown out of the public-schools.

Tweed thus early learned what every great public plunderer, thief and corruptionist since that day has known and felt,—namely, that the fearless and incorruptible cartoonist is the deadly enemy of wholesale corruption, the debauching of public officials, the defying of the laws made to protect the people, and the robbery of the public through the iniquitous union of political bosses, partisan machines and the trusts or great corporations. The riot of political corruption and immorality that has marked the history of Pennsylvania since the great railway, coal and iron industries became the virtual masters of the commonwealth, through the grace of Senator Quay and other corruptors, has long since become a crying shame in the republic. So notorious has become this debauchery of a great commonwealth that the newspapers and cartoonists have of late been active in exposing the wickedness that has too long been allowed to flourish. At last the corporations, the venal politicians and other corrupt, immoral and law-defying elements have found a powerful ally in Governor Pennypacker of Pennsylvania, whose warfare against the freedom of the press, and especially

against the cartoonists, will probably be his only claim to immortality, unless it be his characterization of the notorious Senator Quay as "a greater man than Clay or Webster." From the days of Tweed those who have feared publicity or the exposure of their evil and criminal deeds, have desired to suppress the cartoonists and abridge the freedom of the press. A few years ago the New York bosses and political wire-workers attempted to enact some restrictive legislation aimed at the cartoonists, but an indignant public prevented their taking away from the people one of the greatest weapons in the battle against bribery, corruption, graft and thievery in general; and it has remained for Governor Pennypacker to win the applause of the enemies of the republic by his recent attempts against the cartoonists. If Tweed were living he would hail the Governor of Pennsylvania as a second Daniel come to judgment.

In his powerful cartoon this month Dan. Beard illustrates the practical effect of Governor Pennypacker's action in seeking to shield thieves and corruptionists from the sun of publicity. It is a cartoon worthy of Nast and should do much to aid in the movement now being made to break up the intolerable condition of corporate and corrupt machine-rule in Pennsylvania.

THE AUTHORSHIP OF "THE TWO MYSTERIES": A CORRECTION.

IN THE January ARENA, Mr. Clarence Cuninghame in his thoughtful paper on Walt. Whitman, following the lead of Professor McAlpine, erroneously quoted the exquisite poem, "The Two Mysteries," as from the pen of Whitman. This poem has for years, or since the publication of *Favorite Poems of English and American Authors*, which appeared in the eighties of the last century, been published and re-published as the production of the "good, gray poet;" for in that volume it was credited to Whitman. The following extract from a letter received by us from W. F. Clark, associate editor of *St. Nicholas*, will serve to correct the error:

"My attention has just been called to an article in the January number of THE ARENA entitled 'A Defense of Walt. Whitman's "Leaves of Grass,"' by Clarence Cuninghame, in which the author follows a mistake of Professor Frank McAlpine in attributing the poem, 'The Two Mysteries,' to Walt. Whitman.

"The poem was written by Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge, the editor of *St. Nicholas*. It has been several times ascribed to Whitman, but in every instance where this mistake has come to our notice we have endeavored to have it corrected."

This poem first appeared in *Scribner's Monthly* in the summer of 1876, and was preceded by the following note, which probably first led to its being attributed to Walt. Whitman:

"In the middle of the room, in its white coffin, lay the dead child, a nephew of the poet. Near it, in a great chair, sat Walt. Whitman, surrounded by little ones, and holding a beautiful little girl on his lap. The child looked curiously at the spectacle of death, and then inquiringly into the old man's face. 'You do n't know what it is, do you, my dear?' said he; adding, 'We do n't, either.'"

IN THE MIRROR OF THE PRESENT.

A TYPICAL ILLUSTRATION OF THE ARROGANCE AND DESPOTISM OF THE TRUST-SPIRIT.

THE PEOPLE IN THE POWER OF THE
OCTOPUS OR THE "SYSTEM."

DURING recent years and with increasing emphasis from month to month and week to week, the American people have been made to feel the essential despotism and inhuman brutality of the trust-spirit. With a secrecy that might well be symbolized by the dark-lantern and the gum-shoes, and with methods that have been marked at every step by cruel injustice not unfrequently accompanied by falsehoods, corrupt practices and acts that strike at the very foundation of that moral integrity upon which national and individual greatness rest, the trusts have become masters of the millions. Deriving their strength partly from legalized privileges, partly from the mastery of political machines and the successful pushing to the front of subservient tools, partly from their control of public opinion-forming agencies, and not unfrequently through evading or defying all laws enacted to protect the people, they have succeeded in levying enormous tributes from the producing and consuming public, that in turn have increased their power for evil while decreasing the power for resistance on the part of the millions. The ethics, or rather the lack of ethics that has characterized the great trusts and arrogant monopolies that to-day oppress the millions of America, has bred in the master or directing minds in many cases the same spirit of tyranny and contempt for the rights of others that in past times marked the actions of Charles I. of England, and at a later date those of George III. in his treatment of the American Colonies. Of the law-defying, government-corrupting and public-oppressing actions of the great trusts and corporations we have had occasion to speak on several occasions, and shall in the near future give numerous other typical examples and illustrations. At the present time we desire to notice a recent outrage that affords a startling illustration of the trust-spirit and methods as they obtain in American to-day.

AN HISTORICAL CARTOON AND A LIBEL SUIT.

FROM time to time fearless and reputable journals not directly or indirectly beholden to the theatrical trust have pointed out the wretchedly insufficient precautions taken by many of the great theater managers and lessees to prevent serious loss of life to the theater-going public in the event of fire. Such agitation has always been extremely offensive to the grasping and avaricious parties responsible for such conditions.

Among the fearless papers which have for years merited the gratitude of the citizens of greater New York because of their insistence on proper provisions for the protection of the public and the strict enforcement of the laws relating to exits from public buildings, the weekly journal, *Life*, deserves special consideration. Therefore *Life* has not been loved by those who place the acquisition of the dollar above the protection of life. Shortly after the Iroquois Theater holocaust in Chicago, where through the criminal neglect of the responsible parties hundreds of persons were burned, suffocated or trampled to death, *Life* published a terrible and telling cartoon. It represented one of the many locked exists of the Iroquois Theater. The double doors were padlocked, but had been wrenched open a few inches, and through the aperture were seen numerous hands frantically waving,—hands of the old and the young, some almost baby hands, some those of matrons, and others the graceful, shapely hands of maidens. Smoke and flames were escaping through the aperture, while Death stood complacently in front of the exit. Underneath the picture was a legend announcing that, "Messrs. Klaw and Erlanger Present 'Mr. Bluebeard,' late of the Iroquois Theater." This picture naturally did much to arouse public sentiment in New York which compelled the managers to comply with the law. It also tended to incense the avaricious managers who were hoping that the storm would blow over and that they

would not be compelled to make the changes that had been demanded. And especially did it enrage that part of the theater-trust mentioned under the cartoon—Messrs. Klaw and Erlanger. They brought suit for one hundred thousand dollars damages against *Life*. The case was not heard until the first week in January of this year. At the trial *Life* showed that not only were Messrs. Klaw and Erlanger the proprietors of "Mr. Blue-beard" and the booking agents for the Iroquois Theater, but that according to the records they were one-fourth owners in the ill-fated theater. The case was tried before Judge Wallace and a jury, the latter promptly rendering a verdict in favor of *Life*.

A HIGH-HANDED ATTEMPT TO STIFLE HONEST CRITICISM.

AFTER the court had decided that the publication of the cartoon in the interests of human life and the rightful protection of the people was legitimate and right in view of the facts brought out in the case, the Theatrical Managers' Association passed a resolution barring Mr. Metcalfe from all of the forty theaters which the Association controlled.

Here is an overt act so grave in character, so dangerous in its influence as a precedent, that it should not be permitted to go unchallenged. A public journal, true to the high demands of journalism, incurs the wrath of certain members of a well-nigh all-powerful theatrical trust. They seek to silence the paper through a libel suit, but the evidence is so overwhelming in its character that they lose the suit. Then, failing to silence the press where honest criticism is most demanded—that is, where human life is in jeopardy—they go into the Managers' Association and secure the passage of the odious and un-American resolution boycotting the dramatic critic of *Life*. In speaking of how the trust dominates the Association, Mr. Metcalfe, in an interview republished in the *Dramatic Mirror* observes:

"There is no secret about the matter that it is in the power of certain powerful managers in New York to ruin almost any manager in the city. These managers control practically the bookings of every theater of prominence in the entire United States. For that reason many managers hesitate to give public expression to what private opinions they may have in this matter."

Here we have the spectacle of forty New York theaters in a conspiracy to destroy the means of livelihood of the dramatic critic of *Life* by preventing him from entering the theaters.

THE ABSURD PRETEXT MADE FOR THIS OUTRAGE.

TRUE, the trust did not dare to attack *Life* and its critic thus boldly and directly. It evidently did not feel that the American press was yet quite complacent enough to ignore such a high-handed outrage. So they conjure up a new issue and give as a reason for barring Mr. Metcalfe from the theaters, that *Life* has criticized certain Jews; and, we suppose chiefly because the master-spirits of the theatrical trust happen to be Hebrews, they insist that because *Life* has assailed certain Hebrews, therefore Mr. Metcalfe, the dramatic critic of *Life*, is to be barred from the theaters of New York.

Here an issue is raised entirely foreign to the real grievance. But even if the contention were true, which is not the case, what do the American people think of this high-handed outrage and the precedent it establishes? Here is the amusement-loving public of New York in the hands of an association or group of men arrogating to themselves the right to bar citizens from the houses of amusement and depriving a man of his means of livelihood, because it is alleged that the journal with which the party in question is associated has assailed a certain race or some members of that race. In referring to the claim put forward by the theater-trust and its confederates, Mr. Harrison Grey Fiske, the well-known editor of the *Dramatic Mirror*, thus thoughtfully observes:

"Klaw and Erlanger, as a firm, sued *Life* for an alleged libel, assumed to have been embodied in a cartoon relating to the Iroquois Theater fire, and not to Jews, and Mr. Metcalfe's criticisms of the theater essentially have been directed against the methods of the Theatrical Trust, rather than against any particular member or members of it, or against such persons simply as Jews. As it happens, all the immediate members of that Trust, as well as many related to it in business, are Jews; but they all might be Yankees, or Frenchmen, or Englishmen—or persons of various races, as they really are—on the merits of this case, and without regard for the things in the theater that come under legitimate criticism.

"It is a strange fact, too, that the President

of the Managers' Association, Daniel Frohman, in an interview published last week, stated in effect that the punishment to be meted out to Mr. Metcalfe by the theater managers was a result of alleged statements printed in *Life*—not essentially dramatic criticism—'against the Jewish race, tradesmen, financiers and professional men.' If this be so, why should the managers of New York theaters, outside of those whose names have been mentioned, combine to defend 'tradesmen, financiers, professional men,' and others on a race-question? Is the Theatrical Trust or Syndicate, represented actively by Klaw and Erlanger, powerful enough to align a majority of New York theater-managers in an attack on an individual critic on these grounds? And if the trust is powerful enough to do this in New York, will it not also attempt throughout the country to align theaters in all the cities that it controls against a critic or critics that may find matter to criticize in the productions and administration of the Trust, claiming that such criticism is an attack on the Jewish race?"

But this palpably absurd attempt to divert the attention of the public from this effort on the part of the Theatrical Trust to intimidate journalists and prevent the exposure of gross and criminal neglect in properly providing measures for the safety of the public is merely another exhibition of the very familiar tactics of the trusts, the railways and the great corporations—tactics that have been in vogue for more than a quarter of a century and with which all persons familiar with the history of corporate aggression in the republic are thoroughly acquainted. Always, when the iniquity and crime prompted by the inordinate greed and avarice of corporations preying on the public are exposed, cries are raised to befog the popular mind or divert attention from the real issue raised. The case of Mr. Lawson's exposures of the gambling-hell of Wall street, with its band of unscrupulous gamblers who play with stacked cards and loaded dice, affords a present-day illustration of this fact. The multi-millionaires of the Standard Oil Trust and other great Wall-street speculators or gamblers employ the shrewdest and most intellectually alert attorneys of the land to watch their interests. If the specific charges of Mr. Lawson had been false, the Standard Oil crowd would have been the first to prosecute Mr. Lawson and his publishers for criminal libel. Indeed,

according to the issue of *Everybody's Magazine* for February, its attorneys threatened in so many words to promptly prosecute if Mr. Lawson stated things that were false. Instead of this, the stiletto method of medieval Italy has been substituted for open warfare, and the host of minions of the "system" that has plundered and is plundering every American citizen, through low rates to producers and high prices to consumers and by other methods of robbery, have joined in a chorus of vituperation and calumny. On every hand the public is being told that Mr. Lawson has been as bad as any he exposes. He is described as a fakir and a charlatan. Attempts at intimidation have been made by the representatives of the "system." Indeed, their attorneys even went so far as to try and prevent the American News Company from selling the January issue of the magazine containing the articles, by sending them a warning letter; while the most absurd and reckless statements have been circulated by men who claim to be ultra-conservative, all calculated to do one of two things: divert the attention of the American public from the "system" of oppression, robbery and iniquitous gambling that is making Wall street and America a reproach to civilization, or to try to lessen the force of Mr. Lawson's exposures by belittling him.

The arbitrary exclusion of Mr. Metcalfe on the absurd plea made, like the tactics pursued against Mr. Lawson, is a typical illustration of the methods that have been employed by the trusts, the corporations, the railways and other predatory bands with increasing boldness for the past quarter of a century. In all such instances the trusts strive to divert the attention of the people from the real points at issue.

We have devoted considerable space to this attempted outrage on the part of the Theatrical Trust and those beholden to it, not merely because this overt act strikes at the most important and vital right of the American people—free criticism of iniquitous action or of dangerous conditions—but also because it affords so striking and typical an illustration of the insolent, arrogant and essentially despotic spirit evinced by the trust or the "system" everywhere, and furthermore because it illustrates the invariable method or tactics used by corporate influences to divert attention from the real points at issue. It matters not whether one studies the tactics of the ill-famed Standard Oil Company, the story of the Armour Refrigerator-Car Trust and the Beef Trust iniquity, the stories of the

great railway corporations and the express companies in the United States, or the history of other great public utility companies,—in every case the same sordid, arrogant, despotic and oppressive spirit is present, the same readiness to resort to any kind of tactics that will serve to divert the attention of the people from the evils, iniquities, injustice or violations of law or the rights of individuals, which are the subject of criticism. Moreover, this high-handed action is but one incident in the great battle being waged between reactionary, predatory classes, trusts and corporations

against the genius and very life of republican institutions. It is one incident in the irrepressible conflict upon which the fate of democracy depends. Either the people must rise and throttle the trusts and corporations,—or the “system,” if you please—or the people will continue in an increasing degree to be the prey of avarice and greed, banded together and almost all-powerful through enormous wealth, the mastery of political machines, the influence of public opinion-forming agencies, and entrenchment behind all the ramifications of government.

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS IN FOREIGN LANDS.

FRENCH STATESMEN'S PRACTICAL PROPOSITION FOR SOLVING THE LIQUOR PROBLEM.

IN THE February ARENA we published a comprehensive and authentic paper describing how Norway and Sweden have grappled with the liquor problem, and the excellent results that have followed public control as compared with conditions prevailing prior to this economic departure. This month we desire to call the attention of our readers to a consideration of the liquor problem and the propositions advanced in the recent report of the French extra-parliamentary commission on alcoholism presided over by M. Paul Delombre, as in many respects that report impresses us as being the most wise, sane and fundamentally sound discussion that has appeared in years.

The recommendations of this report do not in any way antagonize the idea of public control of the liquor traffic as so successfully introduced in Scandinavia. Indeed, its provisions might be made a complement to a system of public control. The distinguished French statesmen have made an exhaustive study of the whole problem. They advance no remedy as a panacea. They recognize the fact that intemperance is due to a number of causes, and that any system of treatment that ignores these causes will necessarily fail to accomplish the desired result. Their discussion is fundamental in character, dealing largely with social and economic conditions, and the remedies suggested would at once change the conditions and vastly improve and elevate the lot of the millions while developing character and exalting the ideals of life.

The commission found that among the leading contributing causes of the general intemperance among the workers and the poor of France are the following: (1) ignorance; (2) lack of decent housing; (3) hunger or lack of sufficient nourishing food; (4) bad air in factories and shops, and (5) despair.

Shakespeare puts into the mouth of one of his characters the declaration that, “There is no darkness but ignorance,” and broadly considered this is undoubtedly true. M. Delombre finds that the baleful ignorance which works ruin to the French toilers through intemperance is three-fold in character. The people need to be enlightened in such a way as to develop character and strengthen the will. The statesmen urge that more stress be given in “the teaching in the public schools, with a view to inculcating self-control and self-respect,—in a word, education of the character and the will.” They also find ignorance in the preparation of food a real factor. Food is high, and when it is badly prepared it fails to properly nourish the body; hence a craving on the part of the system. The ignorance in regard to the proper preparation of food should be met by thorough instruction of the girls in the public schools in plain cooking. Each pupil should be taught how to prepare food in a nourishing and tempting manner. A third contributing cause is ignorance on the part of the poor as to the amazing character of the cheap concoctions that they drink. The French statesmen believe that if the people generally knew the poisons, and indeed the general character of the ingredients of what they suppose to be pure liquor, the systems of the poor men would suffer far less and there would be a general diminution in intemperance.

It must not be supposed, however, that M. Delombre and his *confrères* are prohibitionists. Indeed, they regard the extreme position that leads men to indiscriminately denounce the taking of wine and fermented drinks of all kinds, as unwarranted and calculated to greatly retard the progress of a practical programme which if introduced would rapidly reduce the curse of intemperance. But they believe in developing the character and will, disseminating a knowledge of the poisons that enter into the make-up of cheap drinks, and pointing out the baleful effects which they exert on the human system, and in supplementing this knowledge with a thorough training of the girls in the art of cooking, to the end that wholesome and nourishing food may be found in all homes.

Ignorance, however, is only one contributing cause of intemperance among the workers; and according to these statesmen one of the things which is largely responsible for the crowding of the *cabarets* or saloons at night is the condition of the homes of the poor, or a lack of decent housing. The toilers are huddled in dark, noisome tenements where they exist without any home life worthy of the name and without any contributing influence that would make the home a lode-stone. The cabarets, on the other hand, are bright and relatively cheerful. They are, indeed, social centers that form a striking contrast to the dark, dirty, noisome and forbidding tenements. To meet these conditions the members of the commission demand that the workmen shall have healthful homes. "Tear down all noisome rookeries, clean up the tenements, reduce the water-rates, provide things necessary for good housekeeping!"

Again, unsanitary environment in factories, shops and work-places, the commission holds to be another important contributing cause. Especially is the poor ventilation of these places condemned, as here they find that the workers in a large proportion of cases are compelled to breathe close, heavy and vitiated air in stores, shops, factories and mills, with the inevitable result that the toilers become dull, restless and exhausted. Now to meet this evil condition that is one of the real causes of intemperance, M. Delombre's commission would in so far as possible make these work-places healthful by compelling the introduction of the best systems of ventilation. Further, they would legalize Sunday and also Saturday afternoon as holidays for rest and recreation, and they would have the com-

munity provide rapid transit and low fares to the country, while they would also have the cities open parks and gardens in all the congested quarters and thus encourage the people to spend every hour possible, when not engaged in work, in the pure open air.

These things, the committee wisely holds, would tend to greatly lessen the temptation to drink. Further than this, they recommend the distributing of coffee and tea among the employés before they leave the factories or shops, as a means of taking away the temptation to stop at the cabaret on the way home.

Another cause is hunger and exhaustion. The food in France is dear and the preparation frequently bad. Too little food and unsanitary environment in homes and work-places naturally produce general exhaustion, and every means should be employed to bring down to as reasonable a figure as possible the cost of simple and nutritious foods. This committee would allow no criminal trusts to put up the price of life's necessities, but would rather have the State make the provision of food at the most reasonable figure possible a matter of governmental concern.

Further than this, the committee would encourage all places and things that would tend to keep the workers out of the cabarets, such as illustrated lecture courses, singing societies, popular theaters and libraries.

Another cause of intemperance is the loss of hope or the creeping paralysis of despair. Thousands of laborers lose their positions. They have little or nothing saved. They see little or nothing in the future for them. They turn to drink and sink to depths from which there is little hope of rescue. Now our twentieth-century statesmen propose societies for saving, insurance against enforced idleness and illness, and also the establishment of retreats for unemployed laborers. In a word, they would have the State in so far as possible help to preserve the courage and self-respect of the workers. The committee also advises the establishment of hospitals for the cure of inebriety, where the victims of drink desire to be restored. And to this splendid plan of moral and social betterment—which apart from all considerations of reducing the causes of intemperance would be richly worth the while, because it would elevate and ennoble the lives of the millions, bringing sunshine and happiness, self-respect and courage, and increased efficiency that would mean greater individual and national prosperity while contributing most effectively to a nobler, freer and

truer civilization on the morrow—our French statesmen would add the stringent enforcement of statutes governing the sale of liquor, the enactment of vigorous laws for the suppression of illicit sale of liquors, and such wise supervision of the trade as would approach in effectiveness the public control of Scandinavia.

It is encouraging to see democratic statesmanship in the morning hours of the twentieth-century treating these great questions so broadly, so sanely and with such consideration for the highest interests of all the people. The programme as outlined will, we believe, more and more challenge the attention of the most thoughtful people in all progressive lands. More and more will men come to see that the drink curse, as well as other disintegrating factors in present-day civilization, is largely due to society's neglect in regard to the condition of the people,—the failure of governments to secure justice for all and to recognize the supremely important truth that the law of solidarity is such that an injustice done to one hurts all, and that the happiness, prosperity and elevation of all the people must be the supreme concern of statesmanship in lands that are to flourish and lead in the procession of civilization.

THE RED CZAR AND THE MASSACRE OF THE INNOCENTS.

SELDOM in recent years has autocracy appeared in so hideous a light as on the twenty-second of January, when the Czar of Russia, after previously spurning the petition of the zemstvos for a constitutional government, answered the touching petition of starving men, women and children with a murderous volley from his brutal soldiery. The starving and oppressed poor had been led by the noble priest whom they loved and in whom they had implicit confidence, to believe that the Czar, if he personally knew of their misery and the injustice under which they suffered, would take measures for their relief. Was he not the Little Father? Were they not all in a way his children? And so the wretched suffering ones, goaded on by starvation's pangs, sought to lay their woe at the feet of the throne, that they might have justice. They asked for bread; they were given bullets. Seldom was the massacre of men, women and children more unprovoked or brutally inhuman. By that deed the Czar, his savage uncles and his brutal, reactionary

councillors, placed themselves beyond the pale of civilization.

It is idle to talk of the Czar being a helpless puppet. He is the responsible head of the government. His word is law. By his side stood Prince Mirsky, ready to uphold his hands and to gather around him the liberal, the high-minded and the conscience element in the statesmanship of Russia. To him was given an opportunity seldom vouchsafed to a modern ruler. He enjoyed the love and respect of a large proportion of his people. When he refused the petition of the zemstvos he let pass an opportunity that would have won for him an immortality of glory and a position among the world's great progressive statesmen and liberators; and when he refused to frankly meet the poor, unarmed and starving workmen—men, women and children—led by a noble-minded priest, who only sought to lay their grievances at his feet, he proved himself a coward. That, however, might have been overlooked; but when he permitted the order to be given to his soldiers to mow down the starving ones whose only crime was a desire to lay their woes at the feet of the Little Father, he became one of the most execrable of the world's great murderers—a wholesale murderer of the innocents. From henceforth he should be styled the Red Czar. And more than this: This act of indescribable inhumanity has widened as has nothing that has preceded it, the breach between the tyrant and the people. To the curses of crushed and despoiled Poland and Finland, the anathemas of the oppressed and persecuted Hebrews, and the bitter hatred of the exiles in Siberia and elsewhere throughout the world, is now added the deathless resentment of the toilers throughout Russia who have learned to think; while the horror of this crime will fire anew the passion for justice, freedom and progress that burns so brightly in the brains of many of the students, educators and foremost Russian citizens. The autocracy may crush the present uprising, may apparently succeed for a time, but it has written its own death-warrant.

THE GOVERNMENT AS A LANDLORD.

NEW ZEALAND is entitled to be characterized as the nation that dares to lead. This proud distinction long belonged pre-eminently to the United States, but as our nation became less and less progressive and more and more subservient to privileged

classes and reactionary monarchical ideals, it became more and more a camp-follower among the great peoples of the earth, electing to ape the reactionary policies of class-ruled lands rather than to adopt, as Switzerland and other nations have adopted, new measures to meet changed conditions, to the end that popular government might be preserved and rationally expanded. Thus we find that our people have long been the victims of the great express companies and the railways in regard to postal matters, while Great Britain and other nations, through the introduction of postal savings-banks, the parcels-post and other progressive measures, have extended the beneficent sphere of popular government, making in these respects the government the servant of all the people instead of placing the people at the mercy of grasping and avaricious private corporations. So also in municipal-ownership Great Britain has taken the lead among the nations, while through the overweening influence of powerful and thoroughly corrupt private corporations America is lagging woefully behind in the procession of the nations. Australia, New Zealand, Germany, Italy, Switzerland and other nations have taken over the railways and are operating them for the benefit of all the people, while here again our people are being robbed on all sides, not only through the great railway corporations, but by the connivance of these powerful public carriers with equally unscrupulous monopolies, such as the Standard Oil Company, the Armour Refrigerator-Car Trust, the coal trust, the Colorado Coal and Fuel Company, and other almost equally vicious and conscienceless organizations that through thwarting and destroying competition have been enabled to extort untold millions from the wealth-creators and consumers of America.

In New Zealand as in no other country the government has concerned itself with measures calculated to benefit all the people. Here we have more equitable land laws than in any other nation on the face of the earth. Here the government owns and operates the railways, the telegraph and the insurance. Here the enormous loss to the mass of the people and injury to the nation incident to industrial wars and strikes is rendered impossible by courts of conciliation or arbitration, and in various other ways the best interests of all the people are made the first concern of the State.

The latest proposition on the part of the government of New Zealand is the destruction of extortion by landlords, through the State competing for tenants. In Wellington, the capital of New Zealand, the rapid growth of the city has rendered it possible for the landlords to reap a rich harvest at the expense of the people through charging extortionate rents. Now the government proposes to buy land and erect buildings of various kinds and rent them so as to realize a moderate return as interest on the investment. The result, it is stated, will be to reduce rents at least one-half. The parasite class will of course hold up its hands in horror at the spectacle of the State placing the interests of the people before the unjust extortion of a class; but when our people begin to think for themselves and cease to take their opinions from newspapers and other paid special-pleaders for predatory wealth and privileged classes, they too will demand that our government fulfil that essential condition of democracy—the placing of the interests of the people as a whole before the selfish demands of small privileged interests, such as the railways, the trusts and other corporations.

COÖPERATION IN AMERICA.

THE MARCH OF COÖPERATION IN THE MIDDLE WEST.

WHILE Great Britain, Switzerland, Italy, Belgium, Denmark and other European nations have made marked progress in practical coöperation, building up vast businesses which are securing to the coöperators princely returns that hitherto have gone into the coffers of great monopolies or the middle-

men, America has been until very recently indifferent to the subject. It is true that the Rochdale stores on the Pacific coast have shown steady and healthy growth. There have been many successes in insurance and in banking, and some successful fruit companies, creameries, coöperative stores and elevators, but on the whole the coöperative idea has not appealed strongly to the imagination of our people until within the past two years.

Now, however, it seems to be taking a firm hold on the imagination of the most thoughtful wealth-producers and consumers. Especially is this the case in the Middle West. Tens of thousands of wealth-creators have come so under the influence of this idea that its steady growth is, we think, assured. Moreover, the failures of the past are proving object-lessons to present-day coöperators, while the magnificent success of England, where the coöperators each year are receiving over \$45,000,000, and the notable successes of Denmark, Switzerland and Italy are showing our people what can be done. Consequently the movement in America is to-day in a more healthy and vigorous condition than ever before. Even the great daily papers are taking note of the movement and tradesmen in various cities are becoming alarmed at its growth. The *New York World* recently published the following dispatch from Sioux City, Iowa, which indicates something of the present status of coöperation in Iowa:

"SIoux CITY, Ia., Dec. 15 (Special)—Store-keepers in country towns throughout Iowa, and especially dealers in coal, lumber, live-stock, building materials, etc., are greatly concerned about the remarkable expansion of the coöperative trading movement in the State. The tendency to coöperation is not confined to trading, for the smaller cities and towns are also building their water-works, steam and hot-water heating, telephone, electric and gas-plants, or buying them from private corporations, in great numbers.

"The municipal-ownership movement is not new, though it has never been so vigorous as now. But the development of coöperative trading which began in Iowa, with the famous Rockwell Coöperative Company, is going on at a pace never before dreamed of. Recently about seventy-five coöperative concerns were represented at a convention at Rockwell, and as a result of the inspiration of this meeting

scores of others are being organized every month. Another meeting will be held at Rockwell in February, and it is expected to have nearly two hundred going concerns represented.

"The Rockwell society began by handling grain and live-stock, merely aiming to eliminate middlemen in marketing products. Later it put in lumber, coal, elevators and a big general-store. Now it does a business of about \$700,000 a year in a village of four hundred people."

THE ARENA was, we believe, the first leading American magazine to advocate coöperation and to publish extended papers on the coöperative work in the Old World, and it affords us great pleasure to see this movement taking such firm root; for wherever coöperative experiments as carried on at the present time in the Old World become firmly grounded their spread and growth are phenomenal, and by disbursing the wealth among the creators and consumers the baleful influence of great fortunes acquired by trusts and corporations, exhibited in corrupted legislation which secures to special privileges practical immunity from punishment and the power to levy exorbitant tribute, is destroyed. So convinced are we of the vital importance of this practical progressive step that we have arranged for a series of papers dealing with the results of coöperation in the Old World, for THE ARENA. The opening contribution we publish in this issue. It has been prepared for us by the eminent Secretary of the Coöperative Union of Great Britain, Mr. J. C. Gray, who is the real head of the greatest coöperative organization in the world. The author gives a brief but graphic outline of the historic development of coöperation in England and Scotland, after which he proceeds to describe the present status of coöperation in Great Britain. It is a paper that all who are interested in this great movement will find valuable and inspiring.

THE REPUBLIC AND THE OPPRESSED OF OTHER LANDS.

THE IMMIGRATION QUESTION.

THE RECENT paper by Mr. Ernest Crosby in THE ARENA has awakened general interest and has called forth a number of letters. We are aware that there are two sides to this important question and that

much may be said, and indeed has been said against the practically unrestricted immigration which has been so stimulated by the great transportation companies and covertly by the great employing corporations during recent years. But because this side of the question has been so generally presented, while

the columns of many papers and magazines have been closed to the immigrant's view or to any position favorable to the immigrant, we were glad to have the old democratic view so strongly and succinctly presented as was done in the December *ARENA*. Among the many letters received by Mr. Crosby and at this office, relating to this paper, the two following are of such interest that we have decided to give them to our readers. One presents the views of a prominent citizen of New York; the other those of a Greek immigrant.

"MY DEAR MR. CROSBY:

"I have read with intense interest your article in *THE ARENA* of December, 'The Immigration Bugbear.' I trust this article will be widely read, and no doubt it will, as it conveys most valuable thought and information. You have put many of your broad ideas in your own inimitable style, and they cannot fail to make an impression upon the reader. I believe entirely with you, and have contended for some time that as our country is preëminently a country of immigrants, to reverse our policy would be flying in the face of the logic of our own history.

"Roger Williams had the right idea, and he preached it 250 years ago. He said (I quote from memory): 'When you have crossed over the black brook of some soul bondage yourselves, leave a plank for distressed souls who come after you.'

"I remember some five or six years ago when coming from Naples there were very few first-class passengers, but a shipload of immigrants. I amused myself after dinner in going to the lower deck to distribute some apples and sweetmeats among the children. One day, returning to the upper promenade deck, a gentleman accosted me and said he observed me frequently among the immigrants, and asked if he might inquire why I did so. I replied, because I had found that the best people who came to America were to found in the steerage. He replied: 'I am compelled to agree with you, as I came over that way myself.' The person who spoke to me was Professor Von Holst, who as you know was the author of the best constitutional history of the United States.

"I trust that our Statue of Liberty which dominates our beautiful harbor shall not be

converted into a false god and mock with hollow promises the thousands who every year seek our land of liberty. We have a moral right to turn back criminals and those who have adopted beggary as a profession; beyond this we should never go, and certainly not to the extent of inquiring how much money a man has in his pocket who comes over here.

"Sincerely yours,

"OSCAR S. STRAUSS."

Although Mr. Strauss wrote this letter with no expectation of its being published, at our request he has kindly consented to its publication.

The communication from the Greek immigrant, which we give below, is published without signature for obvious reasons:

"MR. ERNEST CROSBY:

"My dear Sir:

"I read the article about Immigration written by you in *THE ARENA* of month December. I am Greek and only for two years I live in your country. Except the article of Mr. Austin in the *North American Review*, I read few articles concerning the immigration like yours. In this country it is a great movement against the foreigners and especially those of Latin, Slavic and Jewish descent. The Latin and Jew (altruists and sentimentists) will give in this country some of their qualities that the northern peoples do n't have. The Americans (egoists and individualists) need some of our blood to change their character in the next generation.

"I am a young man who reads all the questions concerning the social conditions of the peoples, and I travelled for years through the European continent. I speak also French and Italian, and I work in a factory like common laborer, and I can state this feeling of the American against us. But the result of those prejudices will be that after the coming social transformation in Europe all the young and intelligent Europeans will come back abroad, and this country will remain a pure capitalistic country, without art and music, science and philosophy; only blood-money and parvenues.

"I hope that your article will contribute in some way to change the mind of the intelligent American people, and thank you for the defence you make for us."

AN INSIDE VIEW OF SING SING.*

A BOOK STUDY.

I. THE BOOK AND ITS AUTHOR.

THIS work is an intensely interesting volume. Indeed, few books of short stories will hold the attention of the general reader as will this tale of life in one of our great state-prisons; yet it bears every sign of being a careful, conscientious effort on the part of the writer to present an absolutely faithful and truthful picture and to preserve a strictly judicial frame of mind from first to last. There is no wholesale or indiscriminate criticism, yet abuses are pointed out, though the author insists that conditions to-day are in most respects much better than in former times and he is careful to give what he conceives to be the reasons or causes responsible for the shortcomings, injustice and abuses that prevail; yet there is nothing suggestive of special pleading of unjustifiable defence of evil or discreditable conditions. He evidently merely desires to give the reader an all-round, fair and impartial view of things as they are, or as he has experienced them. In his opening chapter he observes:

"I have brought out of my imprisonment no bitter, vindictive spirit. I have had the common experience of a convict and his share of harsh and unjust treatment, but, on the whole, what is written here is not informed by any memory of it. It is simply an honest effort to tell the story of my years in Sing Sing Prison."

As a writer Number 1500 possesses an easy style and has the rare power of seizing upon salient points in a story and investing them with an interest that is seductive and compelling. The book is one that merits wide circulation.

The author was sent to Sing Sing for a term of ten years. His strong literary taste and ability were evidenced some years ago when he prevailed upon the prison authorities to allow him to utilize the idle printing-press by publishing a paper for the prisoners. The officials, after some hesitation and many misgivings, finally consented, and *The Star of Hope* was founded. This paper, by far the ablest publication of the kind that has ap-

peared, was edited with marked judgment and discrimination. Many of the editorials and contributed papers were surprisingly good, and the favorable attention it attracted outside of the prison, where a limited number of copies circulated, testified to its sterling worth and the high general character of the publication.

II. THE BITTER HOURS THAT MARKED HIS ADVENT INTO SING SING.

The humiliation and misery experienced by the prisoner when the gaping throng stared at him as he was taken from the prison-van to the cars at the Grand Central Station are vividly set down, as are also the terrible hours when he first entered the prison. As the picture of the bitter period when he donned the prison garb also shows how far our prisons fall short of what they should be in some respects, we give below his moving recital:

"The cells are seven feet by three feet, and six inches, and six feet high. My own contained, when I entered it, an iron water-kit, a wash-basin, an iron bed-frame hooked on the wall, with a dirty, lumpy straw mattress, a filthy straw pillow and two shabby, coarse blankets which had never been aired and which were so dirty and stench-pervaded that only fire could have purified them. There was also a tin cup full of a dark hot liquid. They called it coffee. I was familiar with a similar beverage for nearly seven years, and the title was unconvincing to the last. It was only as much like coffee as rank hypocrisy is like pure religion. There was no stool, nor can, nor table,—no other furniture except a few spikes in the white-washed walls.

"I did not take note of all these things at once. I came to know them later on; but that hard bleakness and squalor fell on my soul as if its weight would press out hope and life. I stood in what was to be my home for six and a half years and gave way to despair, the despair that rages impotently and finds expression in curses and imprecations on Fate. Ah, well! in that same cell I came to know hours of peace and rest, and in the day-time I longed for its quiet and privacy. With books and with pen and ink, yes, with the game of

* *Life in Sing Sing*. By Number 1500. Cloth. Pp. 276. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

patience that had been commended to me by the man-slaying gambler, and with like occupations, I forgot the stone walls, the grated door, the narrow space; there, filling the close air with tobacco, I dreamed over and over my plans of life and held delicious reveries with the future.

"But those first days and nights! Even now I shudder at their recollection. The prison seemed to draw closer, no longer impending, but pressing upon me physically and asserting its grim terrors in my heart, stout enough till then, but haunted now with such forebodings of nameless horror as drive men mad with fear. Oh, to be mad, indeed! to be able to cast aside the awful consciousness that this was no dream, but an appalling reality! For a time, but only for a short time, hope fled away. When she came again it was to depart no more, but with her presence to dispel the phantasmagoria that greeted my entrance as a convict into those horrible Sing Sing dungeons."

III. SOME FACTS ABOUT SING SING THAT CALL FOR REMEDY.

Speaking of cells calls to mind the author's observations relating to abuses that are a crying shame in a great and opulent commonwealth like the Empire State. On this point he observes:

"The general health in the prisons, good as it is, is, however, not what it could easily be made. The cell life is utterly bad in all ways, the bedding is never aired and it is allowed to wear out filthy and dirty. Vermin in the form of bedbugs is present in summer-time to an exasperating degree, and nothing is really done to get rid of it. No cell can, by any possibility, be kept free of these pests by any effort for cleanliness on the part of the inmate. The bugs swarm in through the ventilators, are moved about in books, and pass in swarms from cell to cell along the galleries. At this time various improvements are making in the prison, but they do not include a war of extermination on vermin, and until that is waged, the cleanliness of the institution must remain the subject of deservedly sharp comment and reasonable complaint.

"In speaking of my life at Sing Sing, I am forced to recall these conditions without whose presentations these sketches would be valueless enough. They are the features of the life of the prisoner, which do not belong to his

prescribed punishments, but are present among them nevertheless, and continually working to his discomfort. No prisoner expects to live on velvet, but his hardships, as ordered by the intention of his confinement, are ample without the additions which vermin in unlimited quantities furnish."

That the general health record of the prison is good the author admits, but he points out the fact that it might and would be much better if it were not for the ravages of tuberculosis, which is unquestionably due chiefly to the impure air and unsanitary condition of the cells. The good health of the prisoners, the author holds, is due largely to obvious causes. "Their method of life," he points out, "tends to preserve it except as the cells act to take it away. They have plenty of rest—no man has had, in recent times, to work hard in the state prison of New York—and they have perforce regular hours for sleep and for taking food. They cannot get drunk or stay out of bed at all hours, they cannot commit any excess whatever, and as a result they are able to resist, in a measure, the evil conditions of the cell system to which they are subject. I say in a *measure*, for it is an accepted fact that the prisons are an appalling source of tuberculosis. It has been recommended that convict victims be sent to Clinton, where the climatic conditions are favorable, and kept there as a protection against spreading the disease not only among their fellows, but in the communities to which they would return when free. So, as a matter of fact, it may be said that our prisons are far from sanitary, and that the small death rate to which the administration points with pride is not to be credited to the vigilant care of their health or the tolerable conditions of the prisons themselves, but to the general high level of health of the incoming prisoners."

In regard to the condition of the cells the author says:

"Considered from a sanitary standpoint the cells are a disgrace to modern civilization and the boasted science of our day. They were built for safety and solidity; but in making sure that the inmate could not escape from them by cutting the thick walls, another way of getting rid of him was provided by poisoning him to death with the foul air of the dungeon. The air space is only one-fifth of that required to maintain the occupant in good health; and when the prison authorities point to the fact that the death rate is very

small, the answer is that it is so because the convict community is made up of what an insurance company would call selected lives, and its good health is in spite of the conditions in which it lives, not because of them."

There is no valid reason or excuse for modern prisons being thus ill-ventilated, nor is there any good reason why the beds should not be aired and the bed-clothing kept scrupulously clean. There is a laundry attached to the prison and plenty of prison labor. The convicts have a right to pure air and clean bedding. Moreover, knowing what we know of tuberculosis, what shall be said of the criminal short-sightedness of a commonwealth that permits conditions to exist in public institutions which foster the sowing broadcast of the germs of this fatal disease, as must necessarily be the case where prisoners are constantly going out from the penitentiary with lungs poisoned by tuberculosis and destined to carry the contagion into many abodes?

IV. A WORLD OF GRAFT.

No doubt there has been great advance in many respects in prison management during recent decades, yet it is equally true that there is ample room for improvement; and if the management of Sing Sing is vastly less corrupt than at the time when Ed. Stokes lived luxuriously in the hospital department of its confines, there are, according to our author, abuses still in existence that cry aloud for correction. Here, as throughout the various ramifications of present-day public life, the slogan of progress, "Crush corruption!" is applicable. Our author holds that the well-meaning but futile efforts of prison reformers fail partly because they ignore the fact that a large number of the prison officials stand in such urgent need of being reformed that it is idle to expect to make dishonest or thieving prisoners honest men while the example of graft and dishonesty is constantly before them, wearing the uniform of government officials. On this point he observes:

"In the first place, they seek to reform the wrong man and neglect the keeper who is placed in charge of the convict. It is by a mere chance that a good man fitted by temperament and other equipment enters and remains in the prison service. Once there, it is a strong and splendid character indeed that can resist the influences and opportunities

to go astray. First among these is 'graft.' After a man has been a prison officer for a little time he loses his perception of ownership, and particularly of that which is owned by the state. He is not sure whether a thing is his or belongs to the department, but the inclination of his belief is that it is his. If the article considered is small enough to carry away there is no doubt about it, it is his, although the fact that it is not easily removed does not affect unfavorably this decision. There are old officers in Sing Sing prison living in rented houses in the village, which they have furnished with tables, chairs, bedsteads, cutlery and tinware from the prison; the soap with which their weekly washing is done is similarly obtained, and the oil which they burn is supplied in the same way. It does not make any difference what it is, they will and do take it: bread from the prison bakery, meat for their dogs from the convict table if it is not good enough to eat themselves, pens, paper, pencils, anything and everything; and the whole system of checks, being largely in the hands of convict clerks, is, of course, utterly useless in stopping these predatory abuses.

"The convict who gets along best is he who aids them, and the result and influence of such a condition is obvious. As an excuse they say, 'Well, those higher up are at it, and really when it gets down to me there is not much left. In fact, I have to hustle pretty sharp to get my corner out of it when the bigger thieves get through'; and you will find the prison officers virtuously indignant at the issuance of an order that cuts them off from what they regard as their share of the 'graft.' These are not temporary conditions; they have existed since the foundation of the prison and have almost acquired the dignity of prescriptive right with the officers who participate in the custom. From time to time the Superintendent of Prisons or the wardens take some steps to cut off the abuses that flourish in one form if destroyed in another. The order is issued that they shall not have their clothing repaired in the prison. The convict is encouraged to steal material and do the work in his cell. In cases under my own observation, officers stole the material for shoes from the prison and brought them to a convict shoemaker in his cell, where they were made up at night, while the official benefiting by the theft was on night duty and stood watch on the gallery to protect his workman from discovery by any other officer.

"These are not exceptional instances; they are illustrative facts belonging to an existing state of affairs. Reform in prison for convicts! No wonder the officers familiar with the conditions laugh at the idea and that those who are subject to the burlesque influences called reform go forth from their first imprisonments accomplished thieves, with dishonesty in every fiber, only to return and return again."

The evil dwelt upon so graphically in the above lines is bound to be the overmastering issue with us if the integrity of free institutions is to be preserved. In our municipal, state and national life, in our various institutions, and in fact in government in all of its departments, there is found to-day the eating cancer of corruption, destroying the moral integrity of the people, lowering national ideals and necessarily defeating the ends of justice while it threatens the very life of democracy; for no democracy can long endure where corruption is rampant. This evil is so general in its extent and so grave in its character that it demands the most rigid and stringent treatment. *Let no guilty man escape* should be the watchword on the lips of every true man. Let the maximum sentence be imposed in every instance where a public servant has been found unfaithful to his trust. Let it be understood that from to-day forward, every faithless servant of the people, every man who has dealt a blow at the integrity of free government by being guilty of corrupt practices and betraying his sacred trust, shall be punished to the full extent of the law. Not only should he be regarded as a common criminal; he has committed moral treason against his nation and has materially contributed to the lowering of the ideals in national life. The cause of justice, the cause of democracy and the cause of civilization alike demand that these criminals in high places be hunted down on every hand as persistently as the Hon. Joseph W. Folk hunted down the official boodlers of St. Louis.

V. EXTREME PUNISHMENTS UNWORTHY OF OUR DAY.

Space forbids our dwelling upon our author's discussion of inequitable sentences and punishments, or his discussion of the many little things which, as he says, may appear very small to outsiders, but which are by no means small to the prisoners, in that they materially increase the bitterness of their gloomy exist-

ence. We must, however, quote some things he mentions regarding punishments which call for reform. Discipline is of course necessary, but the most humane method of punishment is ever the wisest and best. We should above all things strive to prevent the further brutalization of the criminal and should guard against giving him any just grounds for feeling that he is dealt with unjustly or inhumanely by the great commonwealth which is supposed to represent incarnate justice and wisdom; for just in proportion as we do this we injure him and destroy the rehabilitating or reforming potency of government in so far as it relates to him, and thereby commit a crime against the weak less excusable than the crime of the criminal, for in the former case the offender is the government, the embodiment of collective justice and righteousness, while the criminal is cursed by heredity and early environment and is largely the victim of conditions over which he has little or no control. The bitterness that comes to prisoners from unjust and extreme punishment is treated in a thoughtful and sensible manner in more than one place in the work. We, however, have space only for the following lines, which appear after the author has given a favorable description of James Connaughton, the principal keeper of Sing Sing. He points out the fact that in the hands of an officer less humane and reasonable than this man great abuses might easily result from the delegating of autocratic power to individuals. Even under Connaughton's rule, punishments are often much in excess of the ends demanded by discipline.

"Even the most steadfast ruler becomes wayward at times, and a discipline that aims to reach the results effected by the rigidity of articles of war, but has no articles to refer to, is at least uncertain.

"For example, a man is reported for some infraction of the rules. He goes back to the 'cooler,' is searched, tobacco, handkerchief and braces are taken from him and he is thrown in a dark cell, where once a day a piece of bread and a cup of water are given to him. He is on a diet called bread and water by the rules, which does not name the amount of either. It is just a piece of the one and a draft of the other, and it is pretty hard fare. In a day or two, or may be not for ten or more days, he is let out. If his stay is long he presents, in his haggard look, evidence of his

sufferings. Sometimes if he asks for release, says he is sorry he was bad, and promises to be good for the future, he is let out, but not always. He gets out when they are ready to let him out, and he does not know how long he has to stay until he has stayed. The first part of his punishment is therefore the sport of caprice, tempered, of course, more or less by justice."

Again, in a chapter on "The Reformation of the Prisoner," we find the following:

"On the other hand, the man who seeks to retain his self-respect must assert it guardedly indeed or his life as a convict will be made hell in fact.

"You," cried the irate warden to a prisoner before him on some trivial offence, 'you, damn you! you have a will of your own. Well, I'll have no wills here except my own. I'll tame you, damn you, I'll tame you. If you were a tiger, I'd tame you.'

"More likely," said the convict calmly, 'if I were a tiger you would climb a tree.'

"But they did tame him, and he was n't very wild, so far as I could see; and when they had him really tamed he was in Danemora Insane Asylum, where he will die a raging maniac."

We have dwelt at length on the more unpleasant revelations of this work, because they indicate the presence of abuses and evils that call for remedy and that it is the high duty of the state government to abolish. The fact that improvements have been made is no reason for the remission of wise efforts on the part of earnest men and women. So long as such conditions as are here described obtain, our prison managements will be open to censure. Naturally enough, other chapters in the work are far more cheerful in character, and some of them rival romance in interest. This is especially true of the pages devoted to the strange life of Luther Shear, one of the most amazing records known to fact or fancy. The chapters dealing with notable prisoners will hold special interest for many. The great improvement in the management of Sing Sing penitentiary in some respects since the admission of Ed. Stokes may be judged from the following observations on the treatment of the murderer of Jim Fisk, if our author's information has been as accurate as he believes it to be:

"The traditions of these shining lights of

convict society take strange and interesting forms. It is told that Simmonds and Stokes shared apartments on the upper floor of the hospital, a suite of three rooms, which they furnished without regard to expense, notably with a vast ice-box that was always kept filled with approved varieties. There they held open house for the keepers and selected visitors from the outside; and thither, under cover of the night, came also visitors who stole in secretly, holding their skirts so that their familiar *frou-frou* might not be heard, but who, just before morning broke, marched out of the prison singing and dancing with utter indifference as to who might see or hear, and were carried hilariously away in hacks.

"At other times the prison doors opened for a little while to these choice spirits who went forth for an evening in civilian dress. It is not related that these enlargements were long continued, but it is a part of the history of Sing Sing that on the evening of an opening of a publican's fine saloon half a dozen wealthy convicts were brought out under escort to add to the festivity by liberal expenditure, and that nobody was disappointed. There were strange occurrences in those days in prison affairs. The bookkeeper of the prison was a convict named Ellis, a former resident of Yonkers and a man of substance and parts. He organized a scale of time, and a man could get a year off his sentence at from two to five hundred dollars. He sold about two thousand years, sharing the profits with the administration or such part of it as it was necessary to take into confidence, before the plot was detected. Men escaped altogether of whom no trace has been found; other irregularities took place which would be impossible now, so it is not unreasonable to suppose that the favored prisoners named had things very much their own way."

The chapters on notable escapes will interest many, and the pages devoted to the founding of *The Star of Hope* are of peculiar interest. Interspersed throughout the pages are many deeply-thoughtful, rational and philosophical observations relating to the results of certain grave and evil influences at work, together with observations on how certain unfortunate conditions can be remedied and crime abated. Altogether, the work is as thought-stimulating as it is interesting, and it possesses the fascination of a well-written romance.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.*

The Americans. By Hugo Munsterberg.
Translated by Edwin B. Holt, Ph.D.
Cloth. Pp. 619. Price, \$2.50 net. New
York: McClure, Phillips & Company.

WE HAVE devoted several pages in this issue to an editorial criticism of Professor Munsterberg's attitude toward democracy, as elucidated in this volume, because, as we have pointed out, we regard the work as one of the most subtly dangerous books, if one is not on the alert to detect its fallacies, that has appeared in years. Apparently liberal, it is in fact ultra-reactionary in so far as its attitude toward true democracy is concerned. It is generous and cordial in its spirit toward the American people, and great pains have been taken to correct general misunderstandings on the part of Europeans concerning America. Indeed, the author's desire to make the Americans appear to the best advantage to the aristocratic and cultured of monarchical Germany leads him at times to indulge in the same sophistical special-pleadings that mark his treatment of democracy and the genius of free government which we have dwelt upon in our editorial. One example of this character will serve as an illustration. In defending the Americans from the idea prevalent in the Old World that we are a money-worshipping people, our author insists that the Americans do not care for money that they have not themselves earned, and he compares the custom of young men in France, Germany and elsewhere in the Old World, of looking for dowries for their wives, with that of American young men, who scorn a dowry. Then he cites the cases of the lotteries. In Europe they are legalized and common. Churches, indeed, are frequently erected by money obtained in this manner. In America we will not tolerate the lottery. Gambling is placed under the ban, because money thus obtained is not earned. Yet in the presence of Wall street—that gambler's paradise, in comparison with which Monte Carlo is in-

significant indeed—our author finds it necessary to say something, so he gravely informs us that though the brokers understand that the stock-buying, selling and manipulation is gambling, the people do not so recognize it. In this respect we think our author in his desire to exonerate us from the charge of being a people greedy for gold which we have not earned represents us as far more pitifully ignorant than we really are. Who among the fairly intelligent Americans does not understand that the stock-dealings of Wall street and other speculative centers are gambling, and, what is worse, in many instances gambling of the most dishonorable kind, because the master-spirits who manipulate the various great stocks control those stocks, arrange for their rise and fall with mathematical certitude, and have matters so completely in hand that the element of chance is almost eliminated in so far as they are themselves concerned,—so much so that their proceedings may be rightly compared to gambling with stacked cards or loaded dice? Again, no one familiar with the history of the American railways and great monopolies like the Standard Oil Company, the beef-trust and other predatory bands, can be blind to the fact that a large proportion of the vast wealth acquired has been unearned and obtained by dishonorable methods, by extortion and by discriminations; yet it does not appear that the Rockefellers, the Morgans, the Rogers, the Stillmans, the Whitneys, the Addickses, or the Goulds possess in a marked degree a scorn of wealth not earned.

The shortcomings of the work, due chiefly to the author's view-point, his conscious or unconscious antagonism to genuine democracy, and his false assumptions and fallacious reasoning, that render the volume dangerous, are by no means all that there is in the work calling for special notice. As we have observed, *The Americans* is written in the most pleasing style and the author, though out of sympathy with real democracy, is in cordial sympathy with the American people,—that is, with those of the American people

*Books intended for review in THE ARENA should be addressed to B. O. Flower, Editorial Department, THE ARENA, Boston, Mass.

with whom he is personally acquainted; and this book will, we think, do more to correct many misapprehensions of Germans in regard to the Americans than any other work that has appeared. No foreign writer has taken such pains to make our people appear in a favorable light to the aristocracies and the conservative scholarship of the Old World as has Professor Munsterberg. The volume abounds in the most kindly criticisms and lenient judgment of the Americans. Thus, in the chapter on "Literature" we have in the following extracts a fair example of the spirit and style of the author:

"What does the American read? In 'Jorn Uhl,' the apprentice in the Hamburg bookshop says to his friend: 'If I am to tell you how to be wise and cunning, then go where there are no books. Do you know, if I had not had my father, I should have gone to America—for a fact! And it would have gone hard with anybody who poked a book at me.' In that way many a man in Europe who is long past his apprenticeship, still pictures to himself America: Over in America nobody bothers about books. And he would not credit the statement that nowhere else are so many books read as in America. The American fondness for reading finds clearest expression in the growth of libraries, and in few matters of civilization is America so well fitted to teach the Old World a lesson.

"The great difference between Europe and America begins with the libraries which are not learned, but which are designed to serve popular education. The American public library which is not for science, but for education, is to the European counterpart as the Pullman express-train to the village post-chaise.

"The scientific libraries of Boston, including that of Harvard University, contain nearly two million printed works; but the largest library of all is distinct from these. It is housed on Copley Square, in a renaissance palace by the side of the Art Museum, and opposite the most beautiful church in America. The staircase of yellow marble, the wonderful wall-paintings, the fascinating arcade on the inner court, and the sunlit halls are indeed beautiful. And in and out, from early morning till late evening, weekday and Sunday, move the people of Boston. . . . Here a million and a half books are delivered every

year to be taken home and read. And no one has to wait; an apparatus carries the applicant's card with wonderful speed to the stacks, and the desired book is sent back in automatic cars. Little children meanwhile wander into the juvenile room, where they find the best books for children. And everything invites even the least patient reader to sit down quietly with some sort of volume—everything is so tempting, so convenient and comfortable, and so surpassingly beautiful. And all this is free to the humblest working-man.

"And still, if the citizen of Massachusetts were to be asked of what feature of the public libraries he is most proud, he would probably not mention this magnificent palace in Boston, the capital of the state, but rather the 350 free public libraries scattered through the smaller cities and towns of this state, which is after all only one-third as large as Bavaria. It is these many libraries which do the broadest work for the people. Each little collection, wherever it is, is the center of intellectual and moral enlightenment, and plants and nourishes the desire for self-perfection."

On economic questions as on American political ideals, our author is often wide of the mark in his observations and conclusions,—a fact which is not surprising when one remembers his view-point and the somewhat exclusive element with which he associates. The volume is divided into four parts, devoted to the political, economic, intellectual and social life of the Americans. We close this notice with an extract from the last page of the work, in which our author notes the possible renaissance of democracy:

"That which has made America's greatness, which seemed to be her mission in the world, was the belief in the ethical worth of the individual. The doctrines of self-determination, self-initiative, and self-assertion, and the civilization which rested on such a foundation, have nothing to hope and much to fear from social differentiation and imperialism. Aristocratic tendencies appear to undermine this ethical democracy, and the imperialistic symbols of our day mock the traditions of the past. There will certainly be many reactions against these aristocratic tendencies; perhaps they will be only small movements working through the press and at the ballot-box against the encroachments on the spirit of the

past and against the expansion of office, and hindering those aristocratic tendencies which depart too far from the traditions of the masses. Perhaps, some day, there will be a great reaction. Perhaps the tremendous power possessed by the laboring classes in the country will lead to battles for ethical principles, in which the modern æsthetic development will be reversed; it would not be the first time on American soil that ethical reform has produced social deterioration, for 'reform' means always the victory of naked, equalizing logic over the conservative forces which represent historic differentiation. So the Revolution abolished the patrician society of New England, whose aristocratic members survive in the portraits of Copley; and the day may come when trades-unions will be victorious over that aristocracy which Sargent is now painting. Even the reform which emancipated the slaves destroyed a true and chivalrous aristocracy in the South."

An Outline of the Theory of Organic Evolution.

By Professor Maynard M. Metcalf, Ph.D. Illustrated. Cloth. Pp. 204. Price, \$2.50 net. New York: The Macmillan Company.

PROFESSOR METCALF has performed an important service to the cause of popular science in the contribution of this volume on organic evolution. It is a treatise so clear, simple and fascinating withal, that the subject can not only be readily grasped by the most slow-thinking reader, but few who peruse the opening pages will be content to lay it aside. Few teachers of physical science possess in so great a degree as does Professor Metcalf that rare power of appealing at once to the imagination and the reason of the student. It is true that the interest in the present volume is greatly strengthened by the number of fine pictorial illustrations which assist the mind in grasping the facts enunciated, for this work contains about one hundred excellent plates occupying full pages. Many of them are beautifully colored. Besides, there are numerous small illustrations, all serving to elucidate various points germane to the subject.

The work is divided into two parts, the first being devoted to "The Theory of Organic Evolution," in which are briefly but very clearly discussed the following subjects: "Natural Selection," "Heredity," "Varia-

tion," "The Struggle for Existence," "Mutation," "General Principles in the Operation of Natural Selection," "Artificial Selection," "Objections to Natural Selection as a Factor in Evolution," "Sexual Selection," "Objections to the Theory of Sexual Selection," "Segregation," and "The Inheritance of Parental Modifications."

For the sake of brevity, as the author explains in Part II., he reverses the natural order in his treatment of the theory of evolution, discussing the phenomena which first suggested the theory, after he has elucidated the theory. Thus in his division entitled "The Phenomena Explained by the Theory," he is able to apply in a striking and effective manner the most compelling evidence from natural phenomena that support the theory. In this division the evidences are supplied from comparative anatomy, embryology and paleontology. The subjects of "Geographical Distribution," "Color in Animals," "Mimicry," etc., are discussed at length and their bearing on the evolutionary theory fully explained. The two concluding chapters are devoted to "Man in Relation to Evolution" and "General Considerations."

This book is precisely the work that general readers need. It is a volume that should be read by every young man and woman in America. We heartily recommend it to our readers.

Th. Nast: His Period and His Pictures.

By Albert Bigelow Paine. Illustrated. Cloth. Pp. 600. Price, \$5.00 net. New York: The Macmillan Company.

WE HAVE devoted considerable space in this issue to the crowning event in the life of Thomas Nast as vividly pictured by Mr. Paine in this excellent biography, because we believed that the story of the Tweed Ring and how it was overthrown would prove of deep interest to every reader of THE ARENA. Moreover, we appreciate the fact that the story of that titanic struggle and the victorious outcome is one of the most important and encouraging lessons for the present, when the conscience of our great nation is preparing to grapple with similar evils in all departments of government.

The other portions of the work will prove deeply interesting to the general reader. Thomas Nast was the son of an Alsatian

whose liberal views in regard to government made America a safer home than the fatherland, and so to the New World he emigrated. In the city of New York Thomas Nast received his general education and artistic training. At the age of fifteen he applied to Frank Leslie for a position in the art department of the latter's weekly. Mr. Leslie was naturally incredulous as to the youth's ability, but on the boy's persistent plea for an opportunity to show what he could do he gave him a very difficult task of drawing—that of sketching the miscellaneous crowd of a Sunday morning rushing onto the ferry-boat to cross the Hudson River for the day's outing. On Monday morning the boy returned with a remarkably good drawing. Mr. Leslie was as pleased as he was surprised, and forthwith hired him at four dollars a week. From thenceforth Nast steadily rose in his chosen profession. Finally he was sent to Great Britain to do some special work. While there his New York publishers (not Mr. Leslie this time) failed to send him the promised remittance, and being thrilled by the glorious work undertaken by the Italian liberator, Garibaldi, he set out for the Mediterranean, joined the great emancipator and accompanied him on his victorious Italian campaign. Garibaldi was strongly attracted to the young American artist, and the latter ever revered the intrepid liberator, placing him as one of the most exalted demi-gods in his pantheon. Before leaving Italy Nast visited the Coliseum, where he made a careful drawing of the ruins. While sketching this scene the artist's vivid imagination constantly enabled him to re-picture it as the great building appeared in the days of the Caesars. The picture never left his mind, and later, was introduced in the greatest of all his cartoons.

With Italian unity established the artist turned his face homeward. America was soon to be the theater of the most tremendous civil war in the history of the world, and during the critical years which followed, few if any civilians in the North did more for the cause of union, more to strengthen the hands of President Lincoln and the administration, or more toward educating the people to the point where the North should demand the emancipation of the negro than did Thomas Nast in his powerful cartoons which appeared from week to week in *Harper's Weekly*. He was regarded by President Lincoln as one of the most efficient thought-moulders of the

day. After the war there was a breathing spell, for though his pen was still active, the themes uppermost in the minds of the people were not of supreme moment.

As the sixties drew to a close, however, there appeared in *Harper's Weekly*, in the form of some powerful cartoons, the first shots in the great campaign against the Tweed Ring, and in the early seventies we find the artist in the thick of the fight. After the victorious ending of that campaign Mr. Nast addressed his attention principally to political cartoons, mercilessly assailing Greeley when the latter was running for president. Still later he published a number of strong cartoons against James G. Blaine when Mr. Blaine was the candidate of the Republican party. His work in these two campaigns alienated a host of his former friends and admirers; yet without doubt in both instances Mr. Nast was absolutely honest and loyal to his convictions.

In March, 1902, Mr. Nast, who was at that time in a rather needy condition, received the appointment of United States Consul at Guayaquil, Ecuador. The appointment proved most unfortunate, as the artist was in poor health when he left this country, and in the death-dealing, fever-cursed city to which he journeyed he found the grim Destroyer and succumbed.

In this life of Nast Mr. Paine has evinced excellent judgment and wise discrimination; yet the work is characterized by that genuine sympathy that is one of the requisites of a good biography. It is a valuable work and should be widely read, as its influence will make for morality and higher civic ideals.

Theodore Watts-Dunton: Poet, Novelist, Critic. A Biographical and Critical Study. By James Douglas. Illustrated in photo-gravure and half-tones. Cloth. Pp. 482. Price, \$3.50 net. New York: John Lane.

IN THIS altogether delightful volume the reader is taken into that circle of rare English men of letters who contributed so much to the literary and artistic results of the last half of the nineteenth century. Theodore Watts-Dunton was an intimate friend of Swinburne, William Morris, Rossetti, Burne-Jones, and other kindred spirits who constituted an intellectual democracy where friendship and mutual helpfulness afforded striking hints of what under just and favoring social conditions

would be more general than has been possible under the old social and political forms and restrictions.

As one of the foremost literary critics of our time and as a poet and novelist of no mean ability, Mr. Watts-Dunton came into close and in some instances intimate relationship with many of the leading men of letters in the English-speaking world, among whom were Tennyson, Browning, Lowell, Bret Harte, George Meredith, William Black and Whistler. The incidents, reminiscences and anecdotes connected with a life thus richly environed and touching at every turn the lives and works of the men who contributed so largely to the literary development of the England of the last half of the nineteenth century, would in themselves furnish material for a most captivating and instructive volume.

But Theodore Watts-Dunton himself ranks among the strong men of letters. As a novelist, as a poet and as a critic he earned a commanding place in literature.

His novel, *Alwyn*, created a deep impression in the literary world on its appearance and elicited many exceptionally strong and favorable criticisms from the leading literary judges of the time. It also had a quite a large circulation among the people. In America alone more than eighty thousand copies have been sold.

His work as a poet entitles him to high rank. Indeed, had he given his time and attention to poetry, it is probable that he would have been one of the greatest, if not the greatest of our Victorian poets, excepting Browning and possibly Tennyson; for he had in a large degree the splendid imagination of the true poet. Take, for example, these magnificent lines entitled "*Natura Benigna*":

"What power is this? what witchery wins my feet
To peaks so sheer they scorn the cloaking snow,
All silent as the emerald gulfs below,
Down whose ice-walls the wings of twilight beat?
What thrill of earth and heaven—most wild, most
sweet—

What answering pulse that all the senses know,
Comes leaping from the ruddy eastern glow
Where, far away, the skies and mountains meet?
Mother, 'tis I reborn: I know thee well:
That throb I know and all it prophesies,
O Mother and Queen, beneath the olden spell
Of silence, gazing from thy hills and skies!
Dumb Mother, struggling with the years to tell
The secret at thy heart through helpless eyes."

Here is another sonnet, quite different, yet thoroughly characteristic of the poet, dedicated to Victor Hugo:

"Poet of pity and scourge of sceptred crime—
Titan of light, with scarce the gods for peers—
What thoughts come to thee through the mist of
years,

There sitting calm, master of Fate and Time?

Homage from every tongue, from every clime,

In place of gibes, fills now thy satiate ears.

Mine own heart swells, mine eyelids prick with
tears

In very pride of thee, old man sublime!

And thou, the mother who bore him, beauteous
France,

Round whose fair limbs what web of sorrow is
spun!—

I see thee lift thy tear-stained countenance—

Victress by many a victory he hath won;

I hear thy voice o'er winds of Fate and Chance

Say to the conquered world: 'Behold my son!'"

His work as a literary critic has been equaled by few writers of our time. Perhaps we cannot do better than to quote one paragraph from his great criticism of the Bible—"the book of wonder":

"A great living savant has characterized the Bible as 'a collection of the rude imaginings of Syria,' 'the worn-out old bottle of Judaism into which the generous new wine of science is being poured.' The great savant was angry when he said so. The 'new wine' of science is a generous vintage, undoubtedly, and deserves all the respect it gets from us; so do those who make it and serve it out; they have so much intelligence; they are so honest and so fearless. But whatever may become of their wine in a few years, when the wine-dealers shall have passed away, when the savant is forgotten as any star-gazer of Chaldæa,—the 'old bottle' is going to be older yet,—the Bible is going to be eternal. For that which decides the vitality of any book is precisely that which decides the vitality of any human soul—not the knowledge it contains, but simply the attitude it assumes towards the universe, unseen as well as seen. The attitude of the Bible is just that which every soul must, in its highest and truest moods, always assume—that of a wise wonder in front of such a universe as this—that of a noble humility before a God such as He 'in whose great Hand we stand.' This is why—like Alexander's mirror—like that most precious 'cup of Jemshid,' imagined by the Persians—the Bible reflects to-day, and will reflect forever, every wave of human emotion, every passing event of human life—reflect them as faithfully as it did to the great and simple people in whose great and simple language it was written."

The volume is precisely what it claims to be—a biographical and critical study, and the subject has been extremely fortunate in his biographer; for Mr. James Douglas is not only a fascinating and discriminating critic, but is in such perfect *rapprochement* with Watts-Dunton and his dearest literary companions that the rare sympathy of deep friendship lights up a story that even without warmth would have been fair and fascinating, and gives to it a peculiar charm. It is a work that will necessarily appeal deeply to literary men and women who were *en rapport* with the literary works and aspirations of that coterie in which Morris, Rossetti, Swinburne and Burne-Jones were leading figures.

Daumier and Gavarni. Special Winter number of the *The International Studio*. Profusely illustrated with color prints, photogravures and illustrations in black and white. With critical and biographical notes by Henri Frantz and Octave Uzanne. Edited by Charles Holme. Price, \$3 net. New York: John Lane.

THE PUBLISHING house of John Lane deserves well of the art-lovers of America for the number of fine works that are being issued from its press which, by reproducing masterpieces and typical examples of the work, together with critical and biographical notes of the great artists, illustrators and caricaturists of the Old World, are familiarizing our people with the best specimens of the genius and skill of painters and illustrators, and thus in a very real way are adding to culture and fostering a popular taste for good art. In addition to *The International Studio*, one of the best art journals published in any land, this firm is from time to time issuing special numbers containing a profusion of illustrations, many of them reproductions in color, by eminent artists. The latest of these specials has recently appeared and is devoted to the work of the two great French humorous draftsmen of the last century, Daumier and Gavarni. In this work there are more than a score of reproductions in color and photogravures, together with about a hundred illustrations in black and white.

Daumier was a man of marked genius, yet his tendency to exaggerate in art led him naturally into the realm of caricature. He was a born satirist, a man of marked origi-

nality in conception, and of wonderful fertility of imagination. He ranked among the greatest draftsmen, caricaturists and delineators of powerful though sometimes somber and tragic scenes, of the last century.

"Many men of talent," observes Henri Frantz, "may imitate him, he may be the father of modern caricature, he may have had a powerful influence upon succeeding generations; but Daumier himself had no immediate predecessor, and he is all the greater for that. He stands alone; and is perhaps more nearly akin to some inspired genius of the middle ages, whose ardor and impassioned faith are all his own. Even within the restricted field of lithographic art, Daumier is always huge and immoderate; we feel that he could as easily undertake some gigantic task, could cover a building with colossal frescoes; and we understand the complete justice of Balzac's pronouncement when he said: 'There is something of the Michael Angelo in this man!'"

Gavarni was also one of the greatest illustrators of the nineteenth century. In addition to making many of the most striking drawings and cartoons of his day, Gavarni was peerless as a designer of costumes. Of his more serious work Octave Uzanne observes:

"He seized on the wing, and fixed with sure and dexterous pencil, the joys of youth, the graces of lads and lasses, who, whether in the garret or under the vine-leaves of the country tea-gardens, love their laugh and their kiss and their *vin bleu*, which the song so gallantly styles '*le champagne et l'amour*'; the pretty duplicates of woman; the thousand-and-one touches of character in the home-life; the *enfant terrible*, and the equally 'terrible' parents; the villainies of money-lenders and creditors, which provoke and justify reprisals; the utterly stupid self-sufficiency of the landlord; the absurd side of all kinds of masters, of husbands, and politicians—all the motley crowd which jostles and rubs shoulders day and night in Paris or in London. Then, his inspiration growing more gloomy as his experience increased, he shows the stages of vice and crime which lead from the gutter to the *bagne* at Toulon; the horrors of the dregs of English society; perversions of feelings and senses; the sordid and grotesquely lamentable end of the *filles*

d'amour, whom he had depicted before in all the brilliancy of their feverish youth; and then that terrible type, 'Thomas Vireloque,' who might have been conceived by a Balzac combined with an Edgar Allen Poe—all these pass in turn or simultaneously across the magic lantern of the painter and satirist of manners."

This volume, though not so attractive to the general art-lover as the preceding art issues devoted to Corot, Millet and Turner, will be greatly prized by collectors of the works of the great satirical cartoonists and illustrators. It will prove a valuable addition to the art-collector's library.

Fragments of Prose and Poetry. By F. W. H. Myers. Edited by his wife Eveleen Myers. Illustrated. Cloth. Pp. 212. Price, \$2.50 net. London and New York: Longmans, Green & Company.

No MAN of the nineteenth century labored more faithfully or with greater singleness of heart and purpose to demonstrate to a skeptical age in a manner so scientific as to carry conviction, that man does survive the crisis of death, than did the pure-souled scholar, poet and critical thinker, Frederic W. H. Myers. The results of his eighteen years of incessant work as one of the master-spirits in the English Society for Psychical Research are embodied in the monumental, two-volume work entitled *Human Personality and Its Survival of Bodily Death*, a work which we regard as of inestimable value to the cause of psychic science and one of the best, if not indeed the best and most critical work published with a view to giving an affirmative answer to the age-long question propounded by Job.

Those who have read Mr. Myers' *Human Personality and Its Survival of Bodily Death* and his preceding works, as well as his host of friends among the flower of English literary and scientific workers, will hail this volume with delight; for in it we have a charming autobiographical sketch which reveals in a rare manner the true nature and high aspirations of Mr. Myers from early childhood. The first fifty pages are devoted to this fragmentary autobiography in which we trace the life-struggle of one of the highest-minded scholars of the nineteenth century—a struggle with doubt and faith. First the spell of Hellenism falls compelling around him;

next Christianity claims, after which the aggressive spirit of the nineteenth century awakens doubts which finally drive him into agnosticism. And then comes faith—faith the result of long, patient, searching personal investigation.

Following the autobiography are sixty pages devoted to Mr. Myers' tributes to various friends who passed before him into the other world, among these being John Ruskin, Professor Henry Sidgwick, Hon. William E. Gladstone, G. F. Watts, and Robert Louis Stevenson. Among these tributes are many exquisite wreaths laid on the pallid brow by one who knew what friendship meant. In the short notice of Gladstone Mr. Myers dwells on the interest which the great statesman felt in the work of the Society for Psychical Research, saying to Mr. Myers: "It is the most important work which is being done in the world—by far the most important."

The closing section of the volume is devoted to the poems of Mr. Myers. They are about sixty in number. Many of these appeared in such publications as the *Nineteenth Century* and the *Saturday Review*. In the following lines from a poem entitled "A Child of the Age" is revealed the life-long aspiration of the writer:

"O for a voice that in a single song
 Could quiver with the hopes and moan the fears
 And speak the speechless secret of the years,
 And rise, and sink, and at the last be strong!
 O for a trumpet-call to stir the throng
 Of doubtful fighting-men, whose eyes and ears
 Watch till a banner in the east appears
 And the skies ring that have been still so long!
 O age of mine, if one could tune for thee
 A marching music out of this thy woe!"

The Girl and the Kaiser. By Pauline Bradford Mackay. Illustrated. Cloth. Pp. 164. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

The Girl and the Kaiser is a charmingly bright and unconventional story dealing in a convincing manner with the autocrat of Germany. The heroine is an American girl born of German parents. She is visiting her uncle, who is an admiral in the Germany navy. He has married a wealthy countess many years his junior. The aunt is far more French than German in her tastes, and the union does not appear to be particularly congenial. The American niece is a beautiful girl who captures the hearts of two German naval officers who haunt the home of the

admiral, to the delight of the aunt. One of the young officers is a poor man who has a penchant for painting; the other is an army surgeon, the son of a rich gun-maker. He is a deep student and bids fair to rank high in his chosen profession. By nature he is a man of deep, strong, fine emotions, but far less showy than the other suitor, who is at first favored by the girl. He, however, is unable to marry, as the Emperor has issued an edict against his poor officers wedding dowerless girls.

The principal scenes of the story are laid at the home of the admiral during a visit made by the Emperor, who is strangely attracted to the American girl. The pen-picture of the autocratic ruler is very excellently drawn, hinting at the light and dark sides of his character in a most effective manner.

Out of a situation as embarrassing to the two principal actors as it is original in treatment comes the promise of love's fruition. *The Girl and the Kaiser*, though by no means a great story, is one of the most clever little romances of the season.

A Nation's Idol. By Charles Felton Pidgin. Cloth. Pp. 348. Price, \$1.50. Philadelphia: Henry Altemus Company.

THIS story deals with the life of Benjamin Franklin while in the French Court during the Revolutionary war, and through its pages runs the love story of a young man and woman who are born and reared in Kentucky. Their parents are at enmity. The girl's father and uncle determine to prevent her marrying her lover at all hazards. To compass this end she is sent to a relative in Paris, her uncle accompanying her. Now it happens that the youth has had an opportunity to go to France as secretary to Dr. Franklin, so it chances that the lovers are both in France at the same time, but many and somewhat exciting are the happenings and adventures that fall to their lot before they are finally reunited in America and are wedded.

The story deals largely with the life of Franklin and on the whole this part of the tale is fairly well treated and is, we think, very superior to the rest of the novel, which has the frame-work of an admirable romance, but the author is not very felicitous in his treatment. He lacks the power to make his readers feel that his characters are real human beings. In a word, he is not convincing in his character-drawing, nor is his command of language and

composition such as should be possessed by those who essay to write ambitious historical novels.

The Millionaire Baby. By Anna Katherine Green. Illustrated. Cloth. Pp. 358. Price, \$1.50. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

WHILE Anna Katherine Green cannot compare with Sir Arthur Conan Doyle as a writer of detective stories, lacking his fertility of imagination, his charm of style and his consummate art in the marshalling of incidents which culminate in the revelation, she is, we think, the best American author of detective tales of the present, and in *The Millionaire Baby* we have one of her very best books. It is clever in conception and treatment, it holds the interest, and will prove a delight to those who have the mystery-story appetite as well as to many general readers who seldom care to spend time on such fiction save as a rest for the mind.

The story deals with the abduction of a beautiful child. The principal parts are played by the real mother, the supposed mother of the child, a certain doctor, and the detective, although numerous other personages appear and disappear during the course of the story. Further than this we cannot go, for the value of this tale, as of most detective stories, lies in the story itself and not, as in many other works of fiction, in charm of character delineation, in atmosphere, description, idealism, or other characteristics that are frequently the chief features of interest and value. By lovers of mystery stories who are not so fastidious as to demand works possessing the imaginative quality and excellence in art of the Sherlock Holmes tales, this book will, we think, be read with interest and pleasure.

The Young Man Entering Business. By Orison Swett Marden. Cloth. Pp. 380. Price, \$1.25 net. New York: T. Y. Crowell & Company.

THIS volume is a compilation of editorials which have appeared in *Success* and which were addressed chiefly to young men who were ready to start in life and to whom words of advice would prove helpful. The author's aim and purpose is expressed in these lines from the introductory pages:

"He has tried to show the young man that the difference between 'pretty good' and 'excellent,' between low and high ideals, measures the difference between a mediocre career and a superb success. He has tried to show that it is an easy thing to be a nobody, but a very difficult thing to be somebody. He has urged that the greatest investment a young man can make is in himself—that an education and self-culture pay; that health, good manners, cheerfulness and a genuine interest in others are great success factors; that character is the best kind of capital, giving credit, confidence and happiness. He has tried to show the boy that while seizing an opportunity may lead to success, it will only make him ridiculous if he is not prepared for it. It is the divine hunger for growth, for perpetual enlargement, that is worth while. He has tried to show the boy how to choose upwards, how to find his right place, and how to keep it."

There are sixty-three short chapters in the volume and eleven full-page illustrations. The chapters which impress us as of special value are those dealing with "The Danger of Commercialism," "The Divine Hunger for Growth," "Character-Building and Mind-Moulding Through Reading," and "The Importance of Self-Confidence." On "The Dangers of Commercialism" Mr. Marden observes:

"One of the greatest dangers that threaten American institutions to-day is commercialism. Our strenuous life, with its hurrying and driving to get rich, tends to foster the spirit of greed and traffic-hunger; and this spirit, in turn, tends to develop our material and coarser faculties. Materialism is written all over American life to-day. In the anxious pursuit of dollars, many feel that they cannot afford time to develop their social side. A foreigner visiting America for the first time, without knowledge of the business methods of its people, would get an idea that nearly every business man in the country had lost a pearl, and, oblivious of everything else, was desperately searching for it.

"The fairest, the most beautiful possibilities of our civilization are too often trampled under foot in the mad rush for money, as if wealth were the only good. There are desires, there is hunger, that cannot be reached by the check-book.

"It is the coarser side, the more brutal in us, —the animal in fact—which is satisfied with

money, but there is that within us which money cannot minister to—which money does not attract.

"This finer character-element feeds on love and service. Fame does not touch it, riches do not appeal to it, nor do houses or lands satisfy it."

There is one criticism characteristic of most books of this kind printed at the present time, and which is to a certain extent applicable to the present volume, and that is the failure on the part of the author to draw the line of demarcation clearly enough between true success and the false or pseudo-success that present-day civilization accepts for the true coin. When a society or an age is largely infected with a mania for the acquisition of gold, it is not enough to utter general moral platitudes. It is the duty of writers who seek to instruct the young and mould the character of the men of the rising generation to definitely and specifically show the difference between those whose lives are such as to merit the approval of the good and the wise, and those who through shrewdness, cunning and unscrupulous practices have amassed vast fortunes at the expense of the wealth-creators. On every hand we see to-day vast fortunes which are due to moral turpitude, corrupt practices, injustice and indirection; and yet these men, who in a real sense are the brigands of commerce, are too frequently classed with the real benefactors—the men who have exalted the character of the people, ennobled civilization and enriched humanity. At no period in the history of the world has it been so necessary to emphasize this cardinal fact as to-day, when the colleges and the churches as well as the press are constantly confusing that which is fundamentally true and good with that which is basically unjust and evil; and we could have wished that this work had laid more emphasis in a specific way upon this important fact. Otherwise the volume is well calculated to be helpful to the young.

The Poems of Henry Abbey. Fourth edition, enlarged. Cloth. Pp. 360. Price, \$1.15 net. New York: D. Appleton & Company.

THE FACT that four editions of these poems have been called for at a time when simple, quiet verse is far from popular with the general reader, indicates substantial merit, for there is nothing sensational or spectacular in the rhymes of this author. The content-mat-

ter consists for the most part of simple ballads, lyrics and poems for special occasions. In the present edition the author has brought together all his verse that he cares to preserve from previous editions, and to these poems he has added a number of new compositions. Mr. Abbey has neither the art of Kipling in stringing together jingling rhymes and catch-phrases that linger in the mind, nor the power to profoundly move the emotional nature. The charm of his work lies rather in the pleasing lines that appeal rather to those who love the simple and quiet lays. Many of them are delightfully-told legends and ballads that will linger in the memory. The following little waif teaches by suggestion important lessons, while affording an example of our author's verse:

"A widow by her landlord was oppressed
To pay at once her backward coin of rent;
For he, cursed by the wealth that should
have blessed,
Forgot that he, too, in a tenement
Dwelt, with unpaid arrear; and surely he,
More than the widow, lived in poverty.

For they alone are rich who have obtained
The love of God, for which no gold can pay.
Blind to the peaceful joy he might have
gained,
The craven landlord, on a winter's day
That pierced with cold and wind-thrust
snow and sleet,
Drove forth the widow to the roofless street.

Her clinging son, with elfin prattle, sought
To charm away her grief; yet, in his heart,
By the indignant pencil of his thought,
The shameful scene was drawn in every part.
There lived the widow's tears, and hard
and base
Stood out the likeness of the landlord's face.

Like breaking waves, year after year rolled
up,
And in their tide the widow's son became
A truthful painter, in whose life's bright cup
A thankful world dissolved the pearl of fame.
Then, with his brush, which spoke in every
hue,
The picture in his heart he strongly drew.

Near to the landlord's home the painting
hung,
As to his threshold, in a public place;

To view it came the townsfolk, old and
young,
And said: 'This is our neighbor's ruthless
face,
And this the cruel deed he has done
To the poor widow and her artist son.'

The landlord brought temptations coined
and vast,
And would have given half the wealthy
town,
To lay the brush-raised specter of his past:
No gold availed; the specter would not
down;
But haunted him thereafter till he died,
In looks and words and deeds, on every
side."

The Green Diamond. By Arthur Morrison.
Illustrated. Cloth. Pp. 304. Price,
\$1.50. Boston: L. C. Page & Company.

THE POPULAR taste that for a time devoured with avidity the romantic novels of medieval times later turned with equally eager appetite to detective tales. Stanley Weyman was the foremost writer in the latest craze for the swashbuckling novels of feudal days, and Sir Conan Doyle stands without a peer among the writers of detective and mystery-stories at the present time. The popularity of the works of these writers in each instance called forth a flood of similar fiction, some of which was good, much hastily prepared and quite indifferent in character, and of still more of which little could be said other than that it was wretched drivell unworthy of the printing-press.

Arthur Morrison is entitled to rank among the better writers of mystery or detective-stories of the present time. His books are on the whole well written. They hold the reader's interest from the opening chapter. They abound in exciting episodes and thrilling experiences, and for works that have no other purpose than to entertain the reader or take the mind completely off of the cares and perplexities of our too strenuous life, by giving it a change which is in a sense a rest, they are valuable.

The Green Diamond is, we think, the best of Mr. Morrison's mystery-stories. It is concerned with the robbery of a jewel of fabulous worth from the Rajah of Goona during the Durbar at Delhi when the accession of the first Emperor of India was proclaimed. The

stone was taken from the jewels of the Rajah, put in a magnum of Tokay wine and abstracted in a case of this wine through the connivance of a servant of the Rajah. The wine was forwarded to England by the thief, who placed it in charge of a gentleman to whom he stated that he would be more than satisfied to get a hundred pounds for the case. On board the vessel were a wealthy American and his daughter, who, understanding that the wine had been in the bottle for almost a century and was supposed to be especially delicious, insisted on buying it and finally did purchase it from the gentleman for two hundred pounds. The purchaser little suspected the value of the contents, and after drinking one magnum and being disappointed in the taste, sold the other bottles. From this point the story is full of plots and counterplots, of exciting incidents and dramatic climaxes which carry the reader forward from page to page, much as does Conan Doyle's *Hound of the Baskervilles*.

This novel can be recommended as a detective-story that will serve to divert the mind from the cares of the day. It is one of the best mystery tales of the present year.

The Happy Average. By Brand Whitlock. Cloth. Pp. 347. Price, \$1.50. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

The Happy Average, though lacking in the keen and often-times sarcastic epigrammatic

dialogue of *Her Infinite Variety*, is a novel of far more genuine merit than Mr. Whitlock's former work. It is a realistic story of commonplace life in a small Ohio town, the realism being of that wholesome sort which portrays the every-day existence, the small joys and sorrows, of the average men and women of the average Western village. The story deals with the struggles of the hero, Glenn Marley, to win a place in the legal profession and at the same time earn enough money to enable him to marry the girl of his choice, who is the daughter of Judge Blair, one of the leading citizens of the town. Marley is a young man of very ordinary ability and is a far less interesting personality than Wade Powell, the dissipated, big-hearted, unsuccessful but talented old lawyer, with his shrewd criticism of men and affairs and his large sympathy and ready aid for the "under dog." Indeed, the hero and heroine are far less forcible and convincing than many of the other characters in the book. Lavinia Blair is rather below than above "the happy average" as a type of womanhood, but possesses a certain gentle obstinacy which seems to serve her in place of other and perhaps more desirable characteristics. The story, however, is a faithful picture of life in a conservative Western town and will appeal to those who enjoy the simple recital of unexciting events.

AMY C. RICH.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

THE RIPENING OF POLITICAL CORRUPTION IN PENNSYLVANIA: In our February issue Mr. BLANKENBURG outlined the rise of MATTHEW S. QUAY and the sinister and baleful influence that attended his career, especially after the Pennsylvania Railroad and Mr. QUAY found it to their mutual interest to work together for selfish aims against the best interests of the community. In this issue the absorbingly interesting but deeply humiliating story is continued. The corruption that sprouted and spread in the early career of Quay is represented as ripened and revealed. We trust all our readers will preserve their copies of *THE ARENA* with this vitally important history, for we are entering on a period of moral awakening. Forces are at work to-day which will soon bring about a direct battle or a clean-cut conflict between the corporations, the rings, the bosses, the corruptionists and representatives of predatory wealth in general on the one hand, and the producing and consuming millions and the friends of republican government and business integrity on the other. And these papers, furnishing as they do an

authoritative history written by a leading citizen of Pennsylvania—a man who holds the highest position among the civic leaders and the great merchants of his State, cannot fail to prove a powerful weapon in the hands of friends of civic righteousness in the impending struggle. This history constitutes one chapter in the story of America's shame. It is also valuable as being typical of the rise, growth and prevalence of conditions present in various parts of the nation which must be grappled with and controlled if the republic is not to be entirely subverted.

A Pen-Picture of a Great Radical Meeting in Paris: This month we publish the opening paper in our series of contributions from our special commissioner in Paris, the gifted author and lecturer, Mrs. FRANCES HARDIN HESS. Illness prevented Mrs. HESS from opening her series of papers with the January issue. In this paper we have a graphic and instructive pen-picture of one of those great meetings which so thoroughly reflect the spirit and

temper of the progressive democrats of France to-day. It matters not what views one may hold concerning government. Only the very shallow and ignorant are indifferent to the great political currents and undercurrents that are profoundly stirring the public life of European nations; and it is the aim and purpose of *THE ARENA* to keep its readers fully acquainted with the drift and trend of the times. Mrs. HESS' paper complements in a fitting manner the keen analysis of the progressive social-democratic movement in France, as given by Mr. DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS.

The New School of Socialists in Europe: It affords us great pleasure to be able to give our readers a brilliant and graphic contribution on the new social-democratic movement in Europe, by one of the strongest and ablest novelists and journalists of our time. Many of our readers are well acquainted with the work of DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS, as it has been our pleasure to review at length his powerful and truly American novels. As a writer of fiction Mr. PHILLIPS is rapidly forging to the forefront. His stories possess the power of the realist and the imaginative quality of the idealist, and there is also present in them the robust spirit of democracy that unhappily is rare among the present-day American novelists. He is doing for America precisely the work which we hoped HAMLIN GARLAND would have done and which his early works—*Main-Travelled Roads*, *Jason Edwards*, *A Spoil of Office* and *A Member of the Third House*—led us confidently to expect he would do. But Mr. PHILLIPS is as felicitous an essayist and journalist as he is a novelist. So much are his writings in demand that he is one of the highest-priced of the younger essayists of America to-day. His paper in this issue of *THE ARENA* will be read with deep interest. It is, we think, a remarkably accurate pen-picture of conditions as they obtain in Europe, and especially in France, and an admirable summary of the attitude of the Utopian socialists, who in this case are the most practical members of the present-day school of socialism. In our December issue the eminent Secretary of Labor of New Zealand presented a pen-picture of how New Zealand was solving the question of popular government. In the January issue the Honorable J. HENNIKER HEATON, a prominent member of Parliament and postal authority of Great Britain, showed how England had successfully introduced postal savings-banks. Our February issue contained a full, authoritative and lucid description of how the Scandinavian nations had solved the liquor problem. And in this issue the progress made along practical lines by the French socialists under M. JAURES is admirably portrayed.

A Well-Known Educator on Divorce: This month we publish our third paper on divorce. In January the question was discussed from the orthodox point-of-view. In February it was examined in the light of psychology and history; and in this issue Professor HAWN presents still another view of the issue, bringing forward a number of fundamental facts that are rarely noticed by superficial writers who are more swayed by misleading shibboleths, prejudice and emotionalism than by reason or a comprehension of the wider issues involved. We bespeak for this paper the thoughtful consideration which a

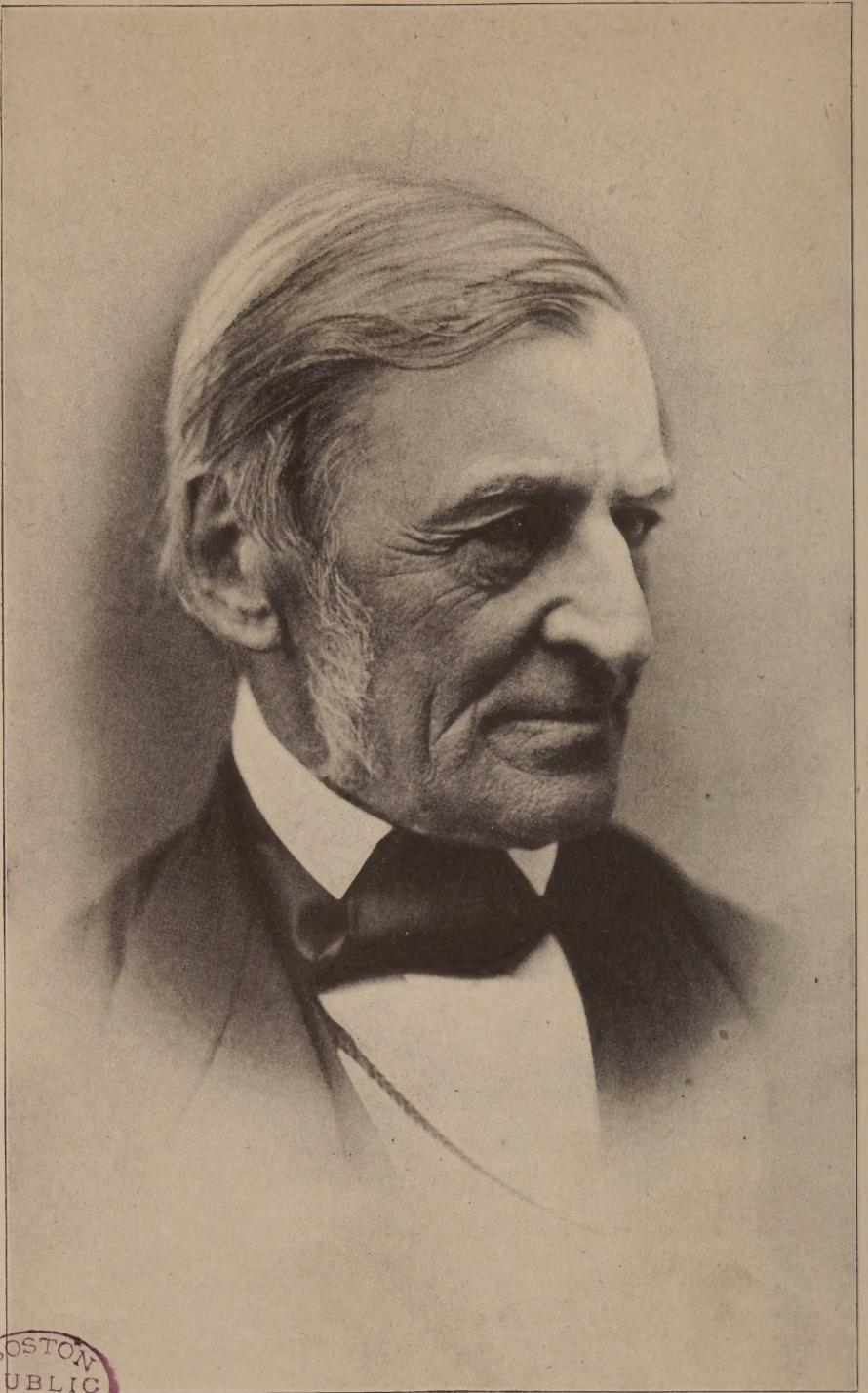
frank discussion from an able and conscientious thinker challenges.

Coöperation in Great Britain: In this issue our international paper is on the rise, growth and present status of the coöperative movement in Great Britain. This is also the first of our series of papers dealing with coöperation in various lands and under various phases. Mr. GRAY is the General Secretary of the Coöperative Union of Great Britain and is the masterful head of that great economic movement, which to-day owns and operates many of the largest factories, mills, shops and stores in England and Scotland, which owns and operates a fleet of ocean steamers, and which annually divides over forty-five million dollars among the coöperators. We believe that the coöperative movement holds the promise of a peaceful, rational and equitable adjustment of the great economic problem of the day, so soon as the governments are wise enough to take over all public utilities, which have proved the parent of national, state and municipal corruption, of fraud, unjust discriminations and extortion, and the breeder of unholy trusts, corporations and monopolies which to-day more than almost anything else threaten the very integrity of free institutions.

Gerhart Hauptmann and His Social Ideals: In this issue we publish the second paper in Professor ARCHIBALD HENDERSON's series of criticisms on the work and ideals of the greatest present-day dramatists of the Old World. Mr. HENDERSON's criticism of IBSEN and his message was very favorably received throughout the country. He is unquestionably one of the most discriminating among the sympathetic critics of those great, rugged modern dramatists whose works have created a storm of criticism only second to that which greeted the romantist school of dramatic composers in the first half of the last century. This series of papers will prove of great value to the general reader and will in no small degree broaden his culture.

The Nevada Referendum Victory: This month we give our readers an interesting account of the constitutional victory for Direct-Legislation recently won in Nevada. In our judgment there is no issue before the American people to-day so vital as that of Direct-Legislation, and it is the purpose of *THE ARENA* from month to month to discuss the various phases of this question and also to record every notable victory gained and advance step taken.

Mr. Partridge's Madonna: This month we give our readers the second full-page picture in our American Art series, representing important works from foremost New World sculptors, painters and cartoonists. In this Madonna we have something more than an exquisite concept in marble. It is essentially the type of twentieth-century womanhood. Instead of the simple innocence of ignorance which characterized the old-time Madonnas, we have here the awakened soul,—a pure, strong woman who thinks as well as feels. This is the type of the new, enlightened womanhood that must play a large part in the coming victory for civilization—the victory which is to lift humanity from the plane of materialistic commercialism to that of altruism which is the fruit of justice and wisdom.



RALPH WALDO EMERSON

*"We do not take possession of our ideas, but are possessed by them,
They master us and force us into the arena,
Where, like gladiators, we must fight for them."—HEINE.*

The Arena

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No. 185

FORTY YEARS IN THE WILDERNESS; OR, MASTERS AND RULERS OF "THE FREEMEN" OF PENNSYLVANIA.*

III. LAW-MAKERS WHO SHAME THE REPUBLIC.

BY RUDOLPH BLANKENBURG.

THE STRUGGLE of the Czar's subjects for even a semblance of self-government is one of the most dramatic events in the world's history and is made an absorbing topic of daily comment by the press of our country. It is the subject of discussion in mill and counting-room, farm and fireside, pulpit and platform, and is watched with keen attention in every household of our land.

The despotic power of the Russian Emperor; the Grand Ducal cabal with its even more sinister potentialities; the insolent bureaucracy steeped in graft and extortion, and last, but not least, the Holy Synod led by an intolerant, medieval Procurator-General, will never be superseded by a higher civilization until the demand of the people for popular representation has either been voluntarily granted or accomplished by revolution.

The number of patriotic Russians who would gladly sacrifice their lives, to secure redress and alleviation for their down-trodden countrymen is legion; a constitutional monarchy would be wel-

comed by them with as much acclaim as was the Republic by our own people at the time the Declaration of Independence transformed English subjects into American citizens. Yet, if we dispassionately consider conditions at home and abroad, we find millions of people beyond the Atlantic who would freely give their all to obtain the liberty we boast of possessing, while there are millions within our own boundaries who appear utterly indifferent to the heritage that has come to them from the fathers of our republic, the noble minds and ardent patriots who dethroned a king and enthroned man!

Are we worthy of them, are we doing our full duty to preserve the blessings their valor, devotion to duty and love of country have bestowed upon us?

Unfortunately, our body-politic is more or less permeated with microbes of evil portent. It is impossible to discuss the subject in detail, as public wrong-doing spreads everywhere, and is especially noticeable in our own Commonwealth; we can merely point out some of the more glaring facts near home to even

*The first of this series of articles appeared in the January, 1905, number of THE ARENA.

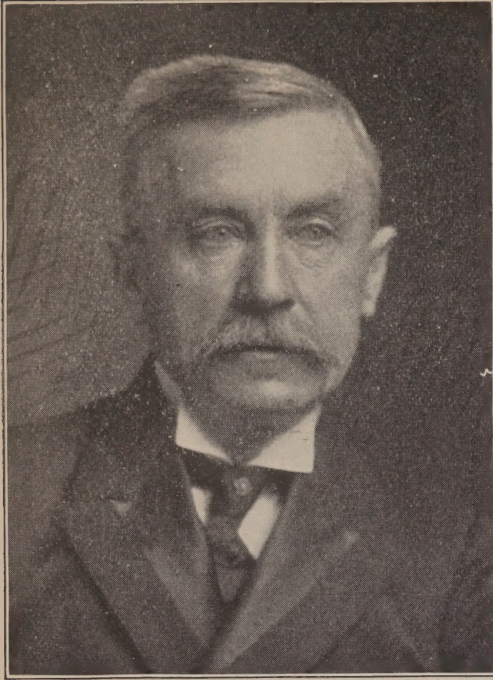


Photo. by Rogers.

JOHN STEWART,

PRESIDENT JUDGE COURT OF COMMON PLEAS OF
FRANKLIN COUNTY.Independent candidate for Governor in 1882. Member of
State Senate in 1883. A man who places
high value on citizenship.

partially uncover the story of the law-makers who shame American citizenship.

We endure Czars more intolerable than he of Russia, and though we are not cursed with hereditary rulers, our dead sovereign's place is instantly assumed by a self-appointed successor and we, instead of rising in our might to crush his throttling power, bow to him in pitiful subjection. The Grand Ducal camarilla finds its prototype in the vicious partnership of corporate power and lucre—law-defying and alluring, with a political oligarchy—daring, impudent, destructive. Our bureaucracy is the creation of the Czars and Grand Dukes we have tolerated and nurtured, and while we have many honest, sturdy, self-respecting men in public place, we may, unless we cry a halt upon the ruthless masters who decree our laws and

sway officialdom, ere long face a crisis of which we little dream to-day.

A short retrospect of crooked and invidious legislation shows us that under the State Constitution of 1837, special legislation had the widest latitude and the State House at Harrisburg had become little else than a mill grinding out laws and enactments which had for their chief object the enrichment of those who had power and influence to secure their passage. The fundamental law placed so few restrictions upon private or special legislation that the record sometimes constituted a bulky volume, nine-tenths of the measures passed during a session, perhaps, being private or special laws.

These abuses became so scandalous during and after the Civil war as to arouse an irresistible public demand for their abolition. This resulted in the Constitutional Convention of 1872, a body composed of men of high ability, lofty public spirit and unquestioned integrity. One of the most dangerous features of the system of law-making in vogue was the secrecy with which laws were enacted, the public not knowing what their representatives at Harrisburg were doing. The Convention adopted a proviso that no special or private bill could be passed until after the insertion of an advertisement of the proposed legislation in two or more newspapers published in the locality, to be affected. With this stringent provision for the limitation of special legislation, the Convention in addition went to extreme lengths to insure both the utmost care and the widest publicity in the enactment of general laws. The new Constitution required that no bill could be enacted or even considered by the main body until it had been referred to a committee, returned therefrom, and printed for the use of members. Every bill was required to be read at length on three different days and not as theretofore merely by the title—while no bill could be enacted finally except by the affirmative votes of a majority of all the members

elected to each House, the vote to be taken by yeas and nays and the names of those voting for and against the measure to be entered upon and printed in the Journal. No bill except a general appropriation bill could contain more than one subject, which was required to be clearly expressed in the title.

It will be readily understood from these restrictive provisions that it was the intention of the members of the Constitutional Convention to make the enactment of legislation an extremely deliberate process. In this way an end would be made to the practice of what had long been known as "snaking" vicious laws through the legislative body without the knowledge of the people of the State. For years these Constitutional safeguards proved very effective, and the bulk of the volume composing the session laws shrank to less than one-fourth of its former dimensions.

With the gradual growth of the Republican majority in Pennsylvania, under the noxious estate of Quay and his lieutenants, these constitutional restrictions began to be evaded in one form or another. To make this evasion effective, however, it was necessary to drive out of the Legislature men of individuality and ability, who possessed the courage of their convictions. During the legislative sessions extending from 1875 until ten years later, there was always a sufficient number of this class of Republican members who, with the aid of the Democratic minority, could defeat vicious or unconstitutional legislation, and even enact laws of great public importance. The Legislatures of 1883 and 1885 passed the first anti-discrimination railway freight legislation adopted in any important state, as well as a free pipeline law, and gave to Philadelphia its present Bullitt Charter. All honor to the men who impressed their forceful individuality upon the legislation of that period, though some of them have since fallen by the wayside and sold themselves into political bondage. The



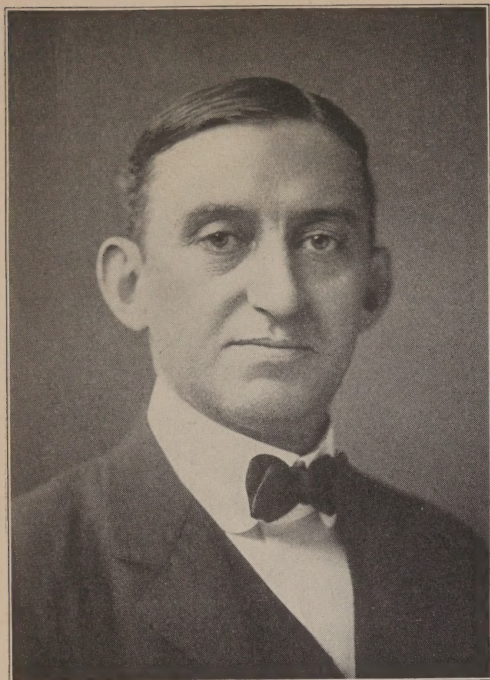
Photo. by Robbins, Bradford, Pa.

JAMES W. LEE,

MEMBER OF THE STATE SENATE, 1883-1885.

Leading Attorney for the Independent Oil Producers' Association.

Senate of 1883 and 1885 had among its distinguished members, William A. Wallace, Eckley B. Coxe, John G. Hall, John Stewart, James W. Lee, Lewis Emery, Jr., William T. Davies, Louis A. Watres, General J. P. S. Gobin, Simon P. Wolverton, James B. Everhart, George F. Huff, James Gay Gordon, John E. Reyburn, Robert Adams and Morgan B. Williams. In such a body corrupt and illegal enactments were impossible. With the retirement of these men, however, the character and capacity of the Legislatures of Pennsylvania gradually declined. As the Republican majority in the State increased, the mental caliber and conscience of the State's law-making body decreased, in even greater proportion, until the majority of our law-makers is at present composed of a collection of mere human automatons, who neither think nor act for themselves, but



Photo, by Gutekunst, Phila.

JAMES GAY GORDON,

MEMBER OF THE STATE SENATE IN 1883.

Afterwards elected Judge of the Court of Common Pleas, Philadelphia. He advocated the legal suppression of railroad rebates and other corporate abuses more than twenty years ago.

simply perform the part of puppets in a "Punch and Judy" show.

This condition exists to a greater or lesser degree in many of our State legislatures, and has gradually extended to the Congress of the United States. Little juntas of self-installed rulers, combined with mighty corporations and merciless nabobs, threaten the very life of the Republic, they fill our halls of legislation with their creatures and unless stayed, an oligarchy of wealth, the most dangerous mastery, may overwhelm our free institutions.

The earnest and commendable effort of President Roosevelt to curb the ever-growing power of our railroads, to check rebates and discrimination, suppress other abuses, and bring them, if not under the control at least under efficacious supervision of the general government, is

most timely and should meet universal approval.

The morals of but few States, in their law-making bodies, have been as much debased as those of our own, through the baneful influence and corrupt practices of our transportation companies. In former years it was an almost open barter and sale and purchasable legislators at Harrisburg, when laws affecting railroads were under scrutiny, would ask each other whether the "yellow envelope" had been distributed. This envelope contained the valuation of the recipient's conscience "in cash" and was the argument used to obtain his vote for or against a measure. To-day with advancing civilization more refined methods are in vogue. The conviction of Kemble was a wholesome lesson and direct bribery, though not extinct, rarely sees the light of day. Heavy campaign contributions (sometimes to both political parties), the placing of friends or relatives in office, the release of an inconvenient mortgage, letting men of influence in on "the ground floor," the present of a course of study at the University for the aspiring son of an impecunious legislator, a game of poker—in which the agent or promoter deliberately loses to the crooked law-maker enough money to secure his vote; betting against a certainty with the same end in view; the purchase of a fifty-cent vase, "as a rare specimen," for hundreds of dollars from an impressionable legislator, are a few of the methods used at this time.

One of the avenues freely employed to deaden the judgment of our law-makers and create their kindly interest to further desired legislation is by that genteel bribery, the issuance to them of free passes. The framers of the Constitution of 1874, recognizing the sinister influence of free passes, in their wisdom decreed, Article XVII., Sect. 8: "No railroad, railway or other transportation company shall grant free passes, or passes at a discount, to any persons except officers or employees of the company."

Photographs of a few passes (names of the holders are for obvious reasons withheld) will prove of interest to the general public who have to pay full fare, while their alleged servants travel free!

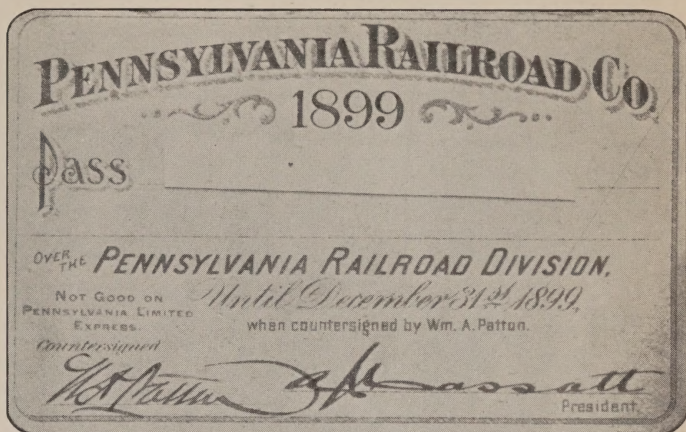
This pass is signed by the President of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company and was issued to a member of the Pennsylvania Legislature in 1899; it shows, in connection with the one below, that the offence is a continuous one.

The pass below explains itself; it is in force to-day.

On carefully studying the section from our State Constitution quoted above this proposition arises: The Pennsylvania Railroad either persistently violates the Constitution or it openly acknowledges that the members of the Pennsylvania Legislature, as well as Philadelphia Councilmen, who are favored with its passes, are *employees of the company*.

You, legislators, who accept and travel on these passes have taken a solemn oath of office (Art. VII., Sect. 1.) . . . "that I will

not knowingly receive, *directly or indirectly*, any money or other valuable thing for the performance or non-performance of any act or duty pertaining to my office, other than the compensation allowed by law."



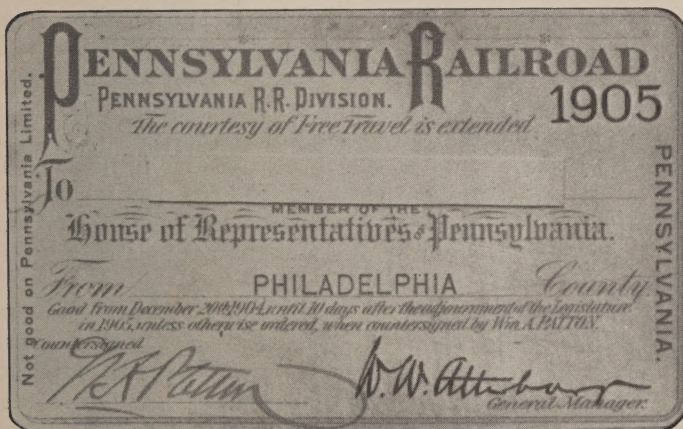
Photographic reproduction of a pass issued in defiance of law by the Pennsylvania Railroad Company to a member of the Pennsylvania Legislature in 1899.

Your pass represents money; if it was not made a free gift to you, you would have to pay "cash fares," therefore, every time you travel on your pass you are presented by the Pennsylvania Railroad with as many dollars and cents as the distance traversed calls for from regular travelers.

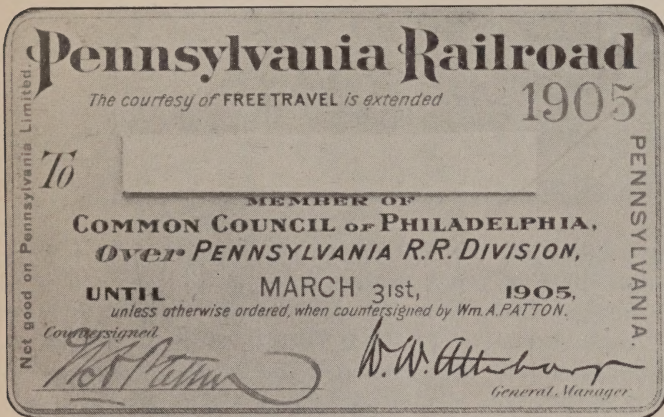
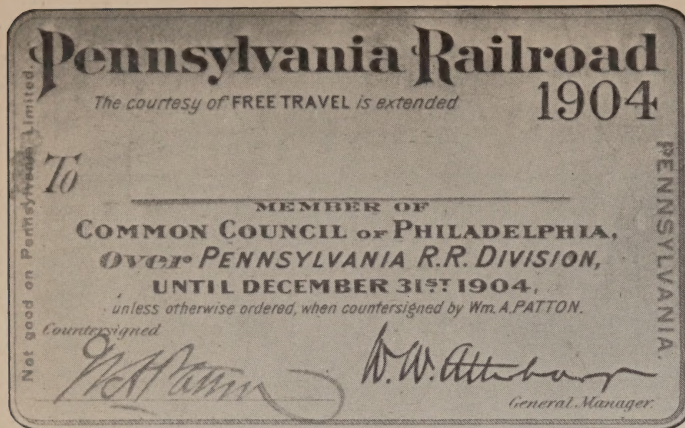
Do you, or do you not, violate your oath of office?

If justice was aggressive instead of slumbering, deserved punishment would be inflicted upon you. You would, as ordered by the Constitution, be found guilty of perjury and be forever disqualified from holding any office of trust or profit within this Commonwealth.

The passes shown on the following page, both issued by the Pennsylvania Railroad to one and the same Philadelphia Councilman, are of telling interest.



Photographic reproduction of a pass issued in defiance of law by the Pennsylvania Railroad Company to a member of the Pennsylvania Legislature in 1905.



Photographic reproductions of two "courtesies of free travel," issued by the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, in defiance of law, to one and the same Philadelphia councilman.

The reader will notice that the lower pass is good only until March 31, 1905.

The proof that the Railroad Company expects a *quid pro quo* from the councilman is made plain by the fact that the pass good for the calendar year 1904 is supplemented by one good only until March 31, 1905, expiring at the very time this councilman's term of office ends. This conclusively demonstrates that as soon as the member loses his vote he loses his pass!

Should he be reelected his influence and vote would again command "the courtesy of free travel."

The granting of passes to legislators is only a small part of the evil; in its wake follows an irrepressible clamor and demand for free transportation at the hands

of their friends or constituents, many of them in affluent circumstances, who would blush from shame if their names were published. Thus the railroads not only put under obligations the law-makers themselves, but they also garner the goodwill of a large number of the voters who elect them.

It would create some commotion and surprise to learn how many real-estate assessors are favored with free passes by transportation companies. These companies are among our largest realty owners and it might be decidedly interesting to have a valid or moral reason advanced why officials, who assess corporation property for taxation purposes, are given this questionable emolument.

The statement that even judges of our courts are given and accept "the courtesy of free travel" must appear almost incredible to those of our citizens who still believe in a bench as free from suspicion as Cæsar's wife.

Under Federal supervision this vicious system could be quickly obliterated, it would result in larger returns to the stockholders, an easier conscience to corporation officials and the removal of a mean temptation to legislators.

The Pennsylvania Railroad, with its vast ramifications in many states, is not the only offender; other transportation companies are equally guilty. These few examples will suffice to expose one of the potent and corrupting influences of corporate power.

The issuing of passes "where they will do the most good" is not confined to the large transportation companies, their bad example being followed by street-car and trolley lines in all parts of the State. The Philadelphia Rapid Transit Company favors members of the legislature and of councils, as well as other citizens of "influence" with free transportation, as the photograph of a pass given below will show.

The possessor of this pass has to hand the conductor for identification and control, a small card with his name, which might properly be made to read as follows:

I. O. SERVICE	
Common Council	d Ward

The Pennsylvania Railroad is so anxious to have the rights of the people conserved that it employs agents—maliciously called lobbyists—to attend meetings of Councils and its various committees for the purpose of preventing the passage of any bills derogatory to the people's interests. These agents, sometimes styled "councilmen-at-large," seem to have the privilege of the floor and also the ear of the presiding officers. They appear very much at home and act as if they had a right to be there in the pursuit of legitimate business.

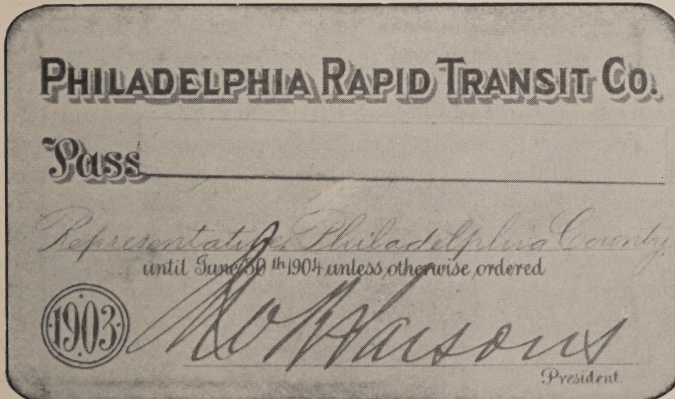


Photo. by Phillips, Phila.

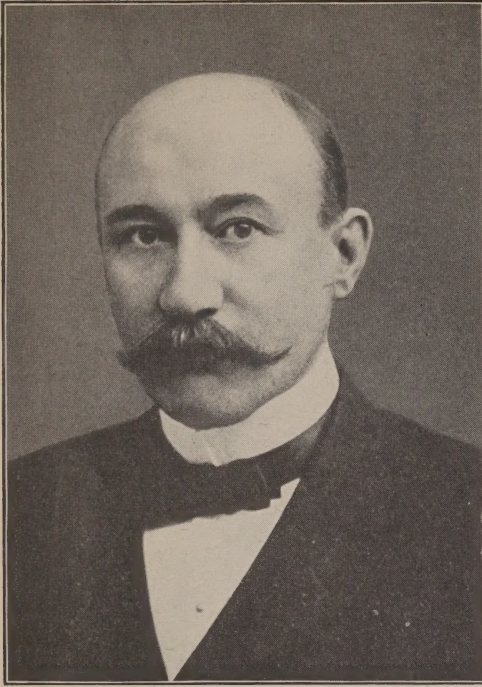
ALEXANDER J. CASSATT,
PRESIDENT OF THE PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD COMPANY.
One of the ablest and most powerful railway magnates, who could by a stroke of his pen abolish the vicious free-pass system and suppress other corporation abuses.

The Pennsylvania Railroad Company and the Standard Oil Company are said to have been the greatest corrupters of Pennsylvania politics, and it is whispered that they have, as yet, not quite seen the error of their ways.

Can it surprise the reader that so many law-makers, who enter office with the stigma of civic impurity, are at the beck and call of powerful combinations of capital and unscrupulous political leaders? It requires a stunted conscience and low conception of public duty to gather tribute from the "diggings," then betray the people and inflict upon them enactments such as have



Another example of "courtesy of free travel." Extended to citizens of "influence" by the Philadelphia Rapid Transit Company.



JOHN B. PARSONS,

PRESIDENT PHILADELPHIA RAPID TRANSIT COMPANY.

He rose from the ranks to his present prominent position.

been passed in recent years by our law-makers in City and State.

The Pennsylvania legislature had for many years been under the more or less absolute dominion of Mr. Quay. He dictated legislation, selected candidates for office, elective or appointed, in short he was the "Pooh Bah" of the realm, when in 1897 he was confronted with an insurrection of threatening proportions.

After the triumphant election of William McKinley in 1896 John Wanamaker, who had taken an active part in the campaign, was urged by his friends to become a candidate for the United States Senate. He consented, and his candidacy was at first looked upon favorably by Quay and those near the throne. The story goes that Mr. Wanamaker was told one day, that it would require a cash consideration of "two hundred thousand dollars" to make him the successor of Senator Cameron! He spurned the offer, threw down the gauntlet, and entered

upon an open fight with his accustomed vigor and energy and gave the Republican machine a battle royal which it will ever remember and from which it has not yet recovered; it was one of the stoutest, most interesting and prolonged contests ever waged upon the people's forum. The result of the campaign was that the Wanamaker Republicans in the legislature, together with the Democratic members friendly to him, formed a phalanx so formidable as to cause the Quayites much loss of sleep and anxious contemplation how they could carry the day.

The position of some of the members being in doubt a prominent Philadelphian, friendly to Wanamaker, went to Harrisburg to survey the field. He soon ascertained that "itching palms" were stretched out eager to be closed by an argument telling in its character if not its morals. He consulted with some of those high in authority and was assured that by the expenditure of "four hundred thousand dollars," in cash, enough doubtful members could be "convinced" that the best interests of State and nation, demanded the election of John Wanamaker to the United States Senate. The proposition was indignantly rejected. Wanamaker lost the Senatorship but his fair name, honor and reputation remained untarnished.

Boies Penrose was elected Senator.

Immediately afterwards the seventy-six unfettered Republican members of the Senate and House organized for the protection of self-respecting citizenship and adopted a platform which might be condensed in what President Roosevelt so aptly calls a "square deal" all around.

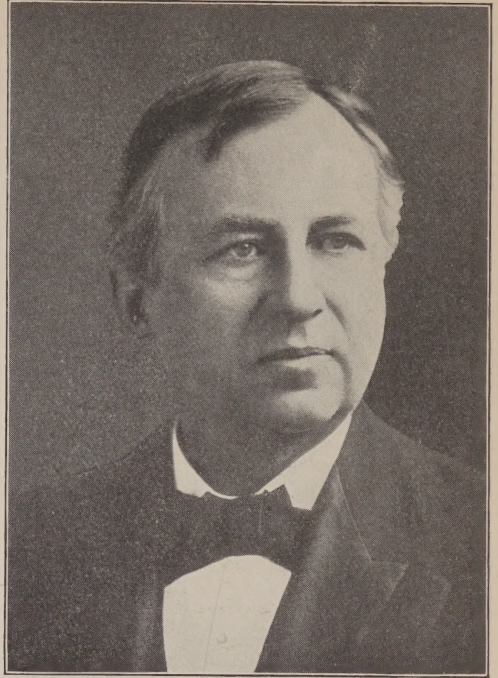
It was a refreshing spectacle to see a considerable number of members assert their manhood, defy the machine and prevent iniquitous legislation. Such a thing had not been witnessed at Harrisburg for years. Venality, fraud and other crimes hidden behind the mask of Republicanism were exposed, and revealed to an astounded community the countenances of men who occupied high

seats in party councils. Notwithstanding these exposures, the criminal participants in political debauchery held together their followers, and by means known only to artful politicians, by mock reform promises, unstinted expenditure of boodle, kept intact their forces and again and again hoodwinked the people.

Quay and his cohorts hoped the insurrection would soon be over, but they were sadly mistaken. The "Spirit of '76" was abroad! At a meeting held in Philadelphia in February, 1898, fifty-five of the sixty-seven counties being represented, attended by four hundred distinguished Republicans, John Wanamaker was unanimously asked to permit the use of his name as a candidate for Governor.

He consented, and the campaign for delegates which followed was the most memorable in the history of the State. But the machine was so strongly entrenched, had almost inexhaustible campaign funds, and all its base resources—bribery, ballot stuffing, wholesale purchasing of votes, false election returns—being resorted to, they carried the day. Wanamaker had over a hundred delegates, but he declined to be placed in nomination before the Convention and requested his adherents to vote for Charles W. Stone, an anti-Quay candidate, and, to the surprise of the machine, every man was true to his colors and cast his vote for Wanamaker's choice. Quay's man, William A. Stone, whose memory will never be forgotten, was named as the caucus candidate and afterwards elected Governor.

One of the sources of revenue for the machine and disreputable legislators has for years been the levying of blackmail upon charitable institutions. This practice was an open secret but hard to establish as the institutions benefited by State appropriations naturally kept quiet for fear of being blacklisted. The truth of these charges was revealed to the writer one day on a journey from Harrisburg to Philadelphia. In the party was one of the managers of an institution that



JOHN WANAMAKER,

POSTMASTER-GENERAL UNDER PRESIDENT HARRISON,

Who waged a notable fight against the Quay machine and declined to be made United States Senator by the corrupt use of money.

had asked for an appropriation of \$15,000. This is the story: The representative from the district where the institution was located, bluntly demanded "ten per cent." as his rake-off, or the bill would not go through. On being remonstrated with, he simply said: "That's the only way this and many other similar bills can be passed." When the manager urged that they would have to account for the expenditure of the money, he replied: "All you have to do is to charge it to legal expenses!"

The demand was scorned and the institution did without the appropriation. An editorial in the *Philadelphia Record* of February 9th, under the heading "The Game of Rake-off," throws further light upon this unsavory business:

"As the people of Pennsylvania know, to their sorrow, there has grown up under the nurture of the Republican Machine-

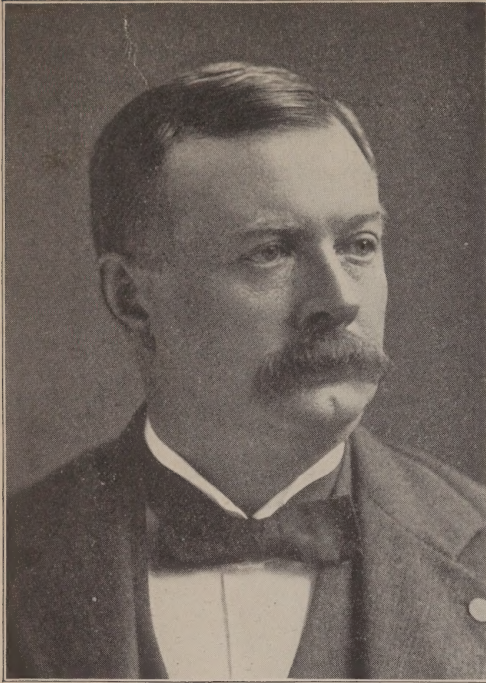


Photo. copyright, 1898, by Gutekunst, Phila.

WILLIAM A. STONE,

FOR FOUR YEARS GOVERNOR OF PENNSYLVANIA.

control a system of bargain and sale in the making of appropriations for charitable and educational purposes. The amount of appropriation is made subject to drawback or rebate to the political scoundrels who keep a sharp control of all the detail of public expenditure.

"It is not infrequently a matter of negotiation, before action by the legislature, not only how much of the total sum of appropriation shall be withdrawn, but at what time, and to whom, the money shall be paid.

"'No rake-off, no appropriation,' is the usual Machine ultimatum."

Even Russia, in its degraded public life, could hardly match the soulless individuals who would fatten on the charities bestowed upon the sick, the blind, the halt, the poor!

An individual case of similar turpitude is that of a legislator who headed a committee to investigate the pitiful condition

of miners in the Western part of the State. While traveling on a pass and with other free privileges he presented and demanded a large illegitimate expense-bill, was found out, and had to disgorge his plunder. The man who robs while bent on mercy's mission should be shunned by all decent people, yet this member of our law-making body, a *protégé* of our Senator's, was recommended by them for a foreign consulate, and to-day enjoys the emoluments of that position as a "Representative American."

We are too apt to forget! How many of our citizens remember the blushes of mortification, their deep indignation, when, before and during the Stone administration, they read day after day of the shameless actions of our law-makers and how they then determined to aid in overthrowing the dynasty which made possible misgovernment so odious and abhorrent. The offences crowded each other from week to week, month to month, session after session, until observers of current events grew bewildered and desperate, then became apathetic and gave way to utter hopelessness and at the next election—again voted the regular ticket!

While it is an unpleasant duty to recite and comment upon the misdoings and crimes of those in public place, it is a necessary one, too often shunned and neglected. The honest critic is frequently condemned not only by the offenders themselves but also by the thoughtless and indifferent. They upbraid him and thus uphold the ever-active transgressors, while other "good" citizens hold up their hands in terror and charge with "defaming" his city or State, the man who exposes evil and tries to better things instead of turning their batteries upon the open and flagrant violators of law and public morality.

It would be impossible to recount within the scope of one article even an abstract of the vicious legislation, proposed, enacted, or defeated, during the period spoken of. To refresh the memory

of readers living in our Commonwealth the mere mention of the titles of some of the laws offered will suffice, while for the general reader a more detailed statement of a few important laws enacted, and the manner of their passage, will be of interest. These distressing examples may be heeded and possibly be used as a deterrent to the law-making bodies of other communities.

Among the laws spoken of we find:

Substitution of a "State Excise Board" for the "Brooks High-License Law," or, transferring the power of granting liquor-licenses from judicial to political control and mercy.

The so-called "Philadelphia 'Lexow' Committee" which caused a waste of \$65,000 of the State's money, and resulted chiefly in Senatorial hotel-bills of \$23.00 a day.

The effort to reduce school appropriations to the amount of one million dollars, thus hampering the education of our children.

Refusal to appoint a committee to investigate the malodorous State Treasury.

The notorious "pool" bill, licensing pool-selling and gambling.

Appropriating \$10,000 for a fake hospital.

The illegal indemnity bond, to hide padded pay-rolls.

Junketing and bogus expense-bills, wasting over \$100,000 of the people's money.

The brewery license bill, permitting breweries to locate next to churches and schools.

The Andrews bank bill, protecting dishonest stockholders at the expense of depositors.

The mercantile tax bill, crippling business and industries.

The infamous Butler bill, emasculating the Bullitt Charter.

The fire-alarm bill, giving a valuable monopoly to state politicians.

The Simon electric-light bill, granting almost absolute control to existing companies.



WILLIAM P. POTTER,

JUSTICE OF THE SUPREME COURT.

Paying interest on State deposits. (This bill was persistently fought by Quay members, but ultimately passed.)

Exemption of railroads from just taxation.

Unwarranted retention of school-funds in the State Treasury, thus delaying, sometimes, for months, the payment of salaries to school-teachers, and causing them inconvenience as well as distress.

Defeat of the anti-trust bill.

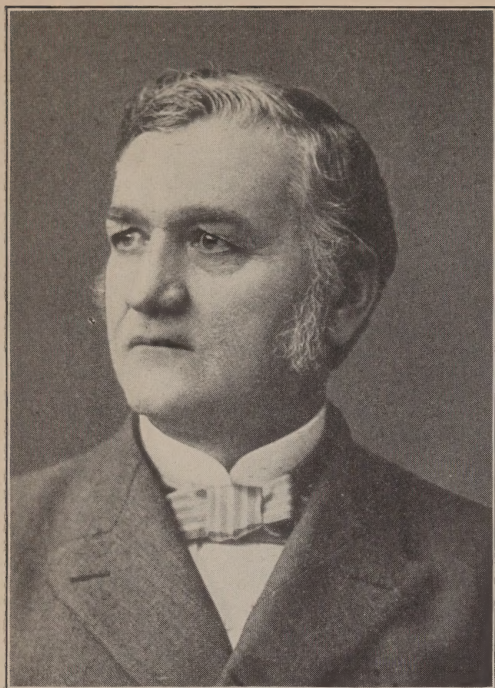
The attempt to steal the State's coal lands under its rivers.

Refusal to reform our ballot laws, one of Quay's reform pledges of 1895.

Strangling the bill for the creation of a State Board of Arbitration.

Suppressing the road improvement bill.

The passage of the McCarrell jury bill, which deprived District-Attorneys of the long-established right to stand aside suspicious jurors. This bill was passed to help "indicted statesmen" and has



JOHN DEAN,

JUSTICE OF THE SUPREME COURT.

He rendered a healthy and convincing opinion on the unconstitutionality of the Pittsburgh Ripper Bill, which was concurred in by the late Chief-Justice McCollom and Justice Mestrezat.

worked well in keeping our prisons from overpopulation.

Defeat of bills favoring just demands of the miners.

The ripper bill abolishing the Board of Revision of Taxes in Philadelphia. This bill would have placed all taxable property in Philadelphia at the mercy of the gang. (It was declared unconstitutional by the Supreme Court.)

Bills granting corporations a vast increase of powers.

New courts, which were not needed and were asked for neither by judges nor members of the bar.

Authority to sell water power, worth millions of dollars, without any return to the State.

Defiance of the Constitutional mandate to reapportion legislative districts.

These were some of the measures con-

sidered and acted upon or neglected in the State House at Harrisburg by the honest, reputable and untrammelled majority of the righteous law-makers of our Commonwealth. They were driven like a flock of sheep under the lash of the boss and took pride in wearing the "Quay collar" while they called themselves "American freemen."

Some of the laws enacted under the Stone administration were of a character so corrupt and nauseous that they deserve special mention and close inspection; they enraged and aroused all honest citizens to fever heat—for the time being—and added much to the unenviable reputation Pennsylvania holds among her sister States.

The so-called "Pittsburgh Ripper" bill was one of the most brazen attempts of our day to overturn popular government. The city administration was hostile to Quay and the State machine, but having been installed through a regular and legal election, nothing but heroic measures could overthrow it. Space will not permit the recounting of the arbitrary, unconstitutional methods adopted in the passage of the so-called "ripper legislation," by which the officials of the three cities of Pittsburgh, Allegheny and Scranton were legislated out of office, and the citizens of those populous municipalities disfranchised and denied the right for two years of selecting their own local rulers, that power having been conferred upon the Governor of the State. This infamous bill was passed by the legislature and signed by Governor Stone. It may be considered as an advance notice to the citizens of Philadelphia that if her "freemen" should ever dare elect a Mayor who owns himself and is antagonistic to the machine, he will, if it has the power, be "ripped" out of office, unceremoniously and without delay.

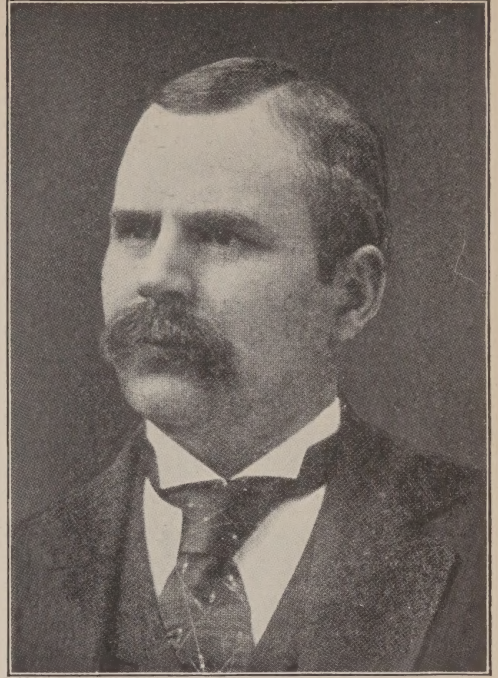
The Supreme Court was called upon to decide the constitutionality of the "Ripper bill" and to the utter dismay of an anxious constituency its decision, by a vote of four to three, upheld one of

the most pernicious acts of usurpation in our history!

A distressing occurrence during this time was the equivocal position of Mr. Justice Potter, former law-partner of Governor Stone and by him appointed and since elected to the Supreme bench. He was openly charged by the *Philadelphia Press*, a responsible and reputable paper of undoubted Republican standing, with informing the Governor, his former partner, days before the decision was rendered, of the position of the Supreme Court on the "Ripper bill"! Both Stone and Justice Potter denied the accusation, but the latter did not fortify his denial either with a demand for retraction or a suit for criminal or civil libel. Stone, who once added the postscript: "I was not bribed" to a communication, was not expected to go beyond a verbal disavowal.

The limit of legislative infamy was reached during the session of 1901, when invaluable, street-railway franchises were made a "free gift"—perhaps not "quite free"—for an indefinite period to a coterie of men who know a good thing when they see it, even "if garbed in the glistening scales of a large-sized snake." These franchises, worth millions of dollars, authorized the construction of street-railways, as well as elevated and subway lines, in our cities and were passed with the most flagrant disregard of the letter and the spirit of the Constitution.

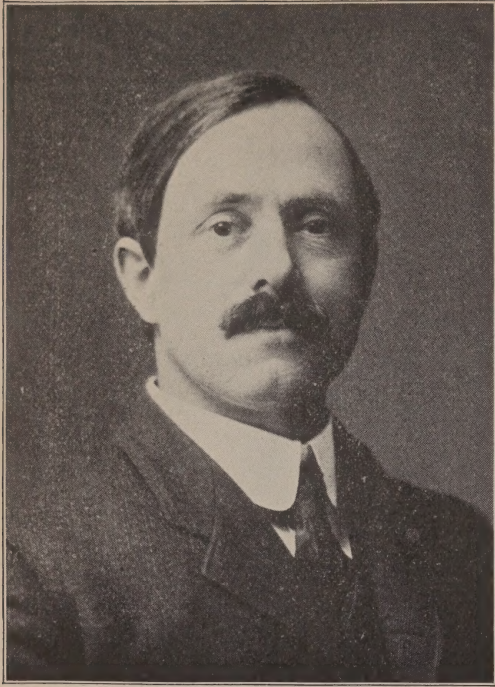
The bills were introduced by Senator Focht of Union and Emery of Mercer county at 3 P. M., on May 29, 1901. They were referred by the Chair to the Committee on Railways and special Judiciary, respectively, and reported back to the Senate within five minutes. It was a physical impossibility for the Committees to have left the Senate Chamber, assembled in the Committee rooms and heard the bills read within that time, as they cover fourteen closely-printed pages in the volume of the Session Laws. They could not possibly have



WILLIAM T. MARSHALL,
LATE SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,
Whose ruling on the "Absentee" question
out-Herods Herod.

given them the least consideration, leaving out of the question inviting the public to a hearing upon these important measures. Reported at 3.05 P. M., five minutes after they were introduced, they were printed, and passed first reading at an evening session the same day. In short, the bills were read in place, referred to Committees, reported back, printed and read the first time, the same afternoon and evening, a process which the Constitution clearly demands should take at least two days. The following day they passed second reading at an evening session and at the morning session of May 31st, the third day after the introduction, they were passed finally by the Senate.

The legislature then took its weekly vacation, and on reassembling, the bills were messaged to and received by the House, and referred to the Corporations Committee at 2 P. M., June 3rd.



ANDREW B. DUNSMORE,

MEMBER OF THE LEGISLATURE FROM TIOGA COUNTY.

The successful leader against the Machine on the Judges' Pension Bill.

Although the country was ringing with denunciations of this method of railroad-ing grab-legislation no public hearing was invited or permitted, and at 5 P. M. the bills were reported from the Committee with an affirmative recommendation, and at 9 P. M., the same evening, passed first reading. In one day they had been received from the Senate, referred to the Committee of Corporations, reported back by the Committee, printed for the use of the members, and passed first reading.

The following day they were amended to prevent three-cent fares and the acceptance of provisions in the public interest offered by Albert L. Johnson, a public applicant for the franchises, and passed second reading. On June 5th, the next day, the bills were passed finally, the House amendments concurred in by the Senate, and sent to the Governor, who, in the dark hour of midnight on

June 7th, signed them. A force of clerks worked all night preparing thirteen charters, virtually covering all the unoccupied streets of Philadelphia and Pittsburgh; these charters were granted to a group of hungry beneficiaries the next day. The local ordinances necessary to give effect to these charters were rushed through the Philadelphia Councils with the same indecent speed, and were signed by its notorious Mayor, Samuel H. Ashbridge. The story of these disgraceful proceedings will be continued in a later article "Municipal Black Plague."

Flagrant and outrageous as was this exhibition of disregard for imperative Constitutional restrictions upon the passage of legislation, the crowning infamy of the session consisted in the passage of an important bill by the votes of members not present and not voting, and the recording of a vote for the bill which had been cast against it. This bill, was an act granting a valuable water-front to the city of Erie. The bill passed the House finally on May 8th, the vote recorded being ayes 106, nays 47. It required 103 votes to pass the bill. On the following day, Representative Anderson of Washington, Heselbarth of Allegheny, and Squibb of Berks county, all three recorded as voting aye, arose in their places, and announced that they were not present the day before when the vote was taken upon the final passage of the bill, and had not voted, and asked that the Journal of the House, which recorded them as voting affirmatively, be corrected.

Had this been done the affirmative vote would have been reduced to 103. Representative Hoch of Berks, also arose and announced that while he was recorded as having voted aye, he had voted no, and asked that the Journal be corrected in accordance with his actual vote. Had these corrections been made, the bill would have received but 102 votes and would have been defeated, but the Speaker, W. T. Marshall of Allegheny,

refused to permit the record to be corrected, holding that under the rules of the House, there was no power to correct the record of a roll-call after the verification had been demanded and made by the clerk before the final announcement of the vote.

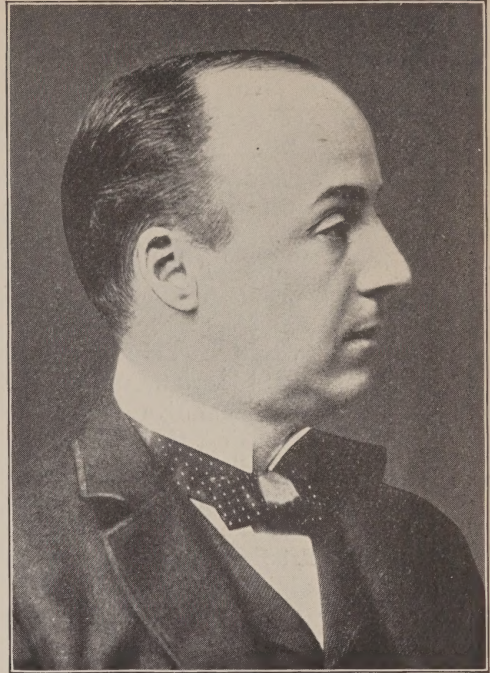
Law, decency, the Constitution, were trampled under foot!

Under this ruling it would be quite possible to pass bills finally with only the Speaker, clerk and three members present, if one of the members was willing to answer aye to the names of 103 colleagues and the two others would call for a verification of the roll-call, which consists merely in reading the names recorded as voting in the affirmative and negative, before the final announcement of the vote. Worse than all, the reputation of absent members could be irreparably destroyed by recording them as having voted for infamous measures, and they would be without redress.

The Speaker had, on a previous occasion, when the Montgomery county court job was under consideration, ruled that the correctness of the roll-call could be challenged only by the very member or members whose vote or votes had, *while they were absent*, been falsely recorded. Under this ruling, absentees who had been personated were without redress, as the *absentees themselves*, while still absent, perhaps sick at home, were declared the only ones competent to object to the illegal use of their names and the consequent fraudulent roll-call and vote.

As an "Irish bull" this decision would create unbounded hilarity wherever related; as a parliamentary ruling, in defiance of law and equity, it reaches the climax of infamy!

The real law-making power of Pennsylvania to-day does not sit in the State House at Harrisburg. Its office is in a private mansion on the banks of the Susquehanna, from which the Secretary of the Republican State Committee instructs the members of the Senate and House of Representatives what measures



PHILANDER C. KNOX,
UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM PENNSYLVANIA.
Successor to the late Matthew S. Quay.

they are to pass and which they are to defeat. He is the mouthpiece of three men, only one of whom is a member of either House. These men are United States Senator Boies Penrose, located at Washington; Insurance Commissioner Israel W. Durham, living nowhere specially but to be found when his presence is required, and James P. McNichol, Senator from Philadelphia and contractor for building costly filtration-plants. These three men are the real legislators of Pennsylvania. Nearly all the remaining 204 Representatives and 49 Senators, barring 25 Democrats, seem satisfied to register the decrees of the three men, the great "Triumvirate" of modern days whose sovereign power would create the envy and command the plaudits of their Roman colleagues of twenty centuries ago. All hail "Pompey" Penrose, "Julius Cæsar" Durham, "Crassus" McNichol!

It seems incredible that American manhood should so far forfeit its dignity and lower its standard as to abdicate its prerogatives in favor of a few sordid politicians who should inscribe upon their banner the motto of Louis XV. "*Après nous, le deluge!*" for they live only for their "to-day" and care nothing for their country's morrow.

A hopeful sign, like a glimpse of sunlight from the clouds, is the attitude of the country members of the legislature who, at this writing, (February 9th) made a successful revolt, under the leadership of Representative Dunsmore of Tioga county, against the Machine on "The judges' pension bill." What a blessing it would be to our State if the rugged honesty of the country could be combined against the arrogant dominion of our "Republican" Grand Dukes, who are ever ready, like the Russian Cossacks, to ride down any movement for political emancipation.

Little can, at this time, be said about the present legislature. It has been in session but a few weeks. We can record to its credit the election of Governor Pennypacker's appointee, Philander C. Knox, as the successor to the late Senator Quay. His election, it is hoped, presages a new era in Pennsylvania's representation in the United States Senate.

The atmosphere of the State capitol has been greatly cleansed since the advent of Governor Samuel W. Pennypacker. Boodling politicians, clamorous lobbyists and their camp-followers, who found a fruitful field for operations during the previous administration, soon ascertained that their vocation was a difficult one to ply with the sturdy, honest, though somewhat quaint, occupant of the Executive chair. The Governor's last message to the legislature might be called a State paper of the very first rank, were it not for the unfortunate tirade against newspapers with which he burdens the latter part of his communication.

While the Governor cannot, in speaking of a remedy to curb the press, be taken seriously in his thoughtless allusion to the killing of a South Carolina editor by a cowardly assassin, who was smarting under newspaper criticism, his suggestion has been exploited all over the country to his disadvantage. If his critics knew the Governor as well as his friends and neighbors, they might, perhaps, feel that he has an inordinate idea and conception of the sanctity and inviolability of public officers, but they would never attribute to him any but the kindest and most humane intentions towards his fellow men.

Some of his relentless critics have compared him to the Austrian "Landvogt," or Governor, Hermann Gessler, who was shot and killed by the hero of Swiss history, William Tell. Gessler had an astounding and high-wrought conceit of his own importance and dignity and went to the extreme of ordering the Swiss to make, during his absence, obeisance to his hat, which was hung up in public. While the hat on the pole may remind one of the obstreperous editor who would have been drawn and quartered and his head stuck upon a pole without the gates in England a hundred years ago, as mentioned in a previous message, neither the Governor's reference to Tillman, who assassinated an editor, nor this reference to William Tell, who killed a Governor, should be taken seriously and tempt anyone to murder either governor or editor!

If the State of Pennsylvania was as well served in her municipalities by honest, courageous and unfettered officials as she is in the Gubernatorial office and as she trusts to be in the junior Senatorship, we would all be justified to feel hopeful of soon being led "out of the wilderness into the clearing."

(To be continued.)

RUDOLPH BLANKENBURG.

Philadelphia, Pa.



CLARA BEWICK COLBY

WHAT THE SECOND CITY OF GREAT BRITAIN IS DOING FOR HER PEOPLE; OR, WHERE MUNICIPAL-OWNERSHIP IS IN FULL FLOWER.

BY CLARA BEWICK COLBY,
Editor of The Woman's Tribune.

THE THEORY of the municipal-ownership of utilities was considered as a far-fetched lyceum proposition adapted possibly to the needs of the small town or homogeneous community, until Glasgow demonstrated its practicability for a very large city, where the industries and population were unusually varied, where vice and disease ran riot, and where every condition prevailed that would seem to make it difficult to carry civic reforms to success. Beginning with its first attempt to enlarge the scope of its civic powers less than forty years ago, by improving the sanitary regulations of the city, it has gradually assumed the ownership and management of its tramways, its water-works, its gas, electricity, baths, laundries, lodgings and tenements: and even its schools and places for recreation have distinctive features due to this direct municipal control.

We are apt to think of Glasgow, the second city in size in the British Empire and a part of its earliest history, as having been finished in the dim past, yet there is, perhaps, not another city in the world a hundred years old that has developed and changed as much as has Glasgow in that time. George Square (named after George Hutcheson, who gave it to a hospital he founded in the seventeenth century), was a hundred years ago a pool of stagnant water and a favorite place for drowning cats and dogs. Now around it are grouped a magnificent series of buildings that can hardly be duplicated in the same space in the world. The splendid Municipal Buildings, the general Post-office, the Merchants' Exchange, the Royal Bank of

Scotland and some of the finest hotels in the city around this square show the growth of the business interests of Glasgow. The monuments within the Square commemorate Glasgow's record in the annals of war, statesmanship, discovery, poetry, and romance, and in these realms its history is the heritage of the civilized world.

Looking down upon all this epitome of man's achievement I saw a modest building that represented even yet a higher step in the world's progress, a carrying out of the injunction, "Thou shalt love thy brother as thyself." I had never before seen a "Cabman's Rest," where the drivers could wait in heat or rain and eat and make their lunches hot if they wished. This exhibition of the "Golden Rule" in city affairs recalled my purpose of investigation. I reached the Municipal Buildings, as they are modestly called, after the morning hour during which they are shown to visitors. The gentlemanly custodian expressed his regret; but when I explained that it was not the Buildings but the working of the city government I had come to learn about, a look of perplexity spread over his face. I hastened to mention that I had learned that Glasgow had among other civic innovations, public baths and laundries. Instantly light broke. Here was surely a subject of legitimate inquiry for a woman. The custodian at once took me to the General Manager of the Baths Committee, and this gentleman kindly said he would make one of his visits of inspection and take me with him. While waiting for a cab I was given a privileged view of the building which in my memory stands

next to our Congressional Library for elegance and beauty. Its exterior decoration is in keeping with its ideal of government. Sculptured figures of Hygiea, Harmony, Piety, Peace, Plenty and Prosperity, adorn the exterior. On the apex Truth holds aloft the Light of Liberty, and Riches and Honor are in her train. Over the keystone arch is the coat of arms of the city with the motto: "Let Glasgow Flourish." The sentence was anciently finished with—"by the preaching of the Word," but these words have been erased and their place supplied by three figures: Religion, Virtue, Knowledge. Two wide archways lead to the grand staircase of alabaster, and this into a marble hall 164 feet in length from which the Council Chamber opens. Being invited to sit in the Lord Provost's chair, I did so, saying that it was the greater pleasure to me since there was nothing to prevent a woman sitting there by right as the choice of the people. Since 1875 unmarried women householders in Scotland have had the legal right to vote for members of the Council, and have been thought of in connection with it, as these gentlemen informed me. The Councilmen elect from their number the Lord Provost and the Bailies, and there is no legal impediment to their electing a woman to any position. During the visits of the afternoon and of subsequent days to the public baths, the laundries, schools, lodgings and tenements, and the committees which control the various departments of the government, the official cordially opened to me every possible source of information.

SANITATION.

The first attempt of the Corporation to reform civic conditions was along the line of sanitation. With the almost unparalleled growth of the city the overcrowding was so great that the death-rate was enormous. There were constant outbreaks of cholera and the average yearly number of typhus fever cases was 8,570. Dr. James B. Russell summed up

the situation in his report of 1895 when he said: "A considerable proportion of the population lived in districts in which the houses were so crowded upon the soil as to be beyond the reach of sun or air, and to leave no more space than was necessary for access of the residents to the recesses of those continuous masses of building; that these houses were crowded without consideration either of health or decency, and their inhabitants left uncared for and so shut out from all chance of cleanliness of life as to have reached the lowest depth of physical and moral degradation."

Under a new act of Parliament which enlarged the powers of municipal corporations, Lord Provost Blackie carried through a City Improvement Tax and began some sanitary reforms. But at first the public set its face hard against every change, deeming it impious to try to thwart the dispensations of Providence. The preamble of one of their Cholera Acts began: "Whereas it has pleased Almighty God to visit the United Kingdom with the disease called Cholera," etc. And who were they to try to escape the will of the Supreme Being? So Lord Provost Blackie was defeated at the next election distinctly on this ground, notwithstanding that the ward he represented included many of the worst plague-spots. This was before the day of women's vote at municipal elections. When next a matter of city improvement was made a test question at the polls, women were voters and the measures were approved. Nothing of a progressive nature since undertaken by the city Corporation has failed of the support of the voters, although some questions, as, for instance, the municipal operation of the tramways, have been made direct issues.

Sanitary inspectors were appointed in 1870, and these included five women. In order that poor people might be willing to avail themselves of the special hospital service for infectious diseases, it was found necessary to provide for the *free*

hospital treatment of all classes of persons suffering from infectious diseases, rich and poor alike. The poor in Scotland resent any special interference with them or for them. Municipal disinfecting-houses were established, providing not only for washing the clothing of all parties in the house after the disease had run its course, but during its progress. Special circulars giving sanitary instructions and offers of assistance are distributed. By these and kindred measures the death-rate was soon reduced one third; the death-rate per thousand going down in the period these measures have covered from 29.9 to 19.9; and the rate of children dying in their first year from 196 per thousand to 130.

BATHS AND WASH-HOUSES.

From taking care of the sick to taking care of the well, from cure to prevention, is a logical step, and thus a special Committee of the Council on Baths and Wash-houses was appointed in 1875. The work began with renting and operating two private baths, while as rapidly as possible sites were secured and other establishments were erected. At the end of ten years there were five large baths, one in the center of the city and one in each of its four quarters, all with public laundries attached, representing a total outlay of \$617,310. The first report, issued in 1891, showed that the receipts from the baths paid the working expenses of the establishments and left a considerable margin to be applied as interest on the capital invested; all this with the most moderate charge for the baths. It is not to be presumed that the Scotchman takes to water more than other people; he has established no such reputation in this line as has the Englishman, who is said to carry his tub with him wherever he goes. In fact, the Scotch dislike cold water: in the public establishments it is almost invariably the hot bath that is called for, and in the apartment-houses bath-tubs not provided with hot water are often used as coal-

bins. Hence the financial success of the Glasgow Baths might be reached anywhere with low rates and good facilities. The charges are: two cents for use of swimming pond until five o'clock; after this, four cents. By card admitting twelve times it is one and a half cents and three cents, respectively. The charges for baths are slightly more on Saturday and Sunday. Private hot baths are eight cents, by card, six cents for men, and six and five cents for women,—the only case I know of where the less-moned sex is charged less than the other half of humanity. Even these low prices are much reduced to large parties who wish the exclusive use of swimming ponds by the hour; and best of all, the Committee coöperates with the School Board and gives the use of the Baths for swimming lessons at certain hours free of charge, each class having its regular hour and day. While I was there the Chairman of the Committee received a request from Miss Kate Hunter, superintendent of the Boys' Reformatory, that her boys might have the privilege extended to them. It was granted readily, with the proviso made to all schools, that a teacher accompany the class. Since that time there have been built a number of other baths, to some of which Turkish baths, libraries and gymnasiums are added. One of the plans of this Committee is to erect swimming baths in each of the five large public parks, as the chairman says, with the hope that by furnishing swimming facilities, of which all young people are fond, to draw children away from the streets and into the parks, that they may learn to like the flowers and the fresh air. It takes a Scotchman to thoroughly blend the practical and the poetical.

The number of washing-stalls furnished in the first five establishments erected was 316, and when the report of 1891 was issued it was found that these were used by about 3,000 families and that the receipts had been \$12,415. Since then there have been added seven more

public laundries, and small wash-houses have been added to a number of the corporation tenements. The charge for the use of the stalls is four cents an hour, and this gives the worker two tubs, hot and cold water, a boiler, a wringer and the use of the drying closet; but oddly enough, if she wants to use a washboard she must pay a little more. The average use of the stalls for a family wash is two hours, and if the woman likes to use the steam mangle half an hour at the same rate she can take her clothes home dry and half ironed in two hours and a half at a cost of ten cents. For this she saves the cost of coal at home, the waiting for hot water, the difficulty of drying, the moiling over inefficient appliances, and all the unsanitary conditions which follow doing washing in a small apartment. Nor need she neglect the children for whom she so often toils. Those not large enough to go to school can be taken with her to the wash-house, and I saw a number of such babies in their mothers' clothes-baskets or running around in great glee. The gain to the individual woman or family is not alone to be considered. The value to the community of having washing done under wholesome conditions and of the increased self-respect of the worker using the best of modern appliances, cannot be estimated; while the value of coöperation is demonstrated in this as in all branches of human effort where it has had a fair trial.

LODGINGS AND TENEMENTS.

One of the most important phases of public improvement to which the city Corporation has turned its attention is the better housing of the poor. When the Corporation set itself to this problem it had to deal not only with the ordinary difficulties, but with the fact that an Improvement Trust had bought up most of the available property in the districts of the thickly-crowded poor, with a view to putting up model lodging-houses on which the Trust hoped to get a good rental. It erected seven, but not finding

as good a market as was desired it allowed the rest of the property to remain in its former unwholesome condition. The city sent its Health Officer after the Trust and after the owners of what may be called the slum lodging-houses so vigorously that these became less profitable, and the Trust parted with some of its land to the city and resumed its own building.

The Corporation does not interfere with the ordinary tenement, but any dwelling-house with a capacity of less than two thousand cubic feet comes within the province of the Sanitary Inspector to ticket it with a card showing the number of persons that may be allowed to sleep there, 400 cubic feet being the standard space allowed to every individual residing in a ticketed house. Each Inspector has six assistants whose duty it is to keep an eye on these houses and they may enter them at any hour of the night. The common lodging-houses may not necessarily be "ticketed," but must be registered, and are subject to sanitary regulations and police inspection.

One of the regulations is that the upper sashes of windows must be made to open. The washout closet is obligatory and the owner of the building must provide adequate and convenient closet and sink accommodations. Whoever has investigated the condition of the slums in our large cities knows how far they are from coming up to these requirements, while there is no class of property which pays its owner so high a rental as "the slum." The final responsibility for the sanitary condition of a neighborhood is thrown upon the citizens; for any four householders dwelling near the street on which there is an unsanitary dwelling can compel the medical officer to report the same, and if the owner does not comply with the instructions of the Health Committee the place is closed as a nuisance. Four persons may in like manner prevent the erection of an "obstructive" building,—that is, one that would stop ventilation or otherwise be injurious to health.

This is a very important proviso where the population is so dense that what is known as "the back lands," the yards back of the houses, are built upon almost as closely as the streets.

In Glasgow there were at the last census 69,000 two-room apartment-houses and 36,000 houses constructed in one-room apartments; and in these two kinds of homes 439,598 persons lived. It was found that the amount of infectious disease was fourteen per cent. greater in the one-room apartments than in those on the two-room plan. As hospital service has to be provided for the sick, poor-houses for the dependent, and jail accommodation for the vicious, it is a matter of concern to all how any part of the population is sheltered. "Crime closely dogs the footsteps of poverty, poverty follows hard on the trail of drunkenness or disease; and these lurk where the population is packed in ill-ventilated and dismal dwellings." The poet asks:

"Is it well that while we range with Science, glory-
ing in the Time,
City children soak and blacken soul and sense in
city slime?"

The question of decent housing of the poor lies in the answer to the question whether sanitary dwellings can be erected and rented at a rate not exceeding on the average ten per cent. of the laborer's wages, which it is found is all he can pay and maintain a family, and still bring in a fair profit to their owners. This is the question which Glasgow is answering in the affirmative. The Corporation began with three blocks of apartment houses in different localities. One in the center of the city was composed of one-room apartments which were rented for thirty-six and one-fourth cents per 1,000 cubic feet weekly. Farther away from the center, but still in the business portion, was one of these houses made more attractive by having a balcony all around. It had both classes of apartments which rented for twenty-nine cents a week per 1,000 feet. A man

with two other adults in his family and four children under ten would legally require 2,000 cubic feet. He would therefore have to pay fifty-eight cents a week which is well under ten per cent. of the average wage of the working man. Block number three contained fifteen homes of each class. The single rooms, having 1,379 cubic feet, rented for forty-nine cents a week; the double room apartments for seventy-five. Balconies, a closet for each two tenants, and a wash-house for each eight, made these very comfortable abodes. All of these houses are self-supporting, sanitary, convenient, even attractive, yet they rent at a price within the paying capacity of any person having any kind of an employment, and pay two and three-fourths per cent. interest on the investment and one-half per cent. for contingent expenses.

It has been claimed that when the municipality does so much for the citizen it stops private effort, but this is not justified by the experience of Glasgow. Since the Corporation put up its first tenements the Improvement Trust has been more active; and the Toynbee Hall Association and the Glasgow Workmen's Dwellings Company, both co-operative, have put up tenements with results nearly as favorable as the enterprises of the Corporation. The co-operative companies are able to bring their one-room apartments just under the ten per cent. of the wage limit, and their two-room apartments about nine cents a week over the limit.

Private proprietors of lodging-houses are governed by the law of supply and demand, the invariable rule of the capitalist. It is, however, often most fallacious from the ethical point of view, as in this case. Houses of this small class are no longer built in these localities and the demand exceeds the supply. The question is not, then, as with the city, how much can the laborer afford to pay and still maintain his family in comfort, but how much can be wrung

out of him without squeezing him to death? The result is that the tenant of the private landlord pays for his dreary abode over fifty cents per 1,000 cubic feet, while the one who rents from the city and has far better sanitary conditions, pays twenty-nine cents, and the Toynbee Hall tenant thirty-four.

MUNICIPAL LODGING-HOUSES.

Beside its apartment-houses the city has several lodging-houses to meet temporary needs of the homeless and unemployed. I visited two, one for men and one for women. In the former 365 men were accommodated for seven, nine or thirteen cents a night, according to the grade of berth or alcove. In the latter there were 248 women charged for the same style of beds six, seven and eight cents per night, a little less because of the care which women would take of their rooms. In each case there was everything necessary for existence and health. The rooms were locked up during the day, but there were large rooms where the lodgers could remain and read or work, kitchens where they could prepare their food, and stores where they could obtain the smallest quantity of food at wholesale prices. This last is most important as it brings the cost of living to the lowest point, yet each person pays for what he gets. Men to enjoy themselves and be enjoyable must be fortunate. When out of luck too long they become despondent, cowed, and sullen. Their condition is really more hopeless than that of women, for of the applicants registered in the Labor Bureau of Glasgow nearly three times as many women as men are successful in obtaining employment. In the men's living-room it was a surly group, but in the women's kitchen the inmates were cheerily at work washing their clothes and cooking their food; and a cat, petted first by one and then by another, completed the domesticity of the scene. In the living-room the women were mending and knitting or dressing dolls to order.

MUNICIPAL STREET-RAILWAYS.

It was a new departure for the municipal government when it undertook the working of Corporation tramways in 1894. However, the city had constructed the lines in 1870 and had leased them to the Glasgow Tramway and Omnibus Company for twenty-three years dating from July, 1871. For the use of the lines the lessees paid: First, interest on the city's expenditure for construction; second, a mileage rate; third, a sinking-fund sufficient to amount during this period to the full value of the tramways; fourth, a fund for the renewal of Permanent Way. These sums amounted in round numbers exclusive of the sinking fund to \$2,185,545, so that the city was reimbursed for its full expenditure and received about \$95,000 clear profit from merely owning without operating the tramways. However, the company had made a handsome profit also and would gladly have renewed the lease, beginning negotiations to this end five years before it expired. Meanwhile the citizens had taken great interest in the subject. It was a question of pounds, shillings and pence which they were able to grasp. It was made a test question in the elections of '90 and '91, and the proposition that the Corporation should operate the tramways carried. The city proposed to take the company's equipment at a fair valuation, but the company insisted on its right to run opposition omnibuses, and the Corporation was obliged to provide the entire equipment of the tracks. Under the new management fares were at once reduced; one-cent fares were adopted for half-mile stages; the length of penny stages was increased; the hours of labor were shortened; and uniforms were furnished employés at the expense of the city. Notwithstanding all this and the further fact that the old Company was running 175 opposition omnibuses, the decrease of fares so popularized the service that the credit balance of the Tramway Committee at

the end of the year was over \$100,000. After deducting a reserve fund for renewal of Permanent Way and writing off \$45,000 capital stock to make up for depreciation, the net fund to place to the "Common Good" was \$41,300, as against a net revenue during the preceding year of \$28,300, and an average for the total years of the lease of \$13,830. The question: "Will it pay?" was never more emphatically answered. The sum to be added to the Common Good would have grown larger year by year, but the Corporation fixed \$45,000 as the regular annual sum which should thus be counted into that fund, throwing the balance into the funds of sinking, depreciation and reserve. The net revenue increased each year until in 1900 it was over \$626,000. Within five years from the time the Corporation began operating the tramways it had reduced the city's debt more than a million dollars by applying the sinking fund to it while the fund of the Common Good had been promotive of numbers of enterprises for the benefit of the people. The reports show that almost each year fares have been reduced and wages increased. That of 1897 specifies that on account of the increase of salaries the expenses had been increased more than \$26,000 a year. It also said that ninety-nine million trips had been made during the year, which if paid for at the rates charged by the former lessees would have cost the public \$900,000 more than they did under the Corporation management. In the last few years, notwithstanding the extra expense of extending the tracks and making general the use of electric power, the net revenue has continued to increase, and the amount appropriated to the Common Good has been augmented. Fares have decreased and wages increased yearly, while the hours of employ  s have been shortened. As a final evidence that this Corporation has a soul, it has ordered that each employ   who has been twelve months continuously in the service shall be allowed five days during the

year. The Council encourages a Friendly Society among the employ  s by contributing two cents a week to its fund for each member of the Society. Employees who have become incapacitated for work, after being fifteen years in the Society, are eligible for an allowance from the fund.

WATER, GAS, ETC.

One of the greatest hardships the people of Glasgow formerly had to endure was the expensive, bad and insufficient water-supply when it was dependent on private parties. Now the city brings the best water in the world by a water-works system, one of the largest and most costly ever constructed, from Loch Katrine, 150 miles distant. The price of water has been reduced one-half to the consumers and still the city makes a yearly profit of \$200,000.

The city owns and manages its own gas and electric-light plants. It furnishes gas for 52 cents per thousand cubic feet; electricity for \$1.08 a year of seven hours a day for each eight-candle power lamp. Unlimited telephone service costs \$27 a year; while limited is two cents a call.

Education in Glasgow is free to all, even to the University, which has been co-educational for a number of years. It is compulsory up to the age of fourteen years, although if a child's parents are poor and need his assistance and if he is sufficiently advanced to win what is called a Labor Certificate, he may leave school at the age of thirteen. The school system is supported by the rate-payers, and is assessed one-half upon the owner and one-half upon the occupier of the building. The rates are between eleven and twelve pence per pound rental, which are divided as stated.

SCHOOLS.

Beside the regular public schools and excellent reformatories, known as Home Schools, there are three industrial Day Schools for juvenile delinquents, which

are for children who have homes but have given some evidence of having started on the down grade. Perhaps they have played truant, or begged on the streets, even if on the pretext of selling something; or they are of vagrant habits or have been caught in bad company or in some petty offence. Any of these shortcomings may bring them under the eye of the watchful Truant Officer, when they are sentenced to the Day School. They must be there early in the morning and have a bath and exercise before breakfast and prayers. The day is spent in work and study, half and half of each. They have a lot of good hard play, three hearty meals, and go home clean and tired after an early supper. The effect of these Day Schools upon the child is so good that in many cases he can be returned to the public schools within a month. The child is not separated from the family life, but daily takes to his poor home a new regard for order and authority, and the results of his ethical and industrial training. This has often a direct and marvelous effect in raising the tone of the whole family. The child who under our system is left to his own devices, or to the neglect of ignorant parents until he is so bad that we have to put him in the Reform School with its degrading stigma, is, under this wise treatment, not only saved but is an evangel in his own circle without becoming alien to it. The Day School is a sort of half-way house for the waifs on life's highway, where they are rested, strengthened and forwarded in the right direction. The excellent kindergartens attached make these schools available for the smallest child who can get into any kind of street mischief.

MUNICIPAL PLAYGROUNDS.

We are just beginning in this country to establish public playgrounds for children, but in most cases they are dependent upon private effort and contributions. Glasgow has had its playgrounds for twenty years and a sub-committee of the

Council is on the watch to secure suitable spots in the crowded localities to open up for play places. As far back as 1893 the city parks and spaces amounted to 700 acres, of which about thirty acres were laid out in small plots in the most crowded and poverty-stricken localities. Six long-closed graveyards have been opened up and devoted to the gambolings of children; so that the dead by holding their last resting-places until humanity learned their best and most sacred use, have performed a real service to this and all coming generations and live again in the joyous laughter of the babes. The city has seven recreation grounds beside these, which have been bought and equipped at a cost of over \$150,000. In the Phoenix playground, which will serve as an illustration of their gymnastic outfit, there are sixteen sets of swings, three giant strides, twelve see-saws, two parallel bars, three skipping poles, a horizontal ladder and a vaulting horse. A paid caretaker is employed in each playground. It is such wholesome and helpful expenditure as this, with entertainments such as the Saturday Afternoon Musical Recitals, the Free Museum and Art Galleries, the Winter Gardens, the Park Music, and the People's Palace, open free to lectures, concerts, etc., which are made possible without increasing the taxation of the rate-payers, because the Corporation has applied to the fund, "Common Good," so large a proportion of its profits from owning and operating its street-railways and other utilities.

It will especially appeal to the American reader that under the management of honest and paid employes of the unpaid Councilmen who consider it their highest honor to serve their fellow-citizens in a public capacity, and all of whom give personal supervision to the departments for which they are Committee members, each of these operations of the city government, except those which provide for health, diversion, and education, must pay for itself and contribute also

something to the Common Good. Thus no class is benefited at a loss to another; no one is pauperized, or allowed to feel that he can have anything of utilitarian value which he has not earned or paid for. The whole people have chosen their servants, the City Corporation, who with this enlargement of their powers have developed a new civic conscience and sense of responsibility for the good of all. Every public utility is so conducted that it

brings the profits into the Common treasury, which under ordinary private enterprise go to swell the coffers of the monopolist. Such in brief is the story of a city run according to the Golden Rule and struggling up to the realization of the highest municipal ideals. It is the twentieth-century's answer to the question: "Am I my brother's keeper?"

CLARA BEWICK COLBY.

Portland, Ore.

SWITZERLAND AND HER IDEAL GOVERNMENT; OR, DIRECT-LEGISLATION IN THE ALPINE REPUBLIC.

By O. K. HEWES.

GLADSTONE has said: "The American Constitution is the greatest work struck off at a given time by the brain and purpose of man," and no denial of this notable statement is necessary. Nevertheless one is liable to get a false impression therefrom. So it is with "direct-legislation in Switzerland."

In the ordinary sense of the term, direct-legislation means popular law-making through the initiative and the referendum. But in the broad sense of the term, direct-legislation includes legislation by the various popular assemblies and other means of law-making in many ancient and modern states. In this latter sense, direct-legislation is an old institution in Switzerland. Moreover, the same can be said of other countries. Prof. E. A. Freeman, in his work, *The Growth of the English Constitution*, plainly declares that democracy is older than aristocracy or monarchy, that government by the people is older than government by a part of the people.

By way of introduction, it may be well to say a few words about the geography and history of this nation. "*Montani semper liberi*,"—"the mountaineer is

always free,"—is as well illustrated by the case of Switzerland as by that of any people. For Switzerland is the highest of the highlands of Europe and stretches the snow-white finger-tips of her mountains far up into heaven's blue. And the Swiss have been less subject to foreign and domestic tyrants than perhaps any people that have ever been known.

Switzerland is bounded on the north and east by Germany, on the south by Italy, and on the west by France; and is situated between latitude 45 degrees and 50 minutes and 47 degrees and 50 minutes north, and longitude 6 degrees and 10 degrees and 25 minutes east. Thus it has nearly the same latitude as the Upper Peninsula of Michigan. Its area is 15,976 square miles, or a little more than one-third that of Ohio. The average area of a canton, or state, is about 700 square-miles, or one-half larger than an average Ohio county. There are twenty-two cantons; or, more strictly speaking, nineteen cantons and six half-cantons. The largest, Berne, 2,657 square miles; the half-canton, which consists of the town of Basle, the smallest, has only 14 square miles.

Its lowest elevation is 646 feet above the level of the sea. This is near Lake Maggiore, in the south. Its highest mountain, Monte Rosa, is 15,217 feet high. Two-thirds of the surface of Switzerland consists of lofty mountain-chains and their fertile valleys. The remainder is a table-land 1,300 feet above the level of the sea. This table-land is mainly in the northwestern portion of the country and contains the bulk of the population and wealth of the nation.

The Rhine bounds Switzerland partly on the east and north; the Jura mountains form a part of its western boundary and the summits of the Alps form a part of its southern boundary. As it was before the French Revolution, the country was a natural fortress. The St. Gothard is the central peak of the Alps; it is the great knot of those mighty mountain-chains. On its eastern slope rises the Rhine, born of glaciers; on its western slope, not far from the other source, springs the Rhone. The one feeds the Lake of Constance, the other feeds Lake Geneva. There are many other large and beautiful lakes in Switzerland, but these are the largest, and perhaps the most famous. The other rivers are comparatively unimportant.

The climate varies greatly in the different sections with the altitude and the exposure. In Italian Switzerland winter lasts only three months; at Glarus, four months; on the pass of the Great St. Bernard, nine months; and on the summits, eternally. But in its habitable altitudes the climate is generally temperate, healthful and invigorating. Its mountains protect it in large measure from the cold winds of Russia, and from the hot winds of northern Africa.

The cow is the chief of the domestic animals,—there are but few wild animals. Cheese and condensed milk are exported. It is true of the Swiss, as of their Teutonic ancestors of whom Cæsar wrote, "*Germani maximam partem lacte vivunt.*" Sheep and goats are pastured during the summer in the sloping pastures of the

mountains. Switzerland has no sea-coast, no coal-mines or any other mines of much value. Hence, it is wonderful that the Swiss are becoming rich in their manufacturing and commerce, much of the latter being with foreign nations. But this is largely due to widespread and scientific industrial education, which forms an important part of their school-system. Textile goods, watches, jewelry, carving and other manufactures are exported in considerable quantities.

"Switzerland is the play-ground of Europe," and not a few Americans have enjoyed its pleasures. The magnificent mountain-scenery, the beautiful lakes, the clear, bracing air, together with excellent roads and hotels, make a rare combination of attractions. The people themselves, in their business and home-life, are very interesting to most travelers, especially to those who can speak the native tongues. German is spoken in the central and northern sections of the country; French in the West; and Italian in the South. Generally they are very conservative, very religious, and devoted to popular education and the preservation of their liberties. So both town and country are full of interest to the thoughtful observer. Mount Blanc,

"The monarch of mountains, that crowned him long ago,
On a throne of rocks, in a robe of clouds, with a diadem of snow,"

lies just across the Italian boundary. But within its own boundaries Switzerland holds many famous peaks: the Jungfrau, the Schreckhorn, Monte Rosa, and the Matterhorn.

But interesting and inspiring as are the natural beauties and attractions of this land, to us its political institutions, the manner of its self-government, are of surpassing interest. As politics are closely interwoven with history, a few words concerning the history of Switzerland may be helpful. Tradition has it that the first inhabitants of the country were fugitives from Northern Italy, driven out about 600 B. C. by an invasion

of Gauls. But Julius Cæsar is the first historian of Switzerland. He found them divided into four cantons, or tribes, one of which, the Tigurini, had previously, in 107 B. C., defeated and slain a Roman consul, and had sent his army under the yoke. Cæsar found them prosperous and ambitious to get more renown and more territory. Subdued by this literary conqueror, Helvetia remained a province of Rome as long as the Empire stood; after which it was overrun by Vandals from the Vistula and the Oder and was made a part of their kingdom of Burgundy. Other tribes, some from Germany and some from Gaul, made settlements in the land in these early times. From 550 A. D. to about 870 A. D. it was under the dominion of Gaul, or France. Then another kingdom of Burgundy was formed, with Switzerland as one of its parts, and stood for nearly two hundred years, when Emperor Conrad II. of Germany became by bequest the ruler of its peoples. His successors ruled Switzerland for two hundred years, at the end of which time it was broken up into petty sovereignties. During this feudalistic stage of society the people were not, for the most part, burdened by their rulers, their lieges being protectors more than rulers. But at the beginning of the fourteenth century, Albert, the son of Rudolph of Hapsburg, succeeded to the rule of Switzerland. He shamefully oppressed the people. Switzerland at that time consisted of Schwyz, Uri and Unterwalden. They had been leagued together for many years, it is said, but in 1291 the articles of union were first reduced to writing, in Latin. So this confederation has been called "The eternal league of 1291." The American Union consisted originally of thirteen states; the Swiss Confederation of three. So the people had learned how to act together against their enemies; and soon, after the careful deliberation of mountaineers, the men of these three forest cantons arose and drove out the emperor's villainous governors and deputies and tore down

their castles. This was the time of William Tell. Some writers regard the story of Tell as a myth, but the Swiss universally reverence his name and yearly celebrate his heroic deeds. An imperial army was sent to subdue them a few years later, at Morgarten in 1315, but it was put to flight and Switzerland became a free and independent nation.

Each of these three cantons practiced direct-legislation; the supreme power was retained by the people. It was a young government in more than one sense, as all males over fifteen years were voters. In the celebrated democracies of Greece and in Rome only the free citizens were voters, and there were several times as many slaves as citizens. But slaves could not live in the free air of Switzerland. There was a Council of Regency and a Landamman, but the laws were enacted and delegates to the Federal Diet were chosen by the *Landesgemeinde*. In the Federal Diet these delegates voted "*ad referendum*" on all important measures, as the legislation of the Diet had to be referred to the several cantons. Thus arose the term "referendum." The other important business also of each canton was transacted by the *Landesgemeinde* or yearly open-air assembly of all the voters. This institution had probably then existed for many centuries. There is abundant evidence that the early Germanic tribes had such a town-meeting. Tacitus, the Roman historian, writing about the year 100 A. D., thus describes it:

"For the lesser affairs the chiefs make the plans; for the greater, the whole [assembly]; yet so that these matters also which are decided by the people are [first] discussed by the chiefs. They come together, unless something unexpected and sudden happens, on certain days when the moon is new or full; for they believe this to be the most auspicious circumstance for beginning business. . . . It is a fault arising from freedom, that they assemble, not all at the same time

nor [as ordered] at the appointed time, but both the second and the third day is spent in the delay of assembling. As it pleases the crowd, they sit armed. Silence is commanded by the priests, who at this time have the power to enforce their commands. Presently the king or a chief, according to their age, or nobility, or warlike renown, or eloquence, are heard, because of their ability to persuade more than their power to command. If the opinion expressed is displeasing, they reject it with a roar; but if it is pleasing, they rattle their spears. The most honorable method of approval is to applaud with arms."

The mountain Swiss alone have been able to follow this good old way through all the changing centuries. To this day, in the four cantons of Uri, Unterwalden, Glarus and Appenzell, the institution still lives. It is a magnificent object lesson in pure democracy. On some Sunday in the spring, after attending church services, the voters gather in some grassy spot with their weapons at their side. The meeting is opened with silent prayer. The business is then presented and dispatched soberly in a few hours. There is usually but little discussion.

In 1332 Lucerne joined the three cantons; Zurich came in 1351; Zug and Glarus in 1352; and Berne in 1353. The league thus enlarged maintained its independence for 128 years, having in 1386 defeated Duke Leopold III. in the famous battle of Sempach. One of our poets has sung of this fight and its principal hero, Arnold Winkelried. In the years from 1481 to 1798, this brave and prudent league maintained its independence against powerful nations on the North and the South, and added five more cantons to its number.

The cantons had bloody disputes as a result of the preaching of Zwingli of Zurich, Luther, and later, of John Calvin of Geneva. Several years before Luther nailed his ninety-five theses to the church-door of Wittenberg, Zwingli preached the

gospel in Switzerland. Zurich and Geneva not only became headquarters for the Protestants of Switzerland, but also asylums for the persecuted of other lands. The first English edition of the Bible was printed, not in England, but in Zurich, in 1535. John Knox was one of the many illustrious exiles who found a temporary home in Geneva. At the close of the Reformation, Uri, Schwyz, Zug, Unterwalden, Freiburg, Valais, Inner Appenzell and Soleure clung to their ancient Catholic faith; while Berne, Zurich, Geneva, Schaffhausen, Outer Appenzell and Neuchatel became Protestant more or less completely. And the situation in this respect has changed but little since that time.

Almost the whole of the eighteenth century Switzerland had rest from foreign foes and its domestic quarrels were less bitter. But in 1798 the French Revolution overthrew the government of the little mountain confederation. The French Directory not only overpowered the Swiss in battle, but also forced upon them a new French system of centralized, representative government. But the coat did not fit, and in 1803 Napoleon, who had become the master of France, allowed the restive cantons to resume much of their old self-government. He also added three new cantons to the confederation: St. Gall, Grisons and Ticino. And three new cantons were carved out of the old ones: Aargau, Thurgau and Vaud. After Napoleon had lost his mastery, not only of foreign states, but also of France itself by the battle of Waterloo, the congress of Europe at Vienna gave to Switzerland its present boundaries by adding three more cantons: Geneva, Valais, and Neuchatel. All these had long been allies of the Confederation, but never members. At the same time the ancient political order was largely restored, so that each canton was practically independent. The condition was very much like that of the thirteen original states of our Union, under the Articles of Confederation.

In 1830 great changes began to take place in the governments of the cantons, largely as a result of the French Revolution of that year. In that year St. Gall provided for a popular veto of cantonal laws, which was much like the referendum. The other cantons took up the idea, and in a short time the institution spread throughout the country. The cantonal legislatures were made elective. But the Roman Catholic cantons openly opposed this new order of things and in 1847 seceded from the Confederation and formed a new league, called the *Sonderbund*. The other cantons, in a short, sharp war of a few weeks, overpowered the *Sonderbund* and forced its cantons back into the Confederation.

The war of the *Sonderbund* showed plainly the need of a stronger government for Switzerland. So in 1848 the twenty-two cantons adopted a constitution modeled after that of the United States and so formed a union and became one nation.

Since 1848 the political progress of Switzerland has been rapid and satisfactory. By the year 1874 a majority of the cantons had established direct-legislation. Eleven had established the referendum and four had retained the *Landesgemeinde*. So that very naturally in that year, when a new federal constitution was adopted, the referendum was made a part of the compact. 30,000 voters, or eight cantons, may by petition require the submission of any or all sections of the constitution, unless the matter is declared to be urgent. There is little distinction between constitutional and statutory law. The constitution adopted in 1874, and still in force, differs from the earlier mainly in giving more power to the federal government. There is the usual division of powers into three branches, legislative, executive and judicial. But the distinction between these is not very plain in some cases. The national legislature overshadows the other two branches and exercises some of the powers assigned them under our constitution. There are two legislative bodies: The Council of

States, composed of two members from each whole canton and elected for varying terms, 44 members in all, and the National Council, chosen by the voters for three years' service according to population. In 1895 it consisted of 147 members elected from 52 districts. These two bodies constitute the Federal Assembly. There is no one-man power in Switzerland. Even in the executive department they have a board instead of one man. This board is called the Federal Council and consists of seven members chosen for a term of three years by the Federal Assembly. The chairman of the Council is by courtesy called the *Président* of Switzerland. He holds this position among his colleagues for one year only. The national judiciary is a small and, in some important respects, a weak body. It is called the Federal Tribunal and its members are chosen by the Federal Assembly for terms of six years. It consists of fourteen active judges and fourteen substitutes. Its headquarters is not Berne, the national capital, but Lausanne in the canton of Vaud. This is an illustration of the national dread of concentration of power. This supreme judicial body, if such it may be called, has not the power to pass upon the constitutionality of the acts of the Federal Assembly. In general, the national government has less power than that of the United States. The cantons retain a large part of the control of the national army and of taxation. As with us, the schools are controlled by the several cantons. Except for foreign affairs, the custom-house, the postal, the telegraph and the railway services, the alcohol monopoly, the polytechnic schools, and the arsenals, the national government has scarcely any direct executive powers, but acts in the way of inspection and supervision.

But one important amendment has been made to the constitution,—in 1891 the initiative was engrafted upon the fundamental law by popular vote. 50,000 citizens can propose any desired law or amendment.

At present seventeen cantons have the initiative, at least for amendments to the constitution, which is of greatest importance. Seventeen of the twenty-two cantons have the referendum, either optional or obligatory, both in constitutional matters and in statutory laws. It is obligatory in fourteen, of which the large canton of Zurich is one. Four cantons, as has already been noted, retain the *Landesgemeinde*. So twenty-one out of twenty-two cantons have some form of direct-legislation.

What are the results of the referendum? Prof. Parsons, Dean of the College of Liberal Arts of Ruskin University, says:

"Fifty years ago Switzerland was more under the heels of class-rule than we are to-day: political turmoil, rioting, civil war, monopoly, aristocracy and oppression,—that was the history of a large portion of the Swiss until within a few decades. To-day the country is the freest and most peaceful in the world. What has wrought the change? Simply union and the referendum—union for strength, the referendum for justice."

The press has been elevated; the provision for public education has been maintained so well that now Switzerland pays more per capita for education than any other country of Europe. Through the referendum, monopoly has been overthrown and the railways have become public property; the telegraph, the telephone, the postal business and the express service under public-ownership have become the best in existence. The mail is delivered everywhere. If you receive money by postal-order, the carrier puts the cash in your hand. Lyman Abbot's journal, *The Outlook*, of New York, referring to the strong words of approval of eminent observers like the Hon. Boyd Winchester, ex-Minister to Berne, and Sir F. O. Adams, English Minister to Berne, says: "Apparently there is no conflict in the testimony." Experience has completely silenced the objection that the system is cumbersome or too expen-

sive in time and money. There has been no flood of hasty legislation. Taking New Jersey as a typical member of the American Union and Berne as a typical Swiss state (it is one-third the size of New Jersey), the United States per capita pass sixty laws for every one passed by the cantons of Switzerland. And the referendum has seldom been used. The mere possession of the *right* to veto or approve legislation is generally enough to protect public interests. In the twenty years from 1874 to 1894, the Swiss Federal Assembly passed one hundred and seventy-five laws, only nineteen of which were called to the polls by the referendum. Eight amendments to the constitution were also passed and two more were brought forward by the initiative. So in the twenty years the people of the whole nation voted on twenty-nine questions only, ten of which were constitutional amendments. Sixteen of the laws and amendments were rejected and thirteen were approved. Every one of the questions received remarkably lengthy consideration and calm discussion, the like of which is yet unknown in the United States. In the cantons the record is similar, as noted above in the comparison of Berne and New Jersey. The radicals of Switzerland are now inclined to oppose the referendum, claiming that it is too conservative.

Direct-legislation has destroyed the senseless partisanship that now curses America. In the sense in which we use the term, there are no political parties in Switzerland. There are no national committees nor elaborate cantonal organizations. The political "boss" and his machine are not known and the demagogue is lean. The three parties, so-called, are natural divisions of thinking men. In the Federal Assembly they are known as the Right, or Clericals; the Center or Conservatives; the Left, or Radicals. The members of the Federal Council, which is the national executive, enjoy practically life-tenure, being re-elected again and again, because of the

lack of partisanship. The Swiss are able to distinguish between men and measures. Knowing that experience is especially valuable in public service, and not being at the mercy of their office-holders, they keep them in service year after year, though often disapproving of their work. Garfield said: "All free governments are party governments." The experience of Switzerland contradicts this popular theory. The truth seems to be that when an electorate becomes practically and actively supreme by the abolition of the

law-making monopoly, makes its legislators counselors instead of lords, the voters have but little use for the party organization, and the unpatriotic lobbyist, the boodler and the blackmailer can no longer make use of it. The inability of the legislature to betray its constituents, under direct-legislation, the inability to "deliver the goods," makes the party unnecessary for the public protection and useless to the public plunderer.

O. K. HEWES.

Medina, Ohio.

EMERSON'S "BRAHMA"; OR, THE POET-PHILOSOPHER IN THE PRESENCE OF DEITY.

BY HARVEY WHITEFIELD PECK.

"If the red slayer think he slays,
Or if the slain think he is slain,
They know not well the subtle ways
I keep, and pass, and turn again.

Far or forget to me is near;
Shadow and sunlight are the same.
The vanish'd gods to me appear,
And one to me are shame and fame.

They reckon ill who leave me out;
When me they fly, I am the wings,
I am the doubter and the doubt,
And I the hymn the Brahmin sings.

The strong gods pine for my abode,
And pine in vain the sacred Seven;
But thou, meek lover of the good!
Find me, and turn thy back on heaven."

WHO THOU art, indeed, that dost voice thyself in this poem of Emerson's it is difficult to say. For thou, who art unlimited by time and space art also elusive of language. In thy sight near and far, the shadow and the sunlight, shame and fame, are not distinguished. Thou art the one in whom all extremes meet, all differences are reconciled. What, in sooth, shall we name thee who dost tease philosophers out of thought as doth eternity? Were it not for Mr. Mansel we might call thee First Cause; but no, thou art Being,

Motion, Idea, Substance, Monad, Will, Law, the Absolute, God—the great and infinite force behind all things. What thou art in thy entirety I cannot know. "Such knowledge is too wonderful for me; it is high, I cannot attain unto it. Whither shall I go from thy spirit? or whither shall I flee from thy presence? If I ascend up into heaven thou art there; if I make my bed in hell, behold thou art there. If I take the wings of the morning and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea," still art thou there. Thou art infinite, eternal, unchangeable, perfect. Is it possible for me to know thee in the least? By us mortals all knowledge is acquired by classification and differentiation. The basis of classification is the perception of certain attributes which members of other groups possess, but which members of this group do not. In other words, the first step towards knowing what a thing is, is to know what it is not. Thou art infinite and eternal; there is no attribute wanting to thee, so thou must be the Unknowable.

What right, in truth, have I to use the second personal pronoun in thy designation? For thou canst not have person-

ality. Personality is limited by time and space, and implies volition. And will itself implies a desire to be something one now is not, to do something one now cannot, or to possess something one now has not. Or, in a word, will implies imperfection. If we say: Yes, but thy volition is not like our volition or thy personality like our personality, then we are using terms in a significance with which experience has not clothed them. We are speaking in vain words and empty metaphors.

Yet vain would it appear after all our searching to find that we can hope merely to be "intelligent about the Unknowable." It is true we cannot grasp thee in thy entirety. Thou art too great. We may box the whole compass of existence and still not apprehend thee. Thou art the sum of all things—past, present and to come. "A thousand years in thy sight are but as yesterday when it is past, and as a watch in the night." Yet we mortals are able to know in part and to perceive in part. The parts that any two of us may perceive or understand may not exactly coincide, but what we see and perceive is not unreality but only part of reality. Though we cannot know thee entire, the great spirits of the world have sought thee in all ages.

"The strong gods pine for my abode;
And pine in vain the sacred Seven."

The seven wise men sought thee by the way of truth, and to them thou wert a vast enigma. The soul of the prophet thirsted for thee; his tears were his meat day and night, but him thou left desolate. The poet sought thee by the way of the beautiful, and to him thou wert the "sacred mystery of the universe." Many have sought thee in vain; but they reckon ill who leave thee out.

Some have considered thee as a great ocean of spirit from which, through the clouds that darkly envelop the beginnings of life, we have come as drops of

rain, and whither we shall again return. Men of later years have held that thou, the Absolute, dost live in miniature in every particular object and in every personality. It is a belief in the microcosmos or world-in-little, as representing that microcosmos which we cannot know by reason of its vastness.

"Flower in the crannied wall,
I pluck you out of the crannies;—
Hold you here, root and all, in my hand;
Little flower, but if I could understand
What you are, root and all, and all in all,
I should know what God and man is."

So also art thou, the Absolute, found in each human spirit. Thou, they say, art manifested in three ways—by Beauty, Truth, and Goodness. So also each normal human consciousness has these three great tendencies—to discover and respond to that which is true and good and beautiful. If the great force behind all things is love, which is the message of revelation and inspiration, that again is the greatest power in the life of an individual. Can it be that the great secret we may come to know by searching in the labyrinths of our own hearts and those of others, and like Hawthorne's Cranfield, find the mystery sufficiently revealed in that which is near at hand?

Profound, indeed, is the significance of the last two lines:

"But thou, meek lover of the good!
Find me, and turn thy back on heaven."

By heaven we understand each one's ideal of circumstances. It may be a happy hunting-ground, an abundance of things to eat, five hundred wives, a palace by the sea-shore, or worldly honor and power. But when the meek follower of the good comes to conceive a society of brotherly men under the guidance of "an eternal not ourselves that makes for righteousness," he follows this new and greater good and turns his back upon what formerly to him was heaven.

HARVEY WHITEFIELD PECK.
Oberlin, Ohio.

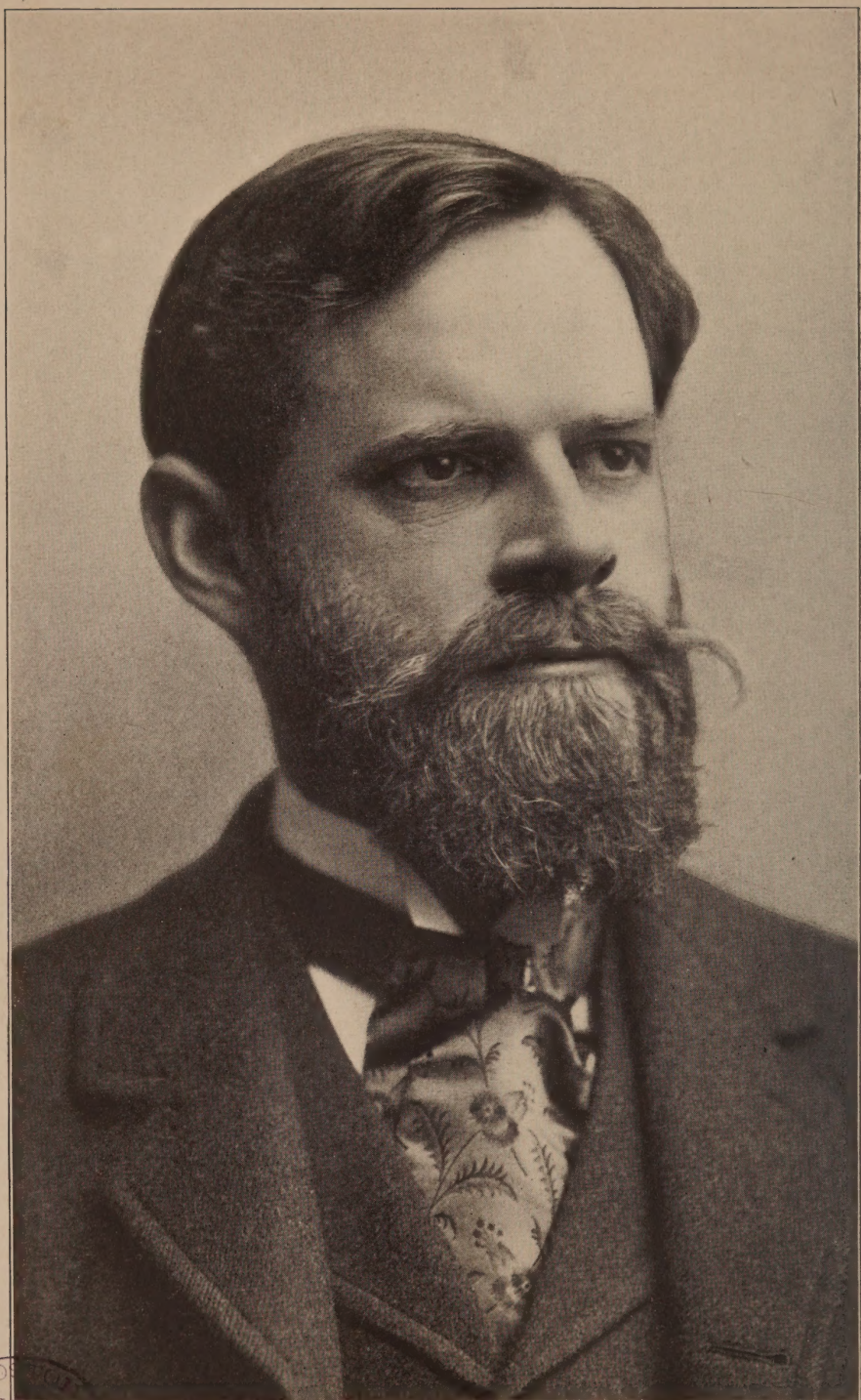


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WOLSTAN R. BROWN

MUNICIPAL-OWNERSHIP AND LEAGUE ORGANIZATION.

BY WOLSTAN R. BROWN.

IT IS generally admitted that if each municipality owned and controlled for its citizens the gas, electric-light and street-railroad franchises, and these were managed honestly and economically, the cost of light, gas and car-service would be greatly reduced. It is a well-known fact that, without exception, municipal corporation securities are watered,—that is, the bonds and stock are issued for a very much larger amount than the cost of the original properties, and that is the sole reason why gas, electric-light and street-railroad service is maintained at so high a cost in this country, notwithstanding the enormous increase in population. This increase has greatly reduced the proportional cost of production each year, but the result to the consumer has not changed materially, for the reason that additional securities are issued by such corporations, absorbing the increased income.

There have been two difficult problems to solve before the question of municipal-ownership could be considered from a fair standpoint:

First: The method of purchase, on a basis fair to the present innocent holders and just to the citizens of the municipalities who may purchase these public corporations.

Second: The management of these corporations after they have become the property of the municipality.

The first question I believe I have successfully solved. For the second I offer a solution.

I would purchase the street-railroad, gas and electric-light properties on a basis that would pay to the present holders the exact value of such properties as ascertained, say on the first of January, 1905. In nine cases out of ten it would be a very easy matter to ascertain these

values, as quotations are now made for nearly all the stocks and bonds that are issued connected with these public corporations.

But it will be urged that I am advocating the purchase by the citizens generally of the watered securities from which certain individuals have reaped enormous profits.

That is true; but we have started out to be fair in this process of purchase, and aside from condemnation and taking over under the right of eminent domain—which would, I think, evoke such a storm of opposition and so much litigation as to render such acquisition well-nigh impossible—the only other means of acquiring public corporations would be by building in opposition. This would not be fair and in the end would not pay.

These corporations can be purchased so that no innocent holder will lose anything by the purchase, and at the same time the general public will acquire them without cost in this way. The average interest paid for loans, whether in the form of temporary obligations or bonded indebtedness, is five per cent. This is about as low a rate of interest as money can be borrowed at by this class of corporation. On the other hand, if these public corporations become the property of the municipality and the municipal securities are issued for them, this money can be had at three per cent. or less.

My method of absorbing these properties, so that in the end they will cost the citizens of the municipalities which buy them nothing, is this: We will suppose that the securities of the electric-light, gas and street-railroad corporations of a certain town are valued at \$1,000,000, and that they are paying five per cent. on that amount of money borrowed,—that is, \$50,000 a year interest. These properties are purchased at that price by

the municipality and its bonds or guarantee are issued in place of the securities made by the corporations, and the rate of interest is reduced to three per cent., or \$30,000 a year, leaving \$20,000 a year saved at once by the purchase and ownership under the municipality. This sum of money compounded for twenty-five years would amount to \$1,000,000. In other words, the transfer from private ownership to public ownership has created a saving that in twenty-five years would pay for the entire cost of these properties. I feel quite certain that long before that period the economies in the management and the increase in business will warrant a reduction in the price of public service, both for gas, electric-light and street-railroads.

The second feature is a league that will lead to many ramifications which eventually will help to dispose, more thoroughly than any other one institution in this country, of the graft in municipal management and city government. This plan is to establish a municipal league, having branches in each city of the United States, with the head office either at Washington or some convenient point that may be chosen, where once a year a representation from each municipality shall meet for general business, and where every day reports from the management of each municipality shall be forwarded, so that the average cost of management in each city will be on hand at the general office, and the cost of running these plants will be definitely known. In that case, if any governing body, by either recklessness or graft, undertakes to mismanage or steal from the public corporation, the head office will at once be aware of it, and through the system of the league the citizens of that municipality shall be thoroughly informed before election, so that at the next election an honest administration may be elected. This league, primarily organized to concentrate the attention of the citizens of each municipality in the United States on the feasibility of public

corporation ownership, shall eventually be a league of the reasoning and upright citizens of each town for the purification of politics.

Some statistician has said that eighty per cent. of our population are poor, fifteen per cent. in moderate circumstances, and five per cent. may be classed among the well-to-do and rich. Without statistics it may be fairly stated that not one per cent. of our population is interested in the ownership of the municipal gas, electric-light and street-railroad securities which are watered and from which are wrung the nickels of the other ninety-nine per cent. Why should a poor man, or a man in moderate circumstances, be compelled to step up to the office of the public corporation each day of his life (and in addition, perhaps, his wife, son and daughter,—say, four members of his family), and pay fifty per cent. more than is necessary to the one per cent. who are watering the public-service corporations year after year, when a remedy is at hand? Let us take as an example a family of four members, living in the city of New York, and using the elevated or surface cars to and from work daily. This means the daily expenditure of forty cents by this family on every working day, and the whole family would generally spend at least an equal amount on Sunday for similar service. Here is a contribution of forty cents per day from this family to a corporation which ought to be owned by the public, and to which it would not be necessary to pay more than one-half of this amount were it owned under the plan suggested above. There are in greater New York, we will say, on an average of 500,000 such families which would mean a saving of \$100,000 per day, or \$36,500,000 per year to the citizens of the city of New York. The same family is using gas at one dollar per thousand cubic feet which could be profitably sold at fifty cents, provided the original cost of the plant was eliminated. Here again we have a saving of fifty per cent. on a single item in the daily

expenses of the family,—an amount which in the course of the year would aggregate many millions more to the citizens of New York.

I have laid considerable stress on the saving that can be figured out, but there will be a saving due to honest administration, which may be obtained through the league, that will amount to many times the saving that appears on the surface. It is a well-recognized fact that graft is a prominent feature every year in all work undertaken by municipal governments. If a united league covering the cities of the United States, with a head office as suggested, is supplied with statistics and figures, so that when a municipality undertakes work of any character the cost of such work up to date can be obtained, the darkness that now surrounds such transactions would be replaced by light, and it would reduce the amount of stealing which now takes place in nearly every if not in every municipality.

When we consider the amount of energy in talk that has been expended by the working-class man, by the middle-class man and by the rich man, who are not interested in public corporations, during the last fifty years on the subject of the "devil-fish" corporation, the "octopus," the "grinding monopoly," etc., etc., the energy that has been wasted on nearly every "ism" that can be thought of which has cropped out from time to time, and the small result that has come from those efforts, it is surprising, until we look beneath the surface and find that the one per cent. of the population is leading the ninety-nine per cent. What I mean by that is this: You talk to your neighbor and you find him a fairly sensible, level-headed man. He believes that public corporations are to a very large extent "blood-suckers." He ought not to use that expression, as these corporations are organized under the law, and while they strictly have no right to issue stock without the property represented, yet it has been the unwritten law and one that is winked at by most of

the judges before whom these cases of over-issue of securities come up from time to time. This neighbor believes there should be something done to stop the over-issue of securities and also something done by which the cost of light and railroad service would be reduced in proportion as the population increases. You talk with your neighbor on the other side and he thinks about the same thing. Why is it, when the time comes for municipal action, that the ninety-nine per cent. of the population are defeated in their desire in this direction, while the one per cent. has the municipality in control, the corporation winning out both in regard to increased capitalization as well as the price at which these necessities should be maintained? The ninety-nine per cent. know that they have it in their power to elect whomever they may please, when they act against the one per cent. The trouble generally is that the one per cent. is the active, controlling element of our one hundred per cent. of population. The ninety-nine per cent. are content to trail along in anybody's footsteps, but it is possible for the ninety-nine per cent. to institute a business form of management that will to a very large extent maintain itself without daily effort on their part, and which shall control the municipal situation. The effort should be through a league such as I have suggested, by which all citizens shall act on public questions, to a great extent in unison.

Let me give a specific example of the stock and bond-watering method that took place in the county in which I lived and in which for a time I was a figure. I bought the Passaic Lighting Company in 1898. I applied to the City Council of the city of Passaic a short time later, in opposition to the Passaic Light, Heat and Power Company, for the municipal lighting for a certain period. I was successful in getting the contract for the city lighting for the Passaic Lighting Company, then a small plant which had cost me in the neighborhood of \$20,000 and,

was worth perhaps \$10,000. After I had obtained the contract for the city lighting Mr. Hayes, then the owner of the Passaic Light, Heat and Power Company, concluded to sell that property, as he felt that with the city lighting in our hands and the influence that we had in Passaic, his chances were not going to be good for the future. I bought his property and consolidated it with the first company, increasing the amount of bonds to cover the cost, as I remember it, of both properties, leaving the stock as water. A year later I obtained control of the gas property and made a consolidation under which Senator Hobart, afterward vice-president of the United States, and his friends joined, creating a corporation of \$500,000 bonds and \$500,000 capital, under which on the gas property a large and modern lighting plant was erected. This, a little property of \$20,000, had grown by consolidation and otherwise into a stock corporation of one-half million bonds and one-half million stock. A duplicate of this property at that time could have been erected, I presume, for less than one-half million dollars. Shortly after this Senator Hobart and his friends conceived the idea of the consolidation of the companies in Paterson and Passaic. In this consolidation the Passaic properties were put in at a million and a half; the Paterson companies were put in the same consolidation at more than one hundred per cent. increase over the original cost. I do not know the exact bonded floating and stock indebtedness of all these corporations consolidated, but I understand that it is in the neighborhood of \$9,000,000. The whole thing could to-day be duplicated for about two millions. The public is not only called upon to meet the cost of running these plants, etc., but also the charges on an increased valuation of seven millions of dollars.

The New York elevated system cost originally in the neighborhood of \$7,000,000. It was stocked and bonded at once for \$13,000,000, and in a consolidation this was increased to \$26,000,000, the

interest on all of which the public is called upon to bear in daily contribution.

This is practically the history of every gas, water or street-railway enterprise in the United States. Corporations are the gift of the people, and yet the people stand by from year to year and allow themselves to be deluded into giving increased capitalization to the individuals running these corporations, and then are taxed as a result in an increased proportion from year to year to pay the interest necessary to meet the obligations of these corporations, because of their own complaisance. There are probably twenty million citizens in the United States who have thought this question over, who, reading this, will say a thousand times: "Yes, yes, we understand all this; but how can we change it?"

First, let us decide definitely on a programme that shall cover what is needed, and then decide on the manner of obtaining it.

First: As to the question of the purchase of gas, electric-light and water properties, leaving the street-railroads for the future; these properties to be bought under a plan of accumulating a surplus that shall take care of the municipalities. Let me emphasize the fact, which may not be appreciated unless the subject of interest is studied carefully, that the public, paying tribute to the corporation as it exists, is obliged to pay in addition to the cost of manufacture, five per cent. on the present price; but when the ownership has been transferred to the municipality, and the interest reduced to three per cent., there will be an actual saving which in itself will pay for these properties and under which the public will acquire ownership without ever having paid a dollar for the properties.

Second: The organization of an interstate City League that shall give moral and statistical aid as it may be needed in municipal work from time to time. The statistics gathered by the general office will be of immense aid in all public work.

The league will have at hand and ready for service certain citizens for every municipality who shall respond to a call for their aid in cities where misrule has taken place. In other words, to be explicit: If Paterson, New Jersey, elects to her council a majority who are dishonest and disposed to increase the cost of operating public corporations, let high-priced contracts, etc., the league becomes aware of it at once; a warning is sent to the citizens of Paterson for the coming election, Paterson's own citizens taking the largest share in this, but to be materially assisted by men in various cities who have had a similar experience in their own municipalities. A week or two of rousing meetings in each ward, previous to election, during which the members of the council in office are held up in their true light, would result in the election of men who would be honest, capable, and the choice of the ninety-nine per cent.

Third: A change in the laws. Many states provide for ownership of public corporations by municipalities; but in states that are controlled by railroad corporations, like New Jersey, the rights of the citizens have been abridged by the representatives of the controlling railroad corporations, so that municipalities may not do certain things which might prove awkward and inconvenient to these corporations. Under existing laws the municipalities in New Jersey have not the right to own or operate either gas or electric-light plants. The statutes should also cover more vigorous punishment of city officers who are found guilty of any of the various forms of graft. One of the trite expressions in medicine states that "the best way to cure a disease is to remove the cause." It is a fact recognized by those who study the municipal question, that to remove the public-service corporations from the hands of small groups of over-rich citizens and place them in the hands of the people, will be to remove one of the greatest causes of corruption in our whole social system.

Usually the citizen entrusted with an important municipal position by the electorate, especially when he comes from the poorer classes, is actuated by honorable motives when he assumes his duties. He does not think of being dishonest. The probabilities are that men of his own class would be unable to make him dishonest. But he comes in contact with the president of a bank, a large merchant, or some other rich man whom he has heard of for years and respected. He is no sooner introduced to this distinguished citizen than he becomes aware that this man is the owner of a large interest in gas, electric-light or street-railroad companies, and that this man expects him to be influenced in favor of some contract that is against the city's interest. His natural inclination is to be honest and faithful to his trust. But here is this man whom he has respected and who tells him that it is part of the game to get something out of these corporations, that no one will know of it, and that under the circumstances it is not dishonest, etc. That man is influenced by the distinguished citizen to do something dishonest, until he comes to look upon graft as a natural sequence. By removing the subtle but powerful influence of this small but wealthy class from control in corporations, as would be the case in the event of public ownership of public utilities, we would remove the chief source of this kind of demoralization in government; as under municipal-ownership of public utilities the bank presidents, merchants, financiers and other wealthy men would cease to have a personal interest in corrupting the people's servants and they would then no longer wink at graft in city government. On the other hand, they would then naturally wish the officials to be honest, whereas before, when desiring special privileges, they have winked at dishonesty when they have not directly promoted it.

It is not enough, however, for a municipi-

pality to secure its public utilities. Wisdom and tireless vigilance on the part of the people are essential to the enjoyment of the full measure of benefits,—such, for example, as are enjoyed by the citizens of English municipalities, where public-ownership has resulted in such an enormous increase in public revenue on the one hand and decrease in the cost to the public on the other. And this watchfulness is especially necessary in our own country, owing to the baleful influence which has been exerted by the respectable and leading citizens in establishing a reign of graft through which public servants have been seduced from allegiance to the interests of the electorate.

If the post-office of each city were a law unto itself—that is, if it were operated independently of the central bureau—there would be grave danger of extensive demoralization, graft and corruption creeping into the department in many municipalities. In a very real sense every post-office is under the careful supervision of the department, and whenever anything suspicious comes to the attention of the watchful eyes at headquarters, inspectors are sent to investigate the accounts of the office in question.

Now a similar system, while it would be without authority, would, if all the cities joined together, have the same

moral and practical effect in regard to the management of city affairs, particularly in regard to gas, water and street-railroad enterprises, and other public utilities owned and operated by the municipalities. Watchful statisticians at headquarters would know the rise and fall of expenses of these corporations. They would receive copies of bids for new buildings, supplies, and everything else of that nature, and then if there appeared to be a discrepancy, investigation from the central office would be made at once, thus leading to publicity and a new election, as previously suggested. When these matters are left to one man, and when a city acts independently, the result is usually graft in one form or another; whereas in the hands of a committee, especially under the supervision of a general committee, the danger of dishonesty is reduced to a minimum.

What we need in this country is not spasmodic but permanent reform; a reform that under a City League, with a central clearing-house for information, would quickly revolutionize and purify our municipal government and in a reasonably short time place America in the forefront of the progressive nations, in so far as her municipal governments are concerned.

WOLSTAN R. BROWN.

New York City.

THE QUAKER AND THE PURITAN: A THRILLING PASSAGE IN COLONIAL HISTORY.

By CHARLES FREDERICK HOLDER, LL.D.,
Author of *The Pioneer Quakers*, *Life of Louis Agassiz*, etc.

DOUBTLESS there never has existed a religious sect that had so warm a place in the hearts of all the people as the Friends or Quakers, the men and women and their descendants who followed George Fox. They were and are universally respected by all denomina-

tions and tribes of men. If we look for a reason it is that the Friends lived up to their principles.

Their doctrines in 1665 were two or three hundred years ahead of the times. They were the pioneers in modern culture, true humanity and virtue, and the equal

rights of man. They believed in simplicity of life and lived it. They kept their word—it was as good as their bond, and in all the history of the Friends it will be found that there was an almost complete lack of criminals, and the Friend in good standing was as near a perfect man or woman, according to the Christian standard, as it would be possible to find.

It is a sad fact that these people are passing away. In all England, where there are many distinguished Friends, there are but thirty thousand, and in this country the number in the last census was given as ninety-two thousand five hundred and fifty; and as the years go by a gradual loss is noticed. This number does not include the descendants of Friends, as they are as the sands of the sea, and it can be said that there is not a family in what was really the old American aristocracy that has come down from pre-Revolutionary times in New York, Boston or Philadelphia, that is unallied with the Friends or Quakers. The coming of the Friends was a renaissance of culture and refinement, an epoch in civilization.

This period was one of the most dramatic in the history of our country, and singularly enough, the only monument these Quaker martyrs have, is a tomb at Shelter Island, erected by Prof. Eben Norton Horsford, of Harvard, to his ancestor Nathaniel Sylvester, Christopher Holder, William Rous, Mary Dyer, George Fox, Copeland, William Leddra and other martyrs. The story of these early Friends reads like a gross exaggeration, as it is the story of a contest between ten of twelve men and women on one side armed with "passive resistance," and the Puritans, clergy and their law-making powers,—in fact all America of 1657,—on the other; yet the Quakers won.

The seed of Quakerism was sown when the sensuous splendor of the Romanists found its most elaborate expression in the seventeenth century. The germ broke its bonds during the Protestant reformation, and in succeeding years, like a cross

sea on a troubled ocean, swept with singular force over Great Britain and the Colonies bearing the wreckage of intolerance to many shores. The doctrine of the Friends, or Quakers as they were called in derision, was the antipodes of the splendid formalism of the time and a reactionary result. The Puritans had fled to Holland, and later to America, to escape the gross intolerance of the era, and in 1657 we find the Friends "experiencing a call" to America to carry the Word to the Puritans and restore to Christianity its primitive spirituality and simplicity. For ten years the Friends had been active factors in England, and despite the aggressive tactics of their enemies had become an influential body and a thorn in the flesh to the Established Church and the Puritans. George Fox and Christopher Holder had tested many jails in England wherever they preached, and to the Puritan the Quaker had become a thing of evil to be plucked from the body-politic at all cost; hence when the ship "Speedwell" arrived in Boston Harbor with two Quakers on board consternation seized them, and there began a reign of terror which found few apologists and can be explained only upon the ground that the spiritual and legal advisers of the Puritans represented the ignorance and bigotry of a period in which clergymen and men of supposed education accepted witchcraft and demonology as facts. Witchcraft and the crimes committed against the Quakers constitute two black pages in Colonial history. The former, widely known from its sensational aspect, has been condoned on the ground of fanaticism, but crimes against the first Quakers are passed over lightly by the historian who finds no excuse for them; hence they are little known except by the modern Friends who have the records of these early martyrs who were branded, scourged, mutilated, hung, banished, robbed and despoiled in a manner only comparable to the acts of the Inquisitors of Spain.

In 1655 Mary Fisher and Anne Austin

went to Barbadoes as missionaries of the Society of Friends, returning by way of Boston, where they were at once arrested as holding "very dangerous, heretical and blasphemous opinions," confined in jail for five weeks, then shipped to England. Hardly had the "Swallow" left the harbor when the "Speedwell" dropped anchor off the little town whose homes were strewn along the shore of the bay. Among the ship's passengers were eight men and women after whose names on the shipping list the master, Captain Robert Locke, had placed a significant "Q". Those indicated were Christopher Holder, of Winterbourne, John Copeland, Thomas Thurston, William Brend, Mary Price, Sarah Gibbons, Mary Weatherhead and Dorothy Waugh. The "Q" indicated that they were Quaker ministers; and when Bellingham, the deputy-governor of the colony, saw the list he ordered them searched and refused to allow them to land. Their books and pamphlets were burned, and later the Quakers were manacled and taken before Governor Endicott, who, in reply to their demands for cause of their arrest and detention, replied: "Take heed that ye break not our ecclesiastical laws, for then ye are sure to stretch by a halter"; and after a frivolous examination he committed them to jail and finally banished them. The captain of the "Speedwell" was thrown into jail with them until he agreed to give bonds that he would carry the Quakers back. This he finally was coerced into doing, and after nearly two months in jail the Quakers were sent aboard ship under guard and the "Speedwell" sailed for England.

The action of Governor Endicott was illegal and made many sympathizers for the Friends in Boston, who protested against it; but at this time the Puritan clergy was all-powerful; the Rev. John Norton and Rev. John Wilson, pastors of the first church of Boston, were so clamorous in their demands that Endicott readily took their advice, and acting on the suggestion, laws were enacted to prevent the coming into Massachusetts

colony of Quakers. The first enactment was dated October 14, 1656. It was directed not only at Quakers, but provided a fine for any colonist who should bring or aid them in any way. Thus began one of the most dramatic and interesting conflicts in history. The Colonial Puritan government, led by its priests, Norton and Wilson, and its governor, Endicott, reinforced by the machinery of the law, on one hand, and eight Quakers, armed with the sense of conscientious duty and faith on the other. Never were forces more unequal arrayed one against the other. In justice to the Puritans it may be said that the status of human intelligence in the Colonies at this time was low. Fanaticism had its exponents in governor and priests. Roger Williams, a man of high culture and intelligence, had been banished in 1635, founding the liberal colony of Rhode Island, which became a refuge for the Quakers and other victims of Puritan orthodoxy. Mrs. Anne Hutchinson, Rev. John Wheelright, Samuel Gorton and others were also victims, having been driven out of the Colony. Witchcraft, demonology, for a century or more had been believed in by these people and their descendants, later reaching an acute stage.

The Puritans, while seeking the shores of New England, where they could have religious liberty, represented an accentuated type of intolerance. The Colony was essentially religious, and the Puritans surrounded themselves by a maze of rules, regulations and methods of living that were diametrically opposed to the ideas of constitutional rights and freedom of speech, which the Quakers brought and who first planted on American soil the sovereign principles of liberty, freedom and equality. The Puritans stood for intolerance and their own religion; the Quakers for religious freedom and a belief that has stood the test of time in its simplicity, its beauty and its close affinity to the teachings of Christ.

The doctrine of Quakers, if it can be

called such, is well defined by Joseph John Gurney, who said: "I should not describe it as the system so elaborately wrought out by Barclay, or as the doctrines, maxims of Penn, or as the deep and refined views of Pennington, for all these authors have their defects as well as their excellencies. I should call it the religion of the New Testament of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, without diminution, without addition, and without compromise." This in itself was not greatly at variance with the views of the Puritans, but there was a conflict in interpretation of the Word. Again, they pretended to see mysticism in the peculiarities of the Friends, when they refused to swear, insisted upon wearing the hat in the presence of officials, used "thee" and "thou," claimed to be equals of the king or governor as men and women. All these eccentricities and more were looked upon as menaces to the true religion as understood by the Puritan clergy, and they determined to rid the Colonies of the Quakers at whatever cost.

As the "Speedwell" sailed, the Colonies were left without representatives of the Friends and the movement was apparently a failure; but the banished ministers, who had been robbed of all their baggage and conveniences by the jailer, immediately began to plan to return, but upon their arrival in London no shipmaster could be found sufficiently courageous to carry them back. Endicott had caused his anti-Quaker laws to be published in England, and ship-masters carefully interrogated all would-be emigrants, refusing to admit any who were even suspected of sympathy with the hated sect. The Quakers were in a quandary, but relief came from an unexpected quarter. Some time previous, in the Holderness district, a sea-faring man, named Robert Fowler, became identified with the Friends, and while Christopher Holder, who was a man of large private means, was endeavoring to hire a vessel for himself and friends to take them to America, Fowler was following his avocation of ship-build-

ing. He had a small craft on the ways half finished, when he became suddenly impressed that "he should devote it to some purpose in furtherance of the Truth." The theory of telepathy was unknown in 1657, but Robert Fowler launched his vessel, little more than a smack, christened her the "Woodhouse" and sailed her to London, where the impression coming strong again that his vessel was to accomplish some great spiritual work, he sought out one Gerard Roberts, a shipping merchant, who it happened was a friend of Christopher Holder—the leader of the missionary party.

The meeting seemed providential. The merchant immediately arranged a meeting between Captain Fowler, George Fox, Christopher Holder and others, and it was finally agreed that the ministers should return and enter the Colonies, despite the decree of banishment. The vessel was entirely inadequate for the purpose, and to add to their difficulties, Robert Fowler was but a coastwise sailor, knowing nothing about navigation. At the last moment the crew selected was impressed and carried off to the British fleet then ready to sail against the king of Sweden, who was threatening Denmark. These obstacles did not deter the Friends. They had hoisted the pennant of Faith to the peak, and on the first of April, 1657, the "Woodhouse" sailed with eleven Quakers,—Christopher Holder, John Copeland, Dorothy Waugh, Humphrey Norton, Richard Doudney, Mary Weatherhead, Sarah Gibbons, Mary Clark, Robert Hodshon, William Brend and William Robinson.

The crew consisted of two men and three boys, none of whom had any knowledge of the ocean, and with this equipment the "Woodhouse" sailed upon one of the most remarkable voyages in history, not only for the methods employed, but for the far-reaching results, as aboard the craft were the founders of the Society of Friends in America, destined to establish a sect that for two centuries should have a dominant influence in the growth and de-

velopment of a great nation. Knowing nothing of navigation, the captain looked to his spiritual-minded passengers for guidance, and we have the singular spectacle of a vessel being sailed across the Atlantic, the helmsman each day taking his orders from the ministers, who daily held a silent Quaker meeting for this purpose. During this period one or more of the Friends would invariably receive an impression as to the course to pursue, which at the close of the meeting was conveyed to the captain, who laid the course until the following day. Early in the voyage they were threatened by a foreign fleet which attempted their capture, Humphrey Norton announcing in advance that they would meet with this danger; but he calmed the alarm of the captain by saying, "Thus saith the Lord, ye shall be carried away as in a mist." This was literally true; a fleet soon appeared and chased them, but the wind suddenly changed, and in a fog the "Woodhouse" escaped. One of the ministers then received word: "Cut through and steer your straightest course and mind nothing but me." This they did, holding a meeting each day and having such good fortune that but three meetings were omitted during the long voyage on account of storms. Every day the course was laid according to the results of the meeting of that day, and never did absolute faith find a greater reward, as on the twenty-ninth of May one of the ministers at the meeting of that day felt a conviction that "there was a lion in the way," and on the following day they sighted land, and at the meeting word came to Christopher Holder that they were on the road to Rhode Island. A short time later a boat came off and verified the communication.

The "Woodhouse," despite this remarkable method of navigating without knowledge of latitude or longitude, had sailed into Long Island Sound, and a few days after, two months from England, landed all the ministers at New Amsterdam, with the exception of Christopher

Holder and John Copeland, who, notwithstanding the decree of banishment, determined to go to Boston. They visited Martha's Vineyard first, but were thrust out of the church and ordered to leave the island, every house being closed upon them; whereupon the Algonquin Indians entertained the Quakers and finally landed them upon the mainland, where they walked to Sandwich on their way to Boston. Here the first labors of the Friends in New England began. Here was held the first meeting and the first meeting-house erected. As the result of the ministration of Christopher Holder and John Copeland, eighteen families of Sandwich became the nucleus of a great movement which was to become so important and influential a factor in the development of America.

The Friends held the meetings in private houses, but the spirit of intolerance was abroad; the orders of Governor Endicott had been cried in the town, and so great was the excitement that the two English Friends went to Plymouth where they were arrested, being finally released with orders to "begone out of the colony." They were followed by the constable, who insisted upon their walking to Rhode Island; but they turned south to Sandwich where they were arrested and returned to Plymouth, from which place they were again sent to Rhode Island. The presence of these two ministers in New England occasioned much excitement, and Governor Endicott addressed a communication to the commissioners of the United Colonies, requesting them to ask the coöperation of Rhode Island in expelling the Quakers. But Rhode Island was still dominated by the liberal principles of Roger Williams, and her reply was that "none be accounted a delinquent for doctrine"—a decision which speaks for the intelligence of the Rhode Islanders, who by this decree virtually officially offered a haven for the oppressed Quakers.

Christopher Holder and John Copeland now moved slowly north, holding meetings

in every town and rapidly making converts, and in July, 1657, Christopher Holder preached the first Friends' sermon in the First Church of Salem, which is still standing. As he proceeded, an official seized him by the hair, jerking him backward, and would have choked him had it not been for the quick intervention of one Samuel Shattuck, who threw the constable aside. Holder and Copeland were arrested as ranters and Quakers, taken to Boston and thrown into jail with Samuel Shattuck, who was charged with the heinous crime of aiding a Quaker.

Now began what was virtually to the Quakers a reign of terror. Every Friend—man, woman or child—was under the ban, and those who aided or entertained Quakers were held equally guilty. Yet the Quakers paid no attention to these unjust and dogmatic laws. They believed they were entitled to freedom of speech and conscience. Christopher Holder and John Copeland were brought before Governor Endicott, and after a short examination were sentenced "under the law against Quakers" to receive at the hands of the hangman thirty lashes with a knotted cord. The two men were taken to what is now the Common, their hands lashed to posts, their backs bared, and the blows inflicted with such force and brutality that women fainted and brave men turned pale at the spectacle. With backs bleeding, torn and lacerated, they were taken to a damp jail and kept without straw to rest on and without food for three days, and the jailer, it is said, marveled at them, as no groan or complaint came from them at any time. In this dungeon they were kept for nine weeks, during which time the town of Boston was aroused as it never before had been, a strong anti-Endicott faction making itself apparent. Samuel Shattuck was tried for being a friend of Quakers, and while the three men were in prison it was discovered that Lawrence and Cassandra Southwick, of Salem, had entertained Christopher Holder at their house; forthwith they were

arrested and thrown into jail. The husband was soon released, but on the person of Cassandra was found a declaration of faith, the first of the kind issued by the Quakers in England or America, written by Christopher Holder while in jail. For having this document in her possession, Cassandra Southwick was confined for seven weeks and publicly whipped.

Friendship for Christopher Holder accomplished the complete ruin of this family, the enmity of Endicott literally following them to the grave. The property of the Southwicks was seized, and they were banished, finding shelter at the house of a Friend, Nathaniel Sylvester, of Sylvester Manor, at Shelter Island, where they died from the effects of the continued brutal treatment they received. Their children were arrested later for neglecting the Puritan church for the meetings of Quakers. As they would not pay the fine, Provided Southwick was offered for sale as a slave by Governor Endicott on the public docks of Boston; but for the honor of the town no sailing-master could be found who would buy her, or even carry her to Virginia or Barbadoes. Whittier has described this scene in his poem "Cassandra Southwick."

Doubtless Governor Endicott believed that the experience of Holder and Copeland would warn other Quakers; but the friends of the maltreated men began to gather from Rhode Island and New Amsterdam to protest. Richard Doudney was arrested in Dedham and brought before Endicott, and after an examination received thirty lashes and was thrown into prison with his two companions, where he signed the declaration of Faith which Christopher Holder prepared. Just previous to the expiration of their term of imprisonment, Christopher Holder and John Copeland prepared a paper showing how contrary to the teaching of the New Testament were the actions of Endicott and his magistrates. When accused of the authorship they did not

deny it, and Endicott said that they deserved to be hung for it; and as adequate punishment for writing a logical argument against crime the prisoners were ordered to be "severely whipped twice a week, the hangman to begin with fifteen lashes and to increase it by three at every whipping." As a result of this the three ministers were repeatedly flogged upon the bare back; but this was not enough. The Quakers uttered no protest and still came to Boston, whereupon in August, 1657, the famous ear-cutting and tongue-boring law was promulgated against the "cursed sect called Quakers."*

First, there was a fine of one hundred shillings for entertaining a Quaker, and forty shillings fine for every hour of such entertainment. Second, any Quaker caught in the jurisdiction was to have an ear cut off, then kept in the house of correction at hard labor until he had earned a sufficient sum to pay his passage away. For the second offence he or she should lose another ear. Every Quaker woman was to be severely whipped, and finally for a third offence "they shall have their *tongues bored through with a hot iron*, and be kept at the house of correction, there to work till they be sent away at their own charge." Such was freedom and liberty of conscience in Boston in the year of our Lord 1657.

The Declaration of Faith defining the so-called doctrine of the Quakers, written by Christopher Holder and issued from the jail, was the most important document issued in America up to this time. It defined the position of the Friends and by its clear logic, its eloquence and the evident earnestness of its purpose became the means of making many converts to the cause of Quakers among the Puritans. The paper was the first declaration of American independence, in this instance

ecclesiastical rather than political, and its opening lines recall the famous declaration of American liberties written one hundred and twenty years later. They are:

"Whereas it is reported by them that have not a bridle to their tongues that we, who are by the world called Quakers, are blasphemers, heretics, and deceivers, and that we do deny the Scriptures, and the truth therein contained; therefore, we who are here in prison, shall in few words, in truth and plainness, declare unto all people that may see this, the ground of our religion, and the faith that we contend for and the cause whereof we suffer. Therefore when you read our words let the meek spirit bear rule and weigh them in equal balance, stand out of prejudice, in the light that judgeth all things and measureth all things. As (for us) we do believe in the only true living God, the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who hath made the heavens and the earth, the sea and all things in them contained and doth uphold all things that he hath created by the word of his power," etc., etc.

The repeated beatings, now twice a week, which the Quakers were receiving, aroused so strong a public feeling in Boston against Endicott and Bellingham, his deputy, and the priests, that in August, 1657, they were released and taken before the court, where, scarcely able to stand they were sentenced; Christopher Holder, John Copeland, Richard Doudney and Mary Clark to banishment, while Cassandra Southwick was sent to her home in Salem. In the meantime Humphrey Norton, another of the "Woodhouse" passengers, was arrested and banished, and a few months later having been caught preaching in Connecticut, he was heavily ironed and cast into jail, without light or fire in midwinter. Despite this and other outrages perpetrated against the Friends, they refused to remain away from New England, and in 1657 another decree was passed by which any one who should entertain a Quaker would have to

*According to Evans in his *Exposition of the Faith of the Religious Society of Friends*, the first Declaration of Faith in England was that of Richard Farnsworth in 1658; hence the Holder Declaration is the first issued by Friends. Christopher Holder was the seventh great-grandfather of the author.

pay twenty-five dollars, or in default be whipped by the hangman. There were now in the colonies, besides those who came in the "Woodhouse," John Rous, William Leddra and Thomas Harris from Barbadoes, making ten men and women who refused to leave and who insisted upon continuing their ministry, which was being repaid daily by acquisitions to the ranks of Friends or Quakers. As a consequence the persecutions were increased. When trying to defend himself in court, Humphrey Norton was gagged with an iron key and in enforced silence sentenced to be taken to the public common of New Haven to be whipped with the scourge, branded upon the hand with the letter "H" (heretic), fined ten pounds, then banished. This punishment was carried out before a large concourse of people. Norton, so far from shrinking under the torture, said to the executioner after he had received thirty-six strokes, that his body was as if it had been "covered with balm." His hands were fastened to the stocks, and his friend John Rous said that the letter "H" was burned into his hand "deeper than I ever saw an impression upon any living creature." At Shelter Island, Professor Eben Norton Horsford, of Harvard University, has erected a monument to Nathaniel Sylvester, Christopher Holder, Norton, and these Quaker martyrs, many of whom when banished retired to Sylvester Manor at this place and received sympathy and succor from his kinsman, Nanthaniel Sylvester, a staunch Friend or Quaker.

Even the Puritan clergymen were moved at the noble spirit displayed by these men, one remarking: "On my conscience, you are men of noble spirits. I could neither find it in my heart to stay in court to hear and see the persecutions, nor come to the stocks to see your sufferings." The outrages perpetrated upon refined and educated men and women is beyond belief. Sarah Gibbons and Dorothy Waugh walked through the snow from Providence, Rhode Island, to

Salem, sixty miles, through what was then a wilderness, to preach. Here they were arrested, and by order of Endicott, whipped in public. When before the curious crowd, their bare backs raw and bleeding, they astonished the lookers-on by offering praise and thanksgiving.

In 1658 there were fifteen Friends or ministers in the colonies, and as they were all continually reappearing in the places of their arrest the rage of their enemies passed all bounds. William Brend and William Leddra were kept five days without food; when told that they must pay fines or work for it, they refused on the ground of injustice. William Brend was then fettered around the neck and on each leg, then given ninety-seven blows with a tarred rope by the jailer. Brend was evidently dying when he was found by a physician. The story becoming known, the populace threatened the jail, and Endicott was forced to issue a hand-bill to the effect that the jailer would be punished. This appeased the people for a while, but the whippings continued, and Endicott was amazed at the spectacle of men continually returning to punishment. Christopher Holder, who had been banished with John Copeland, now felt a call to return to Boston. On the way they visited Sandwich, where they were arrested and then taken to Barnstable, tied to a stake and given thirty-three lashes each, which so injured and reduced them that they were forced to return to Rhode Island; but as soon as they could make the journey they returned to Boston, where they were promptly arrested and where John Rous joined them. Christopher Holder was a refined and cultivated man, a gentleman's son, of means and influential in England, related by marriage to Sir Christopher Wren. John Rous was a son of Colonel Rous, of the British Army, also a gentleman's son; yet for insisting upon their rights as British citizens they were each sentenced to have an ear cut off. Christopher Holder appealed to Cromwell, who had shown undisguised interest in Quakers;

but Endicott replied that if more appeals to England were made the prisoners would be gagged as well as manacled. Fearing public opinion, Endicott ordered the law executed in private, and as the executioner began the mutilation the officials turned away their heads, but were rebuked by the prisoners who, far from flinching, evidently glorified in suffering for the cause which they represented. What was supposed to be a reign of terror for Quakers was now at its height. Women were exposed in public and beaten, and the jails were filled with suspects. Every one who publicly claimed to be the friend of a Quaker came under the ban. The maltreatment of Holder and Copeland brought numbers of Quakers to Boston to protest against it, among them Katherine Scott, of Providence, a descendant of Dryden the poet, a sister of the celebrated Anne Hutchinson, the leader of the anti-nomians and later mother-in-law of Christopher Holder. She publicly protested against the act, was thrown into jail and subjected to ignominious torture at the "lash."

Despite the acts of Endicott, the Friends were increasing in numbers. Several magistrates joined them, and William Coddington and Nicholas Easton—both ex-governors of Rhode Island—joined the society. The inhabitants of Boston began to protest against Endicott's brutality, and finally in a public meeting, raised money to pay the fines of Quakers confined. In 1658, two years after the first sermon of Christopher Holder, almost the entire town of Sandwich joined them. Norton, the famous rector of First Church, now petitioned the legislature to banish Friends on pain of death, and the colonial officials set aside the rights accorded them by the Magna Charta and passed the bill. William Brend, Nicholas Philips, Joshua Buffum, Samuel Shattuck, Lawrence and Cassandra Southwick and their son Josiah, were the first to suffer from this illegal and tyrannical measure, dated May 11, 1659.

It was believed by Governor Endicott

that this was the end of Quakerism in the colonies; that fanatical as were these people, they would not face death; but to his surprise it had no effect upon them. William Robinson went to Boston, Christopher Holder to Salem, and we find them all apprehended a short time later. They, with Marmaduke Stevenson, were sent to jail in Boston. William Thurston was in jail in Maryland. Peter Pearson and William Leddra were confined in Plymouth, and it is doubtful if a single Quaker of the original party was at liberty. Nathaniel Sylvester had closed the eyes of Cassandra and Lawrence Southwick at his home at Shelter Island, while Samuel Shattuck, obeying the edict of banishment, went to England to intercede with King Charles for his friends. Such was the situation in May, 1659. Mary Dyer, who had gone to Boston to visit Christopher Holder in jail, was arrested with Mary Scott, Hope Clifton, Daniel and Provided Southwick, and Nicholas Upsal, and while they were in jail a strange procession wended its way from Salem. Marmaduke Stevenson and William Robinson had been released and ordered out of the colony on pain of death, but instead went to Salem, and after preaching there announced their return to Boston, which meant execution, believing that their death would probably do more to attract attention to the righteousness of their cause than anything they could do. The two ministers led the way, followed by Daniel Gould, of Providence, Hannah Phelps, William King, Mary Trask, Margaret Smith and Alice Cowland, who were virtually mourners and who carried linen shrouds in which to wrap the dead. No more singular spectacle is seen in history than this—two ministers walking sixteen miles through the forest to their own unbidden execution, followed by friends and sympathizers bearing the panoply of death. Agents of Endicott in Salem ran on ahead and carried word of the approach of the Quakers, and on the outskirts of Boston they were met by a mob, scoffed, ridiculed

and hurried off to jail, where soon seventeen Quakers were confined. Four were subject to death—Christopher Holder, William Robinson, Marmaduke Stevenson and Mary Dyer. The former was, on account of some unknown influence, probably the intervention of Cromwell at the instigation of his family in England, overlooked, but the other three were sentenced to death. The passage to the Common was made with beating of drums and flying flags, the prisoners being the objects of a hooting and shouting mob, urged on by the Rev. John Wilson. Were not the colonial records still in existence these things could not be believed; yet these three Quakers were executed, Mary Dyer later, and the bodies of the two men thrown into a pit on Boston Common, food for wild beasts. Edward Wharton, a looker-on, protested, and was seized, given thirty lashes and fined twenty pounds. Of the Quakers in jail, Daniel Gould received thirty strokes, Robert Hooper and William King fifteen, Margaret Smith, Provided Southwick and Mary Trask ten strokes on the bare back on the open Common before the crowd. Christopher Holder was banished. The remaining women were delivered to the governor for "admonishment," which meant banishment.

The restoration of Charles the Second gave the Quakers in England and America new hope. Christopher Holder, now banished to England, was using his influence, to offset which Governor Endicott and the magistrates formulated an address charging the Quakers with many crimes, which was taken to England by some of the leaders; but Edward Burroughs, a prominent English Quaker, had presented to the king the other side. Christopher Holder, maimed and broken, and Samuel Shattuck his friend, who had once saved him, were there, as well as mutilated John Copeland. These ministers and George Fox were given audience by the king, who immediately issued orders to Endicott to release all Quakers in America; and to make the matter

more humiliating, Samuel Shattuck, the scourged and banished Quaker, outraged and scoffed by Governor Endicott and the Boston magistrates, was selected as the king's messenger, the incident forming the subject of the graphic poem by Whittier, "The King's Missive."

The release of Shattuck was dramatic. Quaker, man of peace, though he was, it was with unfeigned satisfaction that he accepted the office. The English Friends chartered a ship that no time should be lost, and in six weeks they arrived in Boston harbor. The captain refused to allow any one to go ashore or communicate with it, but a boat came off and returned, reporting to the consternation of the colonial authorities, that there was a "load of Quakers" in the bay, led by Samuel Shattuck who had been banished on pain of death. Soon after this Samuel Shattuck and the captain went ashore and reached Governor Endicott's home unmolested, and after some questioning were shown to Endicott himself. "Off with his hat," shouted the irate governor, observing that the Quaker retained his head-gear. Shattuck did not resist and permitted the servant to snatch the hat from his head, but said, with fine humor, evidently enjoying the situation: "Is it thus that his Majesty's officers are received in the colonies?" "What mean you?" asked Endicott, amazed and indignant at the bearing of the Quaker. "I mean," answered Shattuck, looking him keenly in the eye, "that from now on his Majesty's subjects, of whatever persuasion, are to have liberty of conscience in the colonies. I am the king's messenger. Here are your orders from his Sovereign Majesty, Charles the Second."

Endicott sat for a moment, dumfounded. The Quaker he had maltreated and thrust from the colony, stood before him his superior. He glanced over the orders, then taking off his own hat in deference to the presence of his sovereign's messenger, ordered an attendant to hand Shattuck his hat, which we can imagine the Quaker replacing with grim

satisfaction at the utter confusion into which Endicott was thrown. The latter immediately released the jailed Quakers in America, and for the first time in American history true liberty of conscience reigned.

Such was the first victory of this sect, and in all their later troubles, as they were attacked time and again, they invariably won by passive resistance. The Quaker was the embodiment of modern culture cropping out two hundred years ahead of its time. They stood for everything that is held to be best to-day. They believed in simplicity of life, in the Bible, in Christianity. They held that a man and woman should be devout or good every day. They believed in the political equality of all men. They held that every citizen had a right to his religious opinions. They denounced slavery in 1660. They held up war, the killing of man, as an evidence of barbarism. In fact, to obtain an idea of the belief of the little-understood Quaker, as his enemies called him, it is only necessary to select to-day the best in life and religion as held

and believed by the greatest number of Christians, and that will be the belief of the Quaker.

If this is true, why is it that the Quakers are dying out? The old meeting-houses are not used in many places; membership if not falling off, is just holding its own, and the question is whether the Quaker is to pass, live or die. There is hardly an old family in America to-day that is not allied to them, and no people are held in such esteem. Their gentle lives stand forth in the bright light of history, and if the Quaker shall pass it will be a reflection upon the times. The peculiar dress of the Friends may pass away with the present generation, but it is believed that the sect will live, as all along the line efforts are being made to create new interests; and it is hoped that a sect that filled so important a niche in the history of America, a denomination that stood for all that is best in the twentieth century two hundred years ago, will live long to witness its triumphs.

CHARLES F. HOLDER.

Pasadena, Cal.

RYAN WALKER: A CARTOONIST OF SOCIAL PROTEST.

BY B. O. FLOWER.

I. THE MEN AND IDEALS THAT MOVE CIVILIZATION UPWARD.

WE THINK it is safe to say that the majority of our young men at some periods in youth are profoundly stirred by moral enthusiasm. They come under the magic spell of the ideal. The divinity resident in the soul, or as Epictetus would have expressed it, "the God within," is awakened and calls for recognition. At such moments the good, the noble and the true appeal to the inner vision in a compelling way, and the spiritual eye catches a glimpse of Justice in her peerless glory and of the broad

spirit of altruistic love which is all-compelling and all-exalting in its influence over the higher and finer sides of life. At such moments one feels something of what Shelley felt when from the fullness of his soul he cried:

"I will be wise,
And just, and free, and mild, if in me lies
Such power, for I grow weary to behold
The selfish and the strong still tyrannize
Without reproach or check."

These are supreme and crucial moments in the life of youth—moments when the divine essence in our being struggles for mastery; but unhappily for civilization and the elevation and



Photo. by Pach Bros., New York.

RYAN WALKER

happiness of the race, few as yet there be who are wise and strong enough to make the great renunciation,—the renunciation of the lower for the higher, which alone can lift the soul into *rapport* with the cosmic intelligences that are working for the supremacy of the eternal moral verities—for the establishment of justice, freedom, brotherhood, peace and equity on earth. Few indeed are they to whom the vision of the ideal is sufficiently compelling to make them so indifferent to personal ease, fame, fortune and life itself that they unhesitatingly place the cause of justice and human rights, or the weal of all, above every consideration of self. Few are great enough to make the choice that lifts the soul to the peerage of the immortals who have helped the world onward.



Ryan Walker, in *The Comrade*.

THE SOWER.

Few are they who are willing to find life by losing it, to accept as a divine truth the words of the great Galilean, when he said: "Whosoever will save his life shall lose it, and whosoever shall lose his life for my sake shall find it"; or again: "He that loveth his life shall lose it, and he that hateth his life in this world shall keep it unto life eternal." Yet in the realm of the Higher Law we believe that there is no profounder truth than that implied in these declarations. He who places higher value on personal ease and the gratification of the sensuous life than upon the demands and needs of those who are under the wheel and are vainly crying for justice, he who elects to attain power, fame, gold, position or worldly success rather than be loyal to the high demands of the moral order—the divine ideal of truth, justice and human brotherhood for which Jesus stood, will shrivel, dwarf and imperil his spiritual being or higher nature while living this little moth-like or adder-like existence, which at best is fleeting as the passing days; and when



Ryan Walker, in Brockton (Mass.) *Enterprise*.

THE ACCIDENT OF BIRTH.



Ryan Walker, in *New York Times*.

"THE ANNEXER'LL GIT YOU EF YOU DON'T WATCH OUT."

the august summons comes, he leaves behind him no "trailing clouds of glory," no benignant influence, fair as the parting smile of a summer day. He goes, and is forever forgotten, unless he leaves behind an immortality of infamy. He has allowed the sordid and the selfish to choke the divine and the enduring. He has sought to save and gratify the fleeting whims of his little physical being at the expense of his real or soul-life. He has been untrue to the eternal fundamental law of solidarity, and he has lost where he might have splendidly won.

Yet it is not altogether strange that so few of our young men and women respond to the bugle-call from the heights, for church, home and school have concerned themselves far too little with the inculcation of fundamental morality and the development of the passion for justice, truth and the rights of others, or the maturing of full-orbed character, while a thousand influences are conspiring to lure the young from the heights, a thousand voices plead with them to shun

the rugged peaks that seem to promise so little and that demand so many sacrifices at the outset. A thousand voices cry, "Conform!" and in this chorus too often are heard the voices of church, of home and of school. The glory-bathed peaks of the eternal ever glisten far above the struggling millions in the broad valleys and the few who essay the toilsome paths up the slopes. Moreover, the way is steep. It is strewn with shards and fringed with brambles; while below are the broad and fruitful plains, laden with food and rich in glittering baubles for those who in the mad race thither first win entrance and who possess the strength to hold and further acquire. Yet the victories of the world on the moral plane, which contribute to permanent civilization, the happiness, prosperity and elevation of the race, have been won by the few who have chosen the upward path, who have placed the cause of all or the cause of justice, truth and brotherhood above all other considerations, and who, turning a deaf ear to



Ryan Walker, in New York Times.

LITTLE SAMMY—"Please, Mr. Santa, you are leaving me a lot of presents I do n't want."

the sophistries of sordid, selfish and sensuous influences, have fastened their eyes on the ideal and have bowed unquestioningly to duty's august demands, even though knowing that the path led to the prison and the hemlock, to Calvary or the stake, to confiscation of property, the impoverishment of the loved ones, imprisonment and death. The immortal ones to whom the world owes her greatest debt have been the chosen few who have followed the ideal, reckless of thought of self.

When Eliot, Hampden and Pym made their splendid stand for human rights and the liberty of future generations they knew full well that the probabilities

were that the Tower and dishonorable death lay before them; yet they faltered not, and through their superb courage, their power and their inspiring examples they won priceless blessings and helped to lay broad and deep the foundation principles of popular government.

It was this spirit of loyalty to the Higher Law that led Patrick Henry to utter those words that thrill us even to-day—words which imperilled his life, yet which were the source of unfailing inspiration to the struggling patriots in the darkest hours that preceded the foundation of our nation. It was loyalty to the cause of freedom that compelled Thomas Jefferson to write his *Summary View*,

extremely poor; he had no social position or business prestige; but he had moral enthusiasm and strength of conviction, and he had made the great renunciation—the renunciation of all that was alluring for his physical being that life held, in order to be absolutely true to the moral ideal that claimed him as its apostle. And therefore the obscure young man who had consecrated his life to a great cause became one of the mightiest moral forces of the New World.

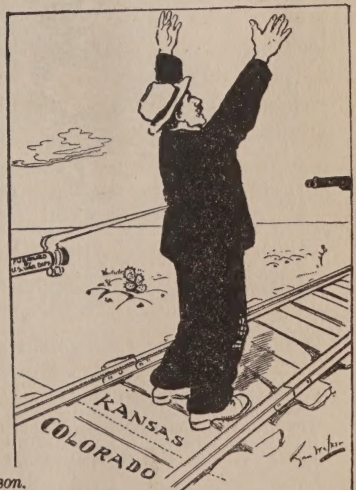
To-day America calls as she has called but twice before in her history for the union of brain and heart under the mastership of the moral ideals that are the bed-rock of justice,—for young men and women who shall consecrate life's richest gifts and sacrifice all if need be for the advancement of the ideal of human brotherhood and for the furtherance of the basic principle of free institutions—equality of opportunities and of rights for all. We are in the midst of a period of unparalleled reaction from the ideals and principles that made the republic the ethical leader among the nations of earth—the greatest of all moral powers in the world. On every side we are hearing to-day precisely the same sophistries as those advanced by the apologists for



Ryan Walker, in *Nashville American*.

LITTLE SAMMY—"Dadburn! You not only slide down on my sled, but you make me pull you up hill again."

King George III. and his despotic acts, that were vigorously combatted by Jefferson, Adams, Franklin, Henry, Hancock and other leaders of the Revolution, and on every hand we see the interests of classes placed above the interests of the people. Just legislation is thwarted or emasculated when it runs counter to the



Ryan Walker, in *Girard (Kan.) Appeal to Reason*.

A COLORADO MONSTER.

"TO HELL WITH THE CONSTITUTION."

DEPORTED.

A SOCIALISTIC VIEW OF THE COLORADO SITUATION.

interests of the immensely powerful trusts, corporations or predatory bands. Even laws which are enacted for the protection and relief of the people are evaded with impunity. Political parties have become the slaves of partisan machines controlled by unscrupulous bosses, who in turn are subservient to the corporations, the great trust-magnates and the Wall-street gamblers. On every side sordid wealth and materialistic commercialism are arrogantly setting aside and sneering at the fundamental demands of democracy and the inherent rights of the people. The present, therefore, calls for men of strong moral fiber to do yeoman's service for the cause of pure democracy. It demands the consecration of heart and brain, of body and soul, to the highest interests of justice and human rights. Happily on every hand young men are again coming to the front, brave, fearless and loyal. True, their number as yet is small, but the need and the growing



Ryan Walker, in *Fairy Stories from Real Life*.

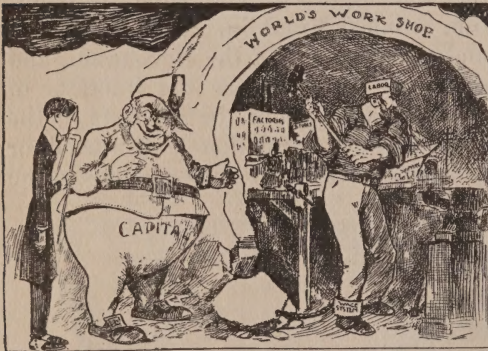
CAPITAL—"Yes, my son, our giant is angry. He does not like the whip I have been whipping him with. He is going to strike."

"But do n't be alarmed. All I have to do is to change myself into a federal judge, and hand this piece of paper to him, and if he should n't get right down on his knees the taxpayers will furnish us with soldiers to shoot him."

appreciation of that need will, we believe, cause a steady augmentation in their numbers.

II. A CARTOONIST DOMINATED BY MORAL IDEALS.

Among those who are thus pledged to the cause of Democracy are to be found men of letters, artists, journalists and statesmen, and it will be the purpose of THE ARENA to present from time to time pen-pictures of these men of our new age. In this paper we desire to notice the career or rather the work of one of America's popular newspaper cartoonists who belongs to those who place principle above policy and whose passion for human rights and the social and economic emancipation of the wage-workers of the world is an overmastering influence in life.



Ryan Walker, in *Fairy Stories from Real Life*.

"Yes," said the Ogre to his son, "I have a most wonderful magician in that shop there. He produces everything that the heart can desire and the brain imagine. Then I take all he produces and sell it, and, as the beautiful picture will show, I divide this wealth with him. Being a very shrewd Ogre, my son, I manage to get his share also."

"Now, my son, it's your business to keep this wonderful producer working for you when I die."

"But suppose he won't work," said the son.

"Oh, get out one of those United States injunctions and make him," smiled the Ogre.

Ryan Walker, like the late Thomas Nast, like Dan. Beard and Homer Davenport, is never so strong as when exposing some crime against society or some wrong against human rights. Everything that smacks of injustice or despotism, or corruption or reaction, is his legitimate prey; and though his pictures (largely because he draws so much and is taxed to the limit of his powers) are valuable for their thought-compelling power rather than for their artistic execution, frequently being little more than outline drawings, they possess that moral quality which made the poetry of Whittier so powerful during the anti-slavery crusade. Whittier's meter was often deplorably lame, but his poems were instinct with that moral enthusiasm and noble purpose which speak to the



Ryan Walker, in *Fairy Stories from Real Life*.

Once the Ogre and his son were in a great forest. The son said: "How wild and desolate it is here."

But the Ogre said: "Never fear, my son. I have my wand, and our Slave will change this forest into cultivated lands, teeming with crops. He will open mines for us, build great cities and factories, and make railroads for you to inherit, you who have never soiled your hands with work. Our Slave does all this for the poor board and clothes I give him."

divine in man and compel a recognition of the priority of moral excellence over selfish expediency and slothful opportunism. Had Ryan Walker the technical skill and artistic finish of the great Socialist artist and cartoonist of England, Walter Crane, he would, we think, stand without a peer among our great present-day progressive American cartoonists, for the work of few of our young men is more thought-stimulating or instinct with imaginative quality than is his.

Since his early boyhood he has been busy attempting to express the multitudinous thoughts which flood his mind, by means of the artist's pencil. When only thirteen years of age he submitted two sketches to *Judge*. The drawings



Ryan Walker, in *Fairy Stories from Real Life*.

"My son," said the modern Ogre, "with this wand, from behind yonder rock of poverty, I can produce young girls for your lust, who will sell their bodies for bread.

"Have no fear of our Giant. They are his daughters, but he can do nothing so long as I touch him with this wand."

Ryan Walker, in *Fairy Stories from Real Life*.

The Ogre's daughter drew her dainty skirts about her and said: "I do n't like to come in contact with such loathsome creatures as the workers."

Then her Papa waved his little wand and said: "Behold, my daughter, how I change these people you loathe into beautiful bargains for you to select from and to adorn your precious, perfumed person with."

were crude, but the ideas were recognized by the editors as possessing real value. Zimmerman re-drew these pictures, using one as a double-page cartoon and the other as a back page cartoon, and the young artist received a check for fifteen dollars for his ideas, while Mr. Gillam wrote him urging him to stick to cartoon work.

After completing his schooling, Mr. Walker spent much of his time in manual labor, while as occasion offered he cultivated his artistic powers. In recent years his services as a cartoonist have been more and more in demand. From early boyhood he has been profoundly interested in social and economic reform work and has been an intelligent agitator for a juster economic order. Like Charles Dickens, having personally known what poverty was, he has been

able to fully sympathize with the poor, and he has beheld with increasing apprehension the steady and alarmingly rapid increase in the acquisition and control of the sources of wealth, by privileged interests and predatory wealth. His keen vision early led him to see that class-legislation, monopoly-rights and other forms of privilege bestowed upon small classes, must inevitably result in giving to the favored few advantages not unlike those that long held the masses of wealth-creators in vassalage through the fiction of "divine-right" and the assumption of superiority advanced by hereditary aristocracies, against which

Ryan Walker, in *Fairy Stories from Real Life*.

"Labor thinks he can frighten us, and imagines he will amount to something, my beloved son in whom I am well pleased. But if you notice, this little wand will fill up any old landscape with soldiers, deputies, police and scabs in short order, who will obey my every command and become human machines."



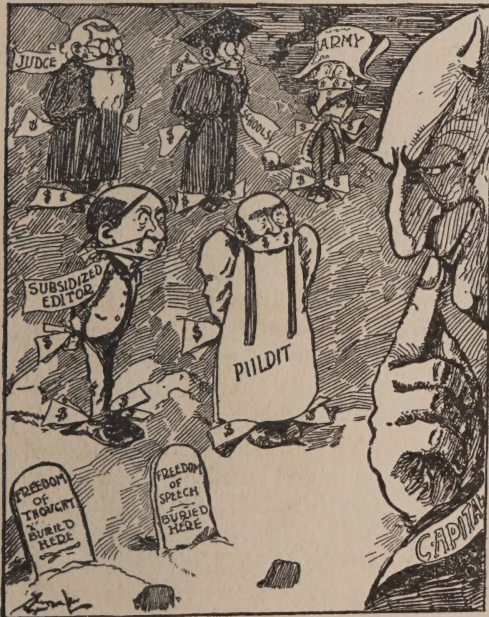
Ryan Walker, in *The Social Hell*.

I. The Vampire Judge holds court in the injunction regions of this Inferno and the word of the Trust is law. Men were sent to jail for feeding hungry women and children.



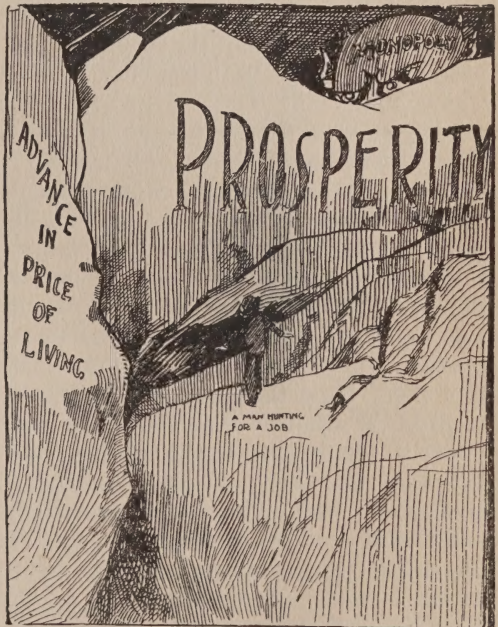
Ryan Walker, in *The Social Hell*.

II. The Farmer and the Consumer, and they who come between.



Ryan Walker, in *The Social Hell*.

III. In this Hell the Master tied the hands and feet and gagged many people who talk and write and think, and they said nothing against him because their work, which he controlled, was the means by which they lived.



Ryan Walker, in *The Social Hell*.

IV. A man out of employment went along rough ways, hunting for work. On every hand prosperity in big letters stared him in the face, but his way led over a higher and rougher road, and it was the "Advance in Living" way.

the great revolutionary epoch was a profound protest. He saw plainly that when the rich treasure-house of nature, essential to the very life of the children of earth—the land with its multitudinous mineral resources—was seized and monopolized by the few, the many were placed at a cruel disadvantage—a disadvantage that virtually amounted to a form of slavery, because they were made dependent on the few who possessed these common gifts of the common Father to His common children. He also saw that when, through legal privilege the few were enabled to control the great arterial and circulatory system in the social organism, another class of masters was formed whose power would enable them to levy unjust tribute upon the people, and that through these two privileged classes the work of monopoly could be carried on until the consuming and producing millions would be placed more and more at the mercy of the privileged few, and an aristocracy of wealth, having power equal to or greater than the feudal lords of the Middle Ages, would find expression in the New World, where under the mask of a republic privileged classes would again become the real masters of the millions.

The more he investigated our present social conditions, and the more he pondered upon the perils of democracy, the more he came to see that the cure for the evils that confronted free government was more justice and greater freedom—freedom from class-rule and the domination of privilege, the extension of government in the interests of all the people and under a purely democratic *régime*. He felt that the key-note of present-day civilization was union or coöperation, and that the old competitive order was as impossible for the future as it had been wasteful and war-breeding in spirit. He believed that the great question before popular government was whether the union or coöperation that was inevitable should be that of all the people for the mutual benefit, enrichment and happiness

of all, along the lines of fundamental justice and equity—a union that would result in the supplementing of political emancipation with economic emancipation, or whether the union or combination should be that of the shrewd and unscrupulous few for the mastership, exploitation and spoliation of the millions. On this point he recently said:

“My aim, hope and life-work is the betterment of my brother man. Nothing else counts. I believe the present economic system is cruel, unjust and essentially wrong, and wrong is wrong, no matter how it may be disguised; and I believe that the wrong is to be combatted whenever and wherever it is found. I am a Socialist because I believe that Socialism will lead to the development of the greater self, to the out-blossoming of all that is finest and highest in the individual life, and that it will secure for all the people a measure of prosperity, happiness and freedom to grow and enjoy that to-day is the heritage of but a few. I have been actively interested in social agitation since I was a boy, and I shall continue to battle as long as I live.”

Now in those words, we think, is found the key-note of the character of Ryan Walker. He belongs to that small band who in every age have furthered civilization because they have placed the cause above all thought of self.

Mr. Walker is, we believe, the only Socialist among the American cartoonists. Much of his work, however, appears in Republican and Democratic papers. His most finished drawings have appeared in *Life*, *St. Nicholas* and *The Bookman*, among weekly and monthly publications, and he has contributed numerous drawings to such great dailies as the *New York Times*, the *New York Mail and Express*, the *New York Commercial Advertiser*, the *Kansas City Times*, the *St. Louis Republic* and the *Boston Globe*. He also contributes a great number of cartoons to the International Newspaper Syndicate of Baltimore and to the Newspaper



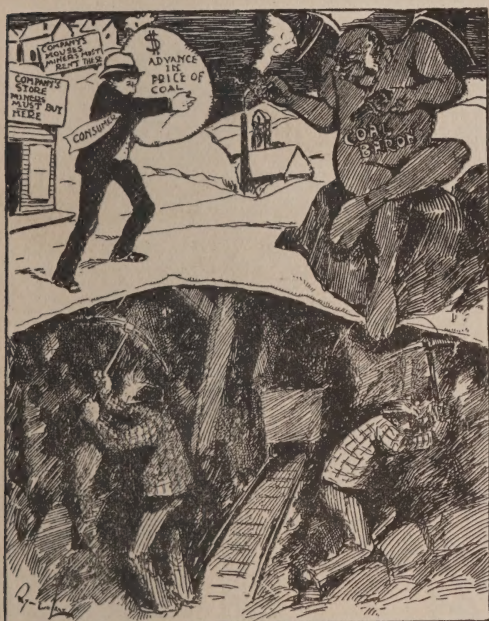
Ryan Walker, in *The Social Hell*.

V. In this Social Hell men, women and children were forced for their bread into occupations that meant their death, miserably.



Ryan Walker, in *The Social Hell*.

VI. Outlined on a background of stygian black, I beheld and understood the Perils of a Working Girl.



Ryan Walker, in *The Social Hell*.

VII. In the bowels of the earth, men toiled for the Coal Demon, and the little he paid them they gave back to him for provisions and clothes and house-rent. He made the consumer bring him vast quantities of Money for the coal these men produced. It never occurs to the miner and the consumer that they (society) should own the coal mines.



Ryan Walker, in *The Social Hell*.

VIII. There was fuel for the use of all the world, and the helpless and the poor froze. There were provisions enough for all—and the poor starved. There were houses enough for all, and the poor lived in hovels or in tenements.

Ryan Walker, in *The Social Hell*.

IX. In this dismal hell was another part, more dismal than all the rest. Rich men who had old and horrible houses rented them as tenements. In these houses the great demon, Want, had his Sweat-Shops, where hungry Labor toiled for a starving pittance, making goods for Bargain Sales, making goods for Exclusive Stores, where my Lady goes to buy. Disease and Woe went forth with every garment.

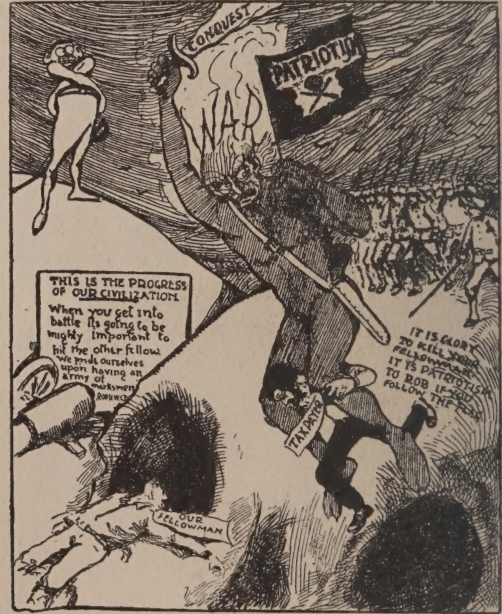
Enterprise Association of Cleveland. It is, however, among the Socialist papers that one finds his most telling cartoons. He has contributed largely as a labor of love to many of these papers.

III. CARTOONS THAT UNMASK DESPOTISM AND INJUSTICE.

Despotism and injustice the world over are favorite subjects for Mr. Walker. He exposes in a striking manner the essential absurdity and criminality of the "divine-right" idea and the idea that dollars or might make right. Among his cartoons relating to Russian despotism is one, recently published, that in a few lines carries a great thought home to the mind—a picture that is one of those silent but potent forces that undermine thrones and overthrow hoary wrongs. It represents the Czar, the weak, arrogant autocrat of Russia, whose hands have recently been stained with the blood

of innocent and starving men, women and children. He is seated in comfort before a glowing fire, while underneath is another picture showing a vast plain of desolation wrapped in a shroud of snow. A flag indicates the place as Port Arthur. In the foreground is seen the skeleton of a Russian soldier, one of the tens of thousands slain through the criminal rapacity of the Russian autocracy. Underneath the cartoon appear the words: "The Accident of Birth."

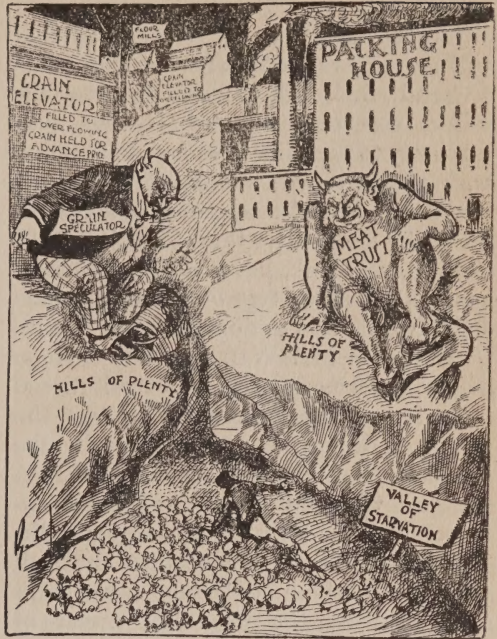
A few years ago, when the Russian church sought to weaken Tolstoi's influence by excommunicating him, it was rumored that the Czar had determined to banish the great writer. At that time Mr. Walker drew a striking cartoon representing Tolstoi as a sower, scattering broadcast the seeds of liberty, and calling upon himself the venom of the despotic church and the equally despotic government. These pictures are typical of our artist's methods in handling world-themes.

Ryan Walker, in *The Social Hell*.

X. Then Taxpayer came by with hideous War on his shoulders. The demon waved the flag of "Patriotism" and the sword of Conquest, and mankind formed vast armies, and followed and slew one another. The greater the murder done, the greater the general who claimed the glory.

In the *New York Times* have appeared some of his best cartoons. Two of these we give in this issue, one entitled "The Annexer'll Git You ef You Do n't Watch Out," and the other representing the Republican party in the rôle of Santa Claus, to the great distress of Little Sammy.

An exceptionally excellent cartoon appeared in *The Comrade* and was suggested by a newspaper item announcing that at the last quarterly dividend of the Standard Oil Company, John D. Rockefeller's share was \$8,000,000. This cartoon is entitled "The Slave of the Lamp, a Very Modern Version of an Old Story," and shows in striking symbolism how the people of the United States are being bled of their wealth to swell the overflowing coffers of the few men who have by various means—not unfrequently by force and fraud—acquired a practical monopoly of God's great gift to all the people, but which in the hands of these few has been used to extort immense sums from the people and to debauch the public servants.



Ryan Walker, in *The Social Hell*.

XII. On every hand were great granaries filled with grain, great packing-houses filled with meat, and great mills filled with flour, and in the Valley of Starvation lay the rotting skulls of the multitude.



Ryan Walker, in *The Social Hell*.

XI. In this Social Hell was a great juggler—employed by the Master of the place. It was his duty to entertain and delude Labor, while Capital stole away Labor's rights and what he produced.

Another excellent cartoon was suggested by Mr. Roosevelt's solicitude about race-suicide. In it the President suddenly encounters the Grand Old Party, with her numerous brood of trusts. It is entitled "No Race-Suicide Here."

In a recent number of the *Nashville American* appeared an admirable cartoon representing Uncle Sam as a little boy, compelled to drag his sled, on which is seated the ponderous bulk of the Trusts, up the hill of High Cost of Living. Underneath appears these words, uttered by Little Sammy: "Dadburn! You not only slide down on my sled, but you make me pull you up hill again."

The Colorado outrages, under the Peabody-Bell régime, called forth some of Mr. Walker's most powerful cartoons in outline drawing. No more flagrant outrages, in our judgment, have been perpetrated against the constitutional rights of individuals or the fundamental principles of free government than were

certain acts for which the governor and adjutant-general were responsible. It will be remembered that when Adjutant-General Bell, whose brutality to the toilers was only equaled by his subserviency to the Mine Owners' Association was charged with committing unconstitutional acts, he profanely exclaimed: "To h—— with the Constitution!" Seldom, we think, has a cartoonist better symbolized the type of man which Bell's words and actions indicate him to be than has Mr. Walker in his cartoon of Bell. Among the unconstitutional acts, it will be remembered, was the virtual breaking up of the court by the soldiers, the wholesale arrest of men charged with no crime, and their incarceration for weeks and months without the semblance of a trial in the Bull Pen. And these outrages were supplemented by the wholesale arrest of innocent persons, charged with no crime whatever, but who were forcibly taken from their homes to the borders of the state and forbidden to return, the soldiers carrying guns furnished by the United States government. The picture of an American citizen, charged with no crime, thus deported at the point of the bayonet, forms the subject of another admirable

cartoon by Ryan Walker which is well calculated to arouse the industrial millions of America to the peril of the present capitalistic aggression.

The most effective of all Mr. Walker's Socialistic and reform propaganda cartoons are two series, one entitled "Fairy Stories from Real Life," and the other depicting scenes in "The Social Hell" of the present day. We reproduce six of the "Fairy Stories from Real Life," with foot-notes descriptive of each picture. They are cartoons that are well calculated to make the slowest-thinking of our people awaken to the palpable iniquity and inequity of our present-day economic system.

In his "Shadows of the Social Hell" our author describes in a series of striking pictures the most vivid impressions of scenes which were borne in upon his consciousness as he journeyed through civilization's inferno. We give our readers twelve miniature reproductions of these cartoons, with explanatory foot-notes.

Such are some of the typical examples of the work of this young cartoonist, who as yet is only approaching the threshold of manhood's prime.

B. O. FLOWER.

Boston, Mass.

THE SECOND GREAT STRUGGLE BETWEEN AUTOCRACY AND DEMOCRACY IN THE REPUBLIC.

By E. P. POWELL,

Author of Nullification and Secession in the United States, Our Heredity from God, etc.

THE SECOND struggle to deprive the common people of control over their own affairs began immediately after the war of 1812-14. The close of that war found New England transformed, from being almost entirely agricultural, into a community of manufactures. The people had run their mills and filled their stores with products on war-prices; and if foreign competition were suddenly let

in, they would be undersold. Their cry for help filled the land. The response was generous. The Southern and Middle States agreed to a tariff that should bar out foreign competition and retain the home-market at higher prices than would otherwise prevail. This was the real beginning of protection as an American working principle. It was nowhere recognized as a permanent affair, but as a

temporary measure, to build up or to sustain young industries. Calhoun said that, although it would injure his section of the country, he believed that his constituents would cheerfully endure some losses for their New England brethren. Randolph's voice was almost alone in unyielding opposition. He said: "I will never agree to lay a duty on the cultivators of the soil to encourage manufactures." He insisted that any such measure as was proposed would create a lobby at Washington that would grow more and more powerful as the country grew older. There was a tinge of protection in the tariff of 1789, and Madison had strongly opposed it. Yet even Gallatin and Madison waived their objections, holding that a very limited protection might be allowed as a war measure and to cover industries in their infancy. Contrary to public opinion, Clay was very moderate in his advocacy of the principle of protection.

But the tariff of 1816 totally failed of doing for New England what was expected. On the contrary, it led into manufacturing a horde of those who sought its fostering aid; and for that purpose forsook the other industries. The percentage of agriculturists went down from ninety-six per cent. to seventy per cent. of the population; wages of farm-laborers went up enormously; thousands forsook their farms; and a glut of all sorts of manufactures filled the markets. The remedy proposed and demanded of Congress was a higher tariff. The apostle of protection, Carey, declared that the United States was a hundred years behind Russia; for the latter country positively prohibited, under penalty of confiscation, all articles that her own people could manufacture. He forgot to add that China did still better, for she refused all trade with all outsiders. In 1820 the passage of a higher tariff failed by a very small majority. Great business prosperity followed. The people began to go back to their farms. But in 1824 protection was baptized as

the American System; and Henry Clay announced that in his opinion Napoleon was right and Jefferson was wrong. A higher tariff was enacted, and capital at once followed the same route as in 1816. Another glut of over-production shut half the mills. Urged on by a powerful lobby, in 1828 Congress raised the duty on raw wool to thirty-five per cent.; while all wool costing anywhere from ten to forty cents per pound was to be rated as costing forty. Agriculture was not only growing poorer, and capital investing more and more heavily in manufacturing, but it was drifting, by a law of political economy into fewer hands. A purely economic question had become an intensely political question. The country divided over the question of tariff. Political conventions took up the rôle of constructing tariff schedules. The irritation and indignation of agricultural States was growing in intensity. Governor McDuffie, of South Carolina, declared that two-thirds of Congress was actuated by motives that had their origin from the lobby.

Then began an agitation that produced a terrific upheaval; which even came near severing the Union. Several of the States declared the tariff laws unconstitutional. South Carolina and Georgia threatened to forbid the enforcement of the recent acts within their limits. South Carolina went farther than threatening, and declared that Congress was enacting laws for local interests and not for the United States, and that such laws, being unconstitutional, were not binding upon the States—that the true remedy was nullification. Although no other State would go as far as South Carolina, yet the crisis was dangerous in the extreme. The South Carolina *Circular* said: "If we do not at once seize on the strong ground of principle, with the determination never to quit it, our cause is lost. Protection was never meant to become a permanent tax on the consumer, but to give a start to a new undertaking for a few years. Are our domestic

manufactures to continue in perpetual infancy? *Our national pact is broken.*" It was asked: "Are we to exist in the Union merely as an object of taxation? What is to be the end of the American System?" The nullification ordinance said: "Congress, exceeding its just power to impose taxes and collect revenue, which the Constitution of the United States authorizes, has raised and collected unnecessary revenue, for objects unauthorized by the Constitution." An appeal was issued to the people of the United States, urging that: "Almost the entire cotton crop of South Carolina is ultimately exchanged for foreign manufactures, subject to protecting duties. The natural value of that crop would be all the manufactures which we could obtain for it, under a system of unrestricted commerce. The artificial value, produced by unconstitutional legislation, leaves us only such part of those manufactures as remains after paying a duty of fifty per cent. . . . We appeal to your candor and to your sense of justice, to say whether South Carolina has not a title as sacred to the full enjoyment of her productions as New Jersey can have to the like enjoyment of productions acquired by the process of manufactures. Yet a duty, on an average of fifty per cent., is imposed upon the productions of South Carolina; while no duty at all is imposed on the similar productions of New Jersey."

The action of South Carolina had turned the discussion from the right of Congress to enact legislation obnoxious to the interests of agriculture, to the right of a state to refuse to obey such legislation. Here the parties shifted ground. Those who protested had now become the aggressors, and the centralizers began immediately to pose as defenders of the Union. President Jackson, who was a Democrat in name but an autocrat in temperament and measures, immediately threatened war on the aggrieved nullifiers. His hate for Calhoun was suspected to intensify his bitterness towards the friends

of that statesman. Calhoun, one of the purest and ablest men America had produced—a boon friend of John Quincy Adams—had become a special object of virulent hatred, owing to his opposition to the "Kitchen Cabinet" of the President and his refusal to endorse an administration scandal. Jackson hastened to collect troops, and ordered General Scott into South Carolina. Suddenly, without consulting either party, Clay rose in the Senate and offered a compromise bill. This bill proposed to reduce the rate of duties "to that revenue standard for which our opponents have so long contended." Charged with deserting his own principles, he replied that protection had been fairly tested as an economic principle, and was productive only of instability. "Before one schedule was fairly in operation another was demanded." He said: "I think South Carolina has been rash and greatly in the wrong; but I do not wish to disgrace her, or any other member of this Union. As I stand before my God, I have looked beyond party and regarded only the vast interests of the *united people*." He coolly gave up the whole principle of protection, and propounded a scaling down of all duties to reach the old twenty per cent. or revenue basis. His friends pleaded with him not to throw away his chance for the Presidency. He replied, in letters that shine on the pages of American history: "I would rather be right than be President." Calhoun responded in a noble speech, saying that he was as willing as ever to lend a hand to any section of the country; but he would not assent to the establishment of a principle that robbed the whole people of an equal right to secure the results of their labor. The action of Mr. Clay did not settle the constitutional question of the right of Congress to tax one industry for the benefit of another, but it closed the contest between the government and the people—and the people came out ahead.

Meanwhile Edward Livingston, Sec-

retary of State, and one of the ablest men this nation has produced at any era, issued, in Jackson's name, a proclamation to the people of South Carolina. This is probably the ablest document ever issued from our State Department. It settled forever so far as logic could settle it, the relation of the states to the general government, and the right to nullify or secede. He said: "I consider the power to annul a law of the United States, assumed by one state, is incompatible with the existence of the Union, contradicted expressly by the letter of the Constitution, unauthorized by its spirit, inconsistent with every principle on which it was founded, and destructive of the great object for which it was formed." It is not within the purport of this article to discuss the nullification or secession question.* What we wish to consider is the struggle of the people with the tendency to centralize power and to enact laws obnoxious to large sections of the country, or to special industries. Congress flatly backed down, and the people were reunited. For the next twenty years business prosperity was better balanced between the lines of industry, so that in 1850 we may say that the balance of industry was almost complete. Agricultural products were ten per cent. ahead of manufactures; while our commercial marine had a tonnage of 5,300,000 tons against an English tonnage of 5,700,000 tons.

Yet the central question—that of democracy *versus* aristocracy—gained

* I have done this fully in my *History of Nullification and Secession in the United States*, where will be found all the documents to which I have referred.

nothing more than a temporary victory. Jackson's administration was Jackson's reign. He established personal power, in some directions monarchical. He dictated his successor as arbitrarily as he settled the question of a national bank. Power was concentrated at the White House as it never before had been. The "Kitchen Cabinet" ruled like the Doges of Venice—in secret. Amos Kendall was the power behind the throne. This man is unique in American history. Miss Martineau tells us that he rarely showed himself in public. He fitted nicely to Jackson's character. Judge Taney was also discovered by Jackson; and for the first time the Supreme Court was packed to do the behest of the Executive. Van Buren was another truculent servant, although intellectually superior to his master.

As we study this period, we are satisfied to recognize the fact that autocracy did not gain one inch of ground relatively to the will of the people. Could Hamilton have come to life he might have repeated, with slight modification, his toast,—"The People—it is an unconquerable Beast." A lover of republican liberty would have been convinced that the people never can be conquered. Gallatin said wisely, that we could "rest on the people as a full security against every endeavor to destroy our republic." In the words of Disraeli:

"The People, Sir! are not always right!

"The People! Mr. Gray, are seldom wrong!"

E. P. POWELL.

Clinton, N. Y.

THE FIRST GREAT ARBITRATION TREATY.

BY EDWIN MAXEY, M.Dip., LL.D.,

Of the Law Department of the University of West Virginia.

THE TREATY of Washington marks an epoch in the history of arbitration and a new era in Anglo-American relations. The oppressions leading up to the Revolution and the bitterness of that struggle produced a very natural and widespread hatred of England by the colonists. This feeling was too deep-rooted to be entirely wiped out by the liberal terms of peace contained in the treaty recognizing our independence. The liberality had come too late to produce its fullest effect. Furthermore, its beneficent effects were soon destroyed by the overbearing, pig-headed policy which resulted in the war of 1812. The bitterness engendered by this war had not entirely given way to a consciousness of our common interests when the Civil war broke out. The unfriendly attitude of the British government toward the United States during that critical period in our national history caused a revival of the old feeling and came near resulting in a clash of arms. Had not a policy of conciliation been adopted by the statesmen in control of both governments, it is difficult to see how the calamity of another war could long have been postponed.

But such strained relations between two great people whom nature intended should be friends was clearly contrary to the best interests of both. The logic of a policy of conciliation was so overpowering that the passions of the hour were compelled to give way to it. The practical instincts of the Anglo-Saxon race are such that in a conflict between interests and passions the former generally triumph.

The initiative toward a settlement of all differences was taken by Great Britain, and properly so for by this time (1870) the majority of her people, the Queen and her ministers had come to recognize the fact that the United States

had a just cause of complaint. I say *all* differences, for although the most pressing were those growing out of the assistance rendered by England to the Confederacy during the Civil war, there were others which were as old as the American nation itself. It was decided that in order to reach a complete and perfect understanding and thus remove in so far as possible all barriers to a firm and enduring peace between the two nations, the best method of procedure was by way of a Joint High Commission to meet in conference at Washington and discuss freely and frankly all matters of difference with a view to reaching the desired understanding.

The Commission was made up of some of the ablest men of both nations, for England had learned by this time that in diplomacy the Americans were not to be matched by third-rate men. The Americans were represented by Hamilton Fish, Robert C. Schenck, Samuel Nelson, Ebenezer Rockwood Hoar and George H. Williams; the English by Earl Grey, Stafford Northcote, Sir Edward Thornton, Sir John MacDonald and Professor Montague Bernard. In looking over these names it will be noted that the American list includes eminent representatives of the diplomatic service, the bench, the bar and the Congress of the United States; while in the English list are found the names of the President of the Queen's Council, an ex-Minister and member of the House of Commons; the British Minister at Washington; the Premier of Canada; and a representative of the Universities. It would be difficult to find an international conference composed of a more truly representative body of men. Great as was the task, the ability and strength of character of the Commission was even greater. A peaceful settlement was therefore assured

from the very time of the appointment of the Commission. By May 8, 1871, they had agreed upon a treaty which was promptly ratified by their respective governments. The matters for which a settlement was provided by the treaty were: The claims growing out of the acts committed by the Confederate cruisers fitted out, armed and equipped in the ports of Great Britain; other claims for injuries by either government to the citizens of the other during the Civil war; the Atlantic coast fisheries; navigation of certain rivers, including the St. Lawrence, canals and Lake Michigan; the boundary between Vancouver Island and the mainland of the United States.

My discussion of the treaty and its results will deal principally with the settlement of the Alabama Claims, partly because it was the most urgent matter which came before the Commission and partly because the advanced principles of international law enunciated in it constitute a distinct advance in the development of the law of neutral rights and duties. For as the United States and Great Britain specifically agreed to be bound by them in the future and to bring them to the attention of other Maritime Powers and invite them to accede to them, their effect has been and will continue to be most potent.

Article I. of the treaty is as follows:

"Whereas differences have arisen between the Government of the United States and the Government of Her Britannic Majesty and still exist, growing out of the acts committed by the several vessels which have given rise to the claims; and whereas Her Britannic Majesty has authorized her High Commissioners and Plenipotentiaries to express, in a friendly spirit, the regret felt by Her Majesty's Government for the escape, under whatever circumstances, of the Alabama and other vessels from British ports, and for the depredations committed by these vessels: Now in order to remove and adjust all complaints and claims on the part of the United States, and to provide for the speedy settlement

of such claims, which are not admitted by Her Britannic Majesty's Government, the High Contracting Parties agree that all the said claims, growing out of acts committed by the said vessels and generically known as the 'Alabama Claims,' shall be referred to a Tribunal of Arbitrators, to be appointed in the following manner: One shall be named by the President of the United States; one by Her Britannic Majesty; His Majesty the King of Italy, shall be requested to name one; the President of the Swiss Confederation shall be requested to name one; and His Majesty, the Emperor of Brazil, shall be requested to name one."

Vacancies on the tribunal were to be filled by the original appointing power, but in case of their failure to act within two months, the King of Sweden was to be requested to make appointments to fill such vacancy or vacancies, as the case might be. In accordance with this article the King of Italy appointed Count Fredric Sclopis; the President of Switzerland, Mr. Jacob Staempfli; the Emperor of Brazil, the Viscount Itazuba; the Queen of England, Sir Alexander Cockburn; and the President of the United States, Mr. Charles Francis Adams. Count Sclopis was made president of the board, and Geneva was chosen as the place of meeting. There was a peculiar appropriateness in this choice of place, as it is the capital of the State least entangled in the meshes of European politics. In other words it is *par excellence* the land of neutrality.

Article II. of the treaty laid down the following rules, which together with the "principles of international law not inconsistent therewith," were to be applied and to govern the arbitrators in the decision of the case: "A neutral Government is bound—First, to use due diligence to prevent the fitting out, arming or equipping, within its jurisdiction, of any vessel which it has reasonable ground to believe is intended to cruise or to carry on war against a power with which it is at peace; and also to use like diligence to

prevent the departure from its jurisdiction of any vessel intended to cruise or to carry on war as above, such vessel having been specially adapted in whole or in part, within such jurisdiction, to warlike use. Secondly, not to permit or suffer either belligerent to make use of its ports or waters as the base of naval operations against the other, or for the purpose of the renewal or augmentation of military supplies or arms, or the recruitment of men. Thirdly, to exercise due diligence in its own ports and waters, and, as to all persons within its jurisdiction, to prevent any violation of the foregoing obligations and duties."

With these instructions it is difficult to see how the jury could do otherwise than find for the plaintiff. And this they did. The character of the decision is therefore due quite as much to the diplomatic victory won by the framers of the treaty at Washington as to the devotion to legal duty manifested by the jury at Geneva. The award was a lump sum of \$15,500,000 in full satisfaction of all claims generically known as the "Alabama Claims," this money to be divided by the Government of the United States in such manner as it should see fit. Sir Alexander Cockburn was the only dissenting arbitrator.

The other claims by the citizens of either State against the government of the other were referred to a commission of three, one to be appointed by the President of the United States, one by Her Britannic Majesty and the third to be chosen by them acting conjointly, and in case of their failure to agree within a period of three months the appointment to be made by the Spanish Minister at Washington. A similar provision was made for the settlement of the fisheries question.

The free navigation of the rivers St. Lawrence, Yukon, Stikine and Porcupine, and of the Welland, St. Clair Flats, St. Lawrence and other canals by the citizens of both countries, subject only to such laws and regulations of either country within its own territory as are

not inconsistent with the privilege of free navigation, was provided for in Articles XXVI. and XXVII. of the treaty. Article XXVIII. provided for the free navigation of Lake Michigan by subjects of Her Britannic Majesty for the period of ten years and "further until the expiration of two years after either of the High Contracting Parties shall have given notice to the other of its wish to terminate the same."

By Article XXXIV. the Emperor of Germany was made arbitrator for the purpose of determining whether the boundary line between Vancouver Island and the United States should be run through the Rosario Straits, as claimed by Great Britain, or through the Canal de Haro, as claimed by the United States. The securing of the submission of this question to arbitration was equivalent to a decision in favor of the United States, as no tribunal could, under the treaty of 1846, decide otherwise than in her favor.

Thus by peaceful diplomacy all outstanding questions, some of which were a severe strain upon the friendly relations between the two nations, were settled in a way sufficiently favorable and entirely creditable to the United States. So firm and universal has been the conviction in the wisdom of the treaty that during the lapse of three decades there has been no revival of any of the controversies settled by it. To such an extent did it remove the cause of friction between the two nations and thus pave the way for a good understanding between them that under its cementing influence they have for a generation drawn closer and closer together, so that notwithstanding the absence of any formal alliance, there can scarcely be found two nations between whom there is a firmer *entente cordiale*. Such has been its strength that not even the belligerent message of President Cleveland could cause more than a temporary ruffle in the smooth current of their relations.

But not only have the parties to the treaty been sharers in its beneficent results, others as well have reaped sub-

stantial benefits from it; for it cannot be doubted for one moment that the extent to which it made use of arbitration as a means of settling international controversies makes it a precedent, the salutary influence of which has enriched all nations. True there are some nations that have not profited as they should by the example, as the blood and treasure now being poured out in the Orient amply testify, but the fact that it did not accomplish all things should not blind us to the fact that it did accomplish some things, and that those some things are of such a character that they will

always be a credit to the framers of the treaty.

In view of all the facts, I am inclined to think that Caleb Cushing, who was probably more familiar with the treaty than any one else save its framers, was correct in saying that it "has already attained the dignity of a monumental act in the estimation of mankind; and is destined to occupy hereafter a lofty place in the history of the diplomacy and the international jurisprudence of Europe and America."

EDWIN MAXEY.

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IS DIVORCE A FORWARD OR A BACKWARD STEP?

BY KATE RICHARDS O'HARE.

MINISTERS' Alliances in various cities have voted that no member may officiate at a wedding where either of the contracting parties have been divorced.

There is no doubt but that these men are honest and sincere in their desire to mitigate the growing evil of divorce, but it would seem that they are working from a false premise. Sex attraction existed long before there were ministers and ministers' alliances, and it seems scarcely reasonable that the very basic principle of life will be materially affected by the resolutions of these good men.)

In Mexico, when the vast holdings of the Church were confiscated by the government, the priests found themselves not in a state of "notable prosperity." To replenish the depleted church coffers, marriage fees were raised to twenty dollars. The average peon never possessed one-twentieth of that amount at any one time in his life. Hence it is perfectly clear that the clergy placed a premium on illicit unions, and as a matter of fact the lads and lasses loved as of old. Notwithstanding that no marriage-bells rang for the poor, the

average number of new homes was established and the birth-rate showed no diminution. Race-suicide is not yet fashionable in Mexico. If Love laughs at locksmiths, it is doubtful if he be duly impressed when ministers frown. Hoary heads have long sought to subdue the little god, but he has snapped his fingers in their faces, and the Ministers' Alliance will have no better luck.

Every right-minded man and woman is heartily in sympathy with these good gentlemen in their endeavors, but since divorce is an effect and not a cause, it would show greater wisdom on the part of these followers of the Nazarene if they would seek the cause of divorce, and possibly in the cause they might find the hand of the Creator working out the plan *for* the universe.

That divorce is increasing no one denies; but may this not be accounted for by the fact that the world moves, and in moving sometimes gets out of perfect adjustment? We do not feel that we as a family are retrograding when our improved financial condition enables us to move into a new and more commodious house, but our tempers may be sorely

tried by the upheaval and it may be some months before the wheels of domestic machinery move smoothly. The whole human family is moving out of an old, outworn social, economic and theological house into a new one, and family jars are bound to result.

Time was when there were no divorces, and for a very good reason. The wife was not a wife in the modern sense of the word, but a chattel slave. In Biblical times the one-sided arrangement of a man putting away his wife simply meant that a poor slave was turned out on the highway at her master's caprice. "When knighthood was in flower" the wife, at least among the leisure classes, was still a slave; "lord and master" really meant something in the old days. As women were considered in this light and were educated, or rather miseducated, to suit their position, with every law, custom and prejudice directed toward keeping them in mental, moral and physical subjection, the reason for their not rushing into the divorce court is apparent. Not because they were better than twentieth-century women did they submit to brutal husbands, but because there was no way in which they could make their voices heard.

The world moves forward, and in moving, life and opportunities for women have completely changed. With the working man, she has passed from the position of slave to that of serf and now enjoys "freedom of contract." She goes to the public school with her brother; works behind the counter with him; has displaced him as a teacher in the public school; is admitted to the bar on terms of equality with the masculine practitioner, and in fact enters every field of endeavor that men have entered. This advent of woman into the field of affairs could have but one effect. It has broken down her feeling of inferiority to the male. She has hesitatingly tried her wings and they have sustained her, and with the knowledge of her own powers has grown up a sense of her rights, and one of her rights is the right to be happy.

We shall never know the horrors of the old slave marriages. There is no word in the Bible that tells of the heartaches of the mothers of the Jewish race; their wail is not recorded. It was not customary to note the complaint of slaves. Only the free or masters were heard in the synagogues or through the written records, and the women were neither free nor masters. It does not follow, however, that the women of that day were too happy to complain; beyond doubt the reverse was true, but the power to complain lay wholly with one side of the house.

More women apply for divorce to-day than in the fourteenth century, for they could not apply for divorce then and may do so now. Then if they protested their voices were probably muffled with a club or in the castle hold, and their daring was rebuked by the parish priest. If their masters sent them to the guest's bedchamber at night, they had no choice but to submit. At least there is no protest recorded, though we read of some women daring enough to despatch their lords in lieu of a divorce.

To-day the divorce court exists as a place where women may register their protests, and they are not slow to make use of it. That it is the best place of protest I do not for a moment claim. It is only a makeshift, and a sorry one at that; but seemingly it must be endured until society has moved into its new quarters, when the necessity for divorce will be eliminated or a less disgraceful method devised.

Growing pains are uncomfortable, but they are indications that we are attaining the stature of manhood and womanhood. The travail of birth means suffering, but it is the forerunner of the joy of motherhood, and we count that joy ample compensation. The present disorganized state of society portends the birth of a new social system, and we can but endure and labor for a quick and easy transition from the old to the new.

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Chandler, Okla.

THE BUILDING OF THE CITY BEAUTIFUL.*

BY JOAQUIN MILLER.

CHAPTER XVI.

BEHOLD, THE CITY BEAUTIFUL!

THE SUN lay molten in the sea
Of sand and all the sea was rolled
In one broad, bright intensity
Of gold and gold and gold and gold.

AS THE rosy fingers of morning reached out of heaven, laid aside nights' somber mantle from the mountain-tops and lightly touched the tawny bosom of the desert, a vision of indescribable splendor rose up from the far-off levels of boundless yellow sands to the east.

Golden sunlight and glittering yellow sands were warp and woof, and all woven into one. You could not say which was sunlight and which was sea, which was gold or golden sun.

But the miracle of it all was the forest of spires, minarets, towers, pyramids, obelisks and the like that rose, a mirage, above the levels of the desert. The cross, the crescent, the fire-worshiper's glowing signs of the rising sun, all were here in amazing magnitude; and all in gorgeous glory and harmony of form and color.

Far away they seemed, like the dim and distant outlines of some glorious New Jerusalem, or an inspired dream of a prophet of God in Israel.

"Beautiful! Beautiful! Beautiful! Oh, that is indeed my dream of the City Beautiful! Would to God it could be real!" sighed the man as he turned away his eyes a moment to rest them from the splendid sight.

"It is all real," said the priest, gently. He had come in with the sun to see what he might do to serve the stranger; for here there was no occasion for locks or closed doors, for clerks or call-boys.

"All real? That, that all real? Then you found the City of the Sun on coming to this wilderness. You surely found one of the fabled cities of gold that the daring

Spaniard searched for so persistently," said the man, as he turned again and looked upon the glorious spectacle.

"No, we built it all. We still are building; for our work is only begun."

The man threw out his hand and caught the priest desperately by the arm.

"Let me go back to the hard realities of my rocks, for I shall go mad if I see more of these splendid visions, and then after all have to waken and see them fade to nothing."

The priest sat down beside him, holding him tenderly by the hand which had been thrown out so wildly toward him.

"I assert it is all real," he said. "You see, at first, when we came and settled here where the old Toltec ruins lay, we had not progressed in science so far as we now have. Then our learned men had not emancipated themselves, and so were busy breaking the shackles; and then it took time to experiment and give full play and practice to their designs. But now they can build a city in the desert almost in a day."

The stranger looked at the priest a moment hard and steadily. A gentle and reassuring pressure of the hand was his only answer. Finally the priest said:

"If you will look toward the right of the loftiest obelisk you will see a most stately pyramid. That was the first thing built by their new process, as a sort of experiment."

The man looked, and beheld what seemed to him a pyramid more noble than that of Cheops. The priest went on:

"Of course there was nothing new in this building a pyramid out of desert sands. This was rather an acknowledgement to the Egyptians. We claim only to have restored a lost art."

"How, what?"

The man had hastily pressed the fingers of his left hand hard against his

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burning forehead; for a strange and sudden thought had pierced his brain. The priest continued:

"There must have been great inundations of sand from Sahara in the olden time. And this sand had to be disposed of. They could not continually pour it into the Nile, and so they cemented it and built the pyramids out of it,—yes, carried it up on their backs, perhaps, and there fused and cemented and melted it into shapely blocks as they desired by the use of chemicals. And so they got rid of the sand and had the shapely pyramids to look upon and perpetuate the story of the lost arts of immortal and glorious old Egypt."

By this time the man had laid his left hand on the hand of the priest which held his own. But he was too eager to listen, and to learn, to do more than this, or to even move his lips.

"But," continued the priest with enthusiasm, "our scientists have done more than restore this lost art in the building of cities. There are no beasts of burthen here as in Egypt. In freedom, where men can really follow their natural and wholesome desires, labor is free to choose its vocation and its hours. Necessity does not force a man to do the most menial work. The hardest toiler gets the best pay with us, and the pleasantest tasks the lightest pay. This naturally leads to the employment of science to make labor's tasks light and pleasant, rather than merely profitable to the employer. I spoke of the fusing of sand with chemicals. Well, now, an elevator is not a pretty thing, nor a poetical thing, nor is it quite what I mean; but if you keep in your mind the idea of an elevator, such as is used in the loading of wheat, you will have some idea of the way in which we gather up sand from the desert and carry it to the tops of our tallest edifices, and then melt it into column and spire and dome, as readily and easily as you can write your name in the sand with a walking-stick."

The man turned his face once more to

look at tower and tomb, minaret, cross, crescent, and all the numberless works before him under the glowing sun, in the buildings of the City Beautiful. With grateful heart he cried:

"And the desert shall blossom as the rose."

"The desert," said the priest, "is the place for the rose. The only real place for the rose is in the fervid sands of the desert. Warm sands above, artesian water below, and you have such roses as the world has not seen since the Garden of Eden. As for cities, we simply could not build, never could have built as we have built, but for this beautiful sea of desert sand."

"I observe that you have the symbols of all religions," said the man, meditatively, after looking once more far out and under the newly-risen sun.

"No, we have but one religion."

"Then why do I see all these various symbols?"

"These are but harmonies and traditions, histories in the air."

"Then what is this one religion, pray?"

The priest was silent for a long time, still holding to both the hands that had been thrust with eager inquiry into his. At last he said:

"I should like to coin a new word. I should like to find some fusing and melting chemical, such as they use out yonder in melting and fusing together the sands in building temples and shrines in all religions. But I am not cunning in speech. Let me say, then, that our one religion is to love truth, to love country, to do good."

"And what, then, do you worship?"

Again the good priest was a long time silent. He looked down to the floor and then up and out and far away. At last he said slowly, humbly, and hardly above his breath:

"We worship Truth, Duty, Beauty. Blend these three, this trinity, and all religions together, as they blend yonder sands, and then call it God. We worship that—God."

CHAPTER XVII.

IN HER PRESENCE AT LAST.

HE WALKED the world with bended head.
"There is no thing," he moaning said,
"That must not some day join the dead."

He sat where rolled a river deep;
A woman sat her down to weep;
A child lay in her lap asleep.

The waters touched the mother's hand.
He blessed the babe. He passed from land,
But left it laughing in the sand.

That one kind word, that one good deed,
Was as if you should plant a seed
In sand along death's sable brede.

And looking from the farther shore
He saw, where he had sat before,
A light that grew, grew more and more.

He saw a growing, glowing throng
Of happy people white and strong
With faith, and jubilant with song.

It grew and grew, this little seed
Of good sown in that day of need,
Until it touched the stars indeed!

And then the old man smiling said,
With youthful heart and lifted head,
"No good deed ever joins the dead."

"THE world is too much with us."
We must turn back to some of
the old beliefs. We can't get to heaven
on a railroad car, no matter how fast it
runs. O my preachers, this railroad
leveling of all things is terrible, mon-
strous; for it is making monsters of men,
leveling them down so that their roads
can cross over all religion into heaven.
You have explained away the parable of
the rich man down in hell.

My friend, who was this Jesus Christ?
There was but one Christ, a poor car-
penter, who said: "Sell all that thou hast
and distribute unto the poor, and come,
follow me." But you are preaching
another Christ entirely.

Several times Spain arose and turned
out the priests who had got hold of the
gold. I implore you, teach the true
Christ. Tell your splendid paymasters
that the people can rise up as easily as of
old and turn the rich people out, as the
rich priests were turned out. They can
even go out, out in the wilderness as the

Jews went out, and build new worlds, if
their taskmasters continue to oppress
them.

As the priest and the stranger ap-
proached her wide-open door under the
olive-trees, she came forward to meet
them.

The same ardent sincerity, the same
eloquence of silence on her pale and
passionless lips! Ah, how pale she was!
Her once black hair had whitened with
her beautiful face. The care, toil, en-
durance of other days had taxed her
terribly. She was now paying that tax
with her precious life. And yet, she was
so beautiful still! But it was the beauty
of the grand old battlements of Rome in
the moonlight, the majestic and mighty
ruin of Karnak on the Nile at night.

Her great, pathetic eyes looked at the
stranger as if looking out from another
world for a moment, and then she threw
her two hands out as if throwing them
across the years that had rolled between
them. The years were spanned, swept
aside, and the two were as of old.

The priest went on his way without
words. There are times, and they are
very frequent, when words are an im-
pertinence.

People here, as in other parts of the
semi-tropics, did not live in houses much.
Without a word she slowly led out and
along by the fountains and trees where
the birds sang.

There were no servants, indeed no
noise or friction of any sort anywhere.
It seemed as though he had at last found
a land on earth that had some sense of
heaven. Here it seemed as if it were one
eternal Sabbath. And right and left, up
and down the long wooded and watered
streets, people were coming and people
were going; pausing now to speak to one
another in a soft and restful fashion,
lingering to listen, turning about to catch
a last look or word, but that was all;
there was no haste, and the chattering
was all left to the birds.

Passing on and up and around through

lanes of perfumed woods, by sparkling fountains and pleasant porches, they came to the summit, or, rather, the center, where the great trout-pools bubbled and boiled up through the massive blocks and broken ruins of some prehistoric Toltec city. She paused here to rest a moment, and turned to look below. She put out her hand. He comprehended her thought.

She had indeed built a city, her City Beautiful in the desert. This, where they stood, was the hub of a wheel; in every direction ran the spokes; at the tips of the spokes and far out and around at the foot of the mountains ran a track of glass, around which cars of glass kept gliding, as spiders glide along, around and over their own little world of curious and intricate web, in silence and harmonious perfection.

"But the title-deeds to it all? The world will come this way some day, and then—"

"Ah, that I have provided for. You are a dreamer, I am a builder. You are of heaven, but I am only of earth. I bought the whole fifty leagues of desert for a small sum. And so you see I have in this, at least, lived up to the Lord's Prayer: 'Lead us not into temptation'; for no man will be tempted to try to take this land from us. I, in turn, have given all, by irrevocable will, to our people. There is not a human being here, from the priest who brought you here to the babe born within this hour, who is not a full partner in all the real interests of this city of the desert. We have no disinherited. The coming together of my people does not enrich some without toil. The landless do not pay tribute to the landlords. All are equal owners in natural and social values.

"The curse of all society is the granting of special privileges which are the survivals of the divine right of force and fraud. I determined that my city should exist for the granting and preserving of equal rights. I determined that there should be no privileges granted to the

few. We have no monopoly laws; we have no patent-rights, or copyrights, even."

"But is that just?" said the man. "Has not a man a right to his book?"

"He has a right to sell his book once, but not for a half-century. It is just, when all privileges are abolished together. Then each man invents for all and all the rest invent for him. It is a free exchange of benefits."

The man's face shone.

"I see!" he said. "The incentive to invention is the love of it; the reward is the pleasure of creating."

She arose and they walked on, his mind exalted with the new idea.

"And they are all so happy and prosperous!" he exclaimed, his mind turning back to the brown girls he had seen gathering fruit among the broad leaves as he glided down from the mountain the day before.

"So happy, so healthy, and so beautiful," she continued, as they entered a retreat where she threw herself on a lion's skin that covered a broad, silken couch. He sank at her side. He put out his hand to touch and take hers to his heart. She did not repel him. She did not take her hand away. She did not disdain his touch; but somehow her soul seemed far, far away, above him, so far above him. So much larger she seemed as he sat there in his narrow vanity and selfishness, that he left like crouching down on the floor at her feet.

How tranquilly grand she was in all her silent splendor. Time had only made her more glorious, glorious in body as in soul it seemed now, now as she sat there all aglow and flushed with the excitement of their meeting. But it was only momentary with her, this flush and glow and glory of form and face. Beauty there was, and glow and color, fervor and fire even; but it was the fire and glow of the dying sun.

The kindly old priest came back after a time to take the stranger with him. They wandered away together, and in a

quiet way he talked when requested, very earnestly of himself to the stranger, and as nearly as can be recalled as follows:

"As for being a priest, I am a priest; and yet I am not now all priest. It did not seem good to me that the people should be ignorant and dependent to the end of time. If the world is to lay aside the sword and turn to the plough-share it must be done intelligently if done permanently. Love must be in the hearts of the people as well as in the hearts of the priests. Religion must be a fact, not merely a form. The people are good, the world is beautiful, and God is love. Let the child that comes laughing down out of heaven to us, clapping its tiny hands with delight all day in the open fields, not be told that it is sinful, and that the world is wicked, and that God is angry with this beautiful world which he has made for man. No, no! God has made each child happy, and it should be forbidden that man, priest or layman, should make it unhappy. What evangelist has ever yet gone forth preaching faith in man? Not one. But man is and ever has been preaching the depravity of man. Man seems even to try to show the goodness of God by publishing his own wickedness. It is high time to stop this. You cannot make even a child good by forever forcing it to believe it is bad.

"Let man go into the desert, having faith in God as Moses had, but above all faith in man; and with the gospel of peace and good-will he can, in this age, when savage men and savage beasts have ceased to be, build such a New Jerusalem as the world has never dreamed of.

"Look at Salt Lake,—ignorant leaders, a degrading religion, the lowest of Europe for a following, one-tenth to the church, much time and hard toil to the temple; and yet the Union to-day contains no better, happier, or more prosperous people. Therefore preach that man is good, open the sea-doors and let hungry Europe come to people our deserts."

The City-Builder found himself being irresistibly drawn toward this thoughtful man. He asked him to tell how it was that he came to walk out and down from his high place and take up his home in the desert.

Very deliberately he began, after some reflection, and spoke, as nearly as can be remembered, to this effect:

"There is a sort of Free-Masonry, as it were, among men in the world of thought; a sort of common ground, common sense, in upper worlds of thought. The eminent theologian is not necessarily a more religious man than the eminent mathematician. The eminent mathematician is not of necessity a wiser man than the eminent theologian. But in this age of advancement all thinkers of all creeds or callings have a community of thought on the common ground of common-sense. And looking out and down from this, oftentimes with their gray heads laid close together, they have had their hearts torn continually at the contemplation of the misery of men. The eminent and thoughtful theologians, most especially, have deplored and continue to deplore this misery, so inseparably interwoven, in the present order of things, with falsehood practiced in the name of Jesus Christ. Now, of these eminent men of the church there are, and long have been, two distinct kinds: one the kind that pities the misery and deplores the ignorance and deceit, but at the same time sees no way out of it all, and believes that the misery and the ignorance and the deceit are inseparable, and that the best thing to do is to leave things as they are and go right along with all the falsehoods and all the forms and all the fees. The other kind of man among the eminent theologians is the one who desires to despise forms and ceremonies and shams, and to walk in the footprints of the meek and lowly Nazarene, without pay or price. Of course there is a third class, or kind of theologians, so-called, and this is, by far the most numerous.

But remember, I have been speaking of eminent men, of thinkers, not of men who enter the church as they enter the army, merely for the money and to escape that one first command of God when man was driven out of Eden, which was, 'In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread.' But as this large class weighs nothing in the world of thought, I need not speak of it again. The second kind referred to, however, is more numerous than one would at first believe. So, when I learned that an attempt was to be made somewhere in the deserts of America to found a community as an example to the world, on the plain, brief precepts, principles, example and sermons of Jesus Christ I turned my back on forms and begged to be of it. And then I wanted to help destroy gold and silver, the root of so much evil; and having long had a theory that gold and silver grow, as mosses or even as potatoes grow, I wanted time and room and place to put it to the test."

"And it is you, you who made all this gold and silver that glitters everywhere in such profusion? So much gold, and yet a waiter!"

"A waiter has simply combined some of God's elements and put them in favorable place to grow. The potato which Magellan found in Brazil was not fit to eat. Now it feeds half the world; and I can pave the whole world with gold."

"But," exclaimed the startled stranger, "this discovery will upset the whole commercial world."

"There is a God," answered his companion, gravely; "and this discovery, like the discovery of America, like the discovery of the properties of steam, electricity, all great and good things, came in its full season. The pursuit of wealth, like the ancient pursuit of war, has had its uses as well as its abuses. The world in its swift progress is fast leaving the latter far behind,—though there are still those who think the butchery of their brothers a noble pursuit and a fair expression of that

law of nature which insists on the survival of the fittest; and it may be centuries still before the dull and unthinking masses cease to regard hoarding as the highest and chiefest of pursuits. But now, since we know the secret of making gold grow in the recesses of rocks, as mosses grow on the outside, they will no longer hoard gold. And that is the death-blow to the miser and the money-lender.

"You know, when gold was first found in California, English bankers sent commissions to America, urging that silver only be made the commercial basis. So you see that we have only to find gold in such masses as we have silver, a thing still possible, even in the mountains of Russia or the Americas, to destroy it as a basis of trade. And ah, what a triumph, what a day of emancipation when we shall proclaim our discovery to the world, and Russia shall let loose her millions from the mines in the Ural; when the bravest and best men of our great land shall cease to destroy rivers and forests and come out from the Rocky Mountain caverns to the sun and the plains and—"

"And commerce shall cease?"

"Commerce, in its best estate, will begin."

"And your currency?"

"Will be honor; as it is now, in nine cases out of ten, nine dollars in ten. A merchant of long standing and stainless name only gives his name, his cheque, in payment. Is a nation less than a man? I tell you that commerce, free and open interchange between men and nations, will only begin when honor is made a basis, instead of base metal,—when this mighty nation of United States shall say to the nations of the earth, as it said to its own people in the great Civil war, Here is my honor, my promise to pay; I have done with shifting and varying values that wreck and impoverish and make miserable my people—"

"But if—?"

"There should be no such words. We have only to insist on it, to persist in it, and then how eagerly other nations

will follow! and the poet's dream, 'the federation of the world.'"

CHAPTER XVIII.

GIVE US THIS DAY OUR DAILY BREAD.

THE DAY sat by with banner furled;
His battered shield hung on the wall;
One great star walked the upper world,
All purple-robed, in Stately Hall;
Some unseen reapers gathered golden sheaves,
The skies were as the tree of life in yellow leaves.

God's poor of Hebron rested. Then
Straightway unto their presence drew
A captain with his band of men
And smote His poor, and well-nigh slew,
Saying, "Hence, ye poor! Behold, the king this
night
Comes forth with torch and dance and loud delight."

His poor, how much they cared to see!
How begged they, prone, to see, to hear!
But spake the captain angrily,
And drove them forth with sword and spear,
And shut the gate; and when the king passed
through,
These lonely poor—they knew not what to do.

Lo, then a soft-voiced stranger said:
"Come ye with me a little space.
I know where torches gold and red
Gleam down a peaceful, ample place;
Where song and perfume fill the restful air,
And men speak scarce at all. The King is there."

They passed; they sat a grass-set hill—
What king hath carpets like to this?
What king hath music like the trill
Of crickets 'mid these silences—
These perfumed silences, that rest upon
The soul like sunlight on a hill at dawn?

Behold what blessings in the air!
What benedictions in the dew!
These olives lift their arms in prayer;
They turn their leaves, God reads them through;
Yon lilies where the falling water sings
Are fairer-robed than choristers of kings.

Lift now your heads! yon golden bars
That build the porch of heaven, seas
Of silver-sailing golden stars—
Yea, these are yours, and all of these!
For yonder king hath never yet been told
Of silver seas that sail these ships of gold.

They turned, they raised their heads on high;
They saw, the first time saw and knew,
The awful glories of the sky,
The benedictions of the dew;
And from that day His poor were richer far
Than all such kings as keep where follies are.

THE stranger, having turned aside
from the meditative priest, felt
himself drifting again into Miriam's

presence. The sun had gone down;
the stars were out, and yet it was not
night, or at least, it was not dark, Light,
light everywhere! Not jets of light,
like gas, or electric-lights, but level sheets
of light, soft, large, and luminous as the
face of the moon. But more of this
hereafter.

"You will dine with us now?"

He wanted to say that he would like
to sit and hear her and her only, forever
and forever; for that had been the truth.
He could not have dared to lie to her,
even in compliment; but he assented in
silence, and she led on through the
luminous woods and ways of glass.
They finally entered what seemed to be a
grove, with a great table reaching far
down and out of sight under broad-
sweeping leaves.

He sat at her right hand. Grave and
learned men, beautiful and silent women,
brown and black and pearly white, were
here and there between the men, like fruit
among the foliage overhead.

He could see the stars and the moon in
the blue sky through the leaves.

"What will you do if it rains?"

With a finger partly raised to her lips,
for the music and dancing were about to
begin, she said kindly, as she leaned her
face so close to his that he breathed the
perfume of her hair:

"The sky which you see is seen through
a dome of glass."

The musicians, some distance back and
up in the boughs, like singing birds, were
not of the old and tired type, bald and
exhausted from bad air and bad lights,
and broken by care and anxiety; they
were ruddy and merry and full of the
music of their own high spirits,—girls
here, boys there, middle-aged men and
middle-aged women; yet all young,
young with the eternal youth of love and
content and kindliness.

A note! a bar! a breath of warm wind
in the trees! Zephyrs? birds? Æolian
harps? a far-off call of cooling waters?
What was it, and what did it all mean?

Can you conceive of silent music?
Well, this was silent music. At least, it

was music without noise. We need say no more now, we might be misunderstood were we to say less. It was music without the noise that so insolently attends ordinary music. May we say it was noiseless melody?

It was not the music of the civilized city, it was the new music of the new order that is to come,—the wild, free, far-off, and effortless melody of the desert and of the silent children of the desert; of love, peace, pleasure, rest. Suddenly, on a glass stage to the right and left and among the great banana-leaves and lofty ferns with fronded palms that pushed against the sky of glass in heaven, the dancers glided. And they too were noiseless, and they glided as if in the air. The glass was so perfect that, like the artificial sky overhead, it was invisible.

To and fro, forward, back, bowed or erect, singly or in couples, they sang and sang in the movements of their most perfect bodies. The leaves and ferns were very abundant and very broad, and these dancing girls were natural.

Then slowly all sound, all movement of all things ceased. Slowly and unobtrusively a white-haired man, far down among the trees, rose up and solemnly bowed his head. Then all heads were bowed with his; each one present repeated the Lord's Prayer, and that was all.

As he took his seat, a beautiful woman arose and slowly proceeded to read the Sermon on the Mount.

Meantime the dinner went on as if no stranger were present. In fact, the stranger was not allowed to feel that he was a stranger.

And such a dinner!—such milk and honey, such fruits, such oils! Surely the wearied man had come at last upon the land of milk and honey. The Lord had surely led him through the green pastures by the still waters.

And what a continual melody of melodies, even after the girls had melted away one by one from among the ferns and banana-leaves, and the musicians and all had settled into place at table!—a sort of melodious silence! No rattling

of knives on rattling plates, in the carving and handling and mutilation of meats, no coming and going of servants; no rattling and rasping of feet on marble floors, they sat with their feet on the soft, white, natural sands of the desert.

But this one dining-hall, or temple to melody, was only an example of a constantly increasing number of a similar and yet very dissimilar character; for while the people had their individual homes, they loved to come often to these pleasant dining-clubs or halls.

This dining-hall which was devoted to serious themes, and was preferred by venerable men and women of earnest thought, was a smaller and less pretentious place. Yet even here, peace, repose, the perfect good-manners, a low voice, an equanimity of soul and serenity of all things, all things keeping harmonious melody with lispings overhead and soft, warm sands underfoot.

The hall where the men and women who were entirely devoted to science loved to meet and dine was also peculiar to itself, as were those of poetry and painting. But each and all had this dominating preference for nature's harmony of color, harmony of source, harmony of soul.

And now let us mention one thing here before it is quite forgotten. He had been here many days, had sat at many dinners; yet one day, when passing with an English clergyman through a herd of fat cattle, he suddenly remembered that he had not tasted roast-beef since coming to the place.

"You have not tasted roast-beef nor any other kind of meat. Olive-oil, butter, eggs, cream and so on, have been your closest approach to meat-eating," said the good man, smiling.

"And you do not eat animal food?"

"We do not want animal food here, and we do not need animal food here; and so, of course, we do not eat our sleek and mild-eyed companions."

"Of what use, then are your herds?"

"For milk, butter, cheese; besides

that, when these cattle grow so old that they are helpless, they are driven to a remote place and relieved of life by a painless death; then we permit ourselves to use their hides."

"Yes, you must have shoes."

"Not at all necessary, not at all. Did ever man see such pretty feet as Indian women have? There have never been seen on earth such small and pretty feet as the American Indian women have always had. And yet they, even in the North, are and have always been, so far as possible, a barefooted people. And here it is not only possible for our women as well as men to go barefooted, but it is even desirable for comfort. No, we do not really need much leather here," added he. "Now, when I work in the field—"

In his surprise at the idea of the Established Churchman working in the fields the stranger must have suddenly turned his head; for he looked at him inquiringly for a second and then continued:

"As I was going on to say, when I work in the fields I always go barefooted, for I like the touch of the soft soil and the warm sand. It makes my blood run like wine, and I live in my feet as well as in my head at such time. My wife, however, still wears shoes when she does her weaving or spinning."

"Your wife? weaving? Pardon me, you are jesting."

"Nay, you shall see her at her weaving some day, and soon. With us the abolition of all special privileges has made it necessary for all to toil. But when all men toil, no man need work hard or beyond his strength. Work, in fact, has become a recreation, a necessity of perfect enjoyment."

"But even when all toil, work must be a hardship."

"Not at all. Two hours a day at any employment will support one nicely."

"But do the rich work also? What pressure brings them to toil?"

"There are no rich in the sense in which you use the word. Of course some men care more for wealth than

others, but as they must earn it they must work for it. The State does not equalize possessions, but it equalizes opportunities; and there are no wide differences in possessions such as the outside world shows. Ponder well on this, my son. Inequalities in condition are born out of special favors granted by the State to a few. There are two ways to cure this evil: Extend the same favors to all, or withhold them from the few. We believe in the latter method, which is more truly in harmony with the Declaration of Independence. With us, possession is dependent upon personal toil or the free gift of friendship."

The man pondered. "It is wonderfully simple, but it does not get back of natural differences."

"We do not propose to question nature," said the preacher, with a lofty look on his face. "The powers of the human brain are infinitely varied. The dullard in one direction may be wondrously skilful in another. Men differ from each other very little more than birds of the same species. Equality of chance will prove this. Freedom is the magic word, and has been through all ages. We are nearing the fulfilment of its prophecy."

The man now spoke hesitatingly; he had another question to ask:

"But are there not unpleasant tasks which all shirk? Is not some force necessary?"

"I see the question," said the preacher. "There is no force in our colony to control the action of the individual, save only when the action interferes with the equal freedom of the rest. We have no slaves on whom to throw our menial tasks. All menial service has disappeared."

"But there must be unpleasant tasks," persisted the man.

"There were at first; but as all were free to do them or not, the most unpleasant soon commanded the highest wages, and the employers were forced to abolish them altogether or make them pleasant. It was marvelous how soon invention turned itself in the direction of making heavy tasks light, and changing or

abolishing whole industries. 'Any industry which depends upon the slavery of a single one of my people,' said our great leader, 'will be abolished, because all my people must be free.' This law of freedom has made every mine light as day, every factory silent and sunny, and every menial task a source of forward movement, freedom to freemen."

The good man's face glowed as he spoke. His smile had tender sympathy in it.

The man caught at the preacher's arm. "Tell me more!" he cried. "The light is breaking for me."

"Go see for yourself," smiled the clergyman. "You will not find one noisome workshop, not one dark and damp mine, nor one furnace-like place of toil in the city. There will be a lack of many things which have been considered necessary to civilization; but we say that any industry or enterprise which is based upon the enforced toil of our fellow-men is not civilization; it is the infamy of civilization. Come with me. You will not find a toil-worn face, nor a gnarled and trembling, work-scarred hand in this city of ours. Every man, woman, and child in this colony can throw the head back and laugh with joy of life and an unclouded future. Come—to see is to be convinced."

The bewildered man rose and followed. "It is like the law of gravity, it reaches everywhere, this law of equal freedom."

CHAPTER XIX.

THE TOIL OF GOD.

BEHOLD the silvered mists that rise
 From all-night toiling in the corn.
 The mists have duties up the skies,
 The skies have duties with the morn;
 While all the world is full of earnest care
 To make the fair world still more wondrous fair.
 More lordly fair; the stately morn
 Moves down the walk of golden wheat;
 Her guards of honor gild the corn
 In golden pathway for her feet;
 The purpled hills she crowns in crowns of gold,
 And God walks with us as He walked of old.

AH, the mother's love here! the lover's love here! the love in the hearts of all here! the God in the hearts of all!

Our unfortunate city-builder, who had wrought so hard on his mountain-side by the sea and yet had failed so signally, sought out, at every opportunity, the silent and wonderful woman who had done all this since they parted in Egypt. He wanted to sit at her feet and learn. How helpless he was, he now began to know too well. Would she only teach him, tell him how to go on!

They sat one day by the fountain in the Toltec ruins. The birds were busy, the bees were busy.

"Yes, it is always just like that here," she said at length. "We all work together and bring our sweets to the common hive,—not because of law, but because of liberty."

He bowed his head in meditation for a time, then said:

"You have succeeded, I have failed. It is but right that you tell me why it is that I, the strong man, should have failed, while you, the woman, and not so strong in body, succeeded. You will tell me?"

After some hesitation she began and went on slowly; for she was very far from strong:

"In the first place you failed by tempting men to leave you and turn back to the task-masters and the flesh-pots of Egypt. Why, had Moses himself set his children down on a mountain-side in sight of some beautiful city and offered them the choice to stay or go, how many would have remained with him and gone forward to build Jerusalem? William the Conqueror burned his ships behind him, and so kept his sixty thousand at his side. Even the Pilgrim Fathers would have returned, could they have consistently done so, as William Penn returned."

There was a long silence. The bees and the birds and the grasshoppers that sung in the grass at their feet had it all their own way. Then she went on:

"No, we here, removed from almost every temptation, do not allow ourselves to come and go and evade the first great law of God that you allowed to the lowest

of the low, the weakest of the weak, and in the midst of every temptation."

"And that first great law of God is—?"

"In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread till thou returnest to the ground."

He caught his breath and said: "Why, I thought the first great law of God was the love of God and to 'love thy neighbor as thyself.'"

"Hear me, hear me," she said. "The very first, last words of God to man, as the gates of Paradise closed behind, were these: 'In the sweat of *thy* face—not in the sweat of the face of another—shalt thou eat bread till thou returnest to the ground'; and we search the Bible in vain for any single exception in favor of any human being, be he priest, prophet, president, or king. Why, even the emperor of the heathen Mongol must plow and sow his field in the sweat of his face. And so firmly fixed is this law of God, established in the laws of nature, that the experience of six thousand years testifies that this is the only path to perfect health. This is a positive law, the first law, and a positive law that admits of no equivocation. It fell from the voice of God centuries before Moses reached up his hands to receive the tablets where His finger, amid thunder and flame, had traced the negative laws of the Decalogue."

"The negative laws?"

"As I said before, this one first law, that thou shalt eat thy bread in the sweat of thy face, is a positive law. The Decalogue is almost entirely negative. But only let the one, first, great command be strictly observed and the Decalogue will never be broken. It is the one continual effort to escape this one first command that brings man in collision with the laws of Sinai. As for the law of love, it is as natural as nature; though the true reading is not as you read it. After the love of God, which is inseparable from all goodness, you are commanded to 'love thy neighbor *as thyself*.' Do you understand?"

"Certainly, and so I have tried and tried to do."

"But have you not tried to love him more? Mark you, you are to 'love thy neighbor *as thyself*'; not more than thyself, but *as thyself*. Now as you love the good that is in you, so shall you love the good that is in your neighbor; as you hate the evil that is in you, so shall you hate and abhor the evil that is in your neighbor,—yea, hate it and abhor it."

A long time he held his head low in thought now, and she sat listening to the birds, bees, grasshoppers, God. Then he said:

"Why may not any resolute souls, if wise enough and strong enough, step out from the world and into this unpeopled middle-land, anywhere, anywhere from here up to Canada, or even down to Patagonia, and do much as you have done here, with this example of yours before them?"

"It should be done and it will be done, over and over again. The mistake has been in man's not believing in man. Man has said man is bad; kings, politicians, creedists, have kept man arrayed against man since the dawn of history. To-day Europe keeps millions and millions of men standing with guns and swords in hand to slay their brothers—Christians! But this nation has grown beyond that; and now the people of of this city have grown beyond the idle lawyers, idle politicians, and idle creedists who continually tell us that man is bad, evil, weak, worthless, and cannot be trusted to go forth from slavery, as Moses went forth to found his own city in the wilderness."

"Then I shall abandon my mountain-side above the city, and lead my people as Moses led his people, and build my city in the wilderness as you have built yours."

He was very much in earnest, but she raised her thin hand in protest as she said:

"No; 'what man putteth his hand to the plough and looketh back?' Go forward to the end as you began. An example of great effort, even a great failure, is worth much to the world now."

The foundations of cities planted by man in mud and malaria are shaken. Take New York, for example, once a small city of great men, now a great city of small men, who contend and strive and struggle; a city continually divided against itself. And so we know that it shall one day have no place on the map of the world. No, not wars or earthquakes, nothing of that sort as of old when walls were built, but that lowest of all low pursuits and the coarsest of all human qualities, commerce, money-getting,—this is in her heart to her ruin; this is the baneful wooden horse holding destruction within.

“You should not have planted entirely for profit. Go back and plant as God planted. Remember the Bible says: ‘And the Lord God planted a garden eastward in Eden wherein he caused to grow every tree that is pleasant to the sight and good for food.’

“Observe that the trees ‘pleasant to the sight,’ came first. Far back in the morning of the world, before man was, God planted a garden in which the beautiful, ‘pleasant to the sight,’ was preferred to the useful, that which is good for food. Yet man in his arrogant domain over the earth is ever ready to destroy that which is pleasant to the sight and set up in its place that which is good for food.

“Man seems to think that the trees were made for man. The truth is man was made for the trees. The trees came in the order of creation on the third day, age or cycle, while man was left to the very last. Man was never thought of until long after the trees were in full glory. Long after, ages perhaps, after the planting of the garden eastward in Eden man was created. Man was created for the express purpose of taking care of the trees pleasant to the sight and good for food. He was placed ‘in the garden to tend it and to keep it.’ It looks as if man might have been quite forgotten had he not been needed to take care of the trees in ‘the garden eastward in Eden.’

“We are in the habit of calling this

Pacific sea-bank, this garden with its white wall of snow and world of trees pleasant to the sight, the new garden of Eden. Yet we fly right in the face of Holy Writ, God, Nature, and strip our garden and sell the garments of our good Mother Earth for gold.

“There is nothing plainer in all the pages of the Bible than the truth, that man was made to tend and keep the trees. There is nothing truer in all the pages of history than that where man destroyed the trees he himself has been destroyed.

“America owes ever so much to the Indians for their care and skill in forestry. But for the savage, so-called, we would have found but a barren waste along the Atlantic sea-bank. One of the oldest books touching on American forests, in the British Museum, has this statement in quaint old English, that ‘the squats (squaws?) do in the moist St. Martin’s summertime, when the leaves have fallen, set fire to the leaves, and so do not only prevent great fires in the dry season, but they do burn away the underwood so that you may ride to the hounds as in an English park.’

“When the great American poet comes he will lift his face to the trees that are pleasant to the sight and sing as never sang man since the seers of old, who saw and knew the Cedars of Lebanon.

“Consider if you can the sublime, the simple, imperial dignity of a single great tree that is pleasant to the sight, and there is no tree great or small that is not pleasant to the sight; fronting the four winds of Heaven, sun or rain, flame or frost, lifting his arms in attitude of prayer through all the centuries, drawing his shapely presence up and up and up, his thousands tons of weight. By what hard and terrible toil we may not know, but we must surely know that there can be no hard toil, no weighty work like the work of a great tree to climb up and up and up toward the sun through all the battling elements and to hold his place there, as if to prop the very porch of Heaven, the House of Him who caused ‘every tree to grow that is pleasant to the sight.’

"And when the great tree falls, observe that it is not in battle, not in storm, but in days of absolute calm and stillness. It is very strange, but only in days of calm can you hear the thunder of a falling King of the forest. And how he falls, an emperor to the last, silent as Cæsar.

"You will stay on your steeps of stone to the end, planting and planting till you have a forest of trees 'pleasant to the sight.' You will make pleasant resting-places for the poor who will come from out the city for a breath of air. You will give work to the poor by heaping of the stones into towers, pyramids, monuments to love. These white tombs and towers bursting up through your green forest will be beautiful, beautiful, so beautiful that people will want to rest there and rest there. Give them a place to rest, the living and the dead."

"Yes, yes; I will. But what a miracle has been wrought here!"

"It is not a miracle," she hastened to say; "I simply removed all friction. As for that stupendous work which is being done," and she lifted her face toward the glittering sea of spires and towers beyond, "it has cost scarcely a thought; and it has cost no man any waste of time. The eminent humanitarians who gathered about me here had time, as never before in the history of man, to really think, and really be humanitarians. There was an old mercenary saying that time is money. We esteem the man who saves time to man as the only real millionaire. He is not only a millionaire, he is the emancipator of the human race."

"Yet Ruskin has said that man should first set man to work, then the cattle, then the machine."

"Yes, and Morris taught that we should turn back to the old pastoral times, and live as the shepherds lived." She said this with a sad shake of the head. "Why, this," she went on, "is like as if the two great captains of Moses had turned back to the flesh-pots of Egypt. But at the same time these teachings show us that the world is ripe,

ready for open revolt against the hard and bitter conditions of its people."

She paused, and he took the occasion offered to look her in the face, and with bitter remembrances ask her again why he had failed so sadly; why his long endeavor to build up a city on the mountain-side should have been so despised; for he felt she had not told all.

At last she said slowly, sadly: "Why, then, in the second place, you failed because of your vanity, your painful and most pitiful vanity."

The sudden flush of pain that swept over his face as his eyes fell before her told how truly the probe had gone to the heart, and how necessary was the cruel surgery. After a pause, and leaning forward her face, she said in the kindest and most pitying manner:

"Your vanity made you choose a conspicuous place, where you could daily proclaim from your housetop how good and humble and industrious and unselfish you were. You thrust yourself and your new ideas in the midst of hard men who had but the one old idea of getting and getting; and then you proclaimed by word and deed that if a man smote the one cheek you would cheerfully turn the other, and that if a man took from you one garment you would not only give another, but the whole suit; and so, right in the face of the Lord's Prayer, you led men into temptation."

The weight of her truth bowed his head low before her once more; for he saw that he had, after all, been but a boastful Pharisee. Finally she went on:

"The world is dotted all over with good men who are trying to do good in secret; but he who proclaims it,—'verily, he *hath* his reward.' Yet go forward. You have not failed; you only have not yet succeeded."

Then from far away, as if from that other world, came her words, His words: "Be ye wise as serpents, but as harmless as doves. . . . I leave my peace with you."

(To be continued.)

POLITICS, THE PEOPLE AND THE TRUSTS AS SEEN BY CARTOONISTS.



Oppen, in New York American.

(Reproduced by special permission of W. R. Hearst.)

THE CAVE OF DESPAIR.

"All Hope Abandon, Ye Who Enter Here."



Opp, in Boston American. (Reproduced by special permission of W. R. Hearst.)

ONE TYPE OF AMERICAN "LAW-MAKER."

The People Elect Them, But the Trusts Control Them.



From the New Voice, Chicago.

THE SHADES—"Beware!! We went that way."



Opp, in Boston American. (Reproduced by special permission of W. R. Hearst.)

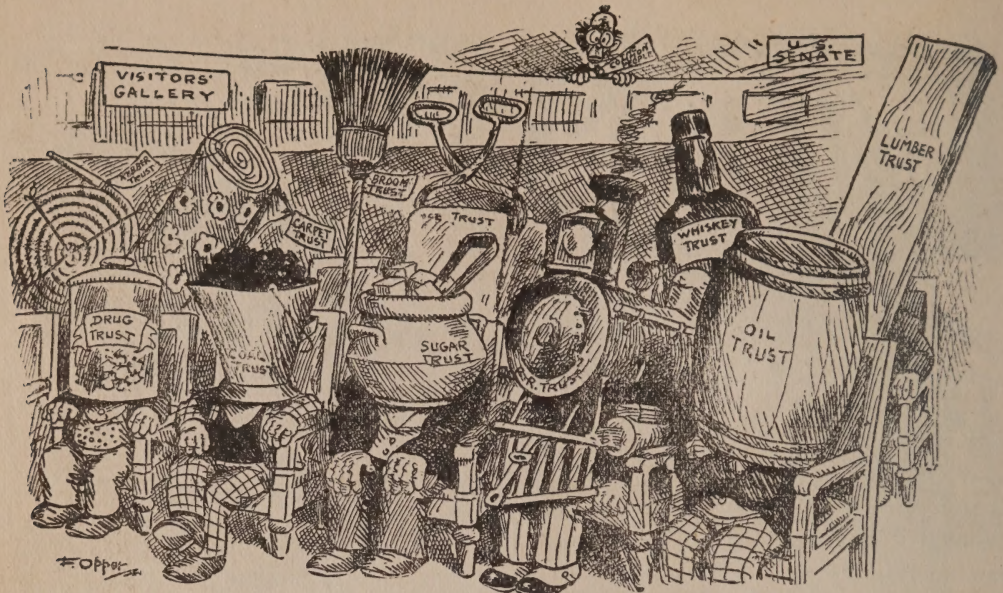
THEY ALL DO IT.

"What's a Little Thing Like the Anti-Free-Pass-Law Between Friends?"



Ryan Walker, in Ann Arbor Argus.

SHIP SUBSIDY BILL—"Seeing that I have such a big gun and you having money I might be induced to hold you up."



Oppor, in *New York American*.

(Reproduced by special permission of W. R. Hearst.)

OUR UPPER HOUSE.

"The Senate will please come to order."



Warren, in *New York Globe*.

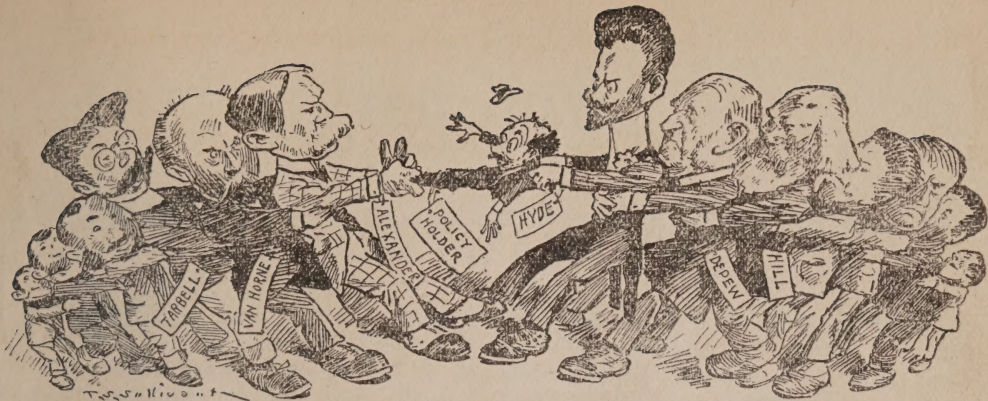
"WHAT WILL THE ARMY DO?"



Warren, in *New York Globe*.

THE STRONG ARM OF THE LAW!

"I heartily congratulate you upon the fact that we now have in New York State child labor-laws which I believe can be enforced. It is of the utmost importance that these laws shall not be left idle on the statute books."
—Theodore Roosevelt, in a letter to the Child-Labor Committee.



Sullivan, in New York American.

(Reproduced by special permission of W. R. Hearst.)

THE POOR OLD POLICY-HOLDERS' MONEY THE REAL CAUSE OF THE INSURANCE TUG-OF-WAR.



Bengough

Bengough, in The Public, Chicago.

FARMER AND PLUTOCRAT,

FARMER—"Look here, what do you mean by telling me that taxation of land-values would hurt the farmers? The land in these two cities alone is worth more than all the farms in the country!"

PLUTOCRAT—"Come away—that's very injurious reading matter for simple minds like yours!"



Bartholomew, in Minneapolis Journal.

REGULATING THE TRUSTS.

UNCLE SAM—"Now, James, if you could just get this on him, too, I would feel safer."



Bartholomew, in Minneapolis Journal.

WHY HE WAS WHIPPED.

THE BEAR—"Well, you see, I was just fighting for a dinner, while he was fighting for his life. (Apologies to Æsop.)"



Cory, in New York World.

HISTORY REPEATS ITSELF—THE OIL SITUATION IN KANSAS



THE ANARCHISTIC TRUSTS AND THE AMERICAN REIGN OF TERROR.

Drawn by Dan. Beard expressly for THE ARENA.

(See Editorial.)

EDITORIALS.

A TRUE DEMOCRATIC GOVERNMENT—THE SUPREME DEMAND OF THE HOUR.

THERE is no more important question before the American people than that of preserving democratic government in its essential elements. In the past republic after republic has flourished for a time, but as age crept on one of three deadly evils appeared: the republic went down before the sword of force wielded by ambition; or it was transformed into an oligarchy such as prevailed in Venice, where power became practically supreme and permanent in the hands of certain families; or wealth and privilege in the hands of the shrewd and the cunning slowly and silently but with unswerving determination advanced from one vantage-ground to another, until the republic, once proud in its own strength, became the servile tool of privileged interests, as in the case of Florence, after the de Medici family became the supreme masters of the republic without holding any office or interfering in the slightest degree with the republican shell, though the soul of freedom had been as effectively strangled as it was in Milan after the triumph through the sword of Sforza.

The only way in which a republic can maintain the essentials of pure democracy is to meet changed conditions with changes that will effectively preserve the government in fact as well as in theory to the people—effectively make the people at all times the head and fount of authority, to whom their servants must be amenable and whose power to sanction or reject legislation must be recognized.

In the early days of our republic, before powerful privileged interests and enormously wealthy corporations had arisen, furnishing the sinews of strength to corrupt and conscienceless political leaders and partisan machines, the provisions made to secure to our people the blessings of a government of the people, by the people and for the people were carefully guarded by the people's servants. To-day all this is changed. Powerful vested interests, acting in unison with masterful political bosses who operate or dominate the partisan machines, make or unmake the people's servants, defeat legislation demanded for

the protection of the millions, and thwart the ends of republican government. To meet these changed conditions three things are of paramount importance: the insistence on the part of the people on the enjoyment of the rights which differentiate a democracy from an autocracy, a monarchy or any other form of class-government, expressed in the resolute demand for (1) *the right to veto or refuse to accept laws which the electorate regards as inimical to the public weal or which the voters believe to have been purchased by privilege*, (2) *the right to make laws or initiate legislation which their own public servants have refused to place upon the statute books*, and (3) *the right to dismiss corrupt or unworthy public servants*.

The first and second of these measures are almost as old as the virile settlements that made New England an invincible citadel of moral power and the cradle of freedom. From the far-distant colonial days the New England town-meeting has preserved in more or less purity the principles of popular law-making and popular sanction of proposed regulations. The same principles have long existed to some extent among the sturdy, liberty-loving children of the Alps, but since a half-century ago, when the Swiss statesmen beheld the imperative need of measures which would preserve their republic from going the way of the various republics of the past, definite and well-considered measures for maintaining democracy *through the sanction or rejection of proposed measures, through the inauguration or initiation of legislation, and in some cantons through the recall and retirement of unfaithful servants*, were enacted; and these measures have proved unqualifiedly successful, and because of her far-seeing and wise statesmanship Switzerland is in many respects to-day the most ideal republic to be found on the face of the globe.

It is idle to talk of the need of this or that measure so long as corrupt and powerful corporations and a "system" built on privilege and corruption dominate political machines and systematically defeat or thwart the enacting of any truly salutary laws or the

carrying out of any measures which are on the statute-books that would in effect place the interests of the people above the interests of the privileged few. Not until the people make the destruction of class-rulership or the despotism of corporation-controlled party-machines the supreme object in their battle for pure, just and republican government can

any great reformatory measures be won. The salvation of the republic from the corruption, oppression and moral degradation incident to the mastership of the government by corporate and predatory wealth depends upon the placing of the government again, in fact as well as in theory, in the hands of the people. This is the supreme demand of democracy to-day.

THE ANARCHISTIC TRUSTS: MASTERS BY GRACE OF THE PEOPLE'S SERVANTS.

IN THIS issue Mr. Beard's picture symbolizes the condition of the American people, at the complete mercy of the railroads, the trusts and other illegal and oppressive combinations which are plundering the people at every turn and fattening on child-labor and the misery of the millions, by grace of Congress, the Senate and the executive department of the government.

During the speakership of Thomas B. Reed, Congress ceased to be a deliberative body, the Speaker and the Committee on Rules being the real masters, while the once-powerful and commanding body has become more and more subservient, content to play its insignificant part either as the echo of the demands of the executive department or as an inferior, ever ready to yield to the corporation-dominated Senate when the vital interests of the people were at stake. The Senate is so largely composed of political bosses and special-pleaders for public-service corporations, trusts and privileged interests, that it stands to-day as a stone wall between corrupt predatory wealth and practical relief measures for an oppressed and exploited people. And the executive department, though brave in words, is as pitifully weak in action as is the trust-dominated Senate.

It is true, the head of the executive department has proved as felicitous as ex-president Cleveland in employing high-sounding platitudes. He has even declared that: "All I ask is a square deal for every man. Give him a fair chance. Do not let him wrong anyone, and do not let him be wronged." But, to use his own language, "words are good when backed up by deeds, and only so."

And in this connection we remember that he held in office as attorney-general and as trusted friend and counselor, the whilom railroad and trust-attorney, Philander Knox, and that the urgent pleadings of the people, who were being mercilessly robbed by the lawless coal and railway trust, were persistently ignored by this man whose sworn duty it was to enforce the laws against illegal combinations; and it remained for William Randolph Hearst to hale the law-breakers into court. We remember that the President has recently renominated to a cabinet position Paul Morton, a confessed law-breaker, a man who under oath admitted having deliberately indulged in criminal acts, knowing them to be illegal at the time when he committed them for the enrichment of a railroad corporation,—acts by which the beef-trust and other plundering corporations were enormously enriched, while competition was stifled and the public robbed. We remember, furthermore, that the President has entrusted the investigation of the beef-trust to the charge of the confiding Mr. Garfield, whose report has made him the laughing-stock of the nation, being, as has been well observed, little more than a brief for the beef-trust; and we remember that so well was the President pleased with this amazing report that he forthwith employed the same gentleman to investigate the Standard Oil-trust.

These are typical things which compel us to include the executive department with the House and the Senate as responsible for the oppression and exploitation of the producing and consuming millions by the anarchal public-service corporations and privileged wealth.

IN THE MIRROR OF THE PRESENT.

THE BATTLE OF A COMMONWEALTH AGAINST THE CRIMINALITY, RAPACITY AND EXTORTION OF A GREAT CORPORATION.

I. A STATE DEDICATED TO FREEDOM.

IN THE day of her birth the State of Kansas was dedicated to freedom. A large proportion of her people were the bravest and sturdiest champions of progress and advancement from the older states. Her schools have ever been a chief glory of the Commonwealth. She has not unfrequently been called the Massachusetts of the West, because her people were never slow to initiate or assume the aggressive when great perils confronted them or great moral issues were to be met.

When the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fé Railroad imitated the example of the Erie, Pennsylvania and other lines in an attempt to gain mastership over the state government through domination of partisan machines, the citizens of Kansas rose in their might and not only overthrew the overwhelming majority that had made the commonwealth a banner state for the Republican party, but gave a majority to the friends of pure government and political and economic emancipation of about eighty thousand, if our memory serves us aright. When the reformers failed to measure up to the high ethical demands of the hour on the one hand, and when the vast wealth of the old political organization and the still more potent but silent and secret influence of the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fé road systematically set out to again control public opinion, the state again became Republican. But no sooner had the machine begun to manifest its old subserviency to corrupt corporations, than the freemen of Kansas revolted. The present governor is a man far from acceptable to the corrupt and law-defying railways and other corporations, but the people have begun to awaken to the fact that if their will is to be respected they must pledge their candidates before election to measures of supreme importance where great wealth will be pitted against the public weal. It is the glory of Kansas that her people possess in a large measure the old-time spirit that marked the republic of early days; the

old love of justice and freedom and the ancient courage to do, to initiate and to lead, where other states bow in craven submission before enthroned, unjust and rapacious greed.

Now Kansas, like Pennsylvania, possesses great oil-fields, and no sooner had it been discovered that there existed this vast treasury of natural wealth than the Standard Oil Company set to work to acquire control of the same in the manner in which they had acquired a monopoly of the oil wealth of other states throughout the nation.

II. A HISTORY OF UNPARALLELED RAPACITY.

This great corporation, the earliest and most sinister and powerful of all the trusts, has a history stained with deeds of injustice, iniquity and criminality, which is we believe without a parallel in the history of commercial brigandage of modern times. The plain story of its rise and irresistible onward march is the story of the victorious march of masterful brains, innocent of ethical principles; the story of great daring, divorced from moral convictions. Indeed, the simple, unvarnished narration of facts affords in numerous instances such examples of moral turpitude that they would be incredible were not the evidence in large part the sworn testimony brought out before Congressional and State investigations. It is a history of unparalleled rapacity, merciless as it is bold and morally criminal; the history of the insatiable greed of John D. Rockefeller and his associates; a history extending over almost a half a century, strewn at every step with the wreck of the fortunes and the lives of honest, hard-working men who by fair means had built up great business enterprises, only to have them destroyed through secret and criminal conspiracies entered into by the Standard Oil Company and the great railroad corporations—conspiracies by which the independent operator who furnished his oil to the market was charged exorbitant rates by the public carriers; and out of these overcharges the Standard Oil Com-

pany received a princely sum, although it was not in any conceivable manner entitled to a cent of this money of which the innocent shipper was deliberately robbed, for his own destruction and the building up of an irresistible monopoly. Now in this manner scores upon scores of men were robbed and ruined that Mr. Rockefeller and his associates might reap millions of unearned wealth and establish a monopoly that should place every American home completely at the mercy of the few master-spirits in this corporation, so that they could reap at will untold millions from the necessities of the people.

III. ONE TYPICAL EXAMPLE OF HOW A WHOLE PEOPLE WAS ROBBED.

In 1902 the Standard Oil Company was charging $7\frac{1}{2}$ cents a gallon at wholesale for illuminating oil. This figure, owing to the low price which the company paid the producers, and the small cost incident to refining and marketing oil at the present time, represented a very handsome profit to the company that held a monopoly of the illuminating oil. But it happened that through the coal-strike and the Coal-Trust's refusal to arbitrate, millions of American people found themselves without their winter's supply of coal. The demand for oil immediately increased, and as the months passed and it became impossible in many instances to get coal, while in other cases the price rose to three and four times its previous cost, the demand for oil enormously increased. At $7\frac{1}{2}$ cents a gallon the poor were enabled to enjoy a measure of heat; but the helplessness of our millions was the opportunity of the oil-trust, and on the twentieth of September the price of oil was advanced one cent a gallon. This meant millions of dollars wrung from poverty to further enrich multi-millionaires. One cent a gallon increase, however, did not satisfy the rapacity of these modern cormorants of capital, and so another advance was made on the twentieth of October, still another on the twentieth of November, and on December the twentieth the wholesale price of oil had risen to $11\frac{1}{2}$ cents—an advance of four cents on every gallon sold at wholesale. Thus while the poor were buying their oil in September at nine and ten cents a gallon, by the latter part of December they were paying thirteen and fourteen cents in and near the great metropolitan center.

On December twentieth the New York

Journal published a table showing what this increase of four cents a gallon meant to the Standard Oil Company, based on the annual sale of oil for the last year. According to this table, the refined oil sold by the company for the year was 2,337,000,000 gallons. The value of the same at $7\frac{1}{2}$ cents a gallon was \$175,312,500. The value of the same at $11\frac{1}{2}$ cents was \$245,437,500, or an increased profit per year of \$93,500,000. Here we find one of nature's most beneficent provisions for the people, and one which should be the property of all, not only being controlled by a small handful of men so as to make multi-millionaires of the monopolists, but also being employed as an instrument of oppression in the hour of the people's need and misery, to extort more than ninety millions of dollars in excess of the prices that were yielding many millions of profit prior to the hour when the helpless poor became a further prey to the oil-trust's rapacity.

IV. SEIZING UPON THE VIRGIN WEALTH OF KANSAS.

After oil had been discovered in Kansas, the Standard Oil Company, by methods both fair and foul, such as marked its entire history, set out to secure such control of this great reservoir of wealth as would place all the people of Kansas at its mercy. In order to perfect its scheme it was necessary to secure the coöperation of the great public carriers, as has always been the case. The railways during the past fifty years have been not only a chief factor in building up the trusts, but the freight discriminations, secret rebates, and the paying to rapacious bands of part of the plunder extorted from their rivals, have served to destroy competition and make them mighty engines of oppression and spoliation, through which such organizations as the Standard Oil and Beef-Trusts have been able to extort at will millions upon millions from the producers and consumers. Now through secret bargaining Mr. Rockefeller and his associates have ever been able to enlist the great railways against the people, and in Kansas tactics not unlike the infamous means pursued by the Erie, Pennsylvania and the New York Central in destroying competition, seem to have been employed, as the following extract from charges filed by Congressman Campbell on the eighteenth of February with the Department of Commerce and Labor would indicate:

"The charges are as follows and are signed by R. C. Rawling and William E. Connelly, members of the advisory committee of the Kansas Oil Producers' Association, under date of Chanute, Kan., February 15:

"The Kansas oil producers charge the Standard Oil Company with discriminations in violation of the laws of the United States regarding interstate commerce and specify herein a few instances of such violation:

"First.—We charge: That the Standard Oil Company has endeavored to secure a monopoly of oil business of this state from the beginning of its development; that it has prevented other companies from entering this field to compete for the Kansas oil trade. Also that there exists a conspiracy between the Standard Oil and the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fé Railroad to prevent other parties from handling oil or purchasing oil in Kansas."

"In support of these charges we submit the following facts and figures shown by the books of I. N. Knapp in his office at Chanute, Kan.:

"Mr. Knapp, when he began the production of oil in Chanute, bought a number of tank-cars in which to ship his oil to Kansas City and other points to be used for fuel and for the manufacture of gas. The cars are of the capacity of 7,500 gallons. When Mr. Knapp began the shipment of his oil, the rate was \$48 per car from Chanute to Kansas City.

"This rate was based on the capacity of the car reckoned at 10 cents per 100 pounds, counting a gallon of oil at six and four-tenths pounds. The same rate was charged to Emporia and other Kansas points, the same distance from Chanute. This rate was outrageous, for the rate on a car of stock, cattle or hogs was \$25.50, and on a car of strawberries, a very perishable product, was but \$30.

"In June, 1904, notice was given Mr. Knapp that on August 15, 1904, the rate on crude oil would be raised to 17 cents per 100 pounds in carload lots from Chanute to Kansas City—an increase of 70 per cent., and the Standard's pipe-line to Kansas City was completed about August 15, 1904; please remember that. The increase made it cost \$81.60 to ship a car-load of oil from Chanute to Emporia or Kansas City. The rates on car-loads mentioned above were increased by the Santa Fé in counting the weight of a gallon of oil seven and four-tenths pounds, thereby raising the \$48 rate to \$55.50 and the \$81.50 rate to \$94.35.

"These rates are prohibitive and were made to prevent the shipment of crude oil out of the Kansas oil-fields and to force the producers to sell their oil to the Standard for any price it might see fit to pay. These are facts shown by the books of Mr. Knapp. They establish the fact of the existence of a league between the Santa Fé and the Standard to crush the oil producers of Kansas."

V. THE YOUNG DAVID FROM THE WEST
AGAINST THE CORPORATION GOLIATH
OF THE AGE.

The above was, however, only one of the many acts of the Standard Oil Company that aroused the civic spirit of Kansas, and last autumn the candidate for governor and the people's representatives were pledged by the electorate to an aggressive policy calculated to break the oppressive power of the oil monopoly and to secure to the people their own oil at a price which should represent merely a fair profit on the refining and marketing of the same. When the legislature assembled, a movement was inaugurated to build and operate a state refinery, similar to the state twine-factory now in operation; for it must be remembered that when the binding-twine trust sought to oppress the farmers of Kansas by extortionate charges for twine, the state established a twine industry at which it employed a part of its convicts. The presumption of Kansas in daring to oppose the Standard Oil Company, aroused the indignation of the trust-magnates and of the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fé Railroad—that great and corrupt system which has apparently long since sought to imitate the example of the Pennsylvania Railroad in its tactics. Accordingly great lobbies for the Oil Company and the railways appeared at Topeka. The baleful and sinister influence of the corruptors of the people's servants was understood by the voters of Kansas. They, however, had one advantage: their representatives had been pledged before election to place the people's interests above those of the corporations in the pending struggle. Kansas, however, has not as yet introduced those all-important safeguards to popular government and pure political conditions—the initiative and referendum, as has been done in the state of Oregon, else the corrupt lobbies would have been powerless, for the people could have vetoed their work or initiated such legislation as they desired. But failing to

enjoy these safeguards of democracy, the electorate understood that special efforts would be required to insure the state refinery upon which the people's heart was set. Accordingly monster petitions from various sections of the state rolled into the legislature, the farmers as well as the oil producers vying with each other in their imperative demands. Not a few of the legislators, judging from their own confessions, would have liked to harken to the seductive voice of the Standard Oil and railroad lobbies, but they dared not in the presence of the imperious and determined demand of their constituents. When the news reached the oil-fields that the lobbies were at work, the producers to the number of several hundred, it is said, journeyed to Topeka, and public feeling ran very high. Something of the temper of a number of the people may be gleaned from the following despatch from Topeka, dated February 6th, and published in the Boston *Evening Record*:

"T. B. Murdock, who stands close to the state administration, fired the producers with incendiary threats. He said:

"After a little the people of the country will rise up and hang a few Rockefellers and other kinds of buzzards who rob the people, not forgetting to include in the general hangings a squad or two of high court judges, when all this plundering and robbing, all these "technical" court proceedings will stop. For my part, I would like to see the hangings commence to-morrow.

"Everything we eat, everything we drink, is either controlled by a trust or is adulterated. Congress will do nothing, so it is time for the people to begin to get ready to do something.'

"Murdock's further suggestion of tar and feathers for the Standard Oil lobbyists was warmly received."

VI. A BRAZEN ATTEMPT TO COERCE A STATE.

Finding that the lobbies were not meeting with their usual success in "convincing" the people's representatives, the Standard Company proceeded to play a bold game, which was none other than to coerce the state into abdicating in its favor, by compelling it to drop the proposed legislation. This was done by the company refusing to buy any Kansas oil. It was thought that it could so terrify the producers by this action that they would induce the legislators to drop the proposed

refinery bill. That such was the purpose of the oil-trust is indicated from the following charges lodged with the Department of Commerce and Labor, before alluded to:

"Second.—We charge: That the Standard Oil Company is now blacklisting Kansas oil for the purpose of preventing the legislature of Kansas from passing such measures as will give the producers relief and allow honest competition in the oil business of Kansas, and submit the following facts:

"On or about February 8, 1905, the Kansas House of Representatives made the said measure a special order for February 15th. They had already passed the same. On Thursday, February 9th, the Standard Oil Company issued an order to its Kansas officers to buy no more oil in Kansas. As this order was for the purpose of throwing the oil-field into a panic and causing the producers to appeal to the legislature to go no further with the legislation, we submit the following statement of R. W. J. Young, President of the Prairie Oil and Gas Company, the Kansas branch of the Standard.

"The statement is as follows: 'The legislature of Kansas has passed an act appropriating \$400,000 for a state oil-refinery and is now framing laws for the establishment of a pipeline. It is said convict labor is to be used and that the state in this way will compete with the Standard Oil Company.

"The closing of the plants and shutting down of the pipe-lines will let the legislature and people see what adverse legislation would do to the industries of the state, and will probably create sentiment abandoning the plan of entering the oil-field.'"

VII. A STATE GOVERNMENT THAT REFUSED TO BE CORRUPTED OR COERCED.

The high-handed action of Mr. Rockefeller and his associates had precisely the opposite effect from what the trust desired. It crystallized public sentiment and aroused such intense indignation on the part of the people that all thought of yielding, even on the part of the beneficiaries of the railway or corporation interests, had to be abandoned. The bill passed providing for the state refinery, and was signed by the governor. Thus the first step in the great battle of a commonwealth against corrupt corporate wealth was taken, and already Kansas has electrified the nation and created something akin to consternation

in the circles of the oil-trust; for Texas, Colorado, Oklahoma and Missouri are all contemplating following the example of Kansas, and certain it is that if the oil-trust cannot thwart the state in its experiment, the probabilities are that numerous other commonwealths will throw off the yoke of bondage and imitate the sane, wise and statesmanlike course of Kansas in the near future.

VIII. PERILS BEFORE KANSAS.

No one who has studied the dark and devious methods of the Standard Oil Company, or who is even cursorily acquainted with its iniquitous history, will imagine for a moment that the state of Kansas will be permitted to peacefully carry out her own law or the manifest desire of the electorate of the commonwealth. The statute-evading, law-defying and corrupt corporation long since determined to be the absolute master of the oil wealth of this nation and that the people of the country should not enjoy the benefits of this immensely valuable gift of the common Father to His common children without paying extortionate tribute to the conscienceless trust. In pursuance of this settled policy and through the powerful and all-necessary aid of the corrupt railway systems, the trust has heretofore been able to thwart every effort made in the interests of the millions of America or of the honest competitors among the oil producers and refiners. We have already referred to the infamous species of commercial brigandage by which the Standard Oil Company rendered competition impossible and a mastery of the oil-fields inevitable, while enormously enriching itself, through the assistance and connivance of the railways which robbed every independent producer and turned the money over to the Standard Oil Company. This exhibition of criminal rapacity in commercial life bore precisely the same relation to open warfare as the methods of medieval assassins who dared not meet their enemies in the open, but who under shelter of night emerged from dark alleys and drove their stilettes into the vitals of their enemies *from behind*.

Now among the grave perils which Kansas will have to grapple with, perhaps nothing will be more serious than the influence of the great railways of the state. These corporations have means of influencing citizens greater, more far-reaching and irresistible than any other source of power save that of an

aroused and united public sentiment. They can injure or aid, often make or unmake citizens. Secret rebates, favoritism, illegal discrimination, and other morally criminal acts so long practiced are but a few of the means at their command by which they are able to thwart or circumvent the interests and welfare of the people, when such interests run counter to their own rapacity or the greed of their allies. One of these influencing factors is the lawyers all over the state who may be retained, and especially the ambitious and aspiring attorneys. The editors also can be easily made to feel the influence of the railroads' smile or frown; so with statesmen and various business interests dependent upon the railways.

Now knowing what has been the settled policy of the Standard Oil Company from its beginning, we naturally expected that in the presence of the pending conflict it would seek to ally itself more closely with the great railway octopus of Kansas, the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fé Railroad; and we were therefore not surprised to read in the daily papers on the seventeenth of February the announcement that H. H. Rogers, the present active head of the Standard Oil Company, had been elected to the directorate of the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fé Railroad Company, together with H. C. Frick of the Steel-Trust.

No one knows better than the people of Kansas how baleful has frequently been the influence exerted by the Atchison road in compassing ends inimical to the best interests of the producing and consuming masses of the state. Its influence is everywhere felt over the commonwealth. Its power is only second to that of public opinion when the latter is fully aroused and the people are organized; while the Atchison's staying powers are not unlike those of the Standard Oil Company. Now the election of Mr. Rogers, the virtual head of the Standard Oil Company, to the directorate of the Atchison road is ominous. It indicates that in the war that the Standard proposes to wage, the Atchison will throw all its immense power against the commonwealth and for the oil octopus.

This is but one, however, of the agencies which may be expected to be brought to bear to defeat the purpose of Kansas. Let the citizens of this brave and patriotic Western commonwealth study well the history of the

Standard Oil Company as given by Mr. Henry Demarest Lloyd in his masterly work, *Wealth Against Commonwealth*, and the recently published *History of the Standard Oil Company*, by Ida M. Tarbell. Let them especially note the chapters in Miss Tarbell's history showing the change of heart of governors, state attorneys, judges, editors and others when the fruits of the rapacity and inordinate greed of the Standard Oil Company were imperilled. Let them read the chapter

in which Miss Tarbell shows the change of front on the part of Governor Hoyt of Pennsylvania. Let them read of the blowing up of the Matthews works and of the confessions and suits which followed. And let them also follow the amazing revelations of the various Congressional, State and other investigations of the Oil-Trust, so that they may be prepared to battle successfully with the most dangerous aggregation of corporate wealth that to-day menaces republican institutions.

ECONOMIC EVILS THAT SHAME THE REPUBLIC.

CHILD-SLAVERY IN NEW YORK.

WHENEVER children are taken from school and the conditions essential to healthful growth and development of body and mind, and are confined in mills, factories and shops where they toil for long hours, a double crime is perpetrated—a crime against the young life and a crime against the society of to-morrow. Moreover, wherever society becomes so sordid as to permit this inhumanity the conditions of the little ones become in many respects inexpressibly tragic and the general tendency in their treatment is downward rather than upward.

Some recent disclosures of the Factory Inspectors in New York reveal conditions that are well calculated to stir the blood of even our complacent, money-worshipping masses whose optimism is largely the fruit of ignorance. In two instances cited by the inspectors against manufacturers who were haled into court indicate to what extent the crime against the young is being carried in the most opulent and populous city of the New World. It was shown at this investigation that girls

respectively thirteen and fourteen years of age had been compelled to work sixty-eight hours a week, or over eleven hours a day, and for this they received but three dollars. The judge before whom the case was brought characterized such treatment as criminal and as in effect being slavery. In her testimony Miss Foster, the inspector responsible for bringing these outrageous facts to public attention, stated that she also found that the children employed by this firm were fined ten cents each time they spoke while working, and two cents for each five minutes they were late.

There is a general movement at the present time looking towards arousing the dormant conscience of our people against this form of slavery, and it should receive the active and earnest support of all friends of human progress. While we hold that the abolition of child-slavery in itself is of small importance in comparison with the inauguration of great fundamental democratic and just political and economic measures, it is a movement in the right direction and as such should receive the cordial aid of the conscience element of our society.

THE WORLD AT LARGE.

THE ASSASSINATION OF SERGIUS: ANOTHER ATTEMPT TO TEMPER THE DESPOTISM OF RUSSIA.

THE ASSASSINATION of the Grand Duke Sergius of Russia at Moscow by the bomb of one of the revolutionists, marks the taking off of the second person in a list of

seven or eight of the more prominent and offensive of the responsible reactionary despots that have answered the aspirations of a great people for a constitutional government with murder, imprisonment and exile, and that the revolutionists have slated for death, provided the government still refuses the demands of the people. Next to the late minister Von Plehve

and M. Pobiedonostseff, the present head of the Holy Synod, Sergius has long been the most hated man in all Russia. His brutality to the students and inhumanity to the Jews were such as to sicken the heart of every civilized person acquainted with his atrocities. When in command of Moscow he constantly committed outrages that should have led to his life imprisonment in the salt mines of Siberia. For example: when the students gathered in the city, he would frequently order the Cossacks to ride them down and saber them. Upon the Jews his innate hate, intensified by his religious fanaticism, found constant and terrible expression. He created a veritable reign of terror among a large proportion of the best inhabitants of the city, and finally his crimes became so unbearable that the government was compelled to remove him from command. He has been one of the chief of the baleful reactionary influences that are responsible for the Czar's refusing the moderate and just demands of the zemstvos and which later led the autocratic ruler to order the murder of hundreds of his starving subjects—men, women and children, who were unarmed and merely sought to peaceably acquaint him with their wretched condition. Sergius, Pobiedonostseff,—the latter acting directly and also through the Czar's mother who is said to be completely under the priest's baleful influence—and the Grand Duke Vladimir are credited with having overruled the wise counsel of Prince Sviatopolk-Mirsky, the Czarina and other leading liberal influences, so that the Czar lost forever one of the most splendid opportunities of winning an immortality of glory for himself and the love and gratitude of the truly civilized of the Western nations, by establishing a constitutional form of government.

On every hand reactionary journals and correspondents at the present writing are talking of a reign of terror being feared in Russia; and in this connection it is well for thoughtful people to bear in mind the fact that in the history of Christian civilization no reign of terror has been known, that came from the people, which was not preceded by a long and far more terrible reign of terror from the throne and the classes, that systematically oppressed and destroyed the people. Wherever and whenever a reign of terror has come, it has been but the swinging back of the pendulum—but the reaping of the previous sowing. Take Russia for example. The

riding down and sabering of the students at the command of Sergius; the despoliation, persecution and slaughter of the Jews; the long practice of arbitrarily arresting and without any due form of trial sending to the salt-mines or other dismal prison-colonies of Siberia Russian nobles, educators, and the cultured sons and daughters of the nobility, for no crime save that of being suspected of working for a constitutional form of government or of teaching the serfs to read;* the wholesale arrest and deportation of the Finnish patriots for resisting the despotism of Russia, rendered possible through the perfidy of the present Czar; the wholesale massacres at Kishineff; the recent shooting down of unarmed men, women and children, who under the leadership of their loved priest sought to lay a petition at the feet of the "Little Father," as they had been taught to lovingly designate the Czar,—these and scores upon scores of similar outrages, stretching back through many decades, have made a veritable reign of terror, which in its infamy, its cruelty, its injustice and inhumanity dwarfs the French Reign of Terror into pitiful insignificance. If a reign of terror comes from the victims of Russian despotism, it will be brought about by and be wholly a result of the long-continued brutality, tyranny and inhumanity of the Czar, his family and the bureaucracy.

Under a republican form of government there is no justification for assassination, for the people have it in their power to organize and overthrow the most powerful and corrupt influence, whether it be entrenched in government or manifested through corporate wealth

*The experience of the great Russian educator, Professor Paul Milyoukov, affords a striking illustration of this common practice of the Russian bureaucracy. Professor Milyoukov was a leading educator, loved and respected, a man of broad culture and refinement. He presided at a students' meeting and expressed his sympathy with the aspirations of young Russia for a constitutional government and that larger measure of freedom which favors moral and intellectual growth in a people; and for this he was arrested and condemned to exile in the salt-mines of Siberia. He escaped and came to this country, where during the past winter he delivered a notable course of lectures at the Lowell Institute Course, in Boston. Another typical illustration was the case of Katherine Breshkovsky. She was the daughter of one of the large landed proprietors of Russia, and her commiseration for the ignorance and misery of the peasants led her to teach them to read, and for this teaching she was condemned for a number of years to exile, where she suffered all the horrors of the Siberian prisons.

acting outside of and subtly through government channels. Outrages may exist under constitutional government for a time, but a united people can always end the abuses when they organize and vote as a unit against their oppressors. In an autocracy it is different. As has been truly said, Russia is a despotism tempered by assassination. The present government has had every possible opportunity given it to be just and to conform to the spirit of the age. Moderate and meagre indeed have been the demands of the nation, but its demands have been spurned, and when the starving have asked for bread they have received bullets instead. Under such conditions it is not strange that assassinations continue, nor do we imagine they will cease until the tyrants yield or until the marked despotic reactionaries have all been removed and a full-fledged revolution has developed.

THE RAILWAYS AS FACTORS IN A POPULAR EDUCATIONAL SYSTEM.

NEW ZEALAND furnishes many striking illustrations of the difference between a government of the people, by the people and for the people, and a government dominated by privileged interests, predatory wealth and political machines, where the interests of powerful corporations and of professional politicians and bosses are of first concern and those of the millions of wealth-creators and consumers are a matter of secondary consideration in the practical workings of the various departments of government. In New Zealand the people's servants, from Prime Minister Seddon down, for more than a decade, or since the Liberal Party gained complete control of the government, have made the interest, prosperity, betterment, development, and happiness of all the people the supreme aim and end of government. That the government may have erred at times or may have placed too much emphasis on some reforms and too little on others, is possible. Indeed, it would be almost impossible for it to be otherwise, but any such errors have been the result of human fallibility and not of sordidness or an aim to subvert the functions of government for the furtherance of ambitious desires, of personal interest, or of the interest of any special class. And this high and noble passion for the common weal has led to numerous innovations that America would have inaugurated long ere this but for the fact that

greed and cunning instead of lofty disinterested statesmanship have been allowed to corrupt government and so far dominate political machines and public opinion-forming agencies as to defeat necessary legislation that would have fostered equality of opportunities and of rights—the touchstone of a free republic.

Among the numerous innovations that have been successfully introduced into New Zealand and that aim at broadening and developing the life and character of the rising generation is a provision by which school-children of town and country are enabled to travel to and from their homes under conditions that are favorable at once to the fullest measure of innocent enjoyment, while the children are being unconsciously educated in the most practical manner. Under this provision at intervals the teachers in the country schools take the children to the cities on excursions, when they visit the libraries, museums, printing-offices, manufacturing establishments, gas-plants, and other interesting features of urban life, as well as the shipping in the harbors. During these excursions the teachers explain everything to the children. At night the excursionists return with minds full of information and stored with a fund of food that shall stimulate the imagination for weeks and months to come.

In like manner the children in the cities are taken into the country to see nature in her varying moods. The beauty of spring, the splendor of summer, the glory of autumn, and the wonderful natural scenery of New Zealand embracing mountains, magnificent waterfalls, glaciers, geysers and other natural wonders, are brought to the attention of the urban children and so explained that in a few hours' time more of helpful and wholesome truth relating to geology, botany and other natural sciences is imbibed than could otherwise have been inculcated in months.

To make it possible for the children to enjoy these educational excursions, the government-owned and operated railways furnish round-fare tickets for all children under fifteen years of age at fifty cents per trip of one hundred miles in length; while the teachers and older pupils pay one dollar for the same round-trip tickets. These prices, as the government officials state, do not quite cover the expense of the trips in dollars and cents, but they regard the slight loss thus sustained as a part of the money wisely invested for the

maintenance of the popular educational system. Here we have a splendid illustration of the practical idealism that is the true flower of pure democracy. The children's lives are thus at a trifling expense to the state wonderfully enriched through not only having their joy increased in a pure and wholesome manner, their love of the government and their pride in the nation fostered, but their general education has been furthered in a positive and helpful manner.

Another blessing flowing from the state-owned railways of New Zealand is found in the manner in which the government has been able to foster and stimulate home-building and development for miles around each center of population. One of the reasons why the most ambitious of our own working-people feel a reluctance to going outside of the thickly-settled parts of the cities is because their children will not have such good school advantages as if they remained in the city, while the cost to them in going to and coming from labor is prohibitive. Now New Zealand's railways carry children for the primary grades to and from school free, while older children can buy a three-months' season ticket for \$2.50 or \$5.00, according to age, within a radius of sixty miles of the city, which, as Professor Parsons points out in his unsurpassed history of New Zealand, gives them a possible ride of 120 miles a day for three or six cents in round numbers.

The roads also favor the workingmen in

such a way as to encourage the building of suburban homes, by selling them tickets good for one week, within any reasonable distance of the city, at twenty-eight shillings, the only restriction being that they must take trains leaving their home before 8 A. M. They can return at any hour in the day. These wise provisions are doing much toward making New Zealand a commonwealth of happy home-builders, and in so doing are also preserving the true, simple, pure life that the artificial and abnormal conditions in overcrowded cities tend to destroy.

When the people own and operate the railways, they are run in the interest and for the benefit of the people. When private companies own and operate the railways, they are run in the interest and for the rapid enrichment of a relatively few privileged individuals, the master-spirits being Wall-street gamblers or speculators and multi-millionaires who have used and are using their powers to directly or indirectly corrupt government and prevent the legislation that would protect the people from discriminations and extortions. The question that our people must settle, and that shortly, is whether the people shall own the railways and enjoy the benefits of such ownership, or whether the railways shall own the government and make it more and more an instrument for the enrichment of privileged classes and giant corporations by the spoliation of the many. New Zealand points the way.

THE IRREPRESSIBLE BATTLE BETWEEN INDUSTRY AND DEMOCRATIC PROGRESS, AND PRIVILEGE AND REACTION.

POPULAR GOVERNMENT AND REACTION.

THE WORLD-WIDE and irrepressible conflict now assuming gigantic proportions in various lands, between the genius of democracy or popular rule on the one hand and privilege and reaction on the other, is in essence the same as the great revolutionary struggle that marked the closing quarter of the eighteenth century. In the December issue of *THE ARENA* the Honorable Edward Tregear, the eminent New Zealand statesman and author and the present Secretary of Labor for the Commonwealth, showed how the industrial classes in the cities and the

country united at the polls, elected statesmen pledged to a democratic progressive platform, won the government, and inaugurated the political revolution that has raised New Zealand out of comparative obscurity and placed her in the forefront of the truly democratic lands, while bringing to the people a degree of happiness, freedom and prosperity that would have been impossible had not the wealth-creators placed at the helm of government men who were pledged to place the interests of the whole people above all consideration of the demands of classes or privileged interests. In our March number Mr. David Graham Phillips gave a graphic picture of the

rapid advance which France is making toward a true democracy in which political equality will ere long, unless a reactionary movement sets in, be complemented by economic equality.

This movement of the awakened masses in favor of democracy or a government truly popular in its spirit,—one in which the chief concern of the statesmen shall always be the highest interests of all the people, as opposed to the clearly reactionary movements in which autocracy, monarchy, theocracy, predatory wealth or privileged interests in various guises are seeking to regain the reins of government, is the most profoundly important conflict in the political world to-day. It is our purpose to notice this struggle in different lands from time to time, in order that our readers may be kept in intimate touch with a conflict which, whether in Russia or Australia, Germany or New Zealand, Italy or Great Britain, France or the United States, Spain or Belgium, is the same in spirit and essence; though in different lands the reactionary classes march under different flags, as for example, a czar, a bureaucracy and a mediæval church, as in Russia; an emperor, a hereditary aristocracy and a reactionary clerical party, as in Germany; an imperialistic, clerical and economically reactionary class, as in Great Britain; the degenerate and broken-down scions of an old Bourbon régime and a reactionary clergy, as in France; or a plutocracy and a reactionary party of self-seeking politicians, subservient to predatory wealth and corporate interests, as in our republic. It matters not, however, what are the dominating influences that mark these reactionary classes; the genius of each is the same. They all represent that spirit of class-rulership, of despotism, oppression and opposition to free thought and the general expansion of human life, which battled against the revolutionary forces and the genius of democracy in the last great conflict.

THE NEW PROGRESSIVE DEMOCRATIC PARTY IN GREAT BRITAIN.

THIS month we wish to notice the new movement, representing industry and progress, which promises to supplant the decadent Liberal party and become the great liberal, progressive and truly democratic party of Great Britain. In the January issue of the *English Review of Reviews* for 1903, Mr. W. T. Stead published an extended paper on

"The Party of the Future and Its Programme." This contribution was remarkable for the keenness with which the versatile editor analyzed the political conditions and the drift of progressive and reactionary thought, and for the accuracy of his predictions as to the political future. In speaking of the reaction that had come as a result of the disorganized and moribund condition of the old Liberal party, Mr. Stead said:

"In England we have witnessed the overthrow one by one of the principles of legislation which the Liberals of the last century believed to be established on unassailable foundations. A Parliament which has levied an export duty on coal, an import duty on bread, and which has reimposed religious tests and reenacted church rates in disguise, is portent enough to alarm all moderate men."

The editor next showed that this reactionary course had been rendered possible on account of the paralysis of the Liberal party, because it had exhausted its mandate and lost its leaders, so that the rank and file were "a leaderless mob, without a general, without a creed, without even a plan of campaign."

But though Mr. Stead beheld nothing but disaster for the old Liberal party, he believed the hour approached when a re-alignment along the lines of labor and social progress, in harmony with the truly democratic ideal, would make a strong and vigorous new party which should become the legitimate successor of the old Liberal party and which should carry forward the work of democracy. On these points he observed:

"The Liberal party must experience a glorious resurrection as the Party of Progress with the Condition of the People Question—the material improvement of the individual citizen by the use of all the forces at the disposal of the State—as its battle-cry. The Liberal party, in short, must become a Social party, with a Social programme so broadly defined as to make it practically indistinguishable in its immediate aims from the Labour party, whether that party is labelled I. L. P. or S. D. F. or bears no label. When that metamorphosis is accomplished the old historic name of Liberal will take its place beside the not less historic and illustrious name of Whig, and hand over its glorious traditions and its party organization to a successor, whose name will spring naturally

from its creed. The Party of the Future, which is the Party of Progress, will be the Progressives, and against it will be arrayed the serried ranks of the champions of reaction.

"Mr. Gladstone in his closing years saw the coming division and regrouping of parties when he used the memorable phrase about the Liberals being the party of the masses as distinguished from the Conservatives, who were the party of the classes. The Progressive party will be, even more than the Liberal party ever was, the party of the masses, for it will be the party of Labour, and its supreme mandate will be the amelioration of the condition of the people. It will seek the material betterment of the lot of the poor by the use of the power and resources of the State."

Before Mr. Stead wrote those lines—indeed, as far back as 1900—a practical attempt had been made looking toward uniting various labor and reform movements in such a manner that a practical programme could be adopted by which the industrial masses and the reformers of England in general could compel something like adequate recognition from the law-makers. At the great Trades-Union Council in 1900 it was ably pointed out by representatives of the Labor party that so long as the workers divided their votes, little real progress could be hoped for. The Liberal was becoming more and more an opportunist capital party, and the Conservatives, emboldened by the disorganized and programmeless condition of the Liberals, were forcing England into a most reactionary position, which, while necessarily the source of great satisfaction to the Emperor William, the Czar of Russia and other extreme reactionaries, was alarming to all friends of democracy.

At first the efforts at union seemed futile. The coöperators had from the start confined their work to an economic programme. The Social-Democratic Federation was unwilling to accept the step-by-step programme as proposed by the Labor leaders, while the trades unions at the first seemed reluctant to adopt the policy that had made the reactionists and capitalists powerful in government—namely, that of uniting at the polls to secure the election of statesmen pledged to the demands of Labor and of the industrial classes in general. But ere long one by one the great trades-union organizations were won over. A systematic educational agitation was carried

forward which rapidly produced a strong sentiment in favor of political union for practical results. The laborers saw that in England and America, where the Labor leaders had refused to unite on a definite programme and where the capitalists and reactionary elements had united, legislation inimical to the principles of democracy, and which in some instances threatened the foundations of free government, was being enacted; while reactionary laws and vicious precedents were on every hand imperilling the rights of labor, which had heretofore been unquestioned. On the other hand it was seen that by union of the industrial masses in New Zealand, the Commonwealth had been reclaimed from the mastership of classes and privilege and made in deed and in fact a government of the people, by the people and for the people, worthy of twentieth-century civilization. As a result the trades unions have one by one declared for the new party, until it is believed that there are now about one millions trades-unionists and progressive labor men pledged to the organization.

The general election of 1900 came too soon to enable the Labor party to develop any strength, but since then the number of candidates representing the Labor party and the extreme Liberals, who had been successful at the by-elections affords some indication of the great progress that has been made, and even more surprising and signal have been the Labor votes recently developed in municipal elections. It is confidently believed that at the next general election from twenty-five to fifty Labor members will be returned, probably enough to hold the balance of power; and from then on there will be a rapid growth in the party, because it embodies in its general demands the vital requirements of progressive democracy to-day, just as the Liberal party embodied the vital demands of progressive democracy in the last century.

Among the leading of these demands for which it is claimed the new party will stand will be: The nationalization of the railways and other public utilities that are not already in the hands of the people; the taxation of land values or public-ownership of the land; a legal eight-hour day; a free secular public-school system; public support of poor children; public employment of the unemployed; aid or pensions for the aged poor; opposition to imperialism and to protection.

The programme will be opportunistic in character and socialistic in spirit. The plan of procedure in all probability will be by the step-by-step method, which will seize the reform most easy of accomplishment, concentrate on it, and when victory has been achieved take up another measure, making it the rallying point until it also has become a part of the organic law of the realm. This was the most successful plan of the Liberals of England during the past century, and the men at the head of the Labor party in England are men of wisdom and trained to act in a practical manner without sacrificing any vital principle for which they are battling.

Owing to Mr. Chamberlain's forcing the protection issue, the probability is that the Liberals will win at the next election, but a

large number of their candidates will work with the Labor party on most questions, while, as pointed out by Mr. Stead, owing to the fact that the Liberal party has fulfilled its mission and has no constructive programme, no masterful leaders, and no consistent general policy around which it can rally its forces, it will go to pieces, and the greater number of its members will join the Labor party, while the reactionary element will unite with the Tories or Conservatives.

The outlook for future success for a progressive, constructive democratic programme in England is, we think, brighter to-day than ever before. Certainly the cause of Liberalism, which with the passing of Gladstone suffered eclipse, shows signs of re-birth in the new party of progress and extended popular rights.

THE ADVANCE OF WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY.

WHEN wireless telegraphy was first demonstrated to be practical, under very limited conditions, most persons, even among electrical experts held that its benefits must be in the very nature of the case restricted in character. It would be possible to use it successfully at sea between the ships of a fleet or passing vessels, and it would be thoroughly practicable to use it within thirty or sixty miles of the coast; but beyond such utilization little, it was thought, could be hoped for from the discovery and invention. The progress along practical lines, though not so rapid or complete as Mr. Marconi confidently predicted some time since, has nevertheless been of a most surprising and on the whole satisfactory character. Messages have been transmitted with ease to vessels fifteen hundred miles from the shore, and evidences are not wanting that indicate the possibility of

wireless telegraphy some day girdling the globe. The latest and in many respects most notable victory for Marconi was the successful exchange of wireless messages between the station of his company in Cornwall, England, and the station of the Italian Government at Acona, Italy. The messages sent from Cornwall, after going across France, over some of the highest of the Alps, and across a portion of Italy, were received by the Italian Minister of Marine, whose reply in like manner was received at the Cornwall station. This success is in our judgment more remarkable than the sending of a message across the ocean. The transmitting of a message over thickly-settled countries and over great mountains for the distance of one thousand miles suggests vast possibilities for wireless telegraphy. We are certainly still in the halcyon age of inventive genius and wonder-working discoveries.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.*

A History of the United States and Its People.
By Elroy McKendree Avery. In Twelve
Volumes. Vol. I. Illustrated. Cloth.
Pp. 404. Price, \$6.25 net per volume.
Cleveland, Ohio: The Burrows Brothers
Company.

AT LAST we have the promise of a history of the United States that shall be worthy of the republic—a history upon which the author has spent almost twenty years of tireless research and in which all mooted or doubtful facts have been submitted and re-submitted to able critical authorities in history, in order that the first and most important requisite of any history—accuracy—may be insured. The work is intended at once for the student and the general reader, and it will, we think, judging from the opening volume, fairly meet the exacting demands of this double purpose.

The author, Dr. Elroy M. Avery, is a careful and painstaking scholar who happily possesses in more than ordinary degree the faculty of presenting his subject-matter in the best of English and in an interesting manner. His work on *Physics*, a scientific text-book for schools, has enjoyed great popularity, the sales amounting to many hundreds of thousands of copies. It was about twenty years ago that Dr. Avery was commissioned by Messrs. Burrows Brothers to prepare a history of the United States. At that time it was expected that the work would require eight years. Instead more than eighteen years were devoted by the author to its preparation before the first volume was put into press, and it will be four years before the twelfth or concluding volume will appear.

After the author began his work he realized as never before that if he was to prepare a history of this nation extending back to the earliest times of which we have any trace or record, and which should worthily present the fruits of the latest research, he must devote to it the best years of his life. Patiently, toilsomely and yet with the joy of the true scholar, he pursued his task, assisted at every turn by his publishers and a band of historical authorities who have been consulted on all

dubious points. As a result, if the opening volume is a fair example of the work to follow, we are to have a genuine addition to our historical literature of which our people may well be proud.

Of course it is too early to pass judgment on the work as a whole. Many scholars can write history admirably when they describe remote events; yet when they come to issues that are very personal or to events that are contemporaneous or in which they have had active participation, their prejudices and strong convictions render impartial judgment difficult and with some temperaments impossible. The brilliant but prejudice-tinged history of Froude furnishes a striking case in point. So, though our author is highly satisfactory as a historian in the present volume, we shall not be in a position to judge of his ability to rise above passion, prejudice and the influence of environment until we come to that part of the history dealing with the great men and measures that have profoundly moved the life currents of the New World during the past fifty years. It is therefore of the present volume alone that we can speak in an unqualified manner.

This work opens with four chapters devoted to prehistoric America. They are entitled "The First Americans," "The Neolithic Americans," "Maze and Myth," and "The Norsemen." The discussion of the antiquity of man in America is a treatise of great value and interest, displaying wide research and being an epitome of the latest results in investigations and their legitimate conclusions. We are glad to observe that Dr. Avery gives full credit to the inestimably valuable scientific research and discovery of one of THE ARENA's valued contributors, Dr. Charles C. Abbott, in the following paragraphs:

"Not very long ago it was held that no truly scientific proof of man's great antiquity in America exists; but such proof was supplied in 1875 by Dr. Charles C. Abbott's discovery of paleolithic implements in the gravel terrace at Trenton, New Jersey. These implements are rude stone objects, shaped by chipping so as to produce cutting edges, and are usually pointed at one end. They seem to have been chiefly weapons used in hunting. When it is remembered that some of them bear thirty

*Books intended for review in THE ARENA should be addressed to B. O. Flower, Editorial Department, THE ARENA, Boston, Mass.

or forty planes of cleavage, equally weathered, it is difficult to doubt that they are the results of intelligent, intentional action. From other remains discovered in the Trenton gravels with these relics of early man, we infer that the North Americans of the glacial epoch must have been familiar with the mastodon, walrus, Greenland reindeer, caribou, moose, and musk-ox. Perhaps man and animals had been forced southward by the encroaching ice.

"These implements could not have been in the gravel where they were found unless they were left there by the forces that laid the gravel beds, and the Trenton gravels were deposited by the torrent that came from the melting glacier. Besides these paleolithic implements, the Trenton gravels have yielded one human cranium and parts of others. In November, 1899, Mr. Ernest Volk, exploring the valley of the Delaware for traces of glacial man, found a fragment of a human thigh-bone in undisturbed stratified glacial gravels. While distinguished ethnologists still deny that there exists any evidence of a pre-glacial America, the general opinion among archæologists is that the primeval American antedates the close of the glacial epoch. In 1888, paleolithic implements were found in a red-gravel deposit near Claymont, Delaware. This Claymont gravel is a glacial deposit and is regarded as some thousands of years older than that at Trenton. It thus appears that man was in the Delaware valley at a period far earlier than that indicated by the discoveries at Trenton.

"An antiquity vastly greater than the actual age of the Claymont gravels has been assigned to man in America. 'Of necessity he must have been in existence long before the final events occurred, in order to have left his implements buried in the beds of debris which they occasioned.' Moreover, 'the close of the glacial period' is a very indefinite expression. 'The glacial period was a long time in closing.' In his *History of the Niagara River*, Mr. Gilbert tells us that, from first to last, man has been the witness of its toil. The human comrade of the river's youth 'told us little of himself. We only know that on a gravelly beach of Lake Iroquois, now the Ridge Road, he rudely gathered stones to make a hearth and build a fire; and the next storm-breakers, forcing back the beach, buried and thus preserved, to gratify, yet whet our curiosity, hearth, ashes and charred sticks. In these Darwinian

days, we cannot deem primeval that man possessed of the Promethean art of fire, and so his presence on the scene adds zest to the pursuit of the Niagara problem. Whatever the antiquity of the great cataract may be found to be, the antiquity of man is greater.' Encouraged thus and otherwise, Dr. Abbott joyfully proclaims: 'There was a time when to all appearances, American archæology would have to be squeezed into the cramped quarters of ten thousand years; but we are pretty sure of twenty or even thirty thousand now, in which to spread out in proper sequence and without confusion the long train of human activities that have taken place.'"

We have given the above quotation as a hint of the character of the opening discussion and also to permit our readers to become acquainted with our author's style of writing.

After the valuable presentation of scientific proofs and evidences of man's inhabiting America prior to the glacial epoch, Dr. Avery proceeds to discuss, in so far as discoveries and known scientific facts warrant, the cliff-dwellers and mound-builders of prehistoric days.

Next we enter a period which our author admirably characterizes as that of "Maze and Myth." Scientific research has given us much solid ground on which to stand when considering man before and after the glacial epoch, but when we pass beyond the mound-builders to consider the vague pretensions of European discoverers before the undoubted explorations of the Norsemen, we have little but legendary matter of a doubtful character on which to base any conclusions. This chapter is thus admirably introduced by Dr. Avery:

"On our hurried way into the firm paths of demonstrable history we pass into a field thickly strewn with bewildering fact and fancy. After Columbus had glorified Spain and Cabot had magnified England in ways of which we shall soon tell, it was to be expected that other nations would seek to gratify their pride by pointing out their own priority of honor. Thus Basque and Norman, Welsh and Irish, sun-tinted Italian and snow-bleached Scandinavian appear in the forum with Arabian and Chinese and attorneys for almost every race of Eastern Asia, each claiming his share in the gift of a new world to the Old. The offered evidence is of varying worth. Little of it is of a character to carry conviction, and all of it has been dis-

puted. Naturally enough, the claimants offer a multitude of inherent possibilities, some of which are made picturesque by accompanying probabilities. Moreover, there is something fascinating in fairy-tales of travel that struck the imagination of our ancestors, and 'a charm in any evidence which goes to show that Pliny and Polo and the author of Sindbad's voyages were not liars.' Duty and pleasure thus detain us in this court of claims, antechamber of our labyrinth."

We have classed the discussion of the Norsemen's discoveries as prehistoric, though perhaps we are not warranted in so doing, as the records show to a certainty that America was discovered and partially explored by the Norsemen and that many voyages were made from Iceland, which at that time was a flourishing Norse colony. But the sagas that tell us of these voyages were for some time handed down orally before being reduced to writing, and the oral tales of seafaring people in uncritical ages cannot be relied upon as of much historic value.

The fifth and sixth chapters of the volume are devoted to preparing the way for an appreciation of the Columbian epoch of discovery, one chapter dealing with "Early Geographical Knowledge," and the other being devoted to "Prince Henry the Navigator." These chapters are interesting and valuable treatises, though the salient points necessary to the subject in hand might have been condensed into a few paragraphs.

Thirteen chapters are given to Columbus' great work and to the Spanish and Portuguese discoveries and explorations that followed the sailing of Columbus, though the Cabots also come in for a share of attention. This division contains an admirable survey of this immensely important period of history, being literally crowded with facts germane to the subject, presented in a lucid manner. True, at times the general reader will be somewhat tried at the author's dwelling unduly on facts of minor importance to the theme, and his citations from certain historians are, we think, sometimes wholly superfluous. Yet it must be remembered that these delays as it were in the progress of the story are occasioned by the fact that conflicting tales of the events have been advanced, and it is the author's desire and purpose to establish what seems to be the historic fact in the case.

Chapter Twenty is devoted to "Pioneers of New France"; Chapter Twenty-one to

the English pioneers,—Drake, Hawkins, Raleigh, etc. The concluding pages are given to the consideration of "The Indians of North America."

This volume comprises the period of discovery. Volumes Two, Three and Four will treat of the Colonial period after 1600, and the remaining eight volumes will deal with the United States and her people from 1776 to 1902.

Dr. Avery cannot be said to have the charm of style of a Macaulay. He does not make history as fascinating as romance, but that is only possible when a gifted writer leaves argumentation and the discussion of mooted points out of the body of a story, and with a continuous narrative in hand swerves neither to the right nor the left in order to investigate rival claims or to verify facts when conflicting opinions are present. A writer who presupposes that the reader possesses a general knowledge of the history of the period of which he writes, and who has satisfied himself on mooted questions, may, if he possesses rare descriptive powers and a faculty for making events seem real, write history as absorbingly interesting as powerful fiction. But this is impossible in a work like the present, that is intended for students of history as well as the general reader, unless extensive appendices accompany the story.

On the whole Dr. Avery has succeeded in an eminent degree in writing an authoritative and for all practical purposes of the general reader a sufficiently comprehensive history in an interesting style. We incline to the belief that on the whole no treatment of the period of discovery has been more satisfactorily prepared. The typography, illustrations and make-up of the work also deserve the highest commendation. Rarely have illustrations been introduced with such judgment, while the numerous maps are admirable examples of the map-maker's art. If the succeeding volumes equal in excellence the present book, this history will be the best complete history of our country yet written.

The Country Home. By E. P. Powell. Illustrated with over twenty full-page halftones. Cloth. Pp. 386. Price, \$1.50 net. New York: McClure, Phillips & Company.

The Country Home, by E. P. Powell, is one of the most valuable and practical works of recent months,—a volume that we could heartily wish might be placed in the hands of

every thoughtful young man and woman in our republic. It stimulates as do very few other books of its character that normal hunger of the child of earth for access to the land—for closer relationship with the great Mother. And in our judgment one of the most hopeful signs of the day is the increasing trend of life to the country. Men are again becoming land-hungry. Up to a very few years ago the current was almost wholly toward the city, at least in the Eastern half of the republic; but with the general introduction of the telephone and the rural free mail delivery, and the extension of the trolley lines, life in the country has taken on new charm, and there is no life so normal or wholesome as a well-ordered existence under one's own vine and fig-tree, near to nature's heart. Now Mr. Powell presents country life in such a manner as to make one fall in love with it, nor is he the impractical theorist, the urban critic who views and describes a subject through the rose-colored spectacles of romance, for in this book the author is merely telling the story of his own experiences and the result of many years of practical tilling of the soil. Many years ago he was compelled to give up the Christian ministry on account of failure of health. He was a man of broad culture and refinement, and he was resourceful. But the question of making a living was a serious problem. He had nine acres of land and a very little capital, and with this start he set to work to regain health and earn a livelihood. Not only has he succeeded in making a good living and in recovering his health, but his farm of nine acres near Clinton, New York, is to-day worth \$25,000. Thus the story told within these pages is the narrative of a man who knows from actual experience the facts he sets forth, and it is the work of one gifted with the seeing eye, whose delight in all his labor has been that of the true poet who joys in the beautiful, the true, the normal and the good; and not the least excellence of the work is found in the author's ability to convey something of his own enthusiasm to the mind of the reader. With the witchery of the poet's art he leads us from page to page, until all too soon the end of the volume is reached.

But real as is the value of the book as a volume that cannot fail to greatly increase the land-hunger in the normal man, seductive as is the author's pleasing style, the crowning merit of the work is found in its preëminent practicality. Here, in as definite and cir-

cumstantial a manner as the prosiest of writers would present them, are facts of paramount importance for all to know who would make a home of joy and worth. On the presumption that the reader knows little or nothing of country life, but that he honestly desires a stake in the land, that he yearns to make a home, however humble it may be, and that he wishes to enjoy as well as live by, or at least partially live by, the land, Mr. Powell leads him step by step from the hour when he goes on the trolley into the country and selects his plot of land to the hour when he has builded and equipped his home, cellar, barn and outhouses, and to the time when he has planted and brought to bearing value his orchard, his garden, his poultry-yard and his fields,—aye, and made of his home a thing of beauty to minister to the idealistic and poetic tastes as well as to furnish sustenance. It is a book for the man who, working in the city, would nevertheless obtain from one to five acres and live in the country, and on this land make a home where through intensive gardening he could in a large way reduce his living expenses while increasing his wealth by making a valuable home for his age; and it is a volume equally valuable to the man who would go farther into the country and make a good living by giving all or almost all his time to the cultivation of the soil.

The book contains twelve chapters, in which the author treats of such themes as "Selecting a Home," "Growing the House," "Water Supply," "Lawns and Shrubberies," "Windbreaks and Hedges," the orchard, "Strawberries and their Kin," grapes, flowers, "Our Rivals—the Insects," our allies, "Cultivating the Beautiful," "Happy Animals" and "Nooks and Corners."

Mr. Powell, as our readers know, is a valued contributor to *THE ARENA*. He has also written some very notable works, the most important being *Our Heredity from God* and *Nullification and Secession in the United States*. But had he written no other work than *The Country Home*, his life would have been richly worth the living.

The Common Lot. By Robert Herrick. Cloth. Pp. 409. Price, \$1.50. New York: The Macmillan Company.

AMONG American novels that depict phases of present-day urban life in our greater cities, no romance of the past year is comparable to *The Common Lot*. With the strong, firm

touch of the true artist thoroughly conversant with his subject, Mr. Herrick has given us a picture of life as thoroughly true as any realist could demand, yet free from morbidity or aught that is objectionable, if we except one or two phrases uttered when the speakers are under the stress of great excitement. If the novel possessed no merit other than the above, its excellence as a portrayal of present-day life, given in good English, would entitle it to an honorable place among our best novels; but it possesses the added virtue of depicting boldly and clearly yet without undue obtrusiveness the great present-day struggle between sordid egoism and a noble ethical idealism. Seldom has a romancer given a better presentation of the struggling, gold-crazed life of the present, in which multitudes are battling for the acquisition of wealth and are compromising their honor, principle and sense of right at every turn to attain the coveted end—the great multitude who consciously or unconsciously are under the spell of sordid materialism. It matters not whether out of the abundance of their wealth acquired by indirection they build churches, endow colleges, teach Bible-classes, or deliver long homilies on ethics, the acts that mark their business career, the lives they live in the world of commercial activity, stamp them as sordid materialists who have turned their backs on the ideal—the conscious or unconscious materialistic egoists against whom Christ pronounced the most terrible woes.

Jackson Hart is a strikingly typical figure of this class, and his mad struggle to quickly acquire wealth affords a vivid picture of the insane conflict of tens and hundreds of thousands of our people—a struggle in which the absence of all sense of moral proportion is followed by the destruction of moral ideals which are the well-springs of the soul—the bread of life.

In Helen, Jackson's wife, we have a splendid portrayal of the finest type of twentieth-century womanhood—the strong, fine soul, so dominated by moral ideals that she is not only ever true to her highest, but after a time, when the reaping-time has come for the husband who has made the gold-god his deity, she has the strength and power to lift, redeem and save him; and at last, in the ranks, experiencing the "common lot," the hero and heroine enjoy the pleasures of a true, normal life, based on integrity and loyalty to high ideals.

The Common Lot is worthy of wide circulation. It cannot fail to do good.

THE UNIT BOOKS.

Life of Jesus. By Ernest Renan. Cloth. Pp. 451. Price, 68 cents net. New York: Howard Wilford Bell.

Domestic Manners of the Americans. By Frances M. Trollope. Cloth. Pp. 398. Price, 64 cents net. New York: Howard Wilford Bell.

National Documents. State Papers Illustrating the Growth of the Country from 1606 to the Present Date. Cloth. Pp. 496. Price, 72 cents net. New York: Howard Wilford Bell.

The Study of Words. By Richard Chenevix Trench. Cloth. Pp. 312. Price, 56 cents net. New York: Howard Wilford Bell.

THE ABOVE little volumes belong to what are known as the Unit Books, a series of standard works published on a plan that has long proved popular in the Old World, of charging a certain amount for a certain number of printed pages. The books are neatly bound in green cloth, with letters stamped on side and back in gold. The paper is of a better quality than is found in most cheap reprints. It is light weight and the volumes are small and compact, making them convenient to carry and read. As the works are reprints of older works on which there is no copyright, they can be sold at a much lower figure than would be otherwise possible. Many of the volumes in the series, like Renan's *Life of Jesus* mentioned above, are books of great value to thoughtful people.

The *Life of Jesus*, by Ernest Renan, is a volume that should be found in the libraries of all broad-minded people. The great French Liberal was particularly well-fitted to write a life of Jesus from the view-point of one who saw in him a great prophet, but a son of the Infinite only in the sense that the noblest and purest of earth can be termed the sons of God. Renan was born into a Catholic home and was reared for the priesthood. He made a profound life-study of the Hebrew and other ancient languages. He was one of the great masters of the Hebrew tongue, and the religion of the Jews and that of the early Christian church were subjects that engrossed many of the best years of his eventful life. He became in time a rationalistic deist. He was always deeply religious in the broad sense of the term. When he decided to write the *Life of Jesus*, in order to come *en rapport* with the subject and to know the land as Jesus

knew it, he journeyed in company with his sister to Palestine and traveled from city to town, from north to south, throughout the lands over which the great Nazarene trod. Thus he became thoroughly familiar with the outer appearance of Palestine and he was able to come *en rapport*, to a certain degree at least, with his subject. Here it was that he penned his great work, which was copied page by page by his sister. Scarcely was the work completed, however, before both the travelers were stricken with the eastern fever. The sister died. The following extract from the beautiful dedication by Ernest Renan to this sister fittingly expresses the author's sense of loss:

"In the bosom of God, where you are now at rest, do you remember those long days at Ghazir, where, alone with you, I wrote these pages which drew their inspiration from the places we had visited together? Sitting silent by my side, you read over every page and copied it as soon as written; at our feet stretched the sea, the villages, the ravines, the mountains. When the overpowering light of day had given place to the unnumbered hosts of the stars, your cautious doubts and subtle questions led me back to the sublime object of our common thoughts. One day you told me that you would love this book, because it had been written with you, and because it was after your own heart. If, at times, you feared for it the narrow judgments of the man of frivolous mind, you were always full of assurance that souls truly religious would end by finding pleasure in it. In the midst of these sweet meditations the Angel of Death smote us both with his wing; the sleep of fever seized us at the self-same hour; I awoke alone!"

This work will ever remain the loving and masterful labor of one of the bravest, ablest and most honest thinkers and scholars of the nineteenth century.

National Documents is a valuable little volume containing important state papers, from the Charter of Virginia, given in 1606, to the Panama Ship-Canal Treaty of 1904. Among the important documents in the work are the Mayflower Compact, the Declaration of Rights, the Declaration and Resolves of the First Continental Congress, the Declaration of Independence, Articles of Confederation, Constitution of the United States, Washington's First and Second Inaugural and his Farewell Address, the Missouri Compromise, the Monroe Doctrine, the numerous principal

treaties with foreign lands, the Kansas-Nebraska Act, Lincoln's First Inaugural Address, Constitution of the Confederate States of America, the Emancipation Proclamation, Lincoln's Gettysburg Address, Recognition of the Independence of Cuba, Reciprocal Commercial Convention between the United States and Cuba, and the Convention between the United States and the Republic of Panama.

Domestic Manners of the Americans, by Mrs. Frances M. Trollope, is a work whose contents are too well known to call for notice here. It is, as our readers know, a standard work written in a charming style and will long be popular among book lovers who desire to possess the views of various European travelers who have visited our land since the establishment of the republic.

The Study of Words is a reprint of Archbishop Trench's best-known and probably his most-popular work. Originally published in 1851, the fact that it passed through not less than twenty-two editions in the author's lifetime (he died in 1886) and is to-day in constant demand among all English-speaking peoples certifies alike to its usefulness to the student and to its exquisite charm of style for the thinker. The reader of this work will learn many curious truths concerning the growth of language and will find his grasp very much strengthened on those oral children of the intellect—words,—which to many will then for the first time cease to be "mere words" and will become living, breathing, powerful genii.

The Sea-Wolf. By Jack London. Illustrated. Cloth. Pp. 366. Price, \$1.50. New York: The Macmillan Company.

THIS romance is one of the strongest and most original stories by an American novelist that has appeared in recent years. In some respects it is not so good as *The Call of the Wild* by the same author, though there are situations that are more powerful than anything in that remarkable work describing the return of a great and noble dog to a condition of savagery. *The Sea-Wolf* is also more dramatic and more gloomy than the other romance. It is, in so far as the great central character is concerned, a study of a morbid phase of life. In Wolf Larsen, the hero, we have a man of remarkable brain power, who with scarcely any education has mastered or at least familiarized himself with the works of Darwin, Spencer, Shakespeare and other

great thinkers, yet who has not been humanized, ennobled or civilized in any degree by their influence, and who therefore represents the primal man in all his savagery, but divested of the superstition which is usually present in primitive minds. He is a materialist whose masterful brain is only at rare intervals touched by the spirit of idealism. To him this life is all there is of life. Each human being represents so much yeast, moving, expanding, and where possible always absorbing the lesser particles of yeast in its vicinity. His philosophy no less than the rough, coarse life of the seamen slowly transforms him into one of the most brutal and cruel of men, with the result that the seal-hunting ship on which the narrator finds himself an unwilling prisoner, is the theater of ever-recurring scenes of savagery, brutality and often of revolting tragedy. The effect of this savage life on others, and especially on the dilettante journalist who chronicles the story, is vividly pictured.

The last half of the novel is enriched by a romance which begins shortly after the vessel takes on board a shipwrecked maiden, who happens to be gifted authoress. She and the journalist fall in love with each other, but the autocratic captain also becomes passion-infected. The girl is naturally placed in the gravest peril—a peril that reaches a climax in an attempted assault by the captain, which leads to a fierce struggle, after which the lovers succeed in escaping in an open boat on the sea. Their experiences, privations and hardships, first on the ocean and later on a barren island, are set down in the clear, forcible and striking manner characteristic of all Mr. London's work. In the end the lovers are rescued.

The story, though powerful and quite out of the ordinary lines of romance, is not a novel that we can heartily recommend to the general reader, as we believe these morbid studies and presentations in fiction, which are unfortunately becoming very common, are not calculated to benefit the reader or furnish that kind of mental recreation that ministers to moral and intellectual vigor. We are all largely creatures of our own thoughts and ideals. We all live in a thought-world that gives shape, hue and character to our lives; and the persons with whom we come most intimately *en rapport* and the books we read, fill that thought-world with imagery and ideals that powerfully affect life's currents, giving to it a normal or an abnormal impetus

and exalting or depressing the spiritual energies. For this reason our fiction should be strong, pure, fine and true. When gloomy or depressing, it should have for its excuse some powerful and vitally needed lesson, such as Mr. Norris impressed in *The Octopus*, and such as Zola drove home in such works as *Labor*, *Fecondité*, *Lourdes*, *Rome*, *Paris* and *Truth*.

Rachel Marr. By Morley Roberts. Cloth. Pp. 468. Price, \$1.50. Boston: L. C. Page & Company.

THIS is one of the most powerful novels of the year. It is a gloomy and tragic tale, but compelling in its interest for the three-fold reason that it contains some of the best psychological studies in recent fiction, while the pictures of nature are unsurpassed in recent novels, and the handling of the principal characters is the work of a master. The story has been severely criticized on account of its alleged immorality. It is certainly unconventional and deals with the consequences following on the rash and irrational act of Anthony Perrin in marrying a girl for whom he entertains nothing but contempt instead of Rachel Marr, whom he has long loved. Rachel has behind her a bad heredity, but at the opening of the story is a woman of splendid promise, while her contact with nature in its glory serves to hold her for a time up to her best. The cruel, crushing, blasting blow which falls when her lover marries another, however, works a great change in her nature, serving to develop the latent bad hereditary elements that but for this tragic blow of fate would probably have remained dormant. In Rachel Marr we have a deeply-suggestive psychological study, and in the splendid pictures of nature we also find genuine delight; yet for all this, the book contains so much that is ugly and repulsive, so much that is more than gloomy and tragic, that it is not a volume that one would care to read a second time.

A New Paolo and Francesca. By Annie E. Holdsworth. Cloth. Pp. 300. Price, \$1.50. New York: John Lane.

AS THE title of this volume would indicate, the plot is a modern variation of the old story of Paolo and Francesca. The heroine, "Janice of the laugh and the sad eyes," has promised her father on his death-bed that she will wed the elder of her twin cousins, to whom her father's title and estates will

pass. The girl has never seen either of the young men, but meeting the younger first she falls in love with him, believing him to be the elder. The brothers both come to love her, but through a mistaken sense of what she owes her dead father's memory she keeps her promise and weds the one who is supposed to be the elder, thus causing untold misery to four persons,—her husband, her lover, herself, and her dearest friend, Heriot, who is deeply in love with the young heir. Out of this tangle nothing but unhappiness for all can result, and the last chapters of the story are filled with tragic happenings. The fact that the supposed elder brother is in reality the younger, the two having been changed in their infancy, only adds to the hopelessness of the situation.

Nothing but praise, however, is to be said for the art of the author. In description, in delineation of character and in that subtle and compelling power by which the imagination of the reader is held enthralled, the work is noteworthy. It is to be regretted that a story so charming in its style, so fascinating in its atmosphere and so powerful in the handling of the theme should be so depressing in its influence on the mind. AMY C. RICH.

Socialism Made Plain. By Allan L. Benson. Cloth. Pp. 135. Milwaukee, Wisconsin: Social-Democratic Publishing Company.

WE ARE constantly receiving letters asking where it is possible to obtain some work giving a simple explanation of the principles of Socialism as advocated by American Socialists—a work suited for the busy man on the farm, in the shop, the factory and store, who has little time to give to abstract treatises. The above work most admirably meets the demands of all such individuals. The author, Mr. Allan L. Benson, whose clear and incisive paper in the September ARENA on "The President, His Attorney-General and the Trusts" was so widely and favorably noticed, has been until recently editor of the *Detroit Daily Times*. He is a strong and lucid writer who possesses in an eminent degree the happy faculty of presenting political, social and economic subjects in a thoroughly interesting manner.

This work contains fifteen chapters devoted to the following discussions: "The Wrongs that Demand a Remedy"; "The Poor Growing Poorer and the Rich Growing Richer"; "The Causes that Make the Wrongs"; "Socialism, the Inevitable Remedy, Defined";

"Why a New Medium of Exchange is Needed"; "Why All Forms of Useful Labor are Equally Valuable"; "The Incentive to Individual Effort Under Socialism"; "What the Farmer Has: What He Might Have"; "What the Wage-Worker Has: What He Might Have"; "What the Capitalist Has: What He Might Have"; "The Private-Ownership of Land and Machinery a Moral Crime"; "Capitalism the Curse of Womanhood and Childhood"; "Capitalism the Cause of Modern Wars: Socialism the Cure"; "Other Remedies than Socialism Worse than Futile"; and "How Socialism Will Come."

In these chapters the various phases of Socialism are so elucidated as to be easily grasped by the individual.

The work, with all its excellencies, shows some regrettable haste in preparation, and we are sorry that it has not been brought out in a more fitting style; yet in spite of these shortcomings the treatment of the subject is so admirable that we take pleasure in recommending it to our readers.

The Battle Against Bribery. By Claude Wetmore. Paper. Pp. 206. Price, 50 cents. St. Louis: The Pan-American Press.

THIS interesting and timely volume comprises a complete narrative of the warfare of Governor Joseph W. Folk, when Circuit Attorney, against the corruptionists of the St. Louis city government and the public-service corporations. Here, in the compass of thirty short chapters, we have a complete history of one of the most amazing and inspiring passages in the great conflict now being waged by the American people against the rule of the corporations and the partisan machines—the battle of democracy against privilege and graft. It is a book that every thoughtful American should read.

Two in a Zoo. By Curtis Dunham and Oliver Herford. Illustrated. Cloth. Pp. 150. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

THIS is the most delightful story-book for very little folks we have read in years. Without being a fairy-story it has all the fascination of those charming tales that enthral the imagination of the young. The story deals with a little lame boy and a beautiful girl companion called the Princess by the little boy, who in turn is lovingly nick-named Toots by the little lady. These children have wonderful times in the zoölogical garden, because the boy possesses the power of hearing and understand-

ing all that the animals say to one another and all that the little sparrow, the gossip and veritable newspaper of the zoo, tells the animals. The story is most charmingly told and cannot fail to prove a source of endless delight to the little boy or girl of six or eight years who is fortunate enough to possess it.

At Home With the Jardines. By Lilian Bell. Cloth. Pp. 315. Price, \$1.50. Boston: L. C. Page & Company.

IN THIS volume the heroine of Miss Bell's former novel, *Abroad With the Jimmies*, appears in the rôle of a young matron seeking to establish a home in New York City. The efforts of herself and her husband to secure anything approaching domestic peace and quiet amid the vicissitudes of flat-life in the

great metropolis prove so futile that at last they conceive the idea of withdrawing to a beautiful little town on the Hudson, where they find a delightful old-fashioned house which they transform into an ideal country home.

The Jimmies, the heroine's sister Bee, and others who figured in the former story appear in this; but perhaps most interesting of all the characters is old Mary, the cook, a new type of servant, whose many shortcomings and peculiarities are more than counter-balanced by her affectionate care and concern for the inexperienced young couple whose joys and sorrows form the theme of the story.

The book is written in a bright, breezy style and abounds in humorous situations. It is just the volume for an idle summer afternoon.

AMY C. RICH.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

"LAW-MAKERS WHO SHAME THE REPUBLIC": In this issue of THE ARENA we publish one of the most important political papers that has appeared in many years, in Mr. BLANKENBURG's masterly unmasking of the amazing conditions of political corruption that have marked the rule of the corporations through the political machine of Pennsylvania in recent decades. This paper will prove a veritable bomb in the camp of the corruptionists and will serve to open the eyes of thousands of citizens who have heretofore slept in the presence of this great and growing evil in the republic. The fact that the author is himself a conservative thinker—one of the most prominent and universally-respected citizens of Pennsylvania—gives additional value and significance to this amazing *exposé*.

Municipal Government a Paramount Issue: THE ARENA aims to be indispensable to the large and growing number of serious-minded Americans who are determined to rescue our republic from the rule of the grafters and the corporations. In order to do this it is of paramount importance that the great cities or municipalities be freed from the spoilers,—be emancipated at the earliest possible moment from the domination of the grasping public-service corporations which have long corrupted the people's servants and through the mastery of political machines have been enabled to despoil the citizens on every hand of millions upon millions of dollars annually. In order to do this it is necessary (1) to arouse the electorate to a consciousness of the magnitude and the far-reaching influence of the corrupt practices that exist and are growing within our midst; (2) to show a more excellent way, by giving concrete examples of what has been achieved where the people own and operate public utilities; and (3) to indicate some feasible and practical plan by which public utilities can be transferred from private to public-ownership and control. These questions are luminously treated in the article on Glasgow, by Mrs. COLBY, and in the paper by Mr. BROWN.

Mrs. Colby's Brilliant Paper Descriptive of Glasgow, or Where Municipal-Ownership is in Full Flower: The paper by Mrs. CLARA BEWICK COLBY is, we believe, the most fascinating and illuminating description of Glasgow and her unique pioneer experiment in securing for all the people the benefits of public-ownership of public utilities, and also in administering the government with a view to elevating the standard of citizenship and increasing the happiness and prosperity of all the people, that has appeared on this side of the Atlantic. Mrs. COLBY has long been recognized as one of the most brilliant lecturers and journalists among the more thoughtful American women. She is a woman of education and broad culture. After graduating from the University of Wisconsin and receiving the degree of Bachelor of Philosophy, she engaged largely in public work, lecturing in important centers. Later she established *The Woman's Tribune*, which for many years she successfully conducted in the nation's capital. Recently she traveled extensively throughout Europe in order to study social, economic and political conditions on the other side of the Atlantic. When in Glasgow she was treated with distinguished consideration by the officials of that great municipality, the second in size in Great Britain, and during a two or three weeks' sojourn she made an exhaustive study of the municipal life of the city. The result is set forth in the paper which we give our readers this month.

A Practical Paper on the Acquisition of Public Utilities by the American Municipalities: We desire so call special attention to Mr. BROWN's paper entitled "Municipal-Ownership and League Organization." The author of this contribution offers a plan by which he contends that the municipalities may in a thoroughly feasible manner quickly obtain the ownership of public-service companies, without the risk of long and expensive litigation such as would be liable to follow in the event of condemnation proceedings under the right

of eminent domain. This paper should challenge the thoughtful consideration of every earnest American. The author is a thinker peculiarly well qualified to discuss the question in a thoroughly intelligent manner, having taken a large and important part in municipal affairs as councilman and mayor, while he has also had much experience in the management of various public-service corporations. At the age of twenty-five he was elected councilman in the city of Passaic, New Jersey, serving in this capacity from 1885 to 1890. In 1891, at the age of thirty, he was elected Mayor of Passaic, serving in this capacity for four years. Later he served as one of the three commissioners for the city of Passaic in the readjustment of taxes under the Martin Act, passed by the New Jersey legislature. Thus he served the municipality in various capacities for a period of twelve years. In 1900 he raised capital and built the first electrical railroad, except the experimental one at Asbury Park, in New Jersey. In 1898 he purchased the electric-light plants and afterward the gas company, and with Senator GARRET A. HOBART, afterwards Vice-President of the United States, consolidated these various interests in a large corporation which was later joined with the Paterson properties in a large county consolidation. Mr. BROWN at this time was made president of the Eighth Avenue Bank, New York City, which afterwards by consolidation became absorbed by the Produce Exchange Trust Company; he was elected treasurer of the latter company, resigning after two years' service to become the head of the American Street Railway Bonding Company of New York. Thus it will be seen that the author has had twenty years of the closest association with the workings of municipal government, as well as with the organization and reorganization of the class of corporations known as public-service corporations, supplying gas, electric-light and street-service; and so far as familiarity with details is concerned, both from a citizen and corporation point-of-view, is especially qualified to appreciate the situation "enjoyed" by the citizens of these municipalities.

Where Rests the Ark of the Covenant of Democracy: This month Mr. O. K. HEWES describes the little Alpine republic and the manner in which it has safeguarded the fundamental principles upon which a democracy must rest. According to the democratic theory, the people must be the fountain-head and the ratifiers of government. This, indeed, is a vital element which differentiates a democracy from class-ruled peoples, and nothing is more important, if a republic is to be preserved in its purity and integrity, than that watchful statesmanship meet changed conditions in such a manner as to maintain the free and untrammelled will of the people as the governing and determining influence in the making and unmaking of all legislation. This is the one thing which Switzerland alone has done. It is the supreme excellence of this republic, which gives it to-day preëminence among the nations which are striving for a fuller and truer recognition of the ideal of free government. For this reason the paper by Mr. HEWES will prove of special interest to our readers and will be a fitting introduction to the very important paper by the eminent educator and economist, Professor CHARLES BORGEAUD, of the University of Geneva, who next

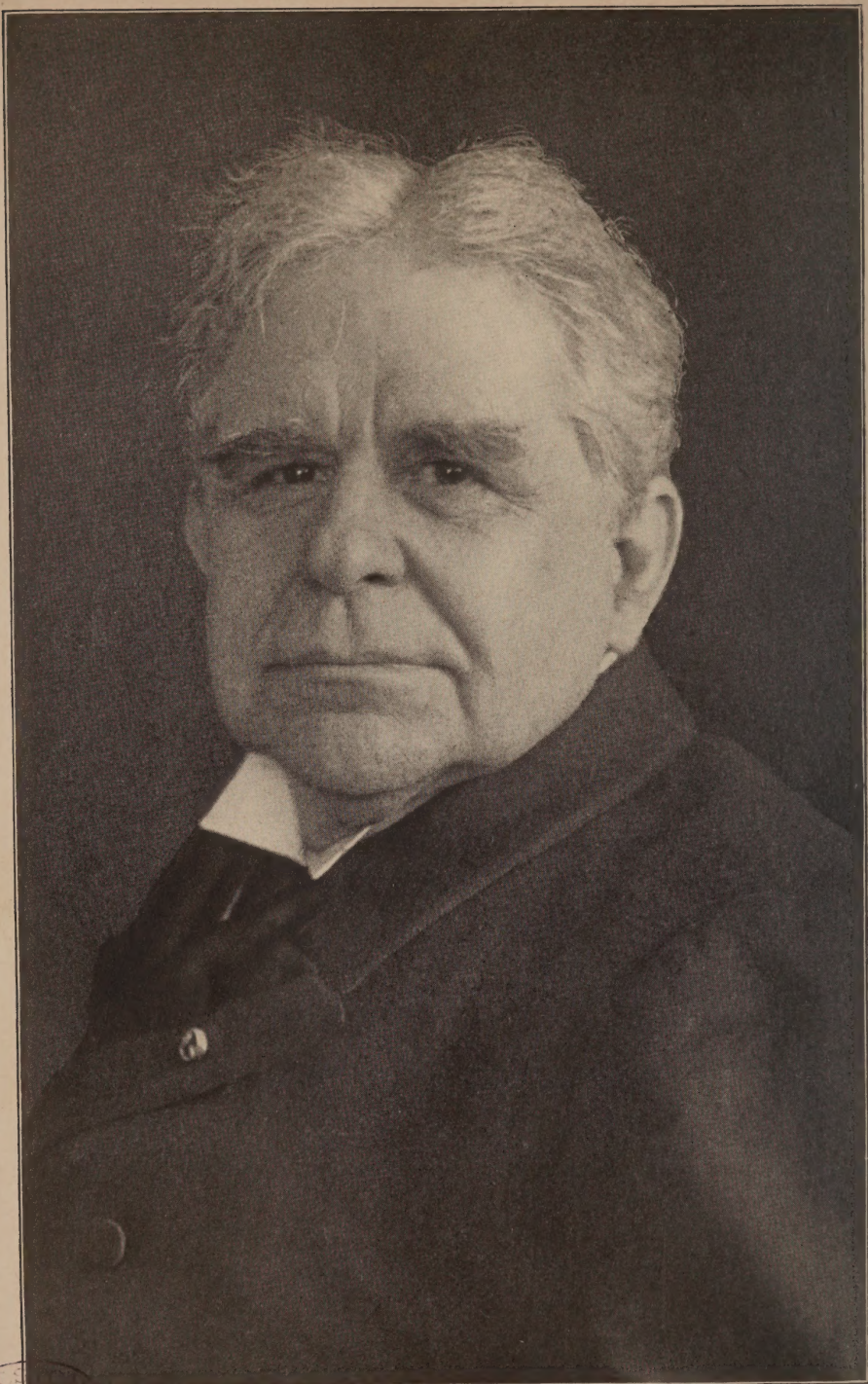
month will give our readers "The Assured Results of Direct-Legislation in Switzerland."

Dr. Holder on the Quaker in America: No reader of THE ARENA can afford to slight the intensely interesting and at times thrilling chapter dealing with the faith, the essential heroism and the consecration to high ideals which marked the struggle of the Quakers in the early days of our history. Dr. HOLDER is one of the most gifted and finished essayists in our land. He is a descendant of the heroic CHRISTOPHER HOLDER whose sublime faith and superb courage are so fittingly described in this paper.

The Second Great Struggle Between Autocracy and Democracy in the United States: We trust that every reader of THE ARENA is perusing Mr. POWELL's vitally-important series of papers on the struggles between autocracy and democracy in the United States. The four discussions which make up this series of papers will be invaluable to all friends of true democracy. Mr. POWELL is one of the most versatile essayists of our time.

The Pioneer Arbitration Victory: At the present time when there is such a general interest in arbitration, and when various nations are coming more and more to understandings which promise to avert wars in the future, it is interesting to call to mind the first great victory of arbitration as discussed by Professor MAXEY in this issue of THE ARENA. The treaty of Washington may be called the morning-star which heralded the red dawn of arbitration as we find it to-day in the tentative victories being won on every hand, and which will, we confidently believe, be followed by a universal arbitration convention long before the close of the present century.

The Influence of Emerson's Thought: In Mr. H. W. PECK's brief but highly suggestive interpretation of RALPH WALDO EMERSON's philosophical poem, "Brahma," we give our readers another paper which like Mr. MALLOY's luminous analyses of the great philosopher's profound poetical musings cannot fail, we think, to stimulate interest in the writings of Mr. EMERSON; and to do this will be to achieve much, for we believe that no man can come *en rapport* with the thought-world of this great American philosopher without being made nobler, purer and better by the contact. The Concord philosopher was a man of broad mental vision and of profound contemplation. He stirs the intellectual depths of those to whom metaphysical concepts appeal in even a slight degree. But far more important than this intellectual quickening is the ethical exaltation that comes from communion with his thought. The effect of EMERSON's reasoning on the moral nature may be compared to the bracing and invigorating influence exerted on the physical senses by the pure and rarified air of the mountain heights. For this reason we ever seek to encourage our friends to cultivate a more intimate acquaintance with EMERSON. We take pleasure in announcing that we shall shortly publish two delightful papers by Mr. CHARLES MALLOY, embodying his personal reminiscences of EMERSON, and also an extremely interesting and valuable paper by Professor J. R. MOSLEY, Ph.D., entitled "The Charm of Emerson."



GEORGE F. PENTECOST, D.D.

*"We do not take possession of our ideas, but are possessed by them,
They master us and force us into the arena,
Where, like gladiators, we must fight for them."—HEINE.*

The Arena

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No. 186

FORTY YEARS IN THE WILDERNESS; OR, MASTERS AND RULERS OF "THE FREEMEN" OF PENNSYLVANIA.*

IV. PHILADELPHIA AND THE FREEMAN'S BALLOT.

BY RUDOLPH BLANKENBURG.

IF THE children of Israel at the time of Moses had lived under a Republican form of government, the great law-maker and prophet, discerning the future, would in all probability have given an additional or eleventh commandment, "Thou shalt not prostitute the ballot."

Many centuries have passed since the ten commandments were made the moral code of the Israelites, and it is only since the establishment of representative government, of which the Republic is the most advanced form, that the eleventh commandment suggested above, if honestly enforced, would have proved of far-reaching value.

"The purity of the ballot is the cornerstone of the Republic" is an axiom to which even the ballot thief and his aider and abetter must during momentary fits of moral consciousness subscribe. Yet we find that through the indifference of those who repudiate any connection or sympathy with political miscreants this corner-stone is jolted, undermined and loosened until the Republic itself is

threatened with disintegration, perhaps destruction!

A true and complex history of "The Ballot and the Republic" would have to embrace more or less all our States and many municipalities. Ballot crimes are most rampant and least combatted in our large cities and among them Philadelphia, to her shame, takes a most humiliating place. There is no use in mincing words or hiding facts, as the conspiracy against the purity of elections has become of such proportions that it is imperative to speak out boldly and emphatically, even at the risk of being called a "defamer of the city" by those drowsy and listless citizens who, by their callousness, contribute a large share to the city's disgrace.

Having for the last quarter-century made this vital question a careful study, and having acted during nearly all reform movements since the organization of "The Citizens Committee of One Hundred" in 1880, as Chairman of the respective sub-committees for the prosecution of election frauds, the writer is quite familiar with this subject. In exposing

*The first of this series of articles appeared in the January, 1905, number of THE ARENA.

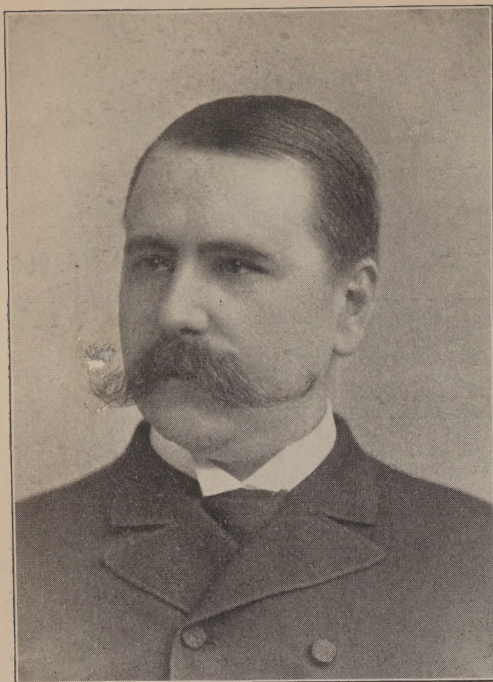


Photo. by Gutekunst, Phila.

GEORGE S. GRAHAM,

FOR EIGHTEEN YEARS DISTRICT-ATTORNEY OF
PHILADELPHIA.

A terror to the ballot thieves of whom he convicted scores during his administration. He prepared the indictment upon which Senator Quay was arrested and placed under \$50,000 bail. The trial was carried beyond Graham's term, through the intervention of the Supreme Court, and by motions of a dilatory character. It is generally believed that if Graham had been permitted to prosecute the case Quay would not have escaped conviction. Mr. Graham's magnificent courage as Public Prosecutor will ever redound to his credit.

this, one of the gravest crimes, in all its hideousness, let me express the hope that these disclosures may touch many hearts, and especially the young people, who have that ardent, uncontaminated love for their country which would welcome and appreciate to the fullest extent an "eleventh commandment" embracing a subject so essential to the future of our nation.

The experience of Philadelphia may not be a startling revelation to communities similarly affected, but in others where the evil has not, so far, taken too deep root, it may awaken the civic spirit of the citizens and prompt them to call a peremptory "Halt!" before this octopus

throws out its poisonous tentacles and overwhelms the body-politic beyond retrieve.

In the Mayoralty election of 1874, Col. A. K. McClure made a notable fight and though declared defeated it was generally conceded that his opponent was counted in. In 1877 Joseph L. Caven, a man of strong characteristics, was the reform candidate for Mayor, and after a rousing campaign came within about 3,000 votes of beating William S. Stokley. Ballot-box stuffing and false returns were resorted to at that election to a then unprecedented extent, and were the means employed to defeat Mr. Caven, a fact afterwards freely and gleefully acknowledged by his opponents.

In February, 1881, the famous "Committee of One Hundred" made its first fight against the ring and succeeded, with the help of the Democratic party, in not only electing but having the "Gas Ring" acknowledge the success of Samuel G. King as Mayor and John Hunter as Receiver of Taxes. In this election the corruption of the ballot assumed proportions beyond belief. King was credited with 5,787 majority, though he had at least 15,000. Hunter had to his credit 26,586, while he was entitled to not less than 40,000. A striking incident, proof positive of wholesale cheating, was an unguarded message of election returns sent over the wires near midnight to the Mayor's office to the effect that "their (the reformers') majorities are too large; we can't beat them; we have to give it up."

The Reformers as well as the "Gas Ring" strained every nerve during the Mayoralty campaign of 1881 to bring out a full vote, the total cast aggregating about 131,000. Philadelphia, according to the Census of 1880, had a population of 847,170, which had increased in 1900 to 1,293,697 indicating a voting strength at that time (if we take the battle royal of 1881 as a criterion) of about 231,000.

Let us add 39,000 names as a liberal allowance for omissions, oversights and laggards, and we have 270,000 voters with

a legal right to cast their ballots against the 370,000 names placed upon the lists by careless, reckless or criminal assessors. It has for years been accepted by careful observers that the fraudulent names number not far from 100,000 and this observation seems to be borne out by facts.

Immediately after the election a committee for the prosecution of election frauds was appointed, and through the able and earnest efforts of the Republican District-Attorney, George S. Graham, forty-seven offenders against the election laws were, in due course, convicted and sentenced to fines and terms of imprisonment. This deterred the criminals for the time being from plying their wicked trade, and elections were quite honestly conducted. Offers of rewards for the arrest and conviction of guilty election officers were made by the Committee and had a salutary effect.

The Committee of One Hundred disintegrated in a few years; they had aroused public distrust and suspicion because, with one or two exceptions, they wanted neither office nor reward for their unselfish work, but labored simply for good government. This attitude was something unheard of and almost unthinkable in the minds of the "dear public" who ceased to support them and again placed in power the men at that time called "ringsters." Spasmodic efforts for reform, always accompanied by earnest exertions for an honest ballot, have been made ever since with sparse results.

In 1897 the unsavory "political combine" called the "hog" combine was overthrown and gave place to the more detestable, now all-powerful, "Organization." The capacity of the two as far as "hogging" things is concerned may be measurably compared as a pint to a hog'shead!

Under the "Organization" the prostitution of the ballot has been reduced to a fine art, commencing with the padding of the assessors' lists. These assessors, largely creatures of the machine, have to canvass their respective election divisions

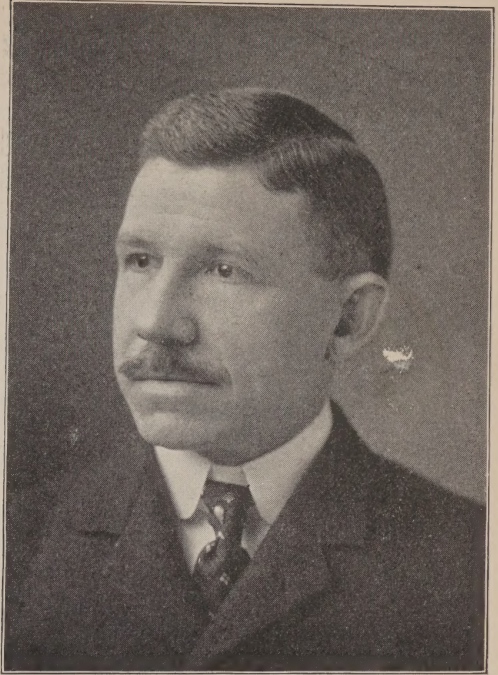


Photo. by Gutekunst, Phila.

JAMES P. McNICHOL,
FAVORITE CONTRACTOR,

State Senator, and aide-de-camp to Israel W. Durham.

and register the names of male inhabitants entitled to vote. Practice has made them such experts that they can reduce or increase the population of Philadelphia at will, and if they are given full sway there will be no danger of "race suicide" in our city.

If we take the ratio of legal voters to inhabitants as 1 to 5, (1 to $5\frac{1}{2}$ is generally accepted) with 1,293,697 inhabitants (Census 1900) we should have had 258,739 legal voters, but in December, 1902, the assessors returned in round numbers 370,000 voters. This showed an annual increase at the rate of *fourteen per cent.* as compared with the assessment for *September* of the same year, indicating a population of not less than 1,850,000 at that time.

The possibilities of Philadelphia's future under the guiding care of its election officers is best demonstrated in this table:

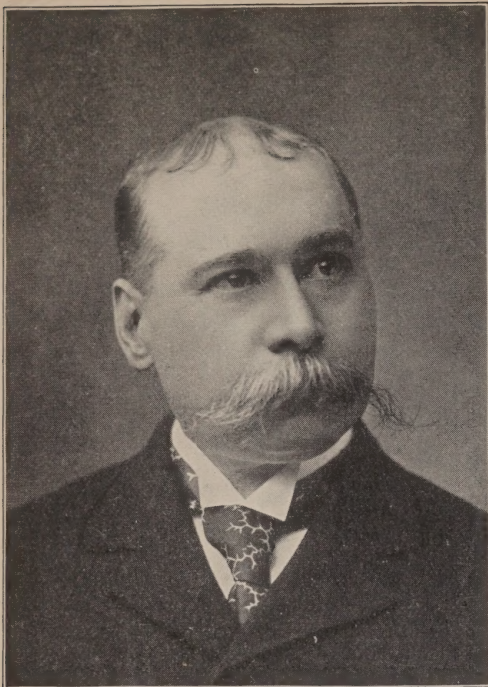


Photo. by Meynen & Co., Phila.

JAMES L. MILES,

SHERIFF OF PHILADELPHIA,

Boss of the 13th Ward, which produces more bogus voters to the square foot than any other bailiwick of the "Organization."

POPULATION COMPUTED FROM ASSESSORS' RETURNS.
(IN ROUND NUMBERS).

	December 1902, 1,850,000
14 p. c. annual increase.	" 1903, 2,110,000
14 p. c. annual increase.	" 1904, 2,400,000
14 p. c. annual increase.	" 1905, 2,740,000

and if this ratio is continued the population of Philadelphia in 1915 will be 10,400,000!

All honor to the patriotic and high-minded assessors who would rescue Philadelphia from decay and restore her, not only to the first place in population she once occupied at home, but make her within ten years outstrip the whole world! Chicago would be an insignificant village, New York would burst with envy, and even London would have to surrender the palm to the city on the Delaware! The census man should be discharged as incompetent. It takes him ten years to add a quarter million people to our popula-

tion, a feat accomplished under pressure by "Organization" assessors at the present time in less than one year!

Even more remarkable revelations are made through recent returns from some of the most corrupt wards,—the tenth (presided over by Contractor James P. McNichol) and the thirteenth (controlled by Sheriff James L. Miles). Here are the figures:

Ward	Population, 1890	Vote, 1892
Tenth	21,514	4,047
Thirteenth	17,923	3,409
Total	39,437	7,456

The curious change in voting strength which has taken place within a decade under the fostering care of the "Organization" is shown as follows:

Ward	Population, 1900	Vote, 1904
Tenth	19,967	7,267
Thirteenth	17,427	7,029
Total	37,394	14,296

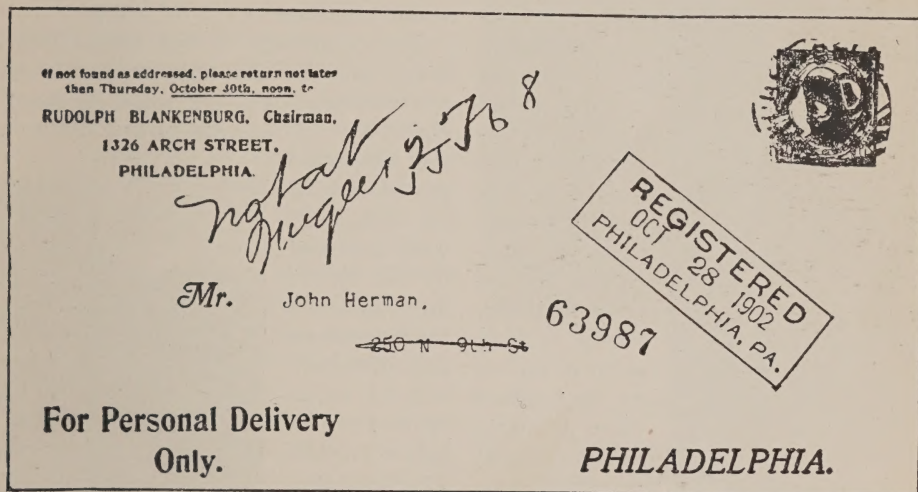
This table discloses *one per cent. decrease in population within ten years and one hundred per cent. increase in voters during the same period.* If the vote had kept pace with the decrease in population since 1890 there should have been in 1904, in these two wards, 7,068 voters instead of 7,456, or a falling off of 388, but notwithstanding the loss in population 14,296 voters or double the number in 1902 were mustered by the "Organization." Words fail to express honest indignation at such unblushing fraud! To carry this scheme of cheating to a mathematical conclusion it would take but a few years to have the bailiwick of the two of the prominent leaders of the "Organization" return more voters than inhabitants!

A successful plan and one that may in the future prove of practical value was put in operation a few years ago by calling for assistance on the United States Government through its Post-Office Department. The trial was made on a small scale and proved most satisfactory.

Registered letters were addressed to all persons on the assessors' lists in a number of election divisions and mailed in an envelope, a facsimile of which is shown below.

This canvass resulted in the return of an astounding proportion of undeliverable letters. For example: Number 250 North Ninth street was said to harbor thirty-six legal voters; of the thirty-six registered letters sent to that address fifteen were returned, marked by the letter carrier, "not at" (see facsimile)

Number 805 Race street held under its protecting roof 122 voters, among them 9 agents, 9 machinists, 9 gentlemen, 9 waiters, 9 salesmen (why not the "nine tailors of Tooley street" as well?) 4 barbers, 4 bakers, 14 clerks, 3 laborers, 1 architect, 2 bartenders, 1 Engineer U. S. A., 1 milkman, 1 optician, 1 piano mover, 2 showmen, 2 electricians, 1 window-cleaner, 1 advertising agent, 1 nurse and 27 other occupations too numerous to mention.



ONE OF THE LETTERS THAT CAME BACK.

11 "removed," 2 "not known," 1 "at almshouse" and 2 "home at night." In other wards Uncle Sam ascertained that twenty-nine of the thirty-six names registered were fictitious or fraudulent!

The house, number 151-153 North Ninth street, was alleged to shelter sixty-two legal voters of most democratic proclivities. Their number comprised "professors, bricklayers, gentlemen, moulders, cashiers, barbers, ministers, bakers, doctors, drivers, bartenders, plumbers, clerks, cooks, merchants, stevedores, bookkeepers, waiters, florists, boiler-makers, salesmen, soldiers, electricians, printers, book-agents and restaurant keepers." If the assessor had added a few millionaires and bank presidents, an admiral and a general or two, his assortment of voters would have been complete.

What a revelation it would be if the ballot-box in this division were opened and a subpoena issued to each one of the alleged voters to appear in court and establish his identity!

Even the "Organization" leaders have a wholesome fear of United States Courts and Judges, and they would hardly dare attempt any crooked work with the United States mails. Irrefutable evidence of padded assessors' lists could as outlined be secured in a perfectly legitimate manner, and if in the registered letters were enclosed a return stamped envelope with a card requesting a reply by mail for whom the addressee had voted, correct returns might be secured, the people come to their own and dethrone the "Organization" with its myriad of mercenaries and ballot thieves.



House at No. 805 Race street, from which 122 voters were registered.

The huddling together of masses of humanity as uncarthed by the assessors should be taken up by the Board of Health; if cattle or pigs were treated in this manner popular indignation would soon demand the arrest and punishment of the owners for cruelty to animals.

The assessors sometimes, when falling short of names as they collect their phantom voters, resort to graveyards and register those of people long dead, and they have been

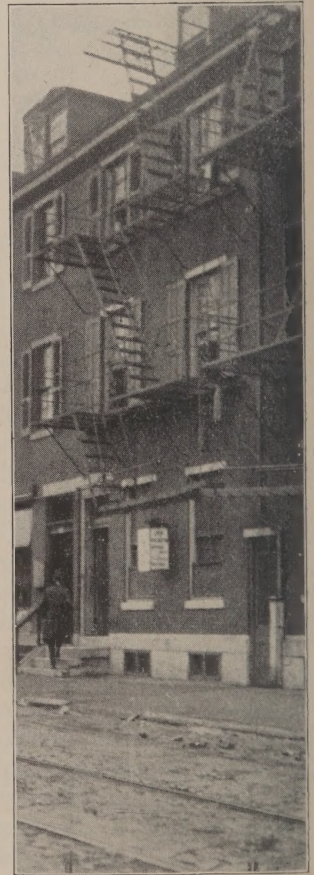
known to have used those of dogs and to have gone so far as to copy names from the shaving cups in barber shops.

Photographs of a few abodes of "American Freemen" in the "City of Homes" will present a more graphic picture of the disgraceful prostitution of the ballot in Philadelphia than whole chapters could describe.

A laudable and unusual effort to purify elections and punish offenders, but one little appreciated by the general public, was initiated in November, 1900, by John Wanamaker. He deposited fifty thousand dollars in a Trust Company, payable to a committee of five citizens whom he asked to accept the trust and

undertake the task of exposing and bringing to justice the criminals who pollute the ballot and trample under foot the dearest rights of the American citizen. This remarkable offer by a private citizen to help the work of civic regeneration was in but a few isolated instances recognized and commended by word of mouth or by letter; it disclosed a characteristic lack of public appreciation; indeed, an item in the papers about a dog fight or a drunken brawl would have attracted wider attention.

The committee worked assiduously for many months and uncovered thousands of fraudulent or illegal votes, as many as eighty-five in a single precinct, and had the suspected parties arrested. True bills were returned by the Grand Jury and about four hundred and fifty individual cases were turned over to the District-Attorney's office. After much delay they were called for trial, when a flaw in the indictments, attributed to the negligence of an official, was discovered and prevented the cases from reaching court and jury. Election cases generally have a hard road to travel and from some mysterious



House at No. 309 North Ninth street, from which 44 voters were registered.

causes are apt to miss connection, and—conviction. And if convicted at all, in nine cases out of ten, the gravity of the crime fails to bring adequate punishment. While a poor vagabond who has stolen a loaf of bread to appease his hunger, or a ragged coat to keep from freezing, is given the full extent of the law, the ballot thief is likely to be dealt with leniently or he may escape altogether, owing to the powerful help of the "Organization," which has at its disposal a variety of legal talent, some of it even in the employ and pay of the city.

In the autumn of 1904, when padded lists again attained unusual proportions, a number of public-spirited citizens, lawyers, ministers, laymen, in their despair addressed a petition to the board of judges asking them to depute one of their number to sit as a committing magistrate, so as to reach the bottom of this evil. In an opinion handed down this request was refused and the reasons assigned were of a nature to appal even the stoutest hearts.

In the answer to the petitioners Judge King is quoted: "That there are but few exceptions when criminal courts of their own motion call attention of grand juries to and direct investigation, viz., 'the suppression of general and public evils affecting communities rather than individuals, such as riots'—'general public nuisances affecting the health and comfort'—'multiplied and flagrant vices tending to debauch public morals'—*but this course is never adopted in cases of ordinary crimes charged against individuals.*" Judges who call the padding of assessors' lists to the tune of 75,000 or even more votes *ordinary* crimes should resign and become as extinct as the "Dodo."

With all the facts as an open book the judge's opinion concluded: "That no general and public evil had been placed before them of a nature so unusual and portentous as to demand the abrogation of a practice necessary to the due administration of justice." The

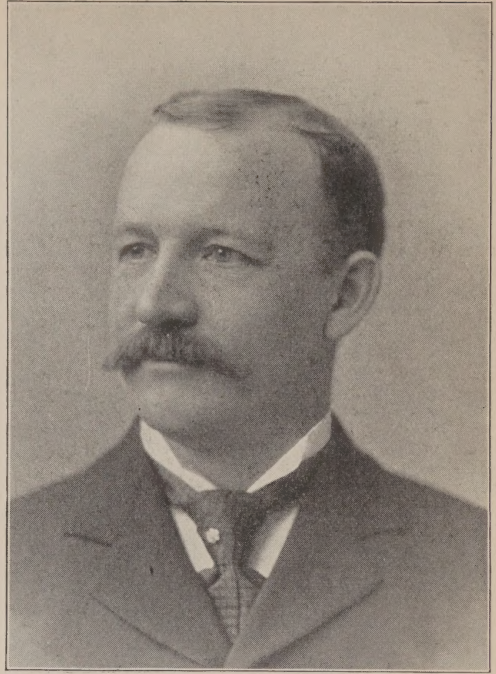


Photo. by Gutekunst, Phila.

ISRAEL W. DURHAM,

OWNER AND PROPRIETOR OF PHILADELPHIA,

Insurance Commissioner of Pennsylvania, with emoluments of \$10,000 to \$15,000 and duties performed by Deputies. Cognomen "The Peerless Leader," conferred upon him by Mayor Weaver.

usual practice which the petitioners desired supplanted to secure honest returns had been found entirely inadequate; assessors cared nothing for the ordinary police magistrates; witnesses refused to attend hearings for fear of offending the "Organization"; those attending were likely to be browbeaten; the plaintiff citizens had to bear all expenses of summoning and paying witnesses, attorney fees, printing, etc., and then were utterly unable to accomplish anything as experience had shown for years past.

One of our distinguished Judges, Hon. Thomas K. Finletter, voluntarily sat, a few years ago, as a committing magistrate to inquire into "policy-playing," which was carried on openly and boldly, and his course did much to repress the evil. It is humbly submitted to the "Court of Public Opinion" that

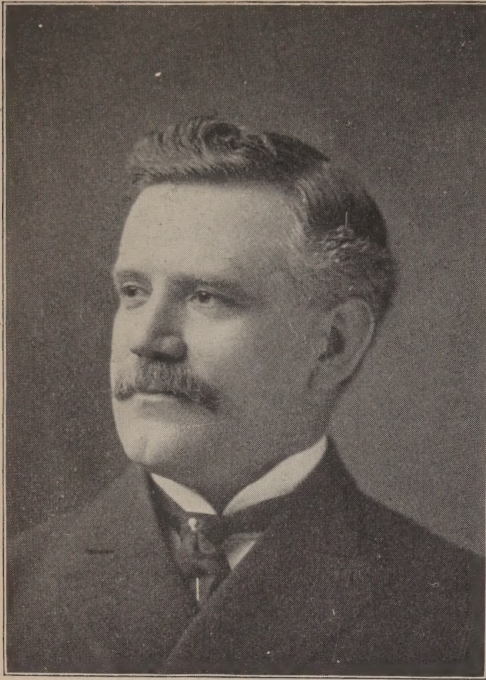


Photo. by Gutekunst, Phila.

JOHN WEAVER,

PROMOTED FROM DISTRICT-ATTORNEY TO MAYOR OF
PHILADELPHIA.

He would, if he dare, like to do what is right.
"What will the harvest be?"

padded assessors' lists and fraudulent voting which nullify the people's will, are evils compared to which policy-playing falls into utter insignificance. *If the Judges could have advanced as an excuse that they were overworked, or that the request was unconstitutional*, the blow their decision gave would have been somewhat softened, but the way it was administered will be felt for years to come.

The question has been asked why, with the vast normal Republican majority and a Democratic party either innocuous or for sale, the "Organization" should continuously resort to wholesale frauds. The answer is that some day there will be an awakening amounting to a revolution when the "Organization" will have to take recourse to the vast number of fraudulent names to combat popular wrath. For this purpose the lists are

kept padded, the repeaters drilled, and majority and minority election officers trained to remember that, whether they are Republicans or Democrats, their first allegiance is to the "Organization."

The possible results of a revolution are plainly disclosed by the election returns of February, 1904. Of 383,806 persons vouched for by the assessors as qualified voters, only 171,334 took the trouble to go to the polls, among them, of course, the hordes of ballot thieves; while 212,472 refrained from voting. In other words, out of every hundred voters *forty-five* cast their ballots and *fifty-five* disgraced American citizenship by staying at home.

The fifty-five per cent. stay-at-homes are really responsible for the election of the "Organization" candidates; if these "foreigners to their duty" had even a spark of American manhood and civic pride the battle for honest government could soon be won.

These laggards probably wonder why the Russian people have such foolish notions about wanting representative government and the elective franchise,—why they are restive and unwilling to live under the benign rule of an autocrat.

A remarkable result obtained at the city election in February of this year. Magistrate Jermon had offended "the gang" by obeying his oath of office and not their behests. He was refused a renomination but became the candidate of the new reform organization, the "Committee of Seventy," on the "City Party" ticket. The Democrats polled for Brennan, the head of their ticket, for City Solicitor, 24,817 votes, showing that number as the full party strength. Jermon, the leader of the City Party ticket, polled 37,633 votes for Magistrate, or fully fifty per cent. more than Brennan. The "Organization" recognized the danger of the new reform movement and though they claim to be Republicans and while they subject to political ostracism every independent Republican who dares *of his own volition* vote for a Democrat, they commanded from fifty to sixty thousand

of their servile henchmen and ready ballot thieves to vote for the Democratic Magisterial candidates. Thus Jermon with his 37,633 independent votes was slaughtered by the 24,817 Democratic votes reinforced by the scores of thousands of "Republican Hessians" thrown to them by order of the "Organization."

The entire vote polled at this election was near 215,000 from a total registration of about 380,000. Comment is unnecessary.

The second stage of "the Rape of the Ballot" begins at the polls on election day and is often accompanied by scenes of disorder and violence that baffle description. They remind us of events that took place during and shortly after the Civil war when the contending parties had at least the plausible excuse of passion aroused by honest partisanship, while at the present time patriotic motives have given way to a debasing scramble for place and plunder.

In the November election, 1900, the "Organization" had decreed the defeat of William McAleer, representing the Third, or Samuel J. Randall's old Congressional District. McAleer had made a very acceptable record but he was a Democrat and his scalp was wanted for a Republican adherent of the machine. Orders were issued to defeat him at all hazards and on turning to Philadelphia papers of those days we find therein a revolting tale of police interference, ballot stuffing, black-jacking, false arrests and other methods, all under direct orders of the city administration and its infamous Department of Public Safety. McAleer was defeated and all efforts to punish those guilty of the crimes perpetrated to accomplish his defeat failed, largely on account of the extreme conservatism (mildly expressed) of a judicial power which is "a stickler for the letter and a stifler of the spirit of the law."

In November, 1901, a successor to District-Attorney Rothermel had to be elected. Rothermel, who was doomed because he had vigorously prosecuted

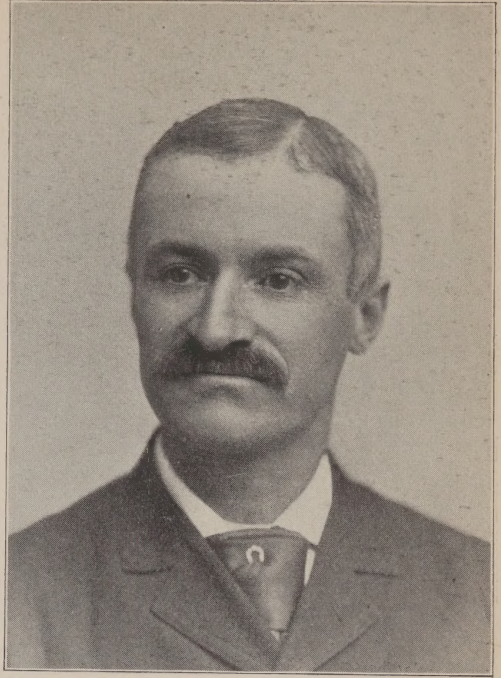


Photo. by Gutekunst, Phila.

SAMUEL SALTER,

THE ORGANIZATION PET,

Who after his triumphant acquittal on charges of stuffing the ballot-box as the cook would a turkey, was rewarded with a \$2,000 public position.

Senator Quay on criminal charges, was nominated on an Independent ticket and John Weaver, at that time quite unknown in public life, was made the "Organization" candidate. After a memorable battle and the expenditure of vast sums of money the gang "elected" Weaver and he was sworn in as District-Attorney. At this election the opposition was "permitted" to count 94,622 votes, while the "Organization" by theft, fraud and false counting, appropriated to itself 138,177. It is an open secret that if a fair election and an honest count had been allowed Rothermel would have carried the day.

Weaver served as District-Attorney until April, 1903, when, having been elected Mayor, he "assumed" the office of Chief Magistrate of Philadelphia.

Only a few weeks ago, while the "Organization" was battling to maintain its almost

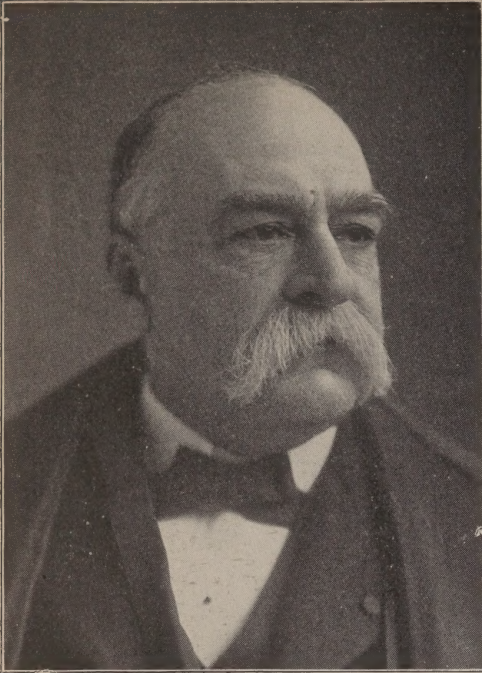


Photo. by Gutekunst, Phila.

JUDGE G. HARRY DAVIS,

AN IMPLACABLE FOE OF CORRUPTION,

Who presided at the Salter trial and dismissed the acquitting jury with ill-concealed disgust.

absolute control of Councils, a dastardly assault was made upon a reputable citizen by "guardians of the peace."

"About half an hour after the polls closed (January 20, 1905) Peter Brennan, one of the Independent leaders, was standing at the polling place, when fourteen patrolmen arrived on the scene—eight in uniform and six in plain clothes.

"Suddenly one of the policemen struck Brennan on the side of the head with a blackjack. As he fell over another policemen struck him in the face. Then two others seized him by the neck and dragged him to the patrol-box, whence he was taken to the station.

"After ten minutes in a cell he was released by Magistrate Ackerman for a hearing next morning, when Magistrate Pullinger discharged him."

Such are the methods the machine followers use to perpetuate their power;

they hire thugs to assault citizens who oppose them; they do not even hesitate to have a fire alarm sounded to disperse an opposition audience with all the possible consequences of a stampede; space forbids further details of their shocking system.

It is quite common for election officers to place fifty or more ballots in the box before the polls open; when opportunity offers they will hand half a dozen or even more ballots to a crooked voter at one time and permit him to vote them; at the last election six or seven repeaters from New York voted as many as six times each in one precinct and it is not uncommon to have a gang of repeaters change hats, coats, wear spectacles or mufflers and present themselves in such disguises and vote unmolested at the same polling place as often as they can change their appearance.

At the November election, 1904, it was ascertained that, in a certain precinct, persons loyal to the "Organization" were allowed to vote without having paid their poll-tax; that the books were doctored to suit the men in charge and about fifty names were entered in the books as though the men had voted. When remarks were passed about entering these names the leader said: "That's all right, we covered that this morning before the polls opened," meaning that ballots had been put into the box before any one had voted.

Important arrests were made in the Thirteenth ward, Sheriff James L. Miles' bailiwick as a result of the election of January 21, 1905. Four "Organization" workers were charged with stuffing the ballot-box, before 7 A. M., so full that when the first man came to vote they had to pound the ballot in with their fists and even then it stuck out. It is alleged that of the 371 ballots counted at night not less than one-half were bogus. The accused were held in heavy bail for court, and yet it is doubtful whether when the trial takes place, the presiding judge will order the ballot-box opened!

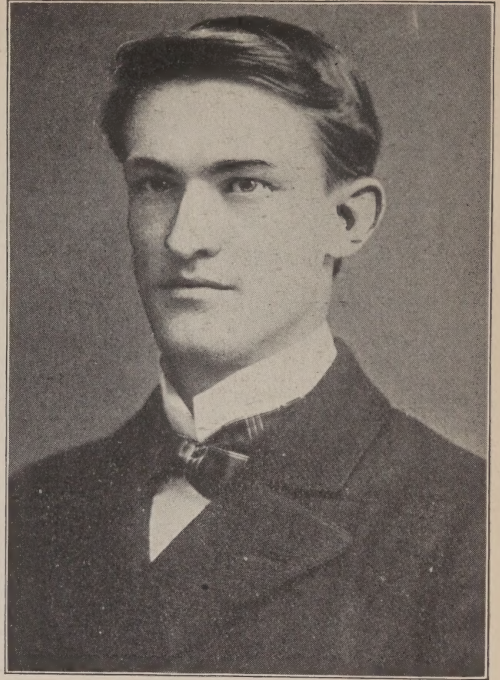
This case is similar to the notorious "Salter case" which attracted the attention of the whole country a few years ago, and as it leads to the third stage of "the Rape of the Ballot" or "the ballot thief in court" a more detailed recital may prove of general interest.

Samuel Salter was arrested on the evening of November 7, 1899, together with a number of alleged accomplices, on an affidavit sworn out by George Kirkland, a reporter on the *North American*. They were charged with depositing 215 fraudulent ballots in the ballot-box, and were released on bail. When called for trial, it became known that they had fled to foreign parts. Their bail was declared forfeited, but through wily tricks employed by unscrupulous lawyers and supported by unprincipled officials, only a small part of the forfeited bail found its way into court at the expiration of four years and then only through the persistent efforts of District-Attorney John C. Bell.

It is well known that the "Organization" cared for the accused during their exile. Funds were forwarded to them in an indirect way amounting, it is said, to over \$30,000. But they longed to return to their old camping grounds and the "Organization" had to prepare the way for their "vindication."

Their return, trial and acquittal constitute one of the pages of our City's history that will leave a black mark which can never be effaced and will remain a blot upon the fair name of Philadelphia for all time.

It was indispensable to secure a jury which would through the triumphant acquittal of Salter *et al.* also acquit the "Organization," so steps were taken accordingly. A complete panel had to be fixed. With the Sheriff's office friendly, the task was not a serious one. When the proper time arrived the exiles returned and surrendered, but instead of being sent to prison for safe keeping until the trial, as fugitives from justice should have been, they were held in \$2,500 bail each and released.



JOHN R. K. SCOTT,

ASSISTANT CITY SOLICITOR,

At a salary of \$2,000 a year, the favorite attorney of a certain class of offenders whom citizens of Philadelphia would be glad to favor with free board and lodging for a term of years.

What followed is taken from the *Public Ledger*, a paper known for its conservatism and the careful editing of all its statements. It says, December 4, 1904:

"Having secured a jury panel that was in every way satisfactory the Organization notified Salter *et al.*, to prepare to come into court for their vindication. Durham, according to report, then called upon District-Attorney Weaver, and is alleged to have said:

"We are going to bring Salter and the other fellows back, and I want them tried before Judge Davis, and during the May term, without fail."

"Why, I cannot prepare to try such an important case as theirs in so short a time."

"You must."

"Why?"

"You do not want to know why; but it must be done."

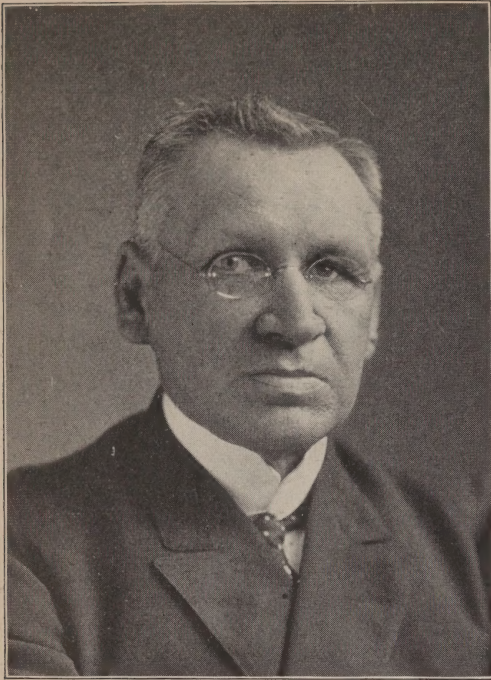


Photo. by Gutekunst, Phila.

REUBEN O. MOON,

LEADING COUNSEL FOR SAMUEL SALTER *et al.*

Promoted to Congress.

"I can't, Iz.; this is awful!"

"Do n't preach. You have nothing to do with this but to try the case at the time I say. You can make all the fight you want. You can say what you please and do as you like, *but you must not exhaust the jury panel by challenges under any circumstances.* This is the first thing I have asked of you, and it will be the last while you are District-Attorney, but this one thing must be done.'

"The people won't stand it.'

"You come into court and fight like h—I. That will let you out. Will you do this for the Organization and for me?"

"I will do it for you, Iz., but it is certainly awful."

While it would be unfair to accept the *Ledger* story as authentic in all its details, and while Mr. Weaver has emphatically denied the truth of the story, a widespread belief prevails that there is more

truth than fiction in the statement. This belief is strengthened by the fact that Mr. Weaver, though he has made a few feeble attempts to show some self-assertion and independence, displays, when the crucial time arrives, such a pitiful spirit of submission and subserviency to the "Organization" that his position has aroused misgivings in the minds of his friends and the compassion of even his most severe critics.

Mr. Durham, when asked whether the story was true, is said to have replied: "If I were placed upon the stand, under oath, I would swear that it is not true." On the other hand, Mr. Weaver is alleged to have begged and implored Mr. Durham to openly state that no such interview ever took place, but that the latter has repeatedly declined to do so.

It seems impossible to pass, at this time, final judgment on this mysterious incident, and the reader, after he has had all the light available, will have to form his own conclusions.

When the "Organization" was ready for the case it was on May 19, 1902, called for trial before Judge G. Harry Davis. There was method in the apparent madness of "the gang" to have the case tried before Judge Davis, who, elected in November, 1901, on the Reform Ticket, had just taken his seat. The "Organization" wisely reasoned that with a judge on the bench who had always been its implacable foe, any suspicion of pre-arranged compacts and tricks would, in a measure, be disarmed, while his being new to the bench and unfamiliar with the ruses and stratagems of the machine and its attorneys would be of great advantage to them in carrying out their well-developed plans.

It is charged that the jury was selected long before their names were drawn and called in court; that for weeks the defence and their counsel had rehearsals at which they and their witnesses were put through a regular drill, so everyone would know his or her part. The defence was represented by John R. K. Scott, an

Assistant City Solicitor who draws a salary from the City Treasury, and Reuben O. Moon, since promoted to Congress.

District-Attorney Weaver prosecuted the case with vigor and apparent sincerity that won for him general applause. Unfortunately for him, this favorable impression has since given place to a feeling that he was, and is, a reluctant victim of some deeply contrived conspiracy from which he could not then and has not since been able to extricate himself.

Some of the appendages of the case have not before been published, among them one that, even at this late day, requires a clean-cut explanation to clear Mr. Weaver from the suspicion that, as some papers expressed it, "he was playing to the galleries during the whole trial." John J. McKenna, then city editor of the *Public Ledger*, a most honorable, careful and painstaking member of the profession, ascertained, when the panel of jurors was published, that William J. Ryan, one of the men drawn on the jury was a fugitive from justice. He sent one of his reporters to Manayunk to look into the record of William J. Ryan; he ascertained that Ryan was under indictment and had not been at home for months. After hearing the reporter's statement, Mr. McKenna investigated and corroborated it further and when he had all the facts he called on District-Attorney Weaver and laid them before him, so the latter could take action accordingly. Mr. Weaver took notes and told McKenna he was very much obliged for the information.

Notwithstanding this information District-Attorney Weaver, who had thanked Mr. McKenna for calling his official attention to the criminal character, moral unfitness and legal disqualification of Ryan, permitted this legally and morally-disqualified juror to continue on the jury and partake in the acquittal of Salter!

The alleged demand of Durham "*but you must not exhaust the jury panel by*

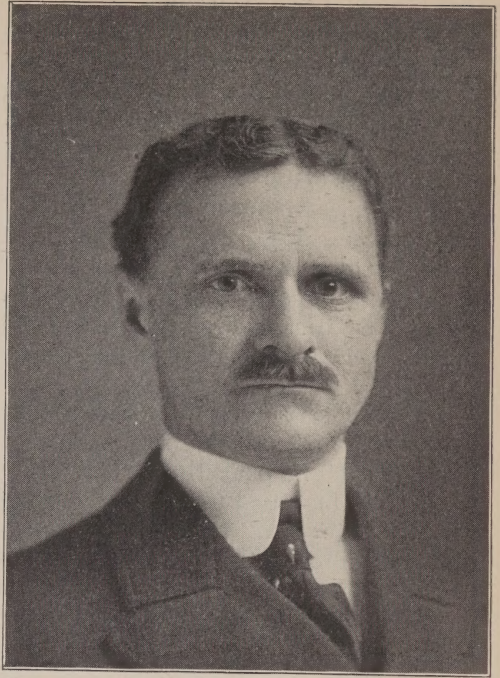


Photo. by Gutekunst, Phila.

JOHN C. BELL,

DISTRICT-ATTORNEY OF PHILADELPHIA,

Who adopted as his official "Holy Trinity" the "Protection of the Jury," the "Ballot," the "Public Schools."

challenges under any circumstances" may not be a connecting link in this remarkable incident of Salter's trial, but it calls for an explanation, clean and emphatic, and not a sullen or "bravado" silence.

After the set up jury had been accepted, the Commonwealth presented its case and disclosed the fact that a private detective agency in Washington had given the first intimation that a gang of repeaters had been organized in that city to help along the "gang ticket" in Philadelphia. Kirkland testified that before seven o'clock on election morning, November 7, 1899, 200 of the 215 bogus ballots were marked and folded in Salter's house and that they were stuffed in the ballot-box in the Thirteen Division of the Seventh Ward before the polls opened, that he assisted in this work and accepted \$15.00 for his services. Along in the afternoon when it became apparent

that the number of votes polled, together with the 200 bogus ones, would be so large as to try even the nerves of the "stuffers" and create uneasiness on the part of their employers they handed "specimen" ballots to unsuspecting voters which, being invalid, were naturally not counted. In all 339 regularly printed ballots were deposited (including 215 fraudulently stuffed in the box "for, of and by the 'Organization'"); how many voters were tricked by having issued to them "specimen" ballots could not be ascertained.

The ballot stuffers were so sure of never being molested that they registered the bogus votes alphabetically. In other words, they first used names commencing with the letter "A," then "B" and continued on through the alphabet until the bogus voters had answered to their names in alphabetical rotation as at a roll-call in Congress!

The prosecution had as one of its star witnesses a man by the name of Thomas J. Blair who had previously acted with reformers and had suffered on this account at the hands of the "Organization." His treachery and unblushing repudiation of testimony he had sworn to previous to the trial,—testimony sufficient to send Salter *et al.* to the penitentiary,—showed the all-powerful resources of "the gang." They had to clear Salter at all hazards or run the risk of having an *exposé* of one of the elements of the election deviltry practiced by them for years, with the probability of being sent to jail themselves, an alternative that will sooner or later take place unless justice becomes extinct. Blair was called as a witness for the Commonwealth, consequently it was bound by his testimony. When asked whether he looked in the ballot-box when the polls were opened he answered, "Yes"; whether he saw anything in it, "No"; was it empty, "Yes"; was it still empty when the lid was put back? "Yes"! Thus Blair who had assured the prosecution that he could send Salter and his accomplices to prison, swore directly

opposite to what he had promised and helped the Organization in its hour of need. He was, immediately after testifying, arrested by order of the court and held in \$1,200 bail on the charge of perjury, preferred by District-Attorney Weaver. A few weeks afterwards he was appointed on the police and is to-day on the force. District-Attorney John Weaver arrested this man for perjury, Mayor John Weaver permitted his appointment "as a guardian of the peace" and the charge for perjury has never been pressed.

Thus does the "Organization" take care of its own and Philadelphia quietly submits!

The defence evidently had read *The Pickwick Papers*. It accepted the advice of the elder Weller and resorted to the ever faithful "alibi."

It must be remembered that Salter had been arrested in November, 1899; that he fled the jurisdiction of the court and never returned until two and a half years afterwards, the trial taking place in May, 1902. An alibi is commonly supposed to be most readily proved when the memory of the witnesses is fresh, when their minds are not diverted by intervening happenings or by occurrences of moment that overshadow those of a trivial character. An "'Organization' alibi" is quite different from the ordinary one. It apparently took its witness not days, weeks or months, but several years to refresh and fortify their memories about the minute and hour, when on a certain day Salter left a certain house to go to the polls and exercise his freeman's right to deposit just "one" ballot.

At any rate the defence produced seven well-rehearsed witnesses who swore that Salter could not have been at his home or at the polls at or before seven o'clock in the morning of election day, because he did not leave the house 407 South Eighth street, nine squares distant, until after 7.15 A. M., while Kirkland had placed him at his own home between 6.30 and 6.45 A. M.!

After this cunningly-planned alibi had been established for Salter, he, himself, upset it in a manner that should have convinced even a jury of "idiots" of his guilt. On the stand he testified as follows:

"What time did you get to the polling place on election day?"

"I got there about twenty minutes of eight."

"About what, about twenty minutes of what?"

"Eight."

"Where is the polling place?"

"At Sixteenth and Lombard streets."

"Which way did you approach the polling place?"

"I came from my own home."

"How long had you been in your house before you went to the polling place?"

"Over an hour."

The defence was thunderstruck as Salter himself gave the lie to his own witnesses and corroborated Kirkland's testimony which fixed the time of preparing the ballots and stuffing them in the box at before seven o'clock. Salter evidently had forgotten his lines, for he testified that he reached the polls about twenty minutes of eight and that he had then been at his home for over an hour, or since twenty or more minutes before seven o'clock, while his "alibi provers" swore that he was nine squares distant from his home as late as 7.15!

With perjury thus plainly established, with the bogus ballots in the box, the flight of the defendants after their arrest a telling argument of their guilt, the impossible lining up of 200 voters in alphabetical order at the polls, the testimony of Kirkland, and other collateral evidence, the jury returned a verdict of "Not guilty." They would have returned the same verdict even if Salter had admitted his guilt!

A more shameless miscarriage of justice has rarely been recorded. Salter's acquittal brought in its wake the "vindication" of the "Organization"; if convicted he would in all likelihood have "peached"

and carried with him behind penitentiary walls the real culprits who have made the ballot a farce and a mockery of the temple of justice.

A startling sequel to this case, which has since come to light, and calls for investigation, explanation and action, is told by Ryan himself in a sworn statement, which, in its essentials, is confirmed by later developments.

In his confession, at which the writer was one of half a dozen persons present, Ryan said in substance:

"I was told several weeks before the trial was called that I would be one of the jurors, and was, in course of time, summoned and sworn in. When the trial was over and Salter had been acquitted, I was taken to the Betz Building, where one of the leaders told me I was a hero, etc., etc. On leaving I met my lawyer in front of the building and I asked him when my trial would take place. He told me to go about my business, not to bother about it; 'We'll eat these bills up!'"

On making inquiry of the District-Attorney within a day or two, it appears that, upon examining the dockets, three indictments were found against William J. Ryan to the September Sessions, 1901, and that after a somewhat careful search for the indictments, the District-Attorney has as yet not been able to lay his hands upon them. He says: "Apparently they have been lost or mislaid."

It must be remembered in this connection that John C. Bell, our present District-Attorney, had no connection whatever with the Salter case.

Were the indictments against Ryan eaten up, and if so, who ate them up?

It is to be hoped that the matter will not be allowed to rest here. If anyone connected with either prosecution or defence has so far forgotten himself as to betray justice in her own temple, an example should be made,—so severe that it will deter others from ever following such nefarious practices.

This seems to be a proper question for

investigation by either the Board of Judges or by the Board of Censors.

As if the gaping wounds thus inflicted upon an indignant community were not sufficient to satiate the voracious and defiant gang, soon after the trial they rubbed the wounds with salt and vinegar until the public fairly squirmed by appointing Salter, the chief defendant, to a \$2,000 city office while they found places of profit and "honor" for the other defendants and also took care of the jurors who had so accommodately acquitted them.

The promotion of District-Attorney Weaver to the Mayoralty of Philadelphia and the advancement of some of his assistants to more lucrative and prominent places cannot directly be charged to their connection with the Salter case, although it is thought in discerning circles that a little more circumspection and delay in their preferment would have shown good judgment and tact on the part of the "Organization."

A collateral incident of this trial shows the almost criminal insensibility of officials to their duty. Salter *et al.* when first arrested had been placed under bail, which was instantly furnished by members of the "Organization." After their flight the bail was declared forfeited but never collected and on the return of the

fugitives and after their acquittal, the bail bonds were remitted as is shown in the following letter of Mr. Weaver's successor in reply to one addressed to him by the writer:

"DISTRICT-ATTORNEY'S OFFICE,
"PHILADELPHIA,
"November 27, 1903."

"RUDOLPH BLANKENBURG, Esq.:

"My Dear Sir:—In reply to your letter of the 25th inst. with reference to the collection of the forfeited bail bonds against Samuel Salter *et al.*, I have made certain investigations and have discovered the following facts:

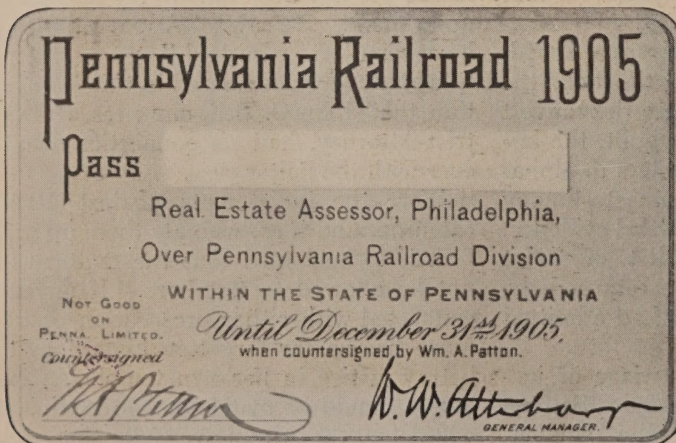
"In the Case of Com. *vs.* Samuel Salter, the forfeiture entered on the bail bond was remitted by the Governor of the State upon Petition presented to him, on the 12th day of January, 1903.

"In the case of Com. *vs.* Clarence Measer, the forfeiture was similarly remitted on the same date, and also in the case of Com. *vs.* Joseph Rodgers.

"In the case of Com. *vs.* James F. Sheehan, E. E. Jackson *alias* Cook, Henry Clark, *alias* McCabe and Edward P. Macken, where bail was entered in the sum of \$5,400, two-thirds of the forfeiture was remitted by the Governor on the above date; the balance of \$1,800 was not then remitted, and remained unpaid

until this date, November 27, 1903. On this date, in response to a previous written demand made by me on Francis Shunk Brown, Esq., counsel for Edward P. Macken, for this balance, he and his counsel called at my office and paid me the said balance of \$1,800, which sum I have this day, by leave of P. J. Mayer Sulzberger, paid into court, for distribution according to law.

"I trust this commu-



Are Real Estate Assessors employees of the Pennsylvania Railroad? Pennsylvania Constitution, Art. XVII., § 8: "No railroad, railway or other transportation company shall grant free passes, or passes at a discount, to any persons except officers or employees of the company."

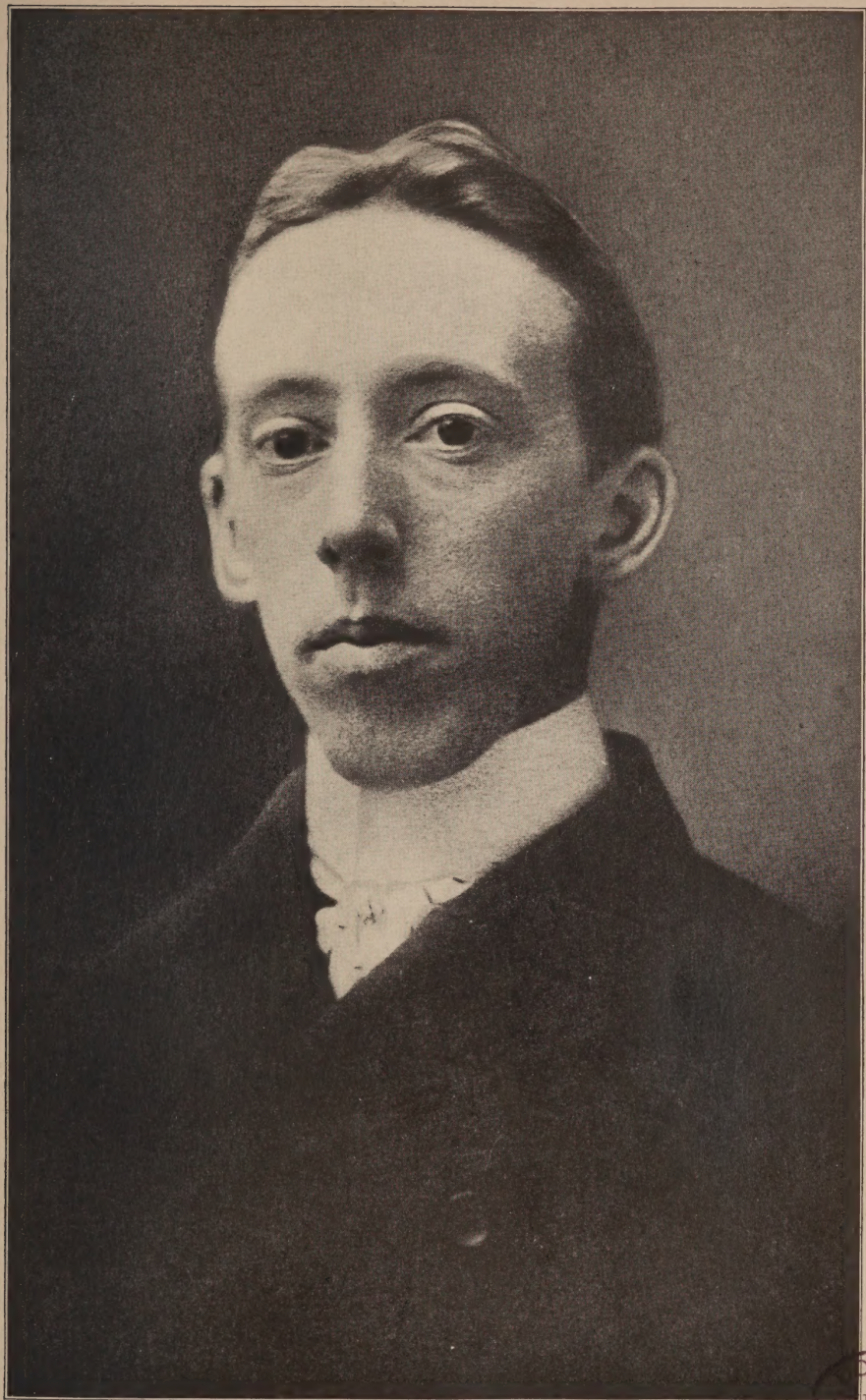
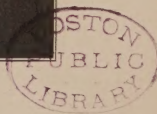


Photo. by Cole & Holladay, Durham, N. C.

ARCHIBALD HENDERSON, Ph.D.



nication will give you the information you desired. Thanking you for the interest you have taken, I am,

"Very sincerely yours,

"JOHN C. BELL.

"*District-Attorney.*"

What a sad commentary on the official act of the Governor of a great Commonwealth who, countenanced by the District-Attorney, remits bail on which judgment had been entered by Judge Sulzberger, in favor of the State, against the bondsmen. This judgment, on appeal, was confirmed in an opinion by President Judge Rice of the Superior Court, but the bail-goers were relieved by the action of Governor Stone!

A premium is thus offered to criminals who, able to secure bail, flee from justice, and return when important witnesses are dead, evidence against them has been destroyed, the prosecution weakened and "alibis" manufactured.

Thus ended one of the most important cases of "the people against the corrupters of the ballot," with the corrupters far in the lead and no immediate prospect of their suppression and annihilation, owing largely to the moral and civic torpidity of officials who should fire broadsides in the corrupters' ranks and proclaim in trumpet tones that crimes against the ballot are high treason against the Republic.

Friends of an honest ballot have for years striven to secure personal registration as the first step to overthrow fraud at the polls. An amendment to the Constitution of Pennsylvania was introduced in the legislature in 1897 but defeated. It was again introduced in 1899 and passed by both Houses but Governor Stone, always ready to exercise his evil influence, had the audacity to veto the amendment, an unheard of assumption of power in which he was ingloriously defeated and overruled by the Supreme Court.

The amendment was adopted in November, 1901, by a vote of 214,798 in its favor to 45,601 opposed. Notwithstanding the ratification of the amend-

ment by a vote of nearly five in favor to one against, our law-makers have so far failed to pass necessary legislation to put it in operation, although Governor Pennypacker in his last message recommended prompt action. We have to wait until Penrose, Durham and McNichol, the guardians of our liberties, the demi-gods of the "Organization," condescend to decree the fate of the Constitutional amendment!

Will there ever be an awakening or shall we in despair join Jeremiah in his Lamentations, chapter 1.1: "*How does the city sit solitary, that was full of people! how is she become as a widow! she that was great among the nations, and princess among the provinces, how is she become tributary!*"

Yes, she *was* full of people at one time, full of men, of real men, who were proud to be called citizens of no mean city, proud as the Roman who exclaimed "*Civis Romanus sum*" when he wished to express the feeling of quickened exultation at the distinction of being a part of that grand citizenship. We were great among the cities, our name honored and revered, but since we have become tributary, since we have lost our independence, and worship an "Organization" Baal, the name and fame of our city will remain a byword of reproach until such time as manhood shall again assert itself.

The statement made in the April number of THE ARENA that real estate assessors are provided with free passes by the Pennsylvania Railroad has been questioned and called almost incredible. Proof positive is furnished herewith. The pass shown on page 472 tells its own story. It is in force to-day.

It is not surprising that people should hesitate to believe the Pennsylvania Railroad guilty of acts so forbidding and so demoralizing in their tendencies. This action unblushingly violates the Constitution, disregards all rules of order, integrity and public morals, and plainly indicates

that real estate assessors are provided with passes to place them under obligations to the Company.

The Pennsylvania Railroad Company is, perhaps, the largest realty owner in Philadelphia. Whether the judgment of assessors is, on account of favors received, likely to be warped when they assess railroad property for purposes of taxation, may safely be left to the judgment of the reader.

Those concerned in this iniquitous business are probably church-goers, call themselves good citizens and are looked up to on account of their social and financial position, but they certainly are not made of the material that strengthens the Republic.

(To be continued.)

RUDOLPH BLANKENBURG.

Philadelphia, Pa.

STEPHEN PHILLIPS: POET AND DRAMATIST.

By ARCHIBALD HENDERSON, Ph.D.,
Of the University of North Carolina.

"A deliberate rebellion against the Elizabethan tradition is the best hope for English poetic drama. That, at any rate, has always been my view; and I have tried to act up to it, and enfranchise myself from the Shakespearean ideal."—*Conversation: Stephen Phillips and William Archer.*

THE HISTORY of criticism, it has been said more than once, teaches the salutary lesson that the judgment of current literature laid down by contemporaries is not, in many cases, the judgment posterity has seen fit to applaud. In especial, the judgment of literary aspirants by their fellow-countrymen has proven fallible so many times that skepticism is not to be wondered at in the critic of current literature. Did Shakespeare's contemporaries and fellow-workers, in the spacious days of Queen Elizabeth, suspect that the author of "Hamlet," "Macbeth" and "Lear" was the greatest spokesman of Anglo-Saxon, nay, of the world's civilization? Did literary France in the reign of the *grand monarque* believe that, in "Les Precieuses Ridicules," Molière had changed the face of society? For how many years was the distinctive and remarkable genius of Edgar Allen Poe obscured by sectional prejudice and local indifference! A distinguished French critic—Jules Lemaitre, was it not?—once said that contemporary criticism is not criticism, but conversation.

Much modern criticism is even less than conversation. It is gossip.

And yet the effort to fix the position, to paint definitive portraits, of literary contemporaries goes on unchecked. To-day the drama, that noblest of the literary arts, offers the most fertile field for the inspection of the critic. Ibsen's work is done, his "dramatic epilogue" is already written. But how many other figures stand not far below his own, crowding the secondary plane of dramatic genius! Have we a modern Goethe and Schiller in Gerhart Hauptmann and Hermann Sudermann? Are Paul Heyse and Ernst von Wildenbruch the heralds of a new day? Will Victorien Sardou, with supreme mechanical dexterity and consummate mastery of stagecraft at his command, ever succeed in striking the deep, full chords of the human heart? Can Edmond Rostand, whose heart pulses with lyric beat and romantic throb, succeed in bringing to perfection the ideal of Regnard, De Musset and Victor Hugo? Can Paul Hervieu, Henri Lavedan, Maurice Donnay and Octave Mirbeau summon again the glory of Corneille, Racine and Molière? Is it perhaps true that Pinero and Jones, Esmond and Carton, are something more than "brief and abstract chro-

nometers of the time?" Are George Bernard Shaw, Henri Becque and August Strindberg only the demented spokesmen of the modern irreverence mania? Have Heijermanns and Verhaeren, Echegaray and Estebanze fulfilled the hope for a drama that will survive the corrosive tests of time? Does Gabriel d'Annunzio, with all his polished verse, his immaculate prose, and his perfect style, only delve into the abjured and forbidden secrets of sex, passion and lust? Has that exotic flower of a new-century mysticism, Maurice Maeterlinck, set up the theory and practice of a new dramatic art that will supersede the human art of Shakespeare? Has that hardy Norseman, Björnstjerne Björnson, builded an indestructible palace of art upon the solid concrete of modern life? Can we credit Zola, and Howells after him, in the statement that Giacometti, in "*La Mort Civile*," has created the greatest drama of modern times? Has Stephen Phillips, with his entrancingly beautiful verse, crystallized the drama into poetic form for all time to come?

Futile as it may seem to attempt to give the answer to these and a thousand other disquieting questions of contemporary dramatic literature, it is at least the duty of the critic to record not only the facts of the lives, but also his individual impressions of the work, of his contemporaries. If we first examine the facts of the life of the poet and dramatist whose name is linked with the renaissance of poetic drama in English literature, we shall find little explanation of the secret of his marvelous power in the evocation of the most enrapturing strains of poetic music. He has not gone down into the *Inferno* with Strindberg, searching for God and finding the devil. Unlike Ibsen, he learned no early and bitter lesson of the hollowness and insincerity of society. He has not thrown himself as has Bernard Shaw, into the dusty and pitiless arena of modern life, to joust against all comers. He has not learned in suffering, to teach in song.

His life has been sheltered from the wrangle and strife of conflicting social orders. The meagre biographical details of his career testify to no great material or spiritual crises. The autobiography of his mind, written so exquisitely in the volumes of his poetry and drama, reveals him to us, not as the contemporary of Morris, Kipling and Whitman, but as the companion of Virgil, Dante, Marlowe and Milton.

Born on the twenty-eighth of July, 1868, Stephen Phillips showed in his early boyhood wholesome contempt, rather than passionate admiration, for things metrical. Claiming descent from the Wordsworths through his mother, it was but natural that he should attribute his love of verse to her influence. The reading of "*Christabel*" to him by his mother, when he was ill at school, at about the age of fifteen, wrought the transformation in his spirit. He resolved from that hour to be a poet, and devoted himself for some years thereafter to constant writing, seeking always to perfect his talent. At the end of his first term in Cambridge, in 1886, he was so enthused by the performances of Mr. Frank Benson's troupe of Shakespearean actors that he resolved to go on the stage. Although he was only taken on probation, he continued to be a member of the company for six years. It has been stated that, while Phillips never made any reputation as an actor, he once played the Ghost in "*Hamlet*" with a dignity so awful that he was positively called before the curtain, a distinction probably in this rôle unparalleled. Like Pinero, Phillips owes much of his talent for situation and dramatic crisis to his apprenticeship to the stage.

It was during the sojourn of Mr. Benson's company at Oxford, several years later, that Phillips once more turned his mind to poetry. The result of his association at this time with his cousin, Lawrence Binyon, and a talented young Indian, named Ghose, was a little pamphlet of neglected verse,

"Primavera," published in Oxford in 1888. After leaving Mr. Benson's company, in 1892, Phillips turned to the Greeks and to Milton for inspiration. It became his fixed determination to restore blank verse to its old dignity and variety. His first independent publication, entitled "Eremus," appeared in 1894, and has not been reprinted. None of his contributions to "Primavera" seemed to him worthy of preservation, and "Eremus," which he regards as an experimental work, has, I believe, been suppressed. Concerning this piece, Mr. Gosse wrote: "'Eremus' contains passages of much ingenuity and beauty, but it is diffuse, it is ill-constructed, and it lacks precisely that quality of intensity and concentration which is the signal grace of this poet in our over-fluent age. It is a sort of autobiography of a mysterious hermit or solitary, told on the top of a peak to two kind persons who have carried the dying man up to that cold elevation. It is written in blank verse of a careful but somewhat conventional type, and it is interesting as showing that the secret of that marvelous lyrical movement of unrhymed iambics which is Mr. Phillips' particular glory, had not, in 1894, been revealed to him."

It was in 1896 that "Christ in Hades" first appeared, and with it came to light the finest English poet of the younger generation. It gave rise to the highest hopes for the author's future. These hopes were realized when, in 1897, appeared the collection called "Poems," crowned with the initial award of the British Academy, and with the enthusiastic praise of English critics. The blank-verse tragedy, "Paolo and Francesca," Phillips' first poetic drama, appeared in the winter of 1899. It was dedicated to Mr. George Alexander, the celebrated English actor, who had asked Mr. Phillips to write him a play. One is reminded of Coquelin's request of Rostand to write a play for him, the result of the request being the world-renowned "Cyrano de Bergerac." The

unusual panegyric of praise which greeted this play is without a counterpart in our time. Even that very careful and discriminating critic, Mr. William Archer, expressed his praise in the words: "A thing of exquisite poetic form, yet tingling from first to last with intense dramatic life. Mr. Phillips has achieved the impossible. Sardou could not have ordered the action more skilfully, Tennyson could not have clothed the passion in words of purer loveliness."

Following upon "Paolo and Francesca" came three other poetic dramas, "Herod," "Ulysses" and "The Sin of David." All of these except the last-named, which is now vexing the minds of the critics, have been put on the stage in London with a success that is remarkable, considering that these plays are poetic dramas, wholly without the stream of modern tendencies, the main currents of modern thought, which flow through the dramas of our time.

I.

The gift of dramatic imagination, which stamps the author of "Christ in Hades," makes that poem a marvel in stately seriousness and lofty beauty. Dante summons the shades, in the "Inferno," to his side, and holds such sad converse with them that he swoons with sorrow over their hapless fate. Phillips' poem, with its image of the doomed shades, hovering in inarticulate woe about the strange visitant, is reminiscent of that divine fifth canto of the "Inferno." It differs in that Christ speaks no word, gazing in infinite and immeasurable pity upon these lost spirits, speciously pleading their cause, lamenting their irremediable fate. The successor of Tennyson speaks in the lines:

"Just as a widower, that dreaming holds
His dead wife in his arms, not wondering,
So natural it appears; then starting up
With trivial words, or even with a jest,
Realizes all the uncolored dawn,
And near his head the young bird in the leaves
Stirring; not less, not otherwise do we
Want in this colorless country the warm earth."

The very opening lines of the poem, an exquisite simile of faultless form, reveal the individual quality of Phillips' style:

"Keen as a blinded man, at dawn awake,
Smells in the dark the cold odour of earth;
Eastward he turns his eyes, and over him
A dreadful freshness exquisitely breathes."

Less like imagination than pure vision seems this gift of pictorial evocation, this power to summon to the mind this image of Christ, the "pale Brilliance," moving with divine and silent pity through the serried hosts of the damned. One fault alone mars the unity and calm of the phantasy: the sudden arrest of Christ when the scent of the blood of Prometheus is borne to him by the wind.

Of all Phillips' poems, none is comparable to "Marpessa" for consistent and unfailing beauty, inevitable appositeness of expression to mood, and wealth of impassioned feeling. The mine of classic myth gives up again its store of riches, long since deemed exhausted, and the gold is re-minted into a fresh and shining currency of lasting intrinsic value. Where else do we find such exquisite expression of exalted and impassioned emotion as that conveyed in the lines of Idas:

"I love thee then
Not only for thy body packed with sweet
Of all this world, that cup of brimming June,
That jar of violet wine set in the air,
That palest rose sweet in the night of life;
Nor for that stirring bosom all besieged
By drowsing lovers, or thy perilous hair;
Nor for that face that might indeed provoke
Invasion of old cities; no, nor all
Thy freshness stealing on me like strange sleep."

And the very topmost pinnacle of the poem is scaled in the closing lines:

"Not for this only do I love thee, but
Because Infinity upon thee broods;
And thou art full of whispers and of shadows.
Thou meanest what the sea has striven to say
So long, and yearned up the cliffs to tell;
Thou art what all the winds have uttered not,
What the still night suggesteth to the heart.
Thy voice is like to music heard ere birth,
Some spirit lute touched on a spirit sea;
Thy face remembered is from other worlds,
It has been died for, though I know not when,
It has been sung of, though I know not where.

It has the strangeness of the luring West,
And of sad sea-horizons; beside thee
I am aware of other times and lands,
Of birth far-back, of lives in many stars.
O beauty lone and like a candle clear
In this dark country of the world! Thou art
My woe, my early light, my music dying."

The remaining poems of Phillips fall into three divisions. First, in the class of "Christ in Hades" and "Marpessa," fall those poems which are the projections of a vision, phantasies of imaginative clairvoyance. Next may be mentioned the poems, rooted in the morbidity of modernity, in which squalid and even impure themes are garbed in the rich robe of a stately poetic fabric. There are also a few poems in which lurks philosophic meditation—the rarest mood of this poet of grace and passion. None approach the transcendent beauty of "Marpessa," while a number possess faults of a very definite character. In the naturalistic study, "The Wife," such lines as

"A blind man passes that doth sound
With shaking head the hollow ground."

and

"'He is not dead,' she cried, 'I'll think it not.
I shall go mad to see my darling rot,'"

of which the last-named are deleted in the second edition of "Poems," may serve as glaring illustrations. But after all shortcomings are taken into account, there remains a rich treasury of poetry, much essentially fine, all essentially dramatic. This dramatic quality in his poems, combined with his experience as an actor, furnish something like an adequate explanation for the success of Stephen Phillips in that form of poetry most alien to the spirit of our time—the poetic drama.

II.

It is difficult to approach Phillips' "Paolo and Francesca" without a strong inclination to use superlatives. This play stands right alongside Rostand's "Cyrano de Bergerac" and Hauptmann's "Die Versunkene Glocke," and these three are

the most exceptional of the poetic dramas of recent years. Phillips' play came at the end of the century in England—the England that had known no great poetic drama in the nineteenth century, save perhaps that of Browning and Shelley—and has already taken its place as an achievement of exquisite beauty, dramatic power and sustained poetic effort, worthy of this or indeed of any age.

William Archer, it may be mentioned, had presaged the success of "Paolo and Francesca." In an article on the "Poetic Drama" he had advised any young would-be dramatist to "plunge his drama entirely in one element, in one convention, creating from it an ideal atmosphere of pure poetry." And this indeed is a very definite description of what Phillips has done. He purposely rejects the instrumentalities of local color and racial psychology; his characters are not medieval Italians of the thirteenth century, but are English and modern, and, for that reason, all the nearer to us, with the subtle tinge of modernity that so clearly colors their thoughts and actions. The play as a whole is not in any sense Shakespearean, although here and there are light Elizabethan touches. The simple directness of the treatment has lifted the play above the cheaper tricks of dramatic convention, and this same directness has carried the author safely over the melodramatic pitfalls, so amply afforded by the circumstantial basis of the action.

The author has gone still further and rejected even Boccaccio's "tale of coarse deception and substitution," employed in the dramas of Boker and d'Annunzio. Not only has Phillips plunged his drama in one element, creating for it an ideal atmosphere of pure poetry, but he has surcharged the atmosphere with the sense of fatality, the immanence of destiny. Each character is marked out by some broad trait, the method of characterization the author has revealed in all his subsequent plays; consciously or unconsciously, each character becomes "the

accomplice and the instrument of Fate." In this respect the motive and appeal are essentially Greek, revealing all the restraint of classic traditions. As in the Greek drama, the act of bloody retribution is done "off the stage," contrary to the practice of Boker, d'Annunzio, Maeterlinck and Crawford.

And after paying tribute to the marvelous beauty, unrivaled felicity and "persistent loftiness" of poetic expression sustained throughout this play, one must pay one still further tribute to the tense dramatic power revealed in every scene. Phillips' apprenticeship to the stage is revealed most clearly in this play, whose dramatic effectiveness is the clearest proof that there has come out of England, at the close of the nineteenth century, not only a great dramatic poem, but also a great poetic drama.

Phillips has revealed his inventiveness in the creation of Giovanni's widowed cousin, Lucrezia degl' Onesti, a new personality associated with the tragic story. Her early wail of regret over being a childless woman—a burst of passionate confidence which may surprise the auditor by its apparent irrelevance to the action—proves to be full of significance in the subsequent development of the plot. Since Dante, no one has equaled Phillips in his evocation of the exquisite scene of nascent love, crowned with the kiss of the youthful lovers. Overmastered by the tyranny of his passion for Francesca, "all dewy from her convent fetched," Paolo resolves to "see her, hear her, touch her," ere he dies. In the hush just before dawn, Francesca has come out into the garden, with lamp and book, to read the ancient tale of Lancelot and Guinevere. Paolo enters, and in the melodious stillness of that prophetic hour, when might almost be heard

"The sigh of all the sleepers in the world;
And all the rivers running to the sea,"

the two lovers hold sweet converse in lines of surpassing loveliness. Their dialogue is soon exchanged for an

alternate reading to each other from the book in a text of quivering, trembling beauty of Phillips' own invention. This scene, whose beauty cannot even be suggested, closes upon the fatal kiss.

Admiration for "Paolo and Francesca" must not be construed as blindness to its faults. Indeed, it seems to me that Phillips has sacrificed too much in his effort to create for the play an atmosphere of pure poetry. The play is modern and makes its appeal to the moderns. There is nothing to localize it in Italy, to time it to the thirteenth century, to image in it the psychological traits of medieval Italians. Lucrezia, the strongest and most virile character, the "only man in the piece," is transformed in an instant, by a dubious miracle of the poet's art, from a plotting conspirator into a tender and pitying mother. If Lucrezia is informed with the true spirit of modernity, so also is Giovanni, for he is always self-analytical, subjective, introspective. The play might be called "The Slaughter of the Innocents," for Paolo is always boyishly youthful, and Francesca is never more than a child; her nurse's words are illuminating:

"She hath but wondered up at the white clouds;
Hath just spread out her hands to the warm sun;
Hath heard but gentle words and cloister sounds."

Despite its blemishes, "Paolo and Francesca" is, all in all, a work of high and ennobling art. For it is everywhere animate with what Baudelaire called "*la grace suprême littéraire*."

III.

Predestination, Fate—these are the watchwords of the dramas of Phillips. Each motive, each event, is linked with some fateful prophecy, some symbolic suggestion of dire denouement. The doom of Paolo and Francesca is foreshadowed in the vaticinations of the blind Angela:

"He shall be
Not far to seek; yet perilous to find.
Unwillingly he comes a wooing; she
Unwillingly is wooed; yet shall they woo.
His kiss was on her lips ere she was born."

And in "Herod," Phillips' next play, which was produced with great magnificence at Her Majesty's Theater, London, on October 31, 1900, by H. Beerbohm Tree and his company, the Greek *motif* is carried to absurd and exaggerated extremes. A great astrologer, long before the opening of the play, had foretold:

"Herod shall famous be o'er all the world,
But he shall kill that thing which most he loves."

This gives us the presage of the death of Mariamne, and foreknowledge of the identity of her slayer. In similar fashion is d'Annunzio's "Francesca da Rimini" filled with presages of symbolic intent, notably Bannino's cry, "Open! Francesca. Open!" at the close of the first act, and Francesca's words to Paolo, when she hands him the cup of wine:

"O brother of my lord, drink of the cup
Thy brother drinks of . . ."

"Herod" is marred by the foreshadowing of every material and spiritual crisis of the action. Mariamne forewarns Herod of the possible extinction of her love, even suggesting the mode of Aristobulus' death. Herod prophesies the coming of Christ, he who shall

" . . . still that old sob of the sea,
And heal the unhappy fancies of the wind,"

that gentle sovereign "whose power in gentleness we dream not of." This note of timely warning, as it were, prepares us for every catastrophe; not character, but the will of whatever gods may be, is destiny. "Herod" is moreover a play of two acts; the final act simply offers us a spectacle, the cataleptic trance of the broken sovereign, the "last sunset-cry of wounded kings." It must be granted that Phillips has taken advantage of every theatrical situation, charged every crisis to the full with emotion and passion. And the tide of emotion swells to a very crest of passion in the words of Mariamne:

"And most for this I love you, and have loved,
That when you wooed, behind you cities crashed,

Those eyes that dimmed for me flashed in the
breach,
And you were scorched and scarred and dressed in
spoils,
Magnificent in livery of ruin.
You swept denial off and all delay,
You rushed on me like fire, and a wind drove you,
Thou who didst never fear, Herod, my Herod.
Now clasp me again as thou didst clasp me then,
When like a hundred lightning brands upsprung
In the night sudden. Then did you laugh out
And whirled me like a god through the dark
away."

The trend of Phillips' art as a poet and dramatist follows a course of progressive deterioration. Beerbohm Tree's gorgeous production of "Ulysses" on February 1, 1902, at Her Majesty's Theater, London, was a magnificent *succes d'estime*. Charles Frohman's production, at the Garden Theater, New York, in September, 1903, with Rose Coghlan in the rôle of Penelope, was a very qualified success, not even a splendid failure. These productions brought out only too clearly the indubitable fact that "Ulysses" is panoramic rather than dramatic; a series of eye-delighting spectacles rather than a firmly-knit drama of character and action. That conflict of human wills, which M. Brunetière has declared to be the quintessential trait of genuine drama, is here almost wholly lacking. Again and again does Phillips struggle to image and project this conflict upon the scene. The opposition of Telemachus to the invincible effrontery of the suitors of Penelope, and Penelope's struggle to avoid a decision, are futile: their impotence is exposed by the arrival of the long-awaited Ulysses. He is successful, not through any splendid exercise and triumph of human will, but only through the protection and aid of the beneficent Athene. Nor does the scene in Hades carry with it conviction: the issue of that conflict, foretold, foreordained to our knowledge, robs the brave struggle of Ulysses of its poignancy and pathos. The one scene in the play which gives the impression of true dramatic validity is the tense struggle of contending human wills, exhibited in the first act. Calypso and Ulysses struggle nobly together for

the mastery, she for love and Ulysses, he for home and Penelope. His fine poetic declamation, delivered to Calypso striving vainly to chain him to her side, measures the talent of Phillips on the side of rhetorical poetry, while sounding the weakness of the entire play, indeed, of Phillips' whole achievement.

"Then have the truth; I speak as a man speaks;
Pour out my heart like treasure at your feet.
This odorous, amorous isle of violets,
That leans all leaves into the glassy deep,
With brooding music over noontide moss,
And low dirge of the lily-swinging bee,—
Then stars like opening eyes on closing flowers,—
Palls on my heart. Ah God! that I might see
Gaunt Ithaca stand up out of the surge,
Yon lashed and streaming rocks, and sobbing
crag,
The screaming gull and the wild-flying cloud:—
To see far off the smoke of my own hearth,
To smell far out the glebe of my own farms,
To spring alive upon her precipices,
And hurl the singing spear into the air;
To scoop the mountain torrent in my hand,
And plunge into the midnight of her pines;
To look into the eyes of her who bore me,
And clasp his knees who 'gat me in his joy,
Prove if my son be like my dream of him."

A spectacle-drama, with a commentary in verse, as Arthur Symons has said, at its best "Ulysses" reaches only "what Coleridge, contrasting Schiller with Shakespeare, called 'the material sub-lime.' It has not flowered up out of a seed of hidden beauty; such beauty as it has, and it has beauty, is wrought from without, and presents itself to us as decoration."

"The Sin of David," the new play of Phillips, is in all respects inferior to the three poetic dramas which preceded it. The story of David and Uriah is given a modern setting in the period of the English Commonwealth. This is the first step Phillips has taken toward our own time, and it is a false step. Miriam, a creature all compact of passion and pathos, is like Francesca in that she is wedded, when yet a child, to one who in age might be her father. Like Francesca, her heart turns resistlessly to a gentle and gallant lover—to Sir Hubert Lisle, commander of the Parliamentary forces in the Fenland. Maddened by his love for

Miriam, Lisle, like David, sets the husband of Miriam, the modern Uriah, in the "forefront of the hottest battle," where he is smitten and dies. Five years later, the child of Sir Hubert and Miriam, now man and wife, languishes and dies of fever. "Vengeance is mine," saith the Lord. "I will repay." Overwhelmed with this stroke, Lisle confesses to his wife his guilt in sending her husband to his death. At first a momentary recoil of horror, then determination on separation, then a sudden, unconvincing reversal of decision. Miriam remains with her husband, because he has the eyes of her dead child!

The denouement, as well as the whole action of the play is insufficiently motivated, carrying with it neither emotional conviction nor the surety of its truth as a representation of life. The one strong scene is the close of the second act, but it is theatric, not dramatic like the reading of the book in "Paolo and Francesca," of which it is a marked reminder. Suggestive of Ibsen's "Little Eyolf" solely on the narrative side, Phillips' play is however wholly lacking in that ethical and altruistic content which gives breadth and depth to Ibsen's play. There are very few lines which remind us of the poet Phillips of other days—of Paolo's panegyric on immortal love, Mariamne's glorification of Herod's godlike passion, or Ulysses' apostrophe to "gaunt Ithaca." It is noted with regret that Phillips here is guilty of that most grievous of all defects, self-imitation. The fine line,

"Her face was close to me and dimmed the world,"

is not imitated, but rather mocked, in

"That smile hath made a mist of all the world,"

and

"That smile that made a mist of the great world."

Yet once or twice the old poetic fire flames up again, as in

"We, by bereavement henceforth are betrothed,
Folded by aspirations unfulfilled,
And clasped by irrecoverable dreams."

IV.

Stephen Phillips has not fulfilled the expectations to which "Marpessa" and "Paolo and Francesca" gave rise. He once admitted that his plays contained no underplot, no philosophic embroidery, no minute development of character. He sought to make dramas without these things, to denote character, not as subtle and complex, but as large and simple. "I may yet come to do more in the way of characterization than I have hitherto attempted" is a surmise unverified in his latest play. In "Marpessa" and "Paolo and Francesca" Phillips has realized his ideal of unity of effect, "compression, not expansion,—surface calm, even quietude, with a glow of passion beneath it." His later plays hold us less and less by force of their representation of reality; the fragile philosophy they contain is hopelessly obsolete, action is less and less inevitably motivated, and even the decorative beauties are fading, reappearing in colorless imitations of each other. But after all, as someone has recently said, "there is always the miracle of youth to comfort us; and there is, for remembrance, the miracle of Phillips' youth, when from his pen came lines as classic in their beauty and as glowing in their fire as any Tennyson wrought with patient care, or Shelley flung upon the page in his days of flaming dreams."

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PRACTICAL RESULTS WHICH HAVE ATTENDED THE INTRODUCTION OF THE REFERENDUM IN SWITZERLAND.

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WHEN in 1869 Direct-Legislation entered the constitutions of the two leading states of the Swiss Confederation, Zurich and Berne, and later, in 1874, the constitution of the *Bund* itself, many among the men of 1848 who had framed the federal houses, the National Council and the Council of States, on the American plan, found hard words for that novelty which they deemed altogether destructive of the representative system of government and full of dangers for the welfare of their country. These men belong to the radical party, who after our war of secession, which resulted in the victory of the Protestant Cantons, transformed the old "Staatenbund" into the present "Bundesstatt," and who have ever since retained power. When they framed the federal constitution, in the constituent Diet of 1847, they did inscribe in the same that the people ought to be consulted in the case of a future revision. This also was in conformity with the American practice which the French Revolution had brought to Switzerland. But they had no idea of proceeding farther in that way and thought that if constituent power ought to be left with the sovereign, legislative power, granted under the constitution to the representatives of the people, ought to remain entire with those representatives.

In 1874 the great revision took place. The legislative Referendum entered the Federal Constitution as a concession to minorities and a counterpoise to the new powers which the revised articles took away from the states in order to lodge them with the Union. Believers in advanced democracy and champions of cantonalistic traditions united in demand-

ing for the people the right of pronouncing in last resort on any point of importance for the country, the previous question about such importance having to be settled by the signature of thirty thousand qualified voters. They succeeded, and thus a new step in the path of democracy accompanied and balanced a new step in the path of national unity. From that time the Cantons that did not already precede the *Bund* in the introduction of the novelty successively followed its example. The practice of the Referendum, to which was soon joined the practice of the popular Initiative for constitutional amendments and even for ordinary legislation, became a characteristic of Swiss democracy.

The limits of this paper and the time at my command at this writing make it advisable for me to confine my discussion in this contribution to a consideration of the Referendum. It has won its case. Unquestionably it has proved a boon to Switzerland and has no more enemies of any following in the generation of to-day. Let me give one instance to illustrate what I advance. In one of the Cantons, that was among the last to introduce the Referendum—the Canton of Geneva—where the bill bears the date of 1879, both parties, Conservative and Radical, are just now quarrelling in lengthy articles and in political speeches about the real promoters of the same. The novelty of twenty-five years ago is such an unqualified success that every party feels inclined to boast of being the country's benefactor who introduced it in the cantonal constitution. As a matter of fact it was inaugurated at Geneva by the Conservatives, who from that time really deserved the name which they assume, of Democrats.

Now why is that institution so popular in Switzerland that no one would dream of proposing that we should do away with it and go back to the purely representative system of 1848? Because it has proved an efficacious remedy, meeting in a large measure the evils which may be consequent upon that form of government.

First, and above all, it prevents the representatives of the people from losing touch with public opinion. This does not mean that they never come out of that touch, or never ought to be allowed to go ahead of their constituents and be leaders in the political field, but simply that, if it comes to a standing disagreement between representatives and represented, that disagreement shall not result in legislation contrary to the will of the people. In order to attain such desirable end, some theorists propose the imperative mandate, which is the very negation of legislative mandate. An assembly of delegates elected under such restriction can act as an electoral body; it cannot pretend to make law. With the *régime* of the Referendum, either obligatory—*viz.*, applied to every bill, as in some Cantons, or facultative,—on the demand of a given number of qualified voters, as in most States and in the Confederation, the delegate will take his part in the legislative work according to the dictates of his reason and conscience, knowing that it shall or may have to stand the test of the people's judgment. But this implies nothing else than that he shall have the duty to explain his votes before his constituency and submit to a free trial of what he has freely done.

The Swiss member of a legislative body is always obliged to submit in the end to the opinion of his constituents, but he has always the chance of convincing them. The fundamental difference between such submission and that which is supposed from the proxy under an imperative mandate is that it is not anticipated, that it follows, not precedes, legislative action, and leaves free scope

to the activity, to the personality of all concerned.

The liberty of thought, speech and votes which the Referendum system allows to the Swiss representative may be inferred from the fact that, when it happens that he has found himself definitively at variance with his constituents in important debates of a legislature, if they have nothing else to reproach him with than a casual difference of unprejudiced opinion, they very often return him to the next legislature. Carefully elaborated statistics of re-elections to the Federal legislative councils, covering more than a quarter of a century, show that the introduction of the Referendum did not materially alter the composition of these bodies. Even when the important issue was settled by the electors so as to reverse the decision of the legislature in the very year of a general election, the old majority was nevertheless returned to the new councils.

The average Swiss voter thinks that, since he has the right to say the last word in any political matter of importance, he may as well, notwithstanding an occasional divergence of opinion, continue to support the man whom he has always considered trustworthy. Thus it is to be explained why a Frenchman, who was the correspondent of the *Journal des Débats* and the wittiest professor of the University of Geneva, once having to report a general election which, in spite of a former negative plebiscit, had been a general reëlection, wrote: "*Les Suisses sont un peuple singulier. Ils désavouent leurs représentants; après quoi, ils les renomment.*"

A lawyer may object to a definition of the law in a democracy, even in a pure democracy, which would amount to making the law identical with the transient will of the people; but that the law, in a democracy, ought to be avowed by the majority of the people who represent the sovereign, few would deny. Now if a bill, made by an assembly of representatives, can be legally proved to be against

the will of the majority of the qualified voters of the state, it ought not to become law. Adversaries of direct-legislation say the framers of the bill fully represent the people for the time of their mandate, and, before the next election, there ought to be no means of legally proving against them. At that time the people shall have the opportunity of enforcing their will. This argument would hold if there were only one bill voted on in the legislature and if the men returned in the election represented necessarily in any given case the real majority of the people. Every one knows that, with the multiplicity of bills in which modern legislators indulge and with the parts played by party organizations in the electoral contest, this is seldom the case.

To theorists, who like to admit that the opinion of a fairly elected assembly is to be taken as representing, at least roughly, in all its votes the opinion of the country, the following example from the latest experiences in Swiss politics might be cited.

At the end of 1899 both houses of the Federal Assembly adopted a bill which organized compulsory insurance against sickness and accidents, without being fair to the numerous existing associations for mutual help and without guaranteeing sufficiently how the means would be found for their scheme in future budgets. In the Council of States the bill was carried unanimously; in the National Council one lone member voted No. On the twentieth of May, 1900, the Swiss people voted the bill down by 342,114 suffrages against 148,022. In one Canton only, Glaris, was there a majority for acceptance.

This instance of the working of the Referendum gives me an opportunity to say a word about the negative tendency which is sometimes attributed to popular vote in Switzerland. It has often been said that it blocks the way to labor laws and measures designed to improve the condition of the working classes. There is truth to be found in this assertion, provided one does not mistake the mean-

ing of that block in the way. It is a pillar, not a fence.

What our people dislike is not social legislation; it is hasty legislation on social matters. They are accustomed to insist on very mature consideration, and up to date I do not see that the country has had much cause to regret these Fabian tactics. The bill on compulsory insurance against sickness and accidents aroused a triple opposition: the peasants, who are easily frightened by new taxes; the mutualists, who would not give up their free associations; the citizens of the Roman Cantons, who are adverse to any extension of what they call "Federal bureaucracy." All these adversaries started the demand for a Referendum, but their vote, if remaining alone, would probably have been insufficient to kill the bill. The work of the houses was refused even in the large industrial towns of German Switzerland, like Zurich or Basel, and in Basel the workingmen's quarter gave the largest majority against it.

Is this, then, the end of social legislation with us on the matter of insurance? Certainly not. Statesmen are as busy as ever with that question. A few State legislatures are considering new schemes in which the criticisms have been carefully taken into account and met. It is probable that some Cantons will legislate for themselves. The first that is successful will be imitated by others, and within a few years the *Bund* also will have its federal law, which undoubtedly will be more acceptable to all than the rejected one of 1902.

One of the best informed among Swiss writers, Theodor Curti, now editor of the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, who was for years a member of the government of his Canton, St. Gallen, being at the same time a prominent member of the Federal Assembly, and who remains the best authority to quote on the subject, wrote in his valuable work, *Die Schweizerischen Volksrechte*, 1848-1900:*

* Bern: K. Z. Wyss, 1900. A French translation is announced in Paris.

“Die Rechts—und die Sozialgesetzgebung haben unter der Herrschaft des Referendums gross Erfolge zu verzeichnen, zumal die letztere. Dem Fabrikgesetz und dem ersten Haftpflichtgesetz folgte eine ganze Reihe von Arbeiterschutzgesetzen, welche vom Referendum unangefochten blieben oder gebilligt wurden und ihre Fortsetzung in ergänzenden Arbeiterschutzgesetzen der Kantone fanden. Das Alkoholgesetz mit dem Alkoholzehntel, der Verfassungsartikel über das Banknotenmonopol, der Gesamtrückauf der Eisenbahnen, welcher bald dem Scheitern des nur teilweisen Rückkaufs gefolgt ist, und die verschiedenen Gesetze zur Förderung der Forstwirtschaft, der Landwirtschaft, und der Gewerbe: alle diese Schöpfungen sind Schöpfungen des Referendumstaates. Was aber die Rechtsgesetzgebung anbetrifft, welche mit der Sozialgesetzgebung in enger Verbindung steht, so konnten, vom Referendum unbestritten oder anerkannt, die wichtigsten Rechtsmaterien vereinheitlicht werden, deren Vereinheitlichung die Verfassung von 1874 in Aussicht genommen hat: Civilstand und Ehe, persönliche Handlungsfähigkeit, Obligationenrecht mit Handels und Wechselrecht, Urheberrecht, Betreibung und Konkurs, civilrechtliche Verhältnisse der Niedergelassenen. Darüber hinaus wurde das Thor für Vereinheitlichung des gesamten Civil- und Strafrechtes aufgethan, und hierbei offenbart sich, dass das Referendum im Grunde mehr ein Mittel zur Rechtseinheit als ein Hindernis derselben ist. Die Bundesversammlung hätte sich nie herausnehmen dürfen, ein schweizerisches Civil- und Strafrecht zu dekretieren, während seine Schaffung jetzt dadurch möglich wird, dass das Schweizervolk, weil die einzelnen Rechtsbücher ihm erst vorgelegt werden müssen, diese von den Räten lieber entgegennehmen will.”*

*[“Under the Referendum, law and social legislation, and more especially the latter, have great progress to record. The factory law and the first detention law were followed by a line of labor protective laws which remained unchallenged or

Thus is shown how an institution, which at first glance appears to theorists as purely negative, worked in reality as a powerful factor of legislative action. This positive side of popular veto makes it differ widely from any other.

As a safeguard against surprises and mistakes of the legislator, for instance in the field of economics, the Referendum has shown itself most valuable. I will quote only the following example, which was sufficient to endear it to Swiss economists and business men: the rejection of the projected Federal State Bank, in 1897.

That bank was planned under the fascinating influence of political considerations. Private capital and private coöperation were strictly excluded from the scheme. It was a pure State Bank, with all its well-known dangers; an institution of the Russian type, wholly confusing the credit of the Confederation with the credit of the Bank. The Swiss people voted it down on the twenty-eighth of February, 1897, by 255,985 suffrages against 195,743.

Since 1874 about 250 Federal bills (*“Gesetze und Bundesbeschlüsse”*) were passed in Switzerland. The people were

were approved by the Referendum and found their continuance in the supplemental labor laws of the cantons. The alcohol law with the alcohol tithe, the constitutional article on the bank-note monopoly, the entirety repurchase of the railroads following close as it did upon the but partial purchase, and the different laws for the furtherance of forestry, agriculture and the industries; they all are creations of the State Referendum. But with reference to those law enactments that stand closely allied with social-legislation unchallenged or approved by the referendum, the most important law points could be unified as contemplated by the constitution of 1874; civil station and marriage, personal responsibility, the law of obligations with commercial and banking law, founder's law, pursuit and bankruptcy, civil station of the colonist. Moreover, the door was thus opened to a unification of the entire civil and criminal code, and herein is shown that instead of being an obstacle to a unison of laws, the Referendum furnishes the means for it. The Federation Parliament would never have dared to decree a Swiss civil and penal code, whereas, on the other hand, its creation is now made possible because whilst the different enactments must be first submitted to the Swiss people they yet prefer to accept them from their representatives.”]

consulted on twenty-eight constitutional amendments, half of which were rejected. The Referendum was demanded on thirty bills only. Two-thirds of the same were ultimately defeated. I need scarcely point out that it would not be right to conclude from that proportion that the Referendum, having said *No* twice while saying *Yes* once, is an instrument of reaction. In politics, sometimes a conclusive *No* has more real creative power in itself than a *Yes*.

One may think that it is not necessary

to ask the people for such decisions. Other constitutions than the Swiss have devices to the same effect, without having recourse to the plebiscit. My answer is that in a democracy no one can speak over the head of the legislature with such authority as the people. The Referendum alone shows the real will of the majority, cuts every political knot and ends all controversies. After such votation the country enjoys quiet and relief.

CHARLES BORGEAUD.

Geneva, Switzerland.

AMERICA IN THE PHILIPPINES.

By GEORGE F. PENTECOST, D.D.

I DO NOT approach this question from the point-of-view of the geographer, the ethnologist, the merchant, or the politician, but from that of a patriotic American Christian who recognizes the hand of God in the fact of our being in these Islands, as the sovereign rulers and responsible stewards, for their political, social and religious welfare.

I. PROVIDENTIAL ORDER.

More and more thoughtful students are coming to recognize a providential order in the history of the nations and the various peoples of the earth, both civilized and uncivilized, Christian and Pagan. The horizon of God's immanence is steadily widening under the profounder and more scientific observation of the world which in these later days students are bestowing upon it.

The doctrine of God's providence as loosely held by most people limits His care to individuals, and especially to those who are supposed in some peculiar way of grace to be His people. It is indeed admitted that in very early ages His providence extended to and over the Hebrew people to the exclusion of all the surrounding nations; and now and again

we hear of the Divine Providence as having overshadowed and guided our Pilgrim and Puritan fathers across the Atlantic to the bleak and inhospitable shores of the New World where a new theocracy was to be established beyond the influence and power of the Stuarts. But latterly we are all more or less coming to believe that God cares for and extends His providence over all nations and peoples. That His moral providence is coëxtensive with that physical providence which gives His sunshine and rain alike to the just and the unjust. "Is He the God of the Jews only? Is He not also of the Gentiles? Yes, of the Gentiles also." Has He not "made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth, and determined the times before appointed and set a bound to their habitation; that they should seek the Lord if haply they might feel after Him and find Him; though He be not far from any one of us." We see how the physical and moral providence of God over all men works together for the great end of the world's salvation, to fill their hearts not only with food and gladness that comes with temporal blessings, but also with the joy of life eternal. If for

long ages He winked at their ignorance and paganism, He now calls all men everywhere to repent, and to this end He has commanded His servants to go into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature. It is impossible for us not to believe that, with the supreme purpose of the world's salvation in His heart, God has been and still is actively guiding and ruling in the political, social and religious history of the world; that He was present and active in the affairs of the most ancient civilizations as He is in those of to-day. That He even cares for and is guiding in the affairs of the Turks and Russians. In other words, that both the providential and moral order covers all time and all nations and peoples; and that we may truly say and believe that the complex conditions of the nations of the earth are working together for the good of the whole world, especially for them that love God and are looking for and hastening the coming of His kingdom. What special good the Spaniard wrought in the Old World or the New or in the Philippines for three hundred years or three centuries ago in Japan I do not know; or what the Turks have ever done in Europe or Asia, or the Russians in Poland, the Caucasus, in Finland or in any other place, I do not know; or what good the Roman Catholic hierarchy has done for the Philippines for three hundred years of domination I cannot see: nevertheless I believe that God has had and still has a purpose and a benevolent and beneficent purpose in all these matters.

II. THE AMERICANS IN THE PHILIPPINES.

In 1898 the providence of God and the fortunes of war, without any purpose and plan of ours threw these islands upon our hands and with them the responsibility for their better civilization and the evangelization of eight millions of people. For America this meant and still means more than expansion of territory; more than the widening of the American nation

into a great world-power; more than an increase of national glory; more than the extension of our sphere of commercial influence. All these things are only the incidental, though for the present the more immediate and obvious results of our possession of this far Eastern Island Empire.

For the Christian Church it means more than the opening of a new field for foreign missionary enterprise to be carried on by a hundred missionaries and teachers at an expense of a few tens of thousands of dollars; more than the founding of half a hundred Protestant churches and the gathering into those churches of a few thousand converts for a semi-pagan people. What then may be the possible wider interpretation of the providence that has established American sovereignty in the Philippine Islands? I trust it will not be considered presumption on my part to venture an answer to this pressing question. I am sure that the present heated discussion going on between the two great political parties in their strife for the control of the government does not cover or even measurably touch the vital point involved. If I have rightly read the matter, the Philippine Islands with all their actual and potential material wealth and political possibilities have been given over to us that we might carry to seven or eight million Asiatic people American civilization, including universal education, political freedom (which is something quite different from political independence) the modern mechanical arts and sciences, for the development of their vast material resources; better social ideals and conditions, better commercial methods and especially a better and larger knowledge of the love of God and His great salvation; and that in so doing we might place an object lesson in higher Christian civilization at the front door of Asia and in the face of seven hundred millions of Asiatic people just now being awakened out of centuries of slumber and stirred into new life by the impact on the

one hand of Western commercial and political oppression and on the other hand by the active aggressive work of Western missionary enterprise. And further that, as a great world-power, when the supreme psychological and political moment in the history of China, with her four hundred millions of people, shall have arrived, we shall be on hand and near by to play our part and do our work or at least our share of the work in the settlement of the great Eastern question. If we Americans are not in the Philippines for that ultimate purpose then I know not the meaning or reason for our being there at all.

To fall back on the old cry, that it is the fixed policy of the American people to keep out of and avoid all entanglement with foreign powers, European or Asiatic, is both inconsistent with our whole past history, and certainly incongruous with our present position as a leading, if not the dominant factor in the commercial and diplomatic affairs of the world. Even if our fathers sought to fix and bind us to such a policy, the progressive march of the world would render such a policy untenable. Besides it is essentially un-American to suffer the political dead hand to control the policy of a living nation. But moreover we have always been more or less mixed up with foreign powers. We began our political history with a war with England and a treaty of alliance with France. We vindicated our right to and the inviolability of our flag on the high seas by another war with England. We asserted our right to interfere in the affairs of foreign nations by our little war with Tripoli. We have interfered with Mexico and acquired from her a large and most important share of our home territory. We to-day claim a practical protectorate over all the South American continent. We were present with our ships, and with England took part in opening the port of Canton in China to the commerce of the world. Alone we opened up the hermit kingdom of Corea

and created the open door in Japan and have done more than any other nation to bring about the wonderful awakening of that wonderful people. We took part with other Western powers and with Japan in suppressing the Boxer rebellion and compelling China to observe the sanctity of diplomatic relations. It may safely be said that, if it had not been for the fact that we had an army in the Philippines and, at that crisis, five thousand soldiers to spare, the disaster impending over the white race in Asia could scarcely have been averted. It was given to an American missionary to be the chief engineer in the defences of the foreign legations, and to an American soldier to win the high honor of being the first over the walls of the Forbidden City and to lead the van of the victorious composite army of the West. To our State Department it has been given to initiate the policy of the open door in the far East and practically in the present crisis to save China from partition among the several great states of Europe—notably Russia, Germany and France, and by necessity in that case, England. In the face of these facts, not to mention our recent victorious war for the deliverance of Cuba from the oppressions of Spain, how shall anyone say that we are stultifying ourselves and trampling under foot our most cherished traditions of non-interference in the foreign policies of the world. We never have had such a policy except in an academic sense. As a matter of fact, we have from the beginning been foremost among the nations in far Eastern question and always up to our very necks in Eastern affairs. That we have yet much to do in the far East is certain; and our presence in the Philippine Islands—where the providence of God and not our own desires have placed us—is the intimation that the Anglo-Saxon American holds a high commission under the Providential Order of the World. How should it be otherwise? We are next-door neighbors to China and her millions,



Photo. by F. J. P. Boston.

KIICHI KANEKO

having a more ready access across the Pacific ferry than that of any European nation. We are nearer even than England is to India with her three hundred millions of subjects. It can scarcely be doubted that we are destined not only largely to feed and clothe China's millions, and to carry to them the better advantages afforded by Western civilization, but especially to be the chief agents in China's evangelization.

III. THE ANGLO-SAXON AND THE EASTERN QUESTION.

Speaking of the American in the Philippines and their ultimate relation to the vast Asiatic population on whose borders we have come to be, I, of course, do not mean even to intimate that we alone are destined to settle the Eastern question; but as a part—the younger and larger part—of the Anglo-Saxon race, we must have our large share in that great work. Therefore, we must learn our place and duty by a large and careful study of the whole question in its relation to the Anglo-Saxon Race.

If the question be asked, who are the Anglo-Saxon people, the answer in a general way is, the great English-speaking people of the world, whose cradle and ancestral home is in England, where they came into being and where for centuries they have been in training. The Anglo-Saxon is a strain out of the best blood of all the Northern races of Europe. For more than a thousand years he has been in formation and training, and in the course of that time has assimilated and dominated the blood of many other peoples, moulding it with his deathless, liberty-loving spirit and culturing it for righteousness and free self-government. That in those years he has assimilated the Normans who were the conquerors of Saxon England and is now doing the same for the Scotch, Irish and Welsh Celt; just as in this country we are struggling with the larger task of Anglo-Saxonizing the vastly greater multitudes of foreign people who come to our

shores. In the third generation at farthest the European, of whatever race, who comes to us is Anglo-Saxonized. He thinks and feels and speaks the language of the Anglo-Saxon. In a word, for the lack of space in which to discuss this great question, we may say that the Anglo-Saxon is the man who thinks in the English language, the highest and best product and chief working instrument of the Anglo-Saxon man. We speak of German, Irish, French and Swedish-Americans, but no matter how long an American may live abroad he is never spoken of as American-Frenchman, or American-German, or American-Irishman, or American-Swede. His blood does not run that way. He is an assimilating man, but refuses himself to be assimilated.

The dominant characteristic of the Anglo-Saxon man is his self-conscious, free, personal individuality, his deathless love of political and religious liberty. For these great possessions he counts all things but loss that he may defend and enjoy them. His greatest work is seen in the construction of free self-government, to which, though ever asserting and defending his personal freedom and individual liberty, he renders a loyal support. Indeed, the Anglo-Saxon is the most loyal man to government that the world contains, whether it be under the administration of king or president. No anarchist was ever born or bred on Anglo-Saxon soil. It would be difficult for an Anglo-Saxon to become a loyal citizen of either Germany or Russia, or to loyally render allegiance to either Czar or Kaiser. With the Anglo-Saxon, sovereignty resides in himself and not in his ruler, king or president, who is but his servant and the executor of his will. He is the author and maintainer of free self-government which recognizes the inherent right of all men and every man to the possession of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, and to worship God according to the dictates of his own conscience, under laws of his own making

and for the benefit of all people. In America, more than in any other Anglo-Saxon country these great principles and ideals have been and are still more and more being realized.

The Anglo-Saxon's home is chiefly in the British Isles, in America, Canada, Australia and South Africa; but his presence like his language has gone forth into all lands. His language is spreading more rapidly than that of any other tongue and is rapidly becoming the universal language. Especially is this so among Asiatic peoples. One hundred years ago there were not more than 25,000,000 English-speaking people. To-day there are no fewer than 150,000,000, and, as remarked above, there is not a country in all the world where his speech is not heard.

The Anglo-Saxon is the only great and successful colonizer. It is not that other races have not colonized, but that he is the only successful and beneficent colonizer. The Spaniards centuries ago were great colonizers, but they only colonized to curse the lands and people into and among which they came. The French have utterly failed as colonizers. Germany with her mailed fist is making disastrous failure, and naturally. You cannot colonize with "the mailed fist." Nor have the Italians succeeded better than the French or Germans. It is a noticeable fact that neither German, French or Italians in any considerable numbers follow their flag into other lands; yet they emigrate by thousands and millions into Anglo-Saxon countries and colonies. On the other hand, the English colonists do colonize, carrying with them their families, great or small, and all their household gods; they take with them their Bibles and their love and worship of God; they take with them their school-houses and their churches, and carry into their new homes their lofty Anglo-Saxon ideals and their great free political, social and religious institutions, under which they were born, bred and trained, and establish New

Englands wherever they go. We have only to look at the great Anglo-Saxon colonies and compare them with the colonies of other nations to be convinced that they and they only have the God-given genius of colonization. Witness these United States which is only a great Anglo-Saxon colony come of age, having set up government and domestic house-keeping for themselves. It is true that our greatness has been worked out independently, but always and only on Anglo-Saxon lines. And witness also Canada, Australia, New Zealand and South Africa. India is not a colony except in a political and technical sense, yet in all history there is no such splendid example of a conquering and victorious people governing a subject race with such justice and benevolence as is seen in England's administration of India. One needs only to contrast India with the Congo State, the French and Italian colonies in Africa, the French in Cochin China, and even the Dutch in Java, to see the radical difference in the genius of the people for colonization and government.

And now comes America's turn to attempt colonial government and settlement. That she will succeed, enough has been demonstrated in Porto Rico and the Philippines to cast out all fear on that score.

It seems almost needless to say that the Anglo-Saxon people are the greatest evangelizers. That other countries have sent out and are maintaining noble bands of missionaries is not denied or overlooked, but these altogether represent but a corporal's guard of that mighty missionary force of the world. The Anglo-Saxon is a Protestant by inheritance and conviction, and the superiority of his methods and ways, not to say his spirit, over those of the Roman Catholic missionary, may by even a casual glance upon the missionary fields be seen, *e. g.*, in Mexico, all South America, in China, and centuries ago in Japan, and for three hundred years in the Philippines,

and at present in Corea. In all his missionary enterprises the Roman Catholic is essentially a politician and is constantly intriguing and meddling in the political affairs of the countries in which he lives and works. It was this habit of his that led to his expulsion from Japan and the banishment and massacre of many thousand native Christians in that country during the last century. It was that same habit that aroused the hatred of the Mandarins in China toward the white man and so far as it went toward Christianity and all Christians, during the late Boxer rebellion.

That the Anglo-Saxon race has as really been raised up by Divine Providence to be the paramount agent in the final civilization of the world, as the Hebrew people were raised up to be the custodians and ultimate disseminators of religious truth, in my mind there can be no doubt. Without irreverence I think it may be said to the Anglo-Saxon as it was said to Abraham of old: "In thee and thy seed shall all the nations of the earth be blessed."

More than two centuries ago the great Anglo-Saxon family were divided; the smaller part, a mere remnant, driven by persecution and the denial of their Anglo-Saxon inheritance of liberty of conscience in matters of religion, came to this country and established on these shores the first Anglo-Saxon colony. We need not review the facts which led to the estrangement of the American Anglo-Saxon from the homeland and people from whom they came out. For a century and a half there was bitter strife and enmity between the two branches of this great family. They were geographically separated by three thousand miles of stormy North Atlantic sea. Happily within the last decade the strife has ceased, the enmity allayed and the century-long breach has been healed, I believe permanently healed, and the great people are again one in amity and common accord as they are one in blood and language and in their high ideals of

free self-government and love of righteousness and liberty. It is significant that in all this time of enmity the American branch of the family moved steadily westward until they reached the shores of the Pacific. Within the last six years the Americans have leaped the Pacific ocean and established themselves in the Philippines within almost a day's sail of their British brethren in the crown colony of Victoria in China. Divided two and a half centuries ago by the stormy Atlantic, they now clasp hands across the narrow belt of water that separates Manilla from Hong Kong. The Union Jack and the Stars and Stripes float practically side by side in the far East. God has brought us together there that together we may play our several and united parts in effecting the better civilization of the seven hundred millions of Asiatics who are already feeling the quickening and renewing influence of our presence. If a universal and lasting peace is to come to this war-swept world of ours, it must come through the combined and united action of the Anglo-Saxon people. England is moving for federation with her colonies. Would not the federation of the whole Anglo-Saxon race be a nobler aspiration and enterprise? In the last year of our Civil war, John Bright, on the floor of the House of Commons, said in effect: "If our American cousins across the Atlantic shall succeed in settling their difficulties and reestablishing their Union and we shall be so fortunate as to win their friendship, then there shall not in all the world and for all time, a hostile gun be fired without the consent of England and America." That was a prophetic utterance by a great statesman. The first half of it has come true. We have settled our internecine difficulties. We have reestablished our Union. May we soon in union with the rest of the Anglo-Saxon world become the actual peace-keepers of the world, the irresistible leaders of the civilization and evangelization of the world.

IV. CHRISTIANITY AND THE FAR EAST.

It is not the political and commercial Anglo-Saxon who is to be the potent factor in bringing about that coming new Asiatic civilization for which all good men are longing; but the Christian Anglo-Saxon, missionary, statesman, trader and soldier. No doubt politics with selfish ambition of empire and trade, stained with corruption and greed of gain, will have their part to play, but their part is and will be only incidental. Christianity only and alone is able to break down the age-long race antagonism between the white man and his brown and yellow brothers. It is Christianity and Christianity only that can lay broad and deep the foundations and effect the stately edification of that new and coming civilization. Lord Salisbury never committed himself to a more grievous mistake than when he publicly declared that the most unpopular man who came to the foreign office was the missionary. Gladstone never said a truer or nobler thing than when he declared that the only justification for England's being in India was that she might give to her three hundred millions of people a Christian civilization and the gospel of the Son of God. Sir Charles Elliot, then Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, some years ago, when I was in the Far East, said to me: "The greatest asset that England has in India is the missionary bungalow." Sir Robert Hart, the greatest Englishman in the Far East, recently said in effect, that the only hope for China was in the miraculous spread of Christianity. I do not think many people know what a profound influence Christianity is having upon Japan and the Japanese people. Her Christian statesmen, soldiers and naval officers in high places, the Christian English governess in the family of the Crown Prince, the hundreds of Christian soldiers in the ranks now fighting in Manchuria, with their New Testaments in their knapsacks and their Christian

chaplains in their regiments are doing for that wonderful people what the Christian soldiers in the early centuries did for the Roman Empire.

"What has Christianity to do with this matter?" recently said to me in China, a non-Christian and dissolute Anglo-Saxon trader. My answer to him and to all who similarly inquire is this: "What has Christianity had to do with Europe—France, England and Germany, and with American civilization?" When Paul in obedience to the call from the man from Macedonia crossed over from Asia into Europe he introduced into pagan Europe that new spiritual and revolutionary force that has made Europe what she is and saved her from the hopeless decay and rot into which she was fast falling under the dominance of pagan ideas and pagan ethics. The crossing from Asia into Europe of that obscure Christian Apostle effected the greatest social, civil, political and religious revolution in the whole history of the world's civilization. By a last analysis it will be found that it is Christianity and Christianity only that differentiates in its broadest and best sense the civilization of Europe from that of Asia. We may epitomize the matter by saying that it was Christianity that made all the difference there was between the late Queen Victoria, the sovereign ruler of England, and the present Empress Dowager, the inspirer of the Boxer movement and the head of the present corrupt, dissolute and decaying Chinese Empire.

Many of the great cathedrals of England are built upon the sites of ancient Roman Pagan temples. Fancy if we can what England would be if in turn again these cathedrals and her ten thousand churches were turned into pagan temples, either for the worship of the Greek and Roman classic gods or the gods of the Hindoos or those of the corrupt Buddhists of China and Japan or the nature gods of the Shintos. It is beyond question true that every great

principle that underlies every political constitution, every best and saving ideal that conserves and preserves the purity of our social life, every fundamental principle of righteousness that saves our commercial life from absolute dishonesty, is the outgrowth of Christianity.

If as a great people we are not only

to carry the white man's burden, or do the work of the world's civilization, which comes to the same thing, for this is our burden, then we must count upon Christianity as our chief asset and most powerful weapon.

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New York City, N. Y.

JAPAN AS VIEWED BY A NATIVE SOCIALIST.

By KIICHI KANEKO,

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IN THE first place, I must ask my readers to remember that I am not going to treat my subject as a patriotic Japanese, such as you usually meet with, but as a citizen of the world, as a man of no country,—in short, as a Socialist. I call your attention especially to this point because there are a great many people whose interpretation of their country is invalidated because so clouded by their personal prejudice and partiality. Naturally enough, their interpretations are far from being impartial, their deductions are not true, and the result can only be a false picture drawn with their extreme patriotic colorings.

Japan has received treatment at the hands of two classes of interpreters, that I may say are equally untrustworthy. One is the missionary type. This type belongs rather to the past, and we do not see many of its representatives to-day. These critics have pictured Japan as a semi-civilized and sometimes as a barbarous country. They have appealed to the religious sentiment of Western people in order to get contributions to build their churches and mission-schools; to publish their religious tracts and to support themselves,—and I may add, often to live lives of luxury which they could never have hoped for had they entered any other business. They take some custom which is very peculiar and

strange to foreign eyes, and which is but a remnant of our old era civilization, and they exclaim: "Such is the Japanese civilization of the present day; these people are barbarous; they need Christianity; they need the gospel of Jesus Christ." But not a word of that which is good in us. This type of critic is gradually passing away and does not call for further comment here.

The second type of interpreter is of later origin, dating, say, from the Japanese-Chinese war of 1894-95. They were the natural products of the wave of patriotic enthusiasm which followed the victory over China. They think the Japan of to-day stands in the very first rank of the world-powers, especially since the beginning of the present conflict with Russia.

There are various representatives of this type. The first I would mention is the American newspaper—the capitalist paper more particularly. While I find some papers which appear to be against the Japanese interests, it is safe to say that nine out of ten are for Japan. When the war was first declared I was in New York City, and there had an excellent opportunity to watch some strange developments. As almost everyone knows, among the New York papers the *Hearst American* assumed a very enthusiastic attitude toward Japan. It employed a Japanese (who was a friend

of mine) to collect the war pictures and to translate the Japanese war songs which appeared in the Tokio dailies, one after another. It printed in its columns anything which was sympathetic to the Japanese side and nothing which was against it. Thus the Hearst papers helped to make Japan great in your eyes—to make the American people praise her up to heaven; but how absurd to observe that the very same papers have changed their attitude toward Japan of late and are talking of something else to-day!

Another paper that attracted my attention in New York was the *New York World*. At the beginning of the war the *World* prophesied the victory of Russia, but with the news of a great Japanese naval victory at Port Arthur its views immediately changed and it began to favor Japan; although I understand that it has since reverted to its original attitude.

Of the other prominent New York dailies (with the single exception of the *Evening Post*) I can positively say that their views are those of the time-server and not of the candid critic. They simply tell you something because they observe that public opinion is inclined that way,—because they see there *business—money*.

Then, again, I would speak of the so-called lecturers and magazine writers, both Japanese and American, but particularly of certain Japanese lecturers who are distorting the facts greatly in informing you about Japan. Only a few months ago a Japanese lecturer was giving a series of lectures on the problems of the Far East before the Twentieth Century Club of Boston. When he came to compare the West and the East, he said in part that Japan in twenty-five hundred years had only had three outside wars, while the United States in a little more than a century has had four and one revolution. Yes, that is correct enough; but this patriotic lecturer on Japan forgot to mention that there were more than a thousand small

wars with innumerable fightings and killings inside of Japan. Indeed, any one who reads the history of Japan in its original text knows that the history of our country, in spite of few records of outside wars, is full of civil or rather internal wars. One might say that Japanese history is a history of war, of bloodshed, of warriors. No nation ever existed in the world's history with such a sanguinary record as Japan. The Japanese originally imported swords and other weapons from China and Corea, but after a time they made them much better than they could obtain them in these countries, and they also made much superior fighters themselves.

Again, the same lecturer said that there are no strikes and no saloons in Japan. These statements are incorrect. Now I am not merely trying to point out the other's faults, but I want you to be informed as to the true condition of the people of Japan. If any one says there is no *saké* (which is our rice-beer) in America, does it necessarily mean there is no liquor? *Saké* is not beer and *shochu* is not whiskey, but both are liquor all the same. Just in this way we have saloons under the name of beer-halls, of *Sakaya*, and the *machiai*, which is very much worse than the American saloon.

We also have many strikes now-a-days, going on much of the time. One of the most surprising strikes which has recently occurred in Japan, and which was most successful, was the great dock-strike at Kure in July, 1902, when nearly five thousand workmen went on strike. The object of this strike was the removal of a manager who had made and enforced many harsh and restrictive rules. After three days' stoppage of work the workmen won their victory and had the tyrannical manager removed; they also received an increase in their wages which they did not expect. Within the past few years I remember that there was a jinrikishamen's strike at Osaka in 1902, a strike in the Tokio arsenal, and even a

strike of the judges, who are appointed for life on good behavior, on account of the bill for the increase of their salaries which failed to pass the Imperial Diet in 1901. There have also been many small strikes which it is unnecessary to dwell upon.

I may mention one other noteworthy instance of this kind of extreme patriotism. A Japanese who is at present residing in Boston wrote a book called *The Awakening of Japan*, in which he tried to explain the Japanese civilization, without duly emphasizing Western influences, dwelling mainly upon the point that her civilization is her own and not that of the West. But this exaggeration is altogether absurd. No one can explain the Japanese civilization of to-day without tracing the foreign influences, especially those of the West, which she has been constantly receiving, even when she seemed entirely isolated. Japan also owes much to her neighbors as well as to the West. What she has made herself is largely the outcome of her outside influences; it is the total result of the summed-up foreign influences which she has ever enjoyed from era to era.

I mention these interpreters because they are typical of the Japanese and American newspaper contributors, lecturers and authors. In addition to these, the Japanese government has sent out two accredited representatives to speak for the government,—one for England and one for this country. The former is Baron K. Suematsu, the latter, Baron K. Kaneko. Now these gentlemen are to speak of Japan's greatness, of her civilization, of the Japan of the world. They are giving dinners and entertainments to the so-called influential people, to the men of position, in order to encourage a cordial feeling toward Japan. They are contributing patriotic articles to the magazines and papers. They are trying to prove Japan's superiority over Russia, not only in fighting but in everything. But is Japan as pictured by these influential gentlemen and these

patriotic writers and lecturers, the real Japan? Is it the Japan of to-day? If all their claims be well founded, Japan must truly be an ideal country, where no trouble exists, where no social problems confront, where there are no strikes, no saloons, no social vice and no discontent of any kind. Is this the truth about Japan?

Let us go to the facts and so determine what the real Japan is. In Japan to-day the great national problem confronting us in the most serious way is the problem of population. The rate of increase of our population is very rapid. The registered population in the whole of Japan numbered about 35,929,060 in 1880, and in 1899—nearly twenty years later—it had increased to 44,260,604. Thus you see that our population is increasing at an annual rate of five hundred thousand or more.

Where shall we send this growing population? Our small area is not large enough for their sustenance. It is already too densely inhabited. Here comes the problem of emigration, the problem of overcrowding, the problem of the unemployed, the problem of poverty.

In the year 1900 the number of Japanese who were staying abroad was estimated at about 123,971, the greater part being in this country,—say, about ninety thousand. But this is only about one-fourth of our annual increase in population.

Moreover, our agricultural products are not enough to support our people. We are importing Chinese rice nearly every year. The consumption of rice and wheat is estimated at 3,350,000,000 bushels, while the production in Japan may be said to be about 1,123,000,000 bushels.

Twenty years ago the importation of raw material food-stuffs, cotton, wool, rice, flour, beans and oil cakes was not at all a subject of serious attention; but now we have to secure these things from abroad at the value of more than one hundred and seventy million yen,* or

*One yen equals approximately 99½cents of American money.

54 per cent. of the total value of the imports of Japan. These figures tell us distinctly that Japan is changing from an agricultural country to an industrial one; and our government has done nothing so far to solve these problems.

There is, however, no better way to understand a country than to examine the condition of the people. In other words, we must know the real life of the majority of the people,—that is, their economic condition and the degree of civil rights they enjoy.

The condition of the workingmen in Japan is a most miserable one. They are yet in a state which may be described as wage slavery. In 1899 we had 280,922 workers employed in the various factories in Japan. Of these 184,111 were female workers. They are working generally *twelve hours* a day, and sometimes *fifteen hours*. Ordinary workmen receive from 12 to 20 sen* a day; skilled laborers from 30 to 40 sen; girls earn from 10 to 20 sen, and children only a few sen per day. Even skilled mechanics receive but 50 sen per day; seldom do they get as high as 60 to 80 sen. Street-car drivers and conductors receive 10 or 12 yen per month, while American conductors and motormen receive fifty or sixty dollars a month. Your policemen receive one hundred dollars a month, while Japanese policemen get only 12 yen per month. While our carpenters earn 75 sen per day, your carpenters receive three or four dollars per day. Here you see the great difference between the American and Japanese scale of wages. This means misery for the laborer. To be a workman in Japan is to be a life slave. There is no chance to get ahead, no chance to enjoy life.

I learned from one of the Tokio printers that there are thousands of printers in Tokio alone, and that there are not more than twenty of all these who are receiving enough to support families. So they must remain single as long as they

* One sen is equal to one-one hundredth of a yen, or about one cent of American money.

remain printers. What a pity is this! Is this not misery in living?

Let me note an interesting actual instance of the inner life of Japanese laborers, which was investigated by the editor of the *Labor World* of Tokio. The editor examined about one hundred dwellings in Tokio, but I will cite one typical case.

House, two rooms, with kitchen; the family,
—man (27), wife (25), boy (6), girl (2);
business, iron-worker.

Daily wages.....	\$0.25
Overtime income for one month.....	1.50
Monthly income.....	8.28
Monthly expense.....	9.44
House rent.....	.75
Rice.....	3.25
Fuel and light.....	.41
Vegetables.....	.60
Fish.....	.60
Shoyn and miso.....	.23
Tobacco.....	.25
Hair-cutting and dressing.....	.25
Bath.....	.20
Pin money.....	.60
Sundries, including interest on debt.....	2.37

From the above statement of facts you can easily conceive what manner of life the Japanese workers are leading. Their food consists mainly of rice, with a little fish and vegetables, and for that fish they pay only 60 sen a month. How do they find the means to educate their children? And it must be remembered that the common school education in Japan is not absolutely free, as it is in this country.

While the cost of living is increasing year by year, the workmen's wages are not increased accordingly. In 1889 the rent of a house in Tokio was 2½ yen per month. The rent of the same house in 1899 was 5 yen per month. The price of cleaned rice increased from 4½ yen to 7 yen during the same period. Such a rapid increase in the cost of living in our country, especially after the Japanese-Chinese war, drove our poor workingmen into hunger and misery.

Not only this: further investigation will reveal how these helpless Japanese workers are suffering under the present conditions. According to the *Heimin Shimbun* of Tokio there have been 2,749

workmen who have become sick directly or indirectly through their work, while 2,810 workmen were injured in a single month in 1904 in the Tokio arsenal. Just think of this horrible fact! They are making one hundred or more sick or wounded persons every day, and the guns and ammunition thus manufactured are killing thousands of unfortunate souls in Manchuria to-day. What an awful business it is!

In addition to this, we are informed through the Tokio newspapers that two or three persons die daily of hunger and cold in the very heart of the city of Tokio, where one millionaire keeps thirty dogs and is spending three thousand yen per month for their food, employing one cook, two men, three boys, two girls and one veterinary to wait on these animals.

Not only this: there were four or five hundred unemployed walking up and down the streets of Tokio on the first day of January, 1904, seeking for work, when the rich people of the same city were joyfully celebrating a *happy* New Year! And when one of the Tokio post-offices wanted thirty letter-carriers, seven hundred men applied.

Perhaps you have already read in the papers that there are more than three thousand unemployed in the city of Manchester, England, to-day, suffering and struggling for the bare necessities of their daily existence. Just compare this with the above facts! The same thing going on all over the world to-day.

The condition of labor in Japan may be understood from the above-mentioned facts and instances. Yes; these are real pictures of the condition of the workingmen in Japan to-day. And do not forget that while the poor laborers are fighting these miserable conditions under the most helpless circumstances, stockholders and capitalists are receiving dividends of from ten to twenty per cent. per annum regularly.

Now let us turn our attention to the ethical aspects of Japanese internal policies, especially as they relate to freedom

of speech and of the press. Is there real freedom of speech in Japan to-day? Is there true liberty of the press in Japan? Unfortunately I must answer both questions negatively. When we make a comparison with Russia we may say that we have a condition somewhat better than that of our neighbor country; but when we come to compare Japan with England or the United States, we cannot but feel ashamed that we are so far behind both these countries.

In Japan it is absolutely impossible to criticize or even to talk about the royal family. Some years ago, when a professor of history in the Imperial University endeavored to investigate something about the royal family of a by-gone period, he was instantly compelled to resign his position and was deprived of all honors he had obtained from the government.

Another instance of a similar sort was the so-called Tetsugakkan affair, which occurred in 1903 in a college where a professor of ethics used Muirhead's *Elements of Ethics* as a text-book, and so caused such a sensation that he could not remain a professor of the college, and as a further result the college lost all the regular privileges offered by the government. The same work which has been used as a text-book and read by anybody here in America as well as in England, could not be used in a Japanese college. In this respect it seems to me that there exists a great gulf between Japan and her political ally, England.

Was it not in England that the great Italian patriot, Mazzini, found refuge? Was it not in England that our great teacher, Karl Marx, found his permanent home when he was driven from his fatherland? Was it not the English people who extended such warm sympathy to that great fighter-novelist, Emile Zola of France, and gladly welcomed him to their country? Was it not in England, again, that the Russian anarchist, Prince Peter Kropotkin, found a refuge when he could live no longer in Russia?

A short time since I received a letter from a friend, the editor of a Socialist weekly in Tokio, in which he stated that he was sentenced to five months' imprisonment for his writings which he published in his paper, and also that the paper was prohibited sale instantly, and this simply because the paper contained some words to the public teachers together with the Japanese translation of the Communist Manifesto, which is translated into almost all European languages and is a matter of popular information in Western countries.

Another editor of the same paper has served two months in jail on account of his severe criticism of the government's proposition of a new land-tax.

It was in the early part of last November that a Socialist meeting was held in the Y. M. C. A. hall of Tokio, and about one thousand people assembled to hear Socialist speakers; but as the first speaker was welcomed with enthusiastic applause he was prevented from speaking by the chief of police who was present. Then, with no adequate reason and to the great disappointment of those present, the police ordered the dissolution of the meeting. The audience, having become excited, refused to withdraw, and demanded that the police official explain his action. The audience finally became enraged at this high-handed action and struck the officer to the floor and trampled on him. Other policemen who came to his rescue met the same fate. Cries such as "Down with despotism!" and "Despotism like the Russian!" were heard.

Such is the freedom that we Japanese are enjoying in our country to-day, in the most civilized country in the Far East, in the land of the "Yankees of the East."

The newspapers, the lecturers and the magazine writers inform you that Japan is the great country of the Far East, where perfect liberty is enjoyed, where true freedom is entertained; and they also tell you that Russia is the most barbarous of all countries. But, friends,

just stop to think for a moment that it is Russia that has produced such great men as Tolstoi, Kropotkin, Dostiefski, Turgenieff, Herzen and Bakounin. Where shall we find our Japanese great men to compare with these Russian brains and hearts? Could we find them in any volume of that two-thousand-five-hundred-year-long history of Japan?

Probably you will point out to me that well-known politician, Marquis Ito, the greatest statesman of the present Japan. An American writer said some time ago, noting the wonderful progress of modern Japan, that "the modern Japan, in other words, is Marquis Ito." Yes, Ito is a great statesman in this sense, for it was he who wrote the constitution of new Japan. We must not forget his good service thus rendered to our country, but at the same time we must not excuse the bad influence which he has imparted to our national life and for which he is gravely responsible. Indeed, he is personally the worst type of statesman. He is great, but in the same sense that Crispi of Italy was great.

I saw a cartoon in the *Boston American* some time since, drawn by John Barrymore, showing a public man, who, proud of his success in life, is standing before a looking-glass, supposed to be public opinion, and who is frightened when he discovers his own ugly, wild-beast reflection in the mirror.

This is the very case with the great Marquis Ito of Japan. Of his private life I am ashamed to tell you—of his immorality, of his degraded character; no high-minded person in Japan can ever respect him as a man, despite his long political career.

You may ask, however, why we give him such a high position—a man who is not worthy. The answer is simply that the Japanese government system is the make-believe system. It is not by the people, of the people, for the people. It is the government of the few, of the nobles, of the titles, and above all, of the figure-head—the Mikado. There is a

strange line drawn in the society of Japan. It extends a little higher than the heads of the people, and once you get within this line you are assured of perfect safety all your life; your condition is insured for life; nobody can disturb you; no criticism will affect you. That line encloses the aristocracy, the titles, the confidants of the Mikado. You can not hope to prevail against a man within that line. No matter how incapable or unworthy he may be, you must be contented with him; otherwise your life is no longer safe.

Who can prove that Ito is greater than Witte, that the Imperial Diet is better than the Russian zemstvo? I am of the opinion that these differences of political institutions are not of much importance when it comes to the actual strength of the people. Some critic has said that the Japanese are playing with their toys, namely, the constitution and the parliament. Indeed, this criticism in a certain sense is very true.

Now in the present conflict with Russia the Japanese are showing their great united patriotism to the world; but what does that patriotism really mean? Ask the average Japanese: "Why do you love your Mikado?" He will answer uniformly that it is because he is taught as a subject to be loyal to the Mikado, and never will be satisfactorily explained why he should respect the Mikado. This is the sort of patriotism which so strongly dominates the Japanese mind. It is what I term make-believe patriotism. Does this kind of patriotism really deserve

American praise or sympathy? Will this unreasoned patriotism challenge the approbation of the people of a true democracy? Most certainly not, because first of all we must be self-conscious, rational, directed by intelligence in whatever thing we undertake.

In the altruist's eyes, after all, there is no particular nation. "All are our fellow sufferers," as the great German philosopher, Schopenhauer said; "we are all friends and comrades." We must not hate anybody because he is a Russian or a Chinaman; but we should hate the oppressor, the liberty-destroyer, the enemy of humanity. To be sure, our common enemies are not Jews, Chinese or Russians; but they are the capitalists, the aristocrats, the privileged classes, that are always trying to thrust us downward to the bottom. We must all therefore, regardless of nationality, unite in a conflict for the realization of justice for all.

In conclusion, I would ask you once more to keep in mind the fact that the things which you are learning about Japan through your daily papers, public lectures, and various magazines and books, are not at all true pictures of that country; they are misleading because partial in character; they never tell you how the common people are struggling, how the high-minded are suffering, how the workingmen are leading their miserable lives under the present system of society.

KIICHI KANEKO.

Cambridge, Mass.

THE KANSAS STATE REFINERY BILL AND ITS SIGNIFICANCE.

BY PHILIP EASTMAN.

ONE HOT day in July, of last summer, while the wheat harvest was well under way, a little group of farmers met quite by accident at Independence, in southern Kansas, and the conversation drifted into a discussion of the situation regarding the oil-field. These farmers, who owned land on which wells either had been or would be sunk, and who had seen visions of a steady and bountiful income by reason of their royalties on the oil taken from beneath their farms, were worried, for the price of crude oil had been steadily falling for weeks and months.

One of the farmers of this group, who had felt the grip of the binding-twine trust when he harvested wheat on his farm before the State had installed a binding-twine plant at the Kansas penitentiary, and had forced the twine-trust to stop levying tribute on the farmers of the state, made the remark:

"Why can't we get after the oil-trust as we did the twine-trust?"

One member of this little group of farmers was Samuel M. Porter, of Caney, who had just been nominated on the Republican ticket to be State Senator to represent Montgomery county in the legislature.

"We will have to establish a State oil refinery," remarked Mr. Porter.

The conversation of this little group of farmers was the beginning of the agitation in Kansas for a State refinery and legislation which would free the oil-field of the state from the clutch and absolute control of the Standard Oil Company. On the train going from Independence to his home at Caney that night, Mr. Porter talked with Hon. Mark Tulley, a director of the State penitentiary, as to the use of convict labor in the binding-twine plant, and in a proposed State refinery. As Mr. Porter owned two wheat farms, he had opportunity to ap-

preciate the good the State binding-twine plant had done the wheat raisers of the state. Being also a lawyer he knew that the Constitution of the State prohibited the State from engaging in commercial enterprises, but he saw the opportunity to keep within the line of constitutionality by establishing a branch penitentiary, for the State could lawfully give employment to convict labor. The Kansas penitentiary at Lansing is far from the oil-fields, and a new branch penitentiary would have to be established in the center of the field.

When Senator Porter went to the legislature, at Topeka, he carried in his pocket the State Oil Refinery Bill which has since caused such a wide-spread agitation against the Standard Oil monopoly as was never before known. This was Senator Porter's first legislative experience and the first bill he had ever drafted or introduced.

Oil was, and is, comparatively new to Kansas. Before this session of the legislature, held in January and February, there had never been a committee on oil and gas in the Senate or the House of Representatives. During the two years between the legislative sessions of 1903 and 1905 the oil industry in the State had been rapidly developed. Senator Porter was made a member of this new and most important committee.

When the State Refinery Bill was introduced there were not more than half a dozen Senators who favored the measure. There had been considerable scattered agitation during the few months preceding the session of the legislature on account of the tactics of the Standard Oil Company in the state in cutting the prices paid for crude oil. The Republican State platform contained an oil plank. Governor Hoch in his message

to the legislature had called attention to the fact that legislation was needed on this subject, but not until the annual Kansas Day Club banquet, an event celebrating the birth of Kansas as a State, on January 29th, when Governor Hoch said: "Take that monster, the Standard Oil Company, by the throat and compel it to be decent," did sentiment crystallize.

About this time the Standard's price for crude oil had reached the minimum of 78 cents a barrel, which was 60 cents less than was paid two years ago. The output of crude oil in the state had exceeded 20,000 barrels a day. The Standard Oil Company's pipe-line from the southern Kansas oil-field to the immense refinery near Kansas City, Missouri, had been completed and the railroad freight rates on oil had become prohibitive as soon as the pipe-line was completed. During all these changes and events the price in Kansas for refined oil had not fallen. The Standard was cutting the market price on the crude product, the railroads were advancing the rates on crude oil, but Kansas, with oil enough beneath the surface of her prairies to light the homes in the state and furnish fuel to the factories for years to come, was paying as much for the refined product as when the illuminating oil was shipped into the state from fields thousands of miles away, and the producers could not ship their crude oil to the factories of other towns and cities to be used for fuel, as the sudden advance in railroad rates had prohibited this disposition of the product. The producers and the consumers found themselves in the clutches and at the mercy of the Standard Oil Company, and they felt the tightening of the tentacles of the octopus and found no mercy. The senators heard from their constituents. The press of the state had become practically unanimous for the State Refinery Bill. The wave of public sentiment spread over the state and swept all opposition before it. The voters had been heard from and they

were for the refinery, and soon Senator Porter found that his support of half a dozen senators had increased and gathered to him all but a half a dozen senators who opposed the bill.

Then Senator Porter and other senators from the counties in the oil-field decided that there must be other legislation to support the State Refinery proposition, and the result was general legislation on the subject. Senator Porter pointed to the fact that freight rates must be adjusted and that pipe-lines should be brought under control. The result was that a maximum freight-rate bill, a bill prohibiting discrimination in the market price of refined oil between various localities in the state, a bill making pipe-lines common carriers and placing them under the control of the State Board of Railroad Commissioners, were drafted and introduced in the senate. Under a special order these four oil bills were placed on the senate calendar for consideration on the same day—"oil day." The morning of the day the refinery bill came up for consideration in the senate the newspapers printed, under a New York date-line, the news that the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fé railroad, the railroad which grew up with and aided in the development of Kansas, had passed under the control of the Standard Oil Company.

When the State Refinery Bill came before the senate for consideration, Senator Porter opened the debate on the bill, with a speech which very aptly summarized the situation in Kansas. Senator Porter said, in part:

"During the last two years, and since the former session of the legislature ended, there has come to the people residing in certain parts of this state, a wealth in oil more vast in extent than was comprehended in the visionary dreams of Cortez and Coronado. A wealth far more extensive in fact, than was contained in the fabulous hopes and imagination of De Soto.

"This measure is especially proposed

for the benefit of the people of Kansas. I am not here to make, at this time, any harsh or hostile assaults upon the methods of the Standard Oil Company. We can legislate for our own people, and get the benefit of our own products and resources, regardless of the Standard or any other oil company.

"Beneath the surface of our soil are stored vast quantities of crude oil, and yet the price for refined oil has been held up by the Standard Oil Company the same as though the oil consumed by our own citizens had been transported hither from distances thousands of miles away. The time has come for what the doctors call 'heroic measures.'

"It has been asserted by those who have doubts about, or who are opposed to this measure, that it is purely socialistic. This I deny. The purposes and principles involved contain more federalism than socialism. It is more a measure of simple democracy, proposing the greatest good to the greatest number. Federalism proposes a strong central force of government protecting all citizens.

"A state oil-refinery, we believe, will be of greater benefit to the consumers of refined oil, than to oil operators or producers. We should start forth fearlessly in an effort to benefit all the people of this great State. Fellow Senators, the vehicle of opportunity stands waiting at the doors of this State-House. It has rolled hither from the vast prairies of this great Commonwealth. If, according to the homely adage 'we have our ears to the ground,' we cannot fail to comprehend its significance.

"The hour and occasion are here, and there should be no hesitation in proceeding to the performance of a well-defined duty, which will result in untold benefit to every hearth-stone in Kansas."

The Refinery Bill and the other measures directed at the Standard Oil passed the senate.

About this time the Standard cut the price of refined oil in Kansas four cents

a gallon. This brought forth the sentiment that if *talk* of a state refinery will bring a reduction in the price, what will be the result of an established refinery? The orders were issued by the Standard to take no more Kansas oil, and the pipe-line from the Kansas City, Missouri, refinery through the Kansas oil-fields, a distance of 200 miles, carried no more Kansas oil. The pipe-line extends across the Southern Kansas line into the Indian Territory for 25 miles, and while the order was in force, and there was agitation for the passage of the Refinery Bill by the lower house of the Kansas legislature, Indian Territory oil was being transported through the pipe-line, across a corner of the State of Kansas and to the Standard refinery, but Kansas oil was excluded. The Kansas House of Representatives refused to be frightened by the action of the Standard Oil Company, and the representatives followed the lead of the senate and passed the Porter Refinery Bill and the other oil measures.

Senator Porter's Refinery Bill, which is now a law and has caused immediate steps to be taken toward the building of the state refinery, provides in part:

"For the purpose of providing proper employment for convicts confined in the State penitentiary, the warden of the Kansas State penitentiary is hereby empowered, by and with the advice of the Board of Directors of said penitentiary, to purchase a site for the erection of a branch of the State penitentiary at Peru, in the county of Chautauqua, Kansas, and to construct and maintain and operate thereon an oil refinery as a department of the State penitentiary for the refining of crude oil, and to market the same and its by-products, and to keep such refinery in repair, and furnish therefor the requisite machinery and equipment, and necessary facilities for receiving, manufacturing, storing and handling crude and refined oil and its by-products.

"For the purpose of constructing, maintaining and operating such branch

penitentiary and oil refinery, said warden and Board of Directors are hereby authorized to employ convicts in the State penitentiary, and to provide at said branch penitentiary and refinery suitable and humane facilities for the housing, feeding, guarding and overseeing of said convicts and the work to be performed by them.

"For the construction of said branch of the State penitentiary and for the construction of suitable quarters and facilities for housing, feeding, guarding and overseeing said convicts, there is hereby appropriated out of any funds in the State Treasury not otherwise appropriated, the sum of \$10,000, or so much thereof as may be necessary. For the construction and equipment of said plant, there is hereby appropriated out of the funds in the State Treasury not otherwise appropriated, the sum of \$200,000, or so much thereof as may be necessary. For the operation of said plant and keeping the same in repair, and for the purchase of crude oil and the expense of receiving, storing and handling the same and marketing its products, there is hereby appropriated, out of funds in the State Treasury not otherwise appropriated, the sum of \$200,000, which shall be denominated a 'revolving fund.'

"The said sum of \$10,000 for the erection of necessary buildings and houses for feeding, quartering and overseeing said convicts, and also the said sum of \$200,000 for the construction and equipment of such branch penitentiary and oil refinery plant, shall be known and designated as 'the construction fund'; and for the purpose of raising said amount of money, being a total of \$210,000, the State of Kansas, through its State Treasurer and warden of the said penitentiary, is hereby authorized to issue and sell the bonds of the said State in denominations of \$1,000 each, payable in ten years from date, with interest at a rate not exceeding four per cent. per annum, payable semi-annually and for the purpose of paying such bonds at maturity and interest thereon a tax shall

be levied annually and collected as other State taxes are levied and collected, sufficient to raise a sum equal to the annual interest on said bonds and one-tenth of the principal thereof, and the one-tenth of said principal so raised shall be set apart as a sinking-fund for the redemption and payment of such bonds."

The counties of Chautauqua, Montgomery, Wilson, Neosho, Elk, Allen and Labette, constitute the Kansas oil-field, with the greatest output coming from the first four counties. The development of this field during the last two years has been wonderful, and the possibilities of the field and the area of it have been by no means reached. In 1900 the production of crude oil in Kansas was 74,714 barrels; in 1901 it was 179,151 barrels; in 1902 it was 331,749 barrels; in 1903 it was 1,071,015 barrels and in 1904 the production of the Kansas field was 5,559,054 barrels. These figures are based on the amount of oil sold, and as the Standard Oil Company has never taken all the oil that could be produced daily the output might be much larger. At present the Standard Oil Company is taking about 14,000 barrels a day.

The price paid by the Standard Oil Company for crude Kansas oil in 1903 touched a maximum of \$1.38 a barrel and a minimum of \$1.14. In February, 1904, the maximum price paid for crude oil was \$1.31. In March the price was \$1.28; in April, \$1.13; in June, \$1.03; in July, 88 cents; in September, 90 cents; in October, 87 cents; in December, 80 cents; and in January, 1905, it was down to 78 cents a barrel.

The pipe-line from the Kansas fields to the Standard Oil refinery at Kansas City was completed about October, 1904. Before the pipe-line was opened the flat rate from the oil-fields to Kansas City for the transportation of crude oil by the railroads was ten cents a hundred pounds. Immediately after the opening of the pipe-line the freight rate was advanced to seventeen cents,—a prohibitive tariff. This clearly proved a conspiracy between

the railroads and the Standard Oil Company.

The Kansas producers sum up the situation in this way; that as soon as the oil-field was developed the Standard Oil put the price for crude oil down and the railroads, in league with the Standard, put up the price for transportation.

Following quick upon the action of the legislature in passing the Porter Refinery Bill, and the other oil bills, the Kansas Oil Producers' Association employed ex-Attorney-General F. S. Monett, of Ohio, and retained other counsel, and brought proceedings under the Kansas Anti-Trust law, which had been upheld in a decision by the United States Supreme Court handed down during the session of the legislature when the anti-trust bills were under consideration. These proceedings asked for a writ of ouster, and an injunction and receivership. At the same time the Attorney-General of Kansas brought *quo warranto* proceedings in the Kansas Supreme Court against the Prairie Oil and Gas Company (the Standard's name in Kansas) asking for a restraining order and for a receiver to be appointed. The charge is made in the suit that the Standard is in a combination with the railroads to control the oil business, and is violating the Kansas Anti-Trust law.

Senator Porter, the author of the refinery bill which precipitated the contest between the people of Kansas and the Standard Oil Company, is extensively interested in oil and gas in Montgomery county. In speaking of the agitation in Kansas against the Standard and the action of the legislature, Senator Porter said:

"Kansas is on the threshold of independent refineries. Up to this time there has been but one independent refinery in the State, and that at Humboldt. The production of oil in Kansas kept on increasing month by month and outgrew the Standard Oil Company's ability to handle it, and this cause gave rise to a decline in prices. The real sentiment as it came from the people of

the State was that the price for crude oil was going lower, while the Standard preserved the present high price for the refined product. If the Standard people had been good diplomats they would have lowered the price of the refined product before the Refinery Bill was introduced and this agitation would not likely have developed. The people of Kansas knew that under the surface of the state, are great quantities of crude oil but they had to pay the same price for refined oil as before the crude oil was found in the state.

"Soon after I introduced the bill to establish a state refinery the price of refined oil dropped four cents. That reduction in the price will save the people of Kansas, in less than a year, more money than will be expended on the state refinery, and I do not hesitate to say that the State will not lose, even if the refinery is not operated a single day and all the money is spent for its construction.

"I believe that the people of Kansas are going to be largely benefited by a saving to the consumers of oil by a reasonable reduction in the cost."

When Senator Porter was advocating the state refinery measure, the Standard Oil representatives seemed to foresee some of the results if such a bill passed, and they suggested to Senator Porter that such a move on the part of a State would be something the Standard had never had to deal with, and that it might lead to serious consequences. The Standard felt the sovereignty of the State.

There has been but one independent refinery in Kansas, the Webster refinery at Humboldt. The Standard Oil established a refinery at Neodesha some eight years ago. In the last year the capacity of the Neodesha refinery was doubled to 2,000 barrels a day. The new Standard refinery at Sugar Creek, near Kansas City, Missouri, cost between four and five millions of dollars and has a capacity of 8,000 barrels a day. At Caney the Standard tank farm consists of 400 acres, which is room sufficient for 100 tanks

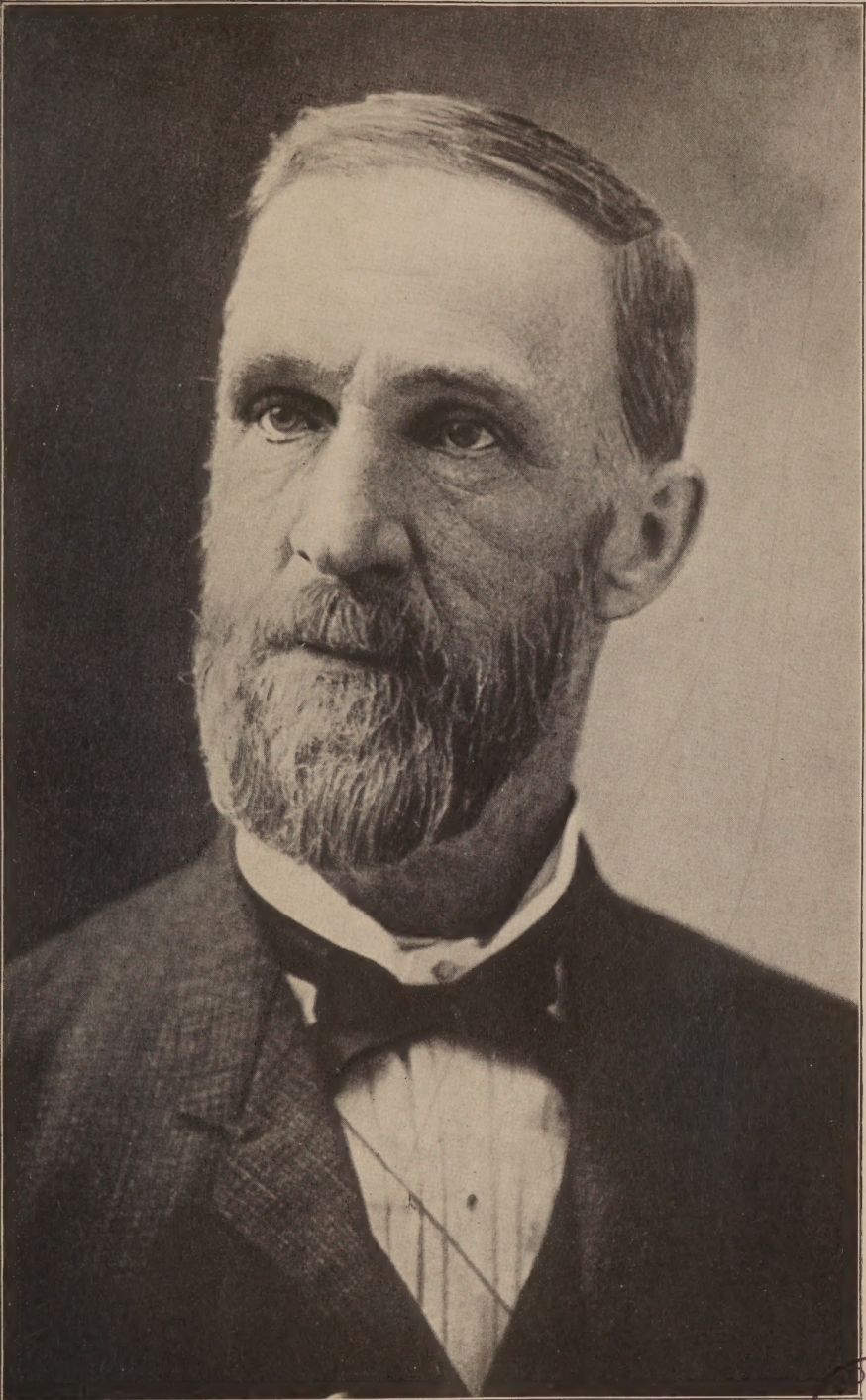


Photo. by Leonard, Topeka, Kan.



SENATOR SAMUEL M. PORTER

with a total capacity of 3,500,000 gallons. There are other tank farms at Altoona, Neodesha and Humboldt. The Standard has millions of dollars invested in Kansas, and the competition is now but one small independent refinery.

Since the passage of the Porter Refinery Bill many independent refineries

have been proposed and investors announced their intention of engaging in the refinery business in a State which offers protection from the piracy of the Standard Oil Company.

PHILIP EASTMAN.

Topeka, Kansas.

OUR POLICY TOWARD CHINA.

BY PROFESSOR EDWIN MAXEY, M. Dip., LL.D.,
Of the Law Department of the University of West Virginia.

THE UNITED STATES is the only first-class power that has not used the bullying method in diplomatic negotiations with China. Our policy has uniformly been that of a friend willing to render assistance to a weaker neighbor while others have pursued the policy of the big bully who coerces his smaller playmate into giving him candy, or the usurer who profits by the necessities of his less fortunate associates. Let us see which has been the more successful.

By the middle of the sixteenth century the Portuguese and Spanish had by their overbearing diplomacy and apparently hostile intent so incensed the Chinese that the door of that kingdom was closed against them, and by the middle of the following century the English and the Dutch had by the same methods brought about the same results. Thus by an ill-advised attempt to force themselves upon China regardless of her wishes or welfare, the nations of Europe had caused themselves to be excluded from a trade which all of them desired. This commercial and diplomatic exclusion lasted for two centuries, or until about the middle of the nineteenth century.

During this period of exclusion new actors had come on the stage and some of the old ones had passed off. Portugal and Spain had dropped out of the ranks of first-class powers, France and Russia, which in the earlier period had given no

heed to China, were now seeking commercial and territorial empires in that direction. The United States, which in the former period had no national existence, had entered the lists of those who were seeking new commercial worlds to conquer, and her geographical position naturally suggested to her that such an inviting commercial field as China should not be left for exclusive European cultivation.

The treaty between the United States and China negotiated by Caleb Cushing, in 1884, was in some respects the most favorable treaty entered into by China up to that time and the same is even more true of the Anson Burlingame treaty of 1868. And this notwithstanding the fact that the concessions made in these treaties were dictated by friendship, whereas the concessions in the treaties with England, France and Russia were dictated by fear,—for by this time these had, either singly or by coalition, forced her at the point of the bayonet to make concessions. In most, if not all, cases the justification for these successive attacks would require a peculiar standard of ethics. But disregarding, for the moment, the ethical question I think it can be shown that the American method has been conducive to better results commercially.

In 1875 the total imports into China from all foreign countries amounted in

value to 69,995,000 haikwan taels and of this 1,016,000 came from the United States. Ten years later the total imports had increased to 89,407,000 while those from the United States had increased to 3,315,000. In 1895 the importations from the United States amounted in value to 5,182,093 haikwan taels out of a total of 179,947,000. In 1900 the imports from the United States had grown to 16,724,000, while the total had increased to but 211,070,000 haikwan taels. By 1902, which is the latest official report available, the total had increased to 315,363,905 haikwan taels in value while the imports from the United States now amounted to 30,138,713.

In taking these figures as found in the Chinese Customs reports it must be remembered that the Chinese report goods as coming from the country from which they are shipped, so that a large amount of American goods which are transshipped from English, German, Dutch and French ports are credited to those countries. They also report 133,524,169 as being the value in haikwan taels of the imports from Hong Kong, but in a foot-note we find that "the imports from Hong Kong come originally from Great Britain, America, Australia, India, Straits Settlements and the coast ports of China." Hence the share of Chinese imports actually coming from the United States is considerably more than ten per cent. of the total imports of China.

But upon the showing of the above figures it is evident that our commerce with China has had a very healthy growth. For while in 1875 the imports from the United States constituted less than one and one-half per cent., in 1902 they constituted but a fraction less than ten per cent. While at the earlier date it was among the lowest on the list of countries from which China received her imports it is now third on the list, being surpassed only by Japan and Great Britain. And from the present

rate of increase it appears that within a few decades we will be second only to Japan. For while since 1890 Great Britain's share of the total has fallen from 19.1 to 17.7 per cent., that of the United States has increased from 2.9 to 9.3 per cent. Since 1895 the imports from Great Britain into China have increased 34 per cent., while from the United States they have increased 500 per cent. China now imports more goods by half from the United States than she does from the entire continent of Europe, notwithstanding the "commissions" which certain of the European countries, to wit: Russia, France and Germany, have extorted from China by methods which would reflect no credit upon a highwayman.

Not only has American diplomacy in our dealings with China manifested a most commendable spirit, but our diplomatic efforts in behalf of China have been at once able, honorable and effective. It may be putting it too strongly to say that China would have been dismembered but for the masterly diplomacy of John Hay, but there are many able statesmen on both sides of the Atlantic who are convinced that such is the fact. That but for the stand taken by the American Secretary of State, China would have been in a worse position than she is to-day does not admit of doubt.

When Russia, Germany and France were being rewarded for their "labor of love" in behalf of China at the close of the Chino-Japanese war and English diplomacy was speaking in but feeble and uncertain tones in the Orient, the United States was becoming more and more convinced that, unless something was done, American goods would soon become unwelcome visitors in those newly-created and ill-defined spheres of interest in China. This growing sentiment, not to say suspicion, was crystallized by John Hay into a diplomatic request for information from the architects of those "spheres." His request took the form of a note to each of the

powers having "spheres of influence" in China asking that they give assurances that each within its respective sphere of whatever influence: "First,—Will in no way interfere with any treaty port or any vested interest within any so-called 'sphere of interest' or leased territory it may have in China. Second, that the Chinese treaty tariff of the time being shall apply to all merchandise landed or shipped to all such ports as are in said 'sphere of interest' (unless they be 'free ports'), no matter to what nationality it may belong, and that duties so leviable shall be collected by the Chinese Government. Third, that it will levy no higher harbor dues of vessels of another nationality frequenting any port in such 'sphere' than shall be levied on vessels of its own nationality, and no higher railroad charges over lines built, controlled, or operated within its 'sphere' on merchandise belonging to citizens or subjects of other nationalities transported through such 'sphere' than shall be levied on similar merchandise belonging to its own nationality transported over equal distances."

Replies signifying a willingness to adhere to these principles, known as the "open-door" policy, were made by each, conditional upon a like agreement by the other interested powers. By March 20, 1900, favorable replies were received from England, France, Russia, Italy and Japan,—all the powers having "spheres," and upon that date Secretary Hay notified the powers that all the governments concerned had accepted the proposal of the United States thus fulfilling the condition upon which each had consented and making their consent final. In other words, their several offers had now become contracts. While the end attained was not an entirely unselfish one, as the benefit resulting from the contracts was shared by the United States in common with other commercial powers, yet inasmuch as it removed the main incentive for extending the "spheres of influence" it helped to prevent the territorial

disintegration of the Chinese Empire. China has therefore ample reason to be grateful to the United States for this successful diplomatic effort in her behalf.

The attitude of the United States toward China and the confidence of China in the United States is well expressed in a circular note of John Hay to the powers, a message from the Emperor of China to the President of the United States and the reply thereto by President McKinley. The first of these bears date of July 3, 1900, and is as follows:

"In this critical posture of affairs in China it is deemed appropriate to define the attitude of the United States as far as present circumstances permit this to be done. We adhere to the policy initiated by us in 1857 of peace with the Chinese nation, of furtherance of lawful commerce, and of protection of lives and property of our citizens by all means guaranteed under extra-territorial treaty rights and by the law of nations. If wrong be done to our citizens we propose to hold the responsible authors to the uttermost accountability. We regard the condition at Peking as one of virtual anarchy, whereby power and responsibility are practically devolved upon the local provincial authorities. So long as they are not in overt collusion with rebellion and use their power to protect foreign life and property, we regard them as representing the Chinese people, with whom we seek to remain in peace and friendship. The purpose of the President is, as it has been heretofore, to act concurrently with the other powers; first, in opening up communication with Peking and rescuing the American officials, missionaries, and other Americans who are in danger; secondly, in affording all possible protection everywhere in China to American life and property; thirdly, in guarding and protecting all legitimate American interests; and fourthly, in aiding to prevent a spread of the disorders to the other provinces of the Empire and a recurrence of such disasters. It is of

course too early to forecast the means of attaining this last result; but the policy of the Government of the United States is to seek a solution which may bring about permanent safety and peace to China, preserve Chinese territorial and administrative entity, protect all rights guaranteed to friendly powers by treaty and international law, and safeguard for the world the principle of equal and impartial trade with all parts of the Chinese Empire.” “HAY.”

One of the surest evidences of confidence and friendship is the direction in which one turns when in trouble. The following message of the Emperor of China is therefore significant:

“China has long maintained friendly relations with the United States and is deeply conscious that the object of the United States is international commerce. Neither country entertains the least suspicion or distrust toward the other. Recent outbreaks of mutual antipathy between the people and Christian missions caused the foreign powers to view with unwarranted suspicion the position of the Imperial Government as favorable to the people and prejudicial to the missions, with the result that the Taku forts were attacked and captured. Consequently there has been clashing of forces with calamitous consequences. The situation has become more and more serious and critical. We have just received a telegraphic memorial from our envoy, Wu Tingfang, and it is highly gratifying to us to learn that the United States Government, having in view the friendly relations between the two countries, has taken a deep interest in the present situation. Now China, driven by the irresistible course of events, has unfortunately incurred well-nigh universal indignation. For settling the present difficulty, China places special reliance in the United States. We address this message to your excellency in all sincerity and candidness, with the hope that your excellency will devise

measures and take the initiative in bringing about a concert of the powers for the restoration of order and peace. The favor of a kind reply is earnestly requested and awaited with the greatest anxiety.”

The reply of President McKinley is characteristic of the man as well as a good mirror of the sentiment of the people of the United States:

“I have received Your Majesty’s message of the nineteenth of July, and am glad to know that Your Majesty recognizes the fact that the Government and people of the United States desire of China nothing but what is just and equitable. The purpose for which we landed troops in China was the rescue of our legation from grave danger and the protection of the lives and property of Americans who were sojourning in China in the enjoyment of rights guaranteed them by treaty and by international law. The same purposes are publicly declared by all the powers which have landed military forces in Your Majesty’s Empire.

“I am to infer from Your Majesty’s letter that the malefactors who have disturbed the peace of China, who have murdered the minister of Germany and a member of the Japanese legation, and who now hold besieged in Peking those foreign diplomatists who still survive, have not only not received any favor or encouragement from Your Majesty, but are actually in rebellion against the Imperial authority. If this be the case I most solemnly urge upon Your Majesty’s Government to give public assurance whether the foreign ministers are alive, and if so, in what condition.

“2. To put the diplomatic representatives of the powers in immediate and free communication with their respective Governments and to remove all danger to their lives and liberty.

“3. To place the Imperial authorities of China in communication with the relief expedition, so that coöperation may be secured between them for the liberation of the legations, the protection

of foreigners, and the restoration of order.

"If these objects are accomplished it is the belief of this Government that no obstacles will be found to exist on the part of the powers to an amicable settlement of all the questions arising out of the recent troubles, and the friendly good offices of this Government will, with the assent of the other powers, be cheerfully placed at Your Majesty's disposition for that purpose.

"WILLIAM MCKINLEY."

Nothing done by the United States during the negotiations or since has been inconsistent with these assurances by Secretary Hay and President McKinley. Our diplomacy was not only more generous in spirit but more effective in securing results than was that of the European powers. Had we as they treated the Chinese Government as hostile it would no doubt have resulted in the destruction of the legations and much unnecessary bloodshed. While upon the other hand by treating the government as friendly, we got into communication with our minister, saved the lives of those who were besieged in the legations and accomplished at relatively little cost everything which we set out to accomplish. While it is impossible to say exactly what the results of the other policy would have been it is clear to any one at all conversant with the situation that they would have been far less satisfactory.

When the Boxer rebellion had been put down by the allied forces and a settlement with the powers became necessary, China was at their mercy. On the part of some of them two things seemed to be important: (1) an immense indemnity and (2) placing things in such a condition that interference would again be necessary in the near future. Throughout the negotiations the United States exerted a powerful influence toward cutting down the amount of the indemnity, the removing of the causes which were responsible for the outbreak and erecting safeguards

against similar outbreaks in the future. Due largely to this influence, the amount of the indemnity was very materially reduced. In fact it was cut down to about one-half the original demand and the terms of payment were made as easy as possible. The negotiations developed very clearly the fact that the aim of the United States was to make arrangements to which China could conform, while the aim of some of the powers was exactly the opposite.

By overcoming the Russian opposition to the opening of additional treaty ports in Manchuria, the United States conferred a favor upon China and upon the whole commercial world as well. It was an additional victory in behalf of the "open-door" in China. It loosened, in so far as peaceful diplomacy could loosen, the strangle-hold which Russia had upon Peking.

The results of the move upon the part of the United States to limit the sphere of hostilities in the Russo-Japanese war have already been sufficient to justify this apparently bold diplomatic intrusion. It has tended not only to lessen the hardships which an extension of the sphere of hostilities would necessarily have entailed upon China, but also lessened the chances of her being drawn into the war. Even Europeans, who are ordinarily not given to applauding the acts of the Government at Washington, have acknowledged the wisdom of this move.

Equally well-calculated to protect China was Secretary Hay's reply to Count Cassini's protest against violations of neutrality coupled with a threat of retaliation. Count Cassini was told in effect that his charges were a mere subterfuge to furnish an excuse for Russian aggression; that Russia should keep her own skirts clean and that then no fear need be apprehended of aggression upon the part of China. In the language of diplomats, this was a slap in Russia's face; but, in view of her advance upon Kashgar in Chinese Turkestan and her raids into neutral territory

in other parts of China, it was a slap which was richly deserved.

To Russia's protest the Chinese Government replied by denying that she had violated the duties of a neutral. In other words, China insisted that the Russian allegations were not in accordance with the facts. When Count Cassini urged upon Secretary Hay that it was an injustice to Russia for the powers to credit the Chinese story, the Count was politely told that as the issue was clearly one of fact it would be well to have the facts investigated by a disinterested commission. This method of arriving at the facts, although entirely rational and fair, was not at all enthusiastically received by the Count. His dampened ardor was a

tacit recognition of the truthfulness of the Chinese reply.

Indeed it would be difficult for any one to refrain from admitting the skill and broad-mindedness which has characterized the work of John Hay in preserving for China an opportunity to adjust herself to changed environment. Tested by results, as well as by the highest standards of Christian ethics, the policy has been successful. As a result of it there is not one of the Western nations in whom China has the confidence, and for whom she has the friendship that she has for the United States, notwithstanding the Anti-Chinese legislation of Congress.

EDWIN MAXEY.

Morgantown, W. Va.

IS TRIAL BY JURY, IN CRIMINAL CASES, A FAILURE?

BY F. J. CABOT.

THE DISCUSSION aroused by the surprising verdict rendered in the recent Tucker murder trial in Massachusetts, has once more brought to the front the question of the merits of the jury system of trial itself. That there are grave defects in the present system is undeniable, and there are many who believe that, because of these defects, the system itself, at least in criminal cases, is worthless.

On the criminal side of the law, trial by jury is based upon these four principles:

1. A defendant is presumed to be innocent until he is proved guilty.
 2. A defendant is entitled to a trial by a jury of his peers.
 3. The defendant's guilt must be proved beyond a reasonable doubt.
 4. The jury shall consider nothing but the evidence presented in open court. All other considerations and influences must be excluded from its deliberations.
- Jury duty is equally incumbent upon

every citizen. Yet it is notorious that the citizens who arrogate to themselves the title of the best class, but who neglect their civic duties until good government becomes almost impossible, evade jury duty in every possible way. The jury panels as originally drawn may include many competent and intelligent citizens. But before trials actually begin, the majority of this class have their names stricken from the jury-list and the few that then remain are usually assigned to civil cases.

The maxim that a defendant is entitled to a trial by a jury of his peers is one of great antiquity. It dates back to a time when education in England was the possession of but few. The distinctions in social rank and life were more sharply defined and more rigidly maintained. The principle was a most wise one and it was scrupulously observed. To-day it exists only in theory, since in the eyes of the law, all men are presumed to be equal. A presumption rarely in

accord with the facts, for a visit to any criminal court session will establish the fact that the average criminal jury is below the average of the general intelligence and integrity of the community. The first great defect in the jury system is the character of the jurors themselves.

The class of men whence city criminal juries are drawn is by no means a high one. There are exceptions to this rule, of course, but the average is ordinarily a low one. Furthermore, the city criminal jury has another defect. It is frequently corruptible. In the language of the street, you can "do business" with it, if you have the money and the desire to use it in that way. Because of this fact the scandals that frequently attach to criminal juries are rendered easy. An unscrupulous attorney, a defendant with means and the average city jury, furnish all that is essential to produce a miscarriage of justice and a public scandal.

The country jury is rarely corruptible. It is, however, densely ignorant and stubbornly bigoted in the conception of its duties. Many of its members are of limited education and intelligence, living in sparsely-settled districts more or less removed from the influences of civilization. Newspapers and magazines have no attractions for them, and, in consequence, these people are almost totally out of touch with the trend of modern life and thought. Which explains perhaps, why gold-brick artists and "green-goods" men reap such a rich harvest among them. To such men, the town-meeting, the circus, election day and attendance at court, constitute the only breaks in a monotonous round of daily vegetation. For these men cannot be said to live. They vegetate. And although their peculiar views on jury duty grievously wrong a defendant and practically destroy the essentials of trial by jury, they are totally unconscious of such deficiencies, and rather pride themselves on the superior manner in which they have discharged their duties.

The principle that guilt must be shown beyond a reasonable doubt, is sometimes violated by city juries. Its violation by country juries is so frequent that one-fourth of their convictions might properly have been acquittals. To the bucolic mind jury duty is a great honor conferred by the government, in return for which the juror believes that his verdict should accord with the wishes of the district-attorney, whose utterances he regards as oracular, lest otherwise crime might be encouraged. Furthermore, he firmly believes that every defendant is guilty. "If he is n't guilty, what's he here for?"—is the juror's argument. The fact that the defendant is now on trial is sufficient as the juror sees it, to destroy any legal presumption of innocence. Although the juror's oath requires that he shall say upon the evidence, that the defendant is guilty or not guilty and no more, the country juror is heedless of this requirement as he is anxious to side with the apparent majority. Contrary action on his part would make him a marked man among his associates. Never again would he be asked to serve as juror, fence-viewer, fire-warden, pound-keeper or in any of those important positions so dear to the average country man.

To this general rule of action there is a notable exception, which occurs when the defendant is a neighbor or a friend of the juror. Then, by some mysterious process, a light breaks in upon his dim field of intelligence, and the guilt of that particular defendant must be proved well beyond a reasonable doubt, to secure a conviction. In such a case the jury is "agin" the government from the start. But woe betide the stranger whose fate is placed in the hands of a country jury. Veteran criminal lawyers agree that indictment in such cases is almost certain to be followed by conviction on subsequent trial, regardless of the evidence produced at the trial. Furthermore, the defendant's exercise of his legal right of challenge is, to many jurors, a personal affront. The aspect of virtuous resent-

ment presented by the accepted jurors indicates a prejudice against the defendant from the start.

The courts are for the protection of the community not simply in the way of detecting criminals, but in guarding the reputation and honor of the citizens as well. The law is not an instrument of oppression. A man accused of crime has the right of every safeguard to prove his innocence and to see that his every right is protected. It is the office of the government to compare the truth, to mete justice, to protect the innocent as well as to secure the conviction of the guilty. With many persons, the ability of the prosecuting officer is to be measured by his success in securing convictions. That is, "it is the duty of the prosecuting officer to obtain the conviction of the accused." A more dangerous doctrine than this could hardly be conceived, because it engenders a false professional pride in many prosecuting officials, who make use of every expedient to offset and to discount and to render fruitless the evidence of the person who is under even the most slender suspicion. No matter how respectable the witness is, how evidently sincere and truthful, every effort must be put forth to entangle him. In a word, the witness is to be worried, not to get at the truth, but to score a point for the government. Such methods are degrading and totally unworthy of the legal profession.

The attitude of the public press towards pending criminal actions accentuates the defects in the jury system. A criminal case of any note is discussed in its minutest details by the leading journals, long before it comes to trial. These papers acquit or convict the accused as seems most proper to them. And because of the enormous circulation and influence of the press, the jury's function in many cases is limited largely to affirming the judgment previously recorded in the newspapers. This evil is more prevalent in the large cities, especially in New York where it is almost

impossible to secure a juror that has not been influenced in some degree by the newspaper articles on the subject.

The defects in the jury system bear hardest upon those defendants concerning whose guilt there is grave doubt, and upon defendants who are before a jury for the first time.

To remedy the present defects four measures are suggested:

1. Compel the attendance of those best fitted to serve as jurors, but who, at present, are rarely secured.

2. Exclude from jury service the incompetent and undesirable element.

3. Cultivate an enlightened public opinion which shall insist that prosecuting officials discharge their duties in a spirit more truly in accord with the true ends of justice.

4. Destroy the harmful influence of the newspapers.

This last object may be secured by adopting the English law which permits the press to publish little concerning a criminal case *sub judice*, beyond the mere announcement of the arrest and the alleged cause. Violations of this law are rare, and are severely punished.

To secure the most desirable jurors, enact a law confining exemption from jury duty within the narrowest possible limits, at the same time repealing all present laws on the subject. In addition, make imprisonment in the county jail the mandatory penalty for evasion of jury duty. Finally, the additional requirement that no names shall be dropped from the jury list as originally compiled, save by the presiding justice in the trial court. With these provisions in force, evasion of jury duty would be a rare occurrence.

To exclude incompetent and undesirable jurors, establish some simple educational tests. It seems reasonable in the highest degree that some standard should be established by which a low order of intelligence and integrity would be excluded from the jury-box. There is hardly any position in the public service

to-day, which is not guarded by an examination or test of some sort. Even the ordinary day-laborer in the employ of the city must in some way demonstrate his fitness for the humble position he seeks. In business and in private life this rule is almost universal. Yet when it comes to jury duty, in matters where fortune, liberty and even life itself may be at stake, it frequently happens that men who are sadly lacking in intelligence and common-

sense, who are barely able to read and write their own names, and who, in some cases, are lacking in morality and integrity,—these men are eligible and actually serve as jurors.

If the defects in the jury system are remedied in these, or similar ways, trial by jury will regain its position as a bulwark of our liberties.

F. J. CABOT.

Boston, Mass.

CELEBRATED PROPHECIES OF HISTORY.

BY CHARLES KASSEL.

PLANTED deep in human nature is a love of the mystical. Since time beyond memory the imagination of man has been stirred by tales of charms and talismans, of wizards and conjurers. A strong fondness for the improbable has characterized mankind in all ages. Where is the land without its fairy-lore, and where the people about whose origin there have failed to gather myths rich and beautiful? The lofty imagination of the Greeks made a faith and creed of the wondrous tales of gods and men with which their mythology abounded, and the gorgeous coloring our own literature has received from their fancies attests the deep hold which the marvelous exercises upon the mind and heart of man.

Among the beliefs which have touched the deeper chords of the human soul is that which ascribes to some of the grander figures of lay and sacred history the prophetic ken. Nothing so quickens our interest as the vaunted power to lift the veil sundering the future from our gaze. The wisest of old consulted oracles and soothsayers, and many in these latter days try to read their destiny in the stars.

It is both curious and instructive to search among the annals of time for prophecies well attested in their origin and undoubted in their fulfilment. We

have been accustomed to believe that the instances of authentic prophecy are bound up within the volumes of our sacred writings, but the page of history affords a rich store of prophetic utterances, and it is with some of these we mean to deal.

We shall advert first to the words of Chesterfield and Voltaire, with their foreglimpse of the French Revolution, and to those of Franklin, Du Chatelet and Livingstone, with their fine prevision of the American Revolution.

In 1753 the Earl of Chesterfield wrote: "I think I see in France that before the end of the century the trade of both king and priest will not be half so good a one as it has been. . . . All symptoms which I have ever met with in history previous to great changes and revolutions in government now exist and daily increase in France."* How well Chesterfield foresaw that mighty upheaval, and how nearly he divined the hour when it should flame forth, even so long before its occurrence, no one familiar with the history of the event need ask.

Thus, too, wrote Voltaire, in April, 1764: "Everything that I see is scattering the seeds of a revolution which will come inevitably. Light has so spread from

* Bancroft's *History of the United States*, Appleton & Co., Vol. II., Ep. 1, Ch. 4, p. 376.

neighbor to neighbor that on the first occasion it will kindle and break forth. Happy are the young for their eyes shall see it.”* And in October, 1766, in a letter to d’Alembert upon the same subject, he inquires: “Can you tell me what will come within thirty years of the revolution which is taking effect in the minds of men from Naples to Moscow? I, who am too old to hope to see anything, commend to you the age which is forming.”† But a scant seven years remained of the period fixed by Voltaire’s insight when, on the fateful fourteenth of July, 1789, the Bastille was stormed and the mightiest social cataclysm in the chronicles of time had begun.

So, also, a few minds had caught foregleams of the American Revolution, its incidents and outcome. Franklin, writing from England regarding the probable result of a war for independence, foretold its exact duration when he said: “New England alone can hold out for ages against this country, and if they are firm and united seven years will win the day.”‡

Du Chatelet, who was the agent in America of the French Government, wrote to Choiseul in 1768: “A great number of chances can hasten the revolution which all the world sees without daring to assign its epoch. I please myself with the thought that it is not so far off as some imagine. . . . To make themselves independent the inhabitants want nothing but arms, courage and a chief. If they had among them a genius equal to Cromwell, this republic would be more easy to establish than the one of which that usurper was the head. Perhaps this man exists; perhaps nothing is wanting but happy circumstances to place him upon an exalted theater.”§ He little dreamed that the imposing figure about which that historic struggle should center was not afar, and that when the hour should strike the destined leader would appear!

* Bancroft, Vol. III., Ep. 2, Ch. 7, p. 75.

† Bancroft, Vol. III., Ep. 2, Ch. 17, p. 229.

‡ Bancroft, Vol. IV., Ep. 3, Ch. 7, p. 118.

§ Bancroft, Vol. III., Ep. 2, Ch. 21, p. 282.

Equally striking is the glowing prediction by William Livingstone of the greatness and grandeur of the American Republic. As early as 1768 we have from him this noble passage, sprung from a rich and vivid imagination: “Liberty, religion and the sciences are on the wing to these shores. The finger of God points out a mighty empire to your sons. The land we possess is the gift of heaven to our fathers, and divine Providence seems to have decreed it to our latest posterity. The day dawns in which the foundation of this mighty empire is to be laid by the establishment of a regular American constitution. All that has hitherto been done seems to be little besides the collection of materials for this glorious fabric. ’T is time to put them together. The transfer of the European part of the family is so vast and our growth so swift that before seven years roll over our heads the first stone must be laid.”¶ The splendor of our history stamps with prophetic character this fine utterance, nor can it fail to strike the curious mind that Livingstone foresaw almost to the hour the beginning of the Revolution.

More wondrous, however, than any thus far mentioned in their lofty anticipation of events destined to leave a lasting impress upon the history of man are some notable prophecies of Thomas Jefferson, Tycho Brahe and Schiller. These far transcend in their accurate forecast any of those in scriptural narrative which have exercised the tongues and pens of theologians, and which, if wholly authentic in origin, are quite as doubtful in meaning as the ambiguous oracles of ancient Greece.

Jefferson, pondering deeply the problem of chattel slavery, uttered the solemn warning: “Nothing is more certainly written in the book of fate than that these people are to be free. . . . It is still in our power to direct the processes of emancipation and deportation in such slow degree as that the evil will wear off insensibly and their way be *pari passu* filled up with free white laborers. If, on

¶ Bancroft, Vol. III., Ep. 2, Ch. 21, p. 283.

the contrary, it is left to force itself on, human nature must shudder at the prospect held up." Viewed in the light of the awful contest which rent the nation a few decades after, these words seem as if spoken by lips inspired from on high. We might fancy that before Jefferson's mind, as these thoughts were penned, there loomed the vision of the mighty conflict with all its dread and tragic incidents.

The prophecy of Tycho Brahe, who is mentioned in Chambers' *Encyclopedia* as "one of the most distinguished names of which astronomic science can boast," is one which bears no little interest for the curious in things occult. We quote from the writer of the article "Astrology" in the *Encyclopedia Britannica*: "We may notice a very remarkable prediction of the master of Kepler. That he had carefully studied the comet of 1577 as an astronomer we may gather from his adjusting the very small parallax of this comet to prove the assertion of the Aristotelians that a solar sphere enveloped the heavens. But besides this we find him in his character of astrologer drawing a singular prediction from the appearance of this comet. It announced, he tells us, that in the North, in Finland, there should be born a prince who should lay waste Germany and vanish in 1632. Gustavus Adolphus, it is well known, was born in Finland, overran Germany and died in 1632. The fulfilment of the details of this prophecy was, of course, nothing but a lucky hit, but we may convince ourselves that Tycho Brahe had some basis of reason for his prediction."

Far the most striking of all, however, is an utterance of Schiller anticipating the outcome of the revolution in France, the

transformation of the French Republic into a monarchy and the marvels which should be wrought by the genius of Napoleon, then but an obscure officer of artillery in the French army. A reference to this truly remarkable prediction is found in Edwin Emerson's *History of the Nineteenth Century* (Vol. I., p. 141), where we find the following: "As early as 1794, he [Schiller] gave this forecast of the main results of the French Revolution, then at its height: 'The French Republic will pass away as suddenly as it arose. It will pass into anarchy and this will end in submission to a despot who will extend his sway over the greater part of Europe.'"

The question can not but urge itself upon the thoughtful mind, are these instances mere happy guesses? Or, in some mystic way, do lofty spirits bear the prophetic faculty veiled within the magic chambers of the mind? Or, again, are great souls during their highest moments,—as, indeed, many of the world's sages have taught,—within the silent touch and presence of earth's noblest departed and in unconscious communion with them,—those who, for tens of centuries since their entrance into the richer life, have pondered nature's mysteries, have unlocked her secret lore and have folded aside the veil which shrouds the dim and distant future? We do not know. "There's more in heaven and earth than's dreamt of in your philosophy," says Horatio to Hamlet in the play, and the words are as full of truth to-day as when, three centuries ago, they were uttered by the immortal dramatist.

CHARLES KASSEL.

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GEORGIAN ECONOMIC IDEALS AND SOCIAL JUSTICE.

By J. POOL.

TWO SCHOOLS of thought are arising out of the monstrous injustice of our present industrial system. One school holds that in the removal of restrictions lies the road to freedom; a statement so self-evident that it requires no proof. This school is headed by Henry George, who claims that his system will bring about automatically the largest production of wealth combined with its fairest distribution. The other school is headed by Karl Marx and is known as the Continental or Socialistic or German School. It holds that the State should own *all* the means of production and exchange, so that employment shall be provided for all, and everyone shall be secured from want; and this is to be accomplished by government regulation and direction, which would extend ultimately to the most minute commercial concerns.

The basic difference between the two schools is in the way they view competition. Karl Marx and his followers say that competition is an evil and should be abolished, and that coöperation should be substituted; such coöperation to be compulsory if necessary. On the other hand Henry George's proposal is clear, practical, simple and direct. It is to place a tax upon the selling value of land,

and gradually increase it until the selling value disappears. This very competition which now works such evils would then become the most automatic and elastic system of coöperation that it is possible to conceive. It will simplify the functions of the State so that we would get the best of all governments,—namely, that which is *felt the least*; whereas the German or Marxian system would establish a government that would be felt at every turn.

To state the case briefly: the modern world is called upon to decide whether it will remove restrictions and thereby go on to industrial freedom and security, or whether it will go on to further restrictions and land itself in industrial stagnation and anarchy; for every thinking man will admit that our present industrial conditions cannot last.

The Georgian system would undermine the monopoly value of railways, water-works, etc., and at the same time would provide a fund that could easily purchase these large works from their present owners at their full intrinsic or improvement value, and thus transfer the ownership to the State without any shock or jar to commerce.

J. POOL.

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THE MORPHINEUSE.

By WILLIAM LEE HOWARD, M.D.

SHE WAS twenty-one years old, and had been married three years. Her husband was sixty-three in years, and older in body and tissues. She was well educated, refined, sensitive; he was rich, coarse and senile. It was one

of those marriages of blood and boodle which the church sanctifies and the physician views with horror, for he knows it will result in physical abasement, psychic riot or adultery on the part of the young woman, according to her

physiologic attributes or psychic activities. Here follows the story of such a marriage as I knew it.

The young woman had been dragged to a large and fashionable hotel on the sea-coast. Here she met a young man of her own age and culture. One morning her husband was brutally insulting to her in the presence of this young man. She retired to her room and from that moment her sad, short life began. Up to this period it had been uncharacterized. It had been of a child-nature, in that it had not been utterly bad nor beautifully perfect. She had not wanted to think of, had not cared to realize her position, so her existence up to this morning had been a disorderly jumble of impulses, each pushing itself upward in lively contest with the others, some toward recklessness, others toward what was good. This motley group of tendencies had been purposely indulged and fostered, and any attempt to place them under moral cultivation, selecting, arranging or carrying them into a beautiful whole, had been pushed aside as laborious and useless. Louise had been afraid of herself, and always shrank from any knowledge of that self.

She was now fearful of some moral calamity, perhaps an explosion of too long pent-up nature, the rumblings of which she was only too conscious of. She sat by the window and watched the approaching storm, grateful for some diversion from her tormenting thoughts.

The storm increased, the rain no longer came direct from the clouds, but was hurled in strata with wild and frightful vigor. On the southeastern horizon were clouds of inky blackness driving before them lower forms of mist and rain which met the waves' spindrift in angry combat. Weird and dismal grew the sea; its voice was low but tense, and ominous of suppressed anger. The storm became fascinating to Louise, and she drew her chair to the window to watch its development, for it appeared sympathetic—in harmony with her agita-

tion. The peaceful waters of yesterday, whose life of ebb and flow contentedly and unmurmuredly passed on, were now lashed and goaded into anger. As these ideas arose in the distressed woman a cynical smile appeared on her features, dimly reflected by the wet window-glass. To the tears on her cheeks succeeded an uncontrollable impulse, and she sobbed emotionally for the first time in her married life. She ran to the bed, and throwing herself upon it, hid her face in the pillow. She tried to evade new thoughts that pushed themselves upward, but they would not leave her.

A strong gust of wind, sharp and decisive, slammed the shutters of her window, and breaking their hinges sent them noisily rolling down the verandah's roof. The crash aroused her, and again she went to the window. The black clouds were coming toward her in an unbroken bank. Every moment the sea increased its anger. It had ceased to rumble and roar, and now hissed; its cadence was high-pitched, its moanings breathless.

Every note of the rolling, surging waves struck a sympathetic chord in the woman and a response in her troubled mind. There was tumult of soul, indecision of thought, yet an understanding of the storm's turbulent message. It had engrossing interest for her and she became fascinated with the turbulence of the scene. Suddenly her attention was turned to a material struggle. She saw out to sea a virile tug tenaciously struggling with a huge and clumsy barge, the bodily remains of what had been in years past a proud-bowed clipper whose spread of canvas and speed of keel had been a joy to gaze upon.

The struggle of the powerful tug to pull its senile mate absorbed the attention of Louise. Only at momentary intervals could the vessels be seen, for they tossed now on the crest of a surging, whistling billow, now rolled in cavernous seas. Again would the strong breathing craft rise and pull with titanic force the

wallowing bows of its encumbering charge. The struggle seemed useless and cruel to the willing, active partner, for the plunging bows of the decrepit hulk could not respond to the efforts of its mate. The storm was at its height, and the waves were being pounded and compressed into huge and treacherous seas. The noisy clamor of the elements seemed to be the outburst of envied passion as their wrathful stridor or deep roar followed each after the other, and the waves were hurled into mountainous crests, ridge beyond ridge, rising in tumultuous fury to sink in blackness behind the foam of anger.

Could the plucky and straining tug hold its impotent consort until the storm had passed? Oh! why did it not cut loose and go safely on its way? Why should this strong, young, panting and virile little vessel have to go down ignominiously because it was tied to an old, useless hulk? Such were the thoughts of Mark Boyd's wife. She could now only faintly discern the two vessels, for the clouds lowered and became one dark shroud. Yet Louise kept her eyes seaward and watched the black pall pass. Rapidly the darkness lessened and a light like the faint break of dawn appeared in the east. Anxiously she strained her gaze for her little hero—for such had the tug seemed to her—and unconsciously her hands were tightly clasped as she offered a mute prayer for its safety. The rain ceased; the light, becoming brighter, brought out in startling distinctness all the features of the storm, and every wave seemed transmuted into towers between which lay dark and gruesome caverns, and the spindrift shooting from their summits caused each to wear a robe of variegated light.

For a moment Louise forgot the struggle of the brave little steamer as the power of nature was forced upon her mind and her imagination swelled in unison with the sublimity of its awful grandeur. This state lasted but a moment, for her thoughts reverted to the

struggle out at sea, and again the woman's senses were strained, her thoughts acute, as she eagerly scanned the waters for the tossing vessels. The heavy clouds scurrying overhead were spread around in thickening confusion and cast a deadening aspect over the watcher's room. But the seas were lighted by the cheerful life to the eastward, and joy entered Louise's heart as she discerned the faithful tug. Yes, it was alone now; strongly pushing its way into the huge seas, and determinedly making for safe anchorage. Its aged and useless companion was rolling in the trough of the waves, helpless, devoid of pride, impotent in action. Its short life was sounded by the combers, and those insatiate Molochs roared out to their advancing fellows the feast to come. Only for a moment did Louise give thought to the death and burial of the approaching wreck. It was enough to know that it would have carried into oblivion its brave and strong protector without a thought of its real duty, with a knowledge of its senile selfishness. She saw the tug, stern down, holding its course true and steady. It was free—it was youthful, it was strong, and had its life and usefulness before it. Oh! was this lesson for her? Was this a prophecy, or was it only the common incident of a storm? She then returned to the bed and threw herself on it. During her short life she had had but few serious thoughts, her mind had wavered as it liked. It could not formulate any distinct action, any decision—she only knew she was miserable. There was no holiness in her marriage; she felt that. Had she lost respect for self? Did anyone respect her?

The psychic storm passing over her seemed to have torn asunder her hidden soul, to have caused forceful waves to wash away the shifting sands covering her woman's nature and to bring forth in all their strength and beauty her physiologic attributes. Her youthful blood went tearing through the heretofore unreached activities, and her heart and

mind lived in virginal serenity. She had been bound in a life of indifference and disgust, but now the springtime had come, and, like the sap in budding trees, her veins were carrying new, strange and voluptuous thoughts to her brain. Love, life; to be loved, to love, were the thoughts, were the words, that now overpowered her. "Your life has been one of torture, misery," insulted Nature cried out to her. "No longer flog or tease me," it demanded. Her spirit cried: "Release me, I must also go with Nature. I am hungry, starved; and must break from you." A voice calmly but forcibly whispered to her: "Live and love; be a woman," and then the spirit in her became free, and lo! something quickened and lived in her heart and she rose from the bed born a woman.

Five years after this eventful psychic storm I was called to see her, and the scene I shall never forget.

She sat upright in a high chair of dark oak. Her head, surrounded by glistening black hair, rested against the exquisite carving of the wood which formed a sympathetic frame for her pallid pose. Her white, thin hands rested on her full limbs; her small feet, placed slightly apart, were on a golden hassock. She was gowned in black, not the somber dullness of mourning, but a rich, scintillating black. The waist was cut low, showing the bosom in its incipient and premature process of decadence, a dull, blue-white; the rhythm of its rise and fall being uncertain, uneven. A small diamond star glistened at her forehead, and tiny buckles of the same jewels were on her black satin shoes. Her arms were bare, and the flesh of the same colorless hue and want of tone as the bosom. Her face and neck were also of a deathly, poppied white. By her side was a small table of the same wood and design as the chair, and on it a French novel, a finely spun, aromatized handkerchief, and a small, green leather bag. What little of the chair's seat projected

beyond the woman's thighs was also of the same dark green shade. The thick velvet carpet, over which feet would noiselessly tread, gave the same color-effect to the eye and made a weird but pleasing and quiet contrast to the maroon paper on the walls. The ceiling had a peculiar, uncanny effect on the stranger, for it was of spider-web design, done in forceful lines and dominant colors; black, silver and ghoulish green. Heavy, dark green—almost blackish green—curtains, relieved by golden embroidery, hung against windows and doors. With the exception of the dominant ceiling all the colors seemed to be suggested rather than pronounced. You realize the greens, gold, maroons, the intense black of the gown and the grewsome whiteness of the woman's skin, yet each seemed a part of the whole blended with a peculiar, sweet odor—the nauseous effect of which soon disappeared. But few paintings hung on the walls, and these were of a realistic and soul-repelling nature. They were in harmony with the room and its silent occupant, and gave out pain or pleasure according to the psychic responses of the observer. One, a magnificent piece of technique and coloring, represented a beautiful woman gowned for a ball. It was deceptive in its appearance of normality, for it represented a soul of a woman, the close observer being able to see through the gown and look upon the naked woman of flesh and passion. On approaching the portrait, this translucency merged into transparency, and then one saw the beautiful form and sensuous flesh. It was startling in its vividness, caused virile ideation, and one could feel the hot blood of desire pulse in harmony with the original of the painting. You unconsciously approached nearer this tempting, desirous woman, looked closer at the beautiful skin, and then the blood rushed to your head and eyes. But for a second only were you enthralled, for your heated blood suddenly surged inward, leaving your skin cold, your flesh trembling, your body

weak, your soul ashamed. But the eyes remained fixed on one horrible thing painted beneath the skin, for even this now became transparent. They saw a sinuous serpent whose tongue was the needle and the body the barrel of a hypodermic syringe. This gracefully poised snake lay over the heart, his head wakefully resting between the skinless breasts, his tail encircling the quivering flesh of waist and hips. The bright, shining scales of the pictured snake were morphine crystals. One shuddered and turned, disillusioned, horrified, but only to meet the meaning eyes of the portrait which directed your gaze to another portrait on the opposite wall.

This was a picture of a beautiful girl. Her face depicted joyous adolescence, the eyes were those of enigmatical longing, and beneath the skin showed the rich, red blood of health—the evidence of the springtime of womanhood. Only the eyes of desire and jetty black hair gave any clue to the relation of the original to the horrible portrait opposite, or to the living picture, the statuesque, chilling occupant of the chair.

The face of the sitting woman was immobile, the head Juno-poised, the dry lips slightly parted. The eyes were greyish blue and appeared to stare into vacancy, or perhaps they subconsciously saw into the dim, ancestral past. Wide, wide open were the fibrillating lids, and from them hung the frail bars of the soul, the even, long lashes. Tense, gracefully rigid, sat the drug-controlled woman as her eyes peered into the fascinating unknown. Not a sigh of regret, not a murmur of anguish or remorse, not a symptom of psychic consciousness emanated from the dreamer. She sat death-like, and one imagined he could hear the fluttering Azrael departing, leaving her hopeless, damned. Still she was magnificent in her introspective poise; she looked the Goddess of Negativeness, for neither limb nor bosom showed blood or passion. Her stream of life had rushed furiously on, and she knew it had

left her but the dregs. For a moment a tired smile pressed the hot lips together, then they relaxed, and her stare became intense, piercing, as though the dissolution of body and life had taken place and the river of consciousness had passed out, and some sub-human entity was entering and holding her entranced in a life of the past that "hath elsewhere had its setting."

The curtains parted, and at the same moment the woman's attitude changed to one of forced interest. She rested her arm on the table and slightly inclined her body toward her visitor.

"Well, Doctor, how do you find baby to-day?" she asked, as the venerable family physician reached her side.

"Badly, Mrs. Boyd, badly. He does not respond to any treatment; but cries—desperately cries, as though fiends possessed him. Oh! the poor thing suffers much, much. I have never seen a case like his; it is a puzzle to me. He is in torture every minute. I wish to call in a specialist; something must be done."

The woman had again relapsed into her former attitude, and appeared to be searching space, but a close observer would have noticed that she heard and understood every word the doctor said, for when he admitted he could not diagnose her little one's trouble, a smile of half pity, half scorn, flitted over her pallid features. She acquiesced in his wish to bring a consultant, and commenced to discuss the case when she was interrupted by several successive yawns, and became restless and absent minded. She picked up the little bag, hurriedly excused herself, and left the room.

An hour later she was again in the room, and now her gaze was fixed upon a delicately made cradle in which lay a tossing, screaming child. Not pity, but interested decision seemed to dominate the mother, for her attention was devoted to watching every sign of agony and listening to each distressful cry of the little one. Gradually the painful distortions of the baby became less violent,

the facial twitchings ceased, the cries cadenced to moans, and the tortured mother saw for the first time a smile of content on the child's face. She approached the cradle and bent over the little one, kissed him; then dried the tears flowing down her cheeks. Then she stood over the cradle, her eyes strangely regarding the emaciated, tiny face, now quiet, gruesomely still. Semi-consciously she uttered her thoughts as though whispering to a wronged and helpless soul: "It's true; true. My God! but it's true. Oh! what a blessing I kept the kind, old doctor. No, no, baby, baby darling, you'll no longer suffer. You must go to Heaven where peace reigns. Your life here would be a torture, useless; Hell. All the furies of the damned, all the hate, disgust and cruelty of this world would be your constant companions on this earth. Innocent of all, you would be accused by all, cursed by all, helpless little one. Your mother will mete out her own punishment, will sign the death-warrant of her soul; her life departed the day it entered your poisoned, unconscious brain. My God! I tried to do it then, but your soul would not be denied, and cast you out a weak, tortured body to give me pain—oh! such heart-pain. But now, you'll be free, free. This, darling, I can do for you."

She left the room, but soon returned with the nurse who was directed to watch the child. Peacefully he lay, peacefully for the first time. The woman took up a book and read, not noticing the slowing respirations of the infant. Night came on and the dull, tiny lights concealed in the spider-web ceiling gave a ghastly glow that well harmonized with the morbid color-effect of the room. The mother entered and directed the nurse to go to her dinner. Then she went and gazed at the portrait that depicted her joyous, innocent childhood. This gaze

was for a moment only, for she rapidly crossed the room and stood transfixed at the allegory of herself. She looked at the face, the pose, the translucent gown; then, like the fascinated bird which helplessly but surely approaches the undulating head and scintillating eyes of the charming snake, she went nearer the picture and stood transfixed before the sireneal thing whose shimmering scales fascinated and pleased her. For several minutes she stood immovable; then, slowly, automatically, approached her child. Its respirations had ceased. Without any visible signs of emotion she lifted the delicate eyelids, struck a match and examined the pin-head pupils. Gently closing the baby's eyes she rose and went to the table, a long sigh being the only evidence of great psychic disturbance. Picking up the small bag, she entered her dressing-room. In a few minutes she returned, glanced at the quiet child, and resumed her seat in the oak chair. The French novel was taken up, but allowed to remain in her lap. Her head sank back, her eyes closed and she remained immobile, except for her lips, on which was a faint smile of content. Deep breathing followed, and with it came a slight color to the former hueless cheeks. The bosom rose and fell rhythmically, and seemed to have taken on the tone and fullness of virginity. The neck became plump and throbbing, and the active process of rejuvenation was apparent. The face and body had a strange appearance, for a new personality had entered, and the good soul was being driven out by a joyous, sensuous, controlling one. The eyes opened wide, and showed that harmony and peace reigned. The second personality had unfolded its damned soul and recognized the happy end of the babe, but not the cursed act of the murderess.

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COMMON-SENSE ON THE RAILROAD QUESTION.

By LINTON SATTERTHWAIT.

THIS is not an attempt to solve the railroad problem; nor is it an effort to state anything concerning the railroad question that is not perfectly clear to all who understandingly think upon the subject. It is, however, an endeavor to suggest a way of stating the primal conditions of the problem, with the view of assisting the average mind intelligently to consider the reasons urged for and against governmental ownership or control of railroads. With an intelligent grasp of those conditions one can weigh arguments to some purpose, while without such grasp one is likely to grope blindly amid a confusion of conflicting statements and half-understood reasoning.

A few casual conversations with such individuals as one may meet by chance will convince one that the average man has no clear conception of the real nature of a railroad or canal, as an instrument of transportation, or of the true relation which either sustains to the social body or State.

That a great railroad corporation is a great business corporation, carrying on a great business enterprise, which business its managers are privileged to conduct on "business principles" similar to those which control in large industrial enterprises, is, doubtless, essentially the view of multitudes of average intelligence, yet this conception of the legal and commercial position of our great carrying companies is as far from the real position as, in any matter, the false is from the true. So long as men hold to it, however, their judgment cannot be appealed to for any rational determination of the question pressing upon us, as to what we shall or, perhaps, must do, with regard to the granting by railroads of rebates and other favors to certain shippers.

This, then, is an attempt to state the actual legal situation as it must first be seen before the bearings of the question can be understood, since we cannot grasp the relations of things until we see them as they really are.

Let us, in imagination, go back to the time, within the memory of men still living, when the transportation of goods and persons was almost exclusively over two kinds of highways—natural waterways and ordinary roads, more popularly known as highways. Over either kind of highways every one, without exception, was legally and practically free to carry his own or another's goods without let or hindrance. The only condition—and this was not imposed by law or by the decree of other individuals—was that he possess the necessary vehicle, however crude, to carry his property. Even though he should possess no means of carriage he was, of course, free to transport on the highway his own person and goods by his own physical exertions. This substantially must have been the condition of the transportation system in our country less than a century ago. It offered absolute equality of opportunity to all in the way of transportation. Doubtless the better-equipped might carry goods more cheaply, but this greater economy in transportation would necessarily be due to the possession of better facilities by some, and not to any advantage connected with the highway over which the well-equipped and ill-equipped alike were free to convey their goods. Under our social system no one could, with reason, complain of such inequality. The same highway surface offered passage equally to the rich and to the poor, and alike to the commercially great and to the financially small. Whatever inequality in transportation might exist between business rivals already

existed when, with their goods, they entered on the highway, and was not created by those in charge of the highway. Thus was realized practical equality among shippers.

If the above is substantially descriptive of the legal and the practical condition of the water and wagon transportation of a century ago, it is no less a fairly accurate description of the legal status, though not of the practical condition, of the railroad transportation of to-day. For the legal status of the dirt highway of the eighteenth century is, in a broad sense, the legal status of the railroad of the twentieth century. The modern railroad is no more a business concern to be exploited by its owners for their profit, than was or is the common road highway. The public has the same definite claims on, and similar rights in each.

These old highways were largely owned and "operated"—that is, cared for—by the public. The cost of maintenance was raised by public tax and the use was free. As a taxpayer the user would contribute to the cost, but the use, as such, was without charge, while to "the stranger within the gates" the highway was in fact free to use without price.

Along with this free-highway system, however, a different system was sometimes adopted, in pursuance of what appeared to be good public policy. Franchises were granted to individuals, authorizing them, sometimes, to take over highways already existing, sometimes to construct new ones, and in return for the cost of improving and maintaining up to a prescribed standard of excellence the highways thus granted to them or to be constructed by them, they were authorized to collect reasonable tolls from those actually using the highways.

Thus came the toll-road or turnpike. The public at large were spared the cost of maintenance, which cost was paid by the persons actually using the highway, in the shape of tolls. Presumably they received the benefit of better roads than

would under then-existing circumstances have been maintained by the public at large. The public convenience, therefore, was the justification of the toll-road or turnpike. A reasonable profit to the individuals who possessed the franchise was regarded as only fair compensation for the employment of their capital in road improvement and maintenance.

Now, these toll-roads or turnpikes were and are—where they still exist—as truly public highways as were and are the streets and roads which the public open, improve and maintain at the public expense. No one ever dreamed, or now dreams, that any individual whose business or pleasure calls for the use of such highways is not entitled to the same service as every other individual having like occasion to use the highway. No one would have thought, no one would now think, of tolerating for a day any form of favoritism by the directors or managers of a turnpike or toll-road, in the way of rebate or discrimination in tolls, so that one business man might carry his goods to market more cheaply than his rival.

If perchance, in the days of exclusive wagon-transportation on land, a coal-deposit should exist along the line of such a toll-road, any system of toll-rates by means of which some of the owners of that deposit could mine and transport to market their coal while others similarly situated could not do so with profit, would have raised, would now raise, under such conditions, such a storm of indignant protest from an outraged public that the offending corporation would be disciplined by the courts or legislature, or by both, as soon as the facts could be brought to official notice.

If the managers of such a toll-road should themselves, either as individuals or through the medium of another corporation, become themselves the owners of part of the coal-beds along the line of their road, and while keeping the road open as a public highway to all other traffic, should by some scheme—by excessive tolls or otherwise—make it prac-

tically impossible for other individual owners of coal-lands along their road to mine and sell coal, they themselves meanwhile mining their coal and transporting it over their road to the nearest town at monopoly prices, such a condition would be suffered to continue only long enough for the fact that it did exist to permeate the public mind.

In short, the public understood, now understand, that the ordinary highway or the public toll-road, is a highway created by and maintained for the public, that every one of the public has a right to use it, absolutely on the same terms accorded to every one else, and that a denial of that right by any official having charge of such highway or toll-road would be an outrage so gross as to be unthinkable.

Now but for the invention of the steam-engine, we might still be transporting our goods and persons over highways of the character described, with no rebate question, no railroad problem, to vex us.

With the discovery that steam could be applied through the locomotive to the transportation of goods and persons on a grand scale and at a rapid pace, a new kind of public highway was called for and a new development of our highway system became a necessity. No change in principle, however, was involved. Expediency alone would dictate the phase of that development. The public already owned and "operated" a part of its highways; others it had turned over to private individuals incorporated as turnpike companies, to be maintained and "operated" solely for the public use and convenience, for the use of which a reasonable toll might be exacted from all the users alike.

It was open to the public—that is, the State—to say that it would pursue the same policy in the opening, construction and operation of the new kind of highway suitable for transportation by steam-power. It might, if deemed expedient, build, equip and operate some,

and grant—exactly as in the case of the turnpikes or toll-roads—franchises to individuals, as railroad corporations, authorizing them to construct, equip and maintain a steam-power highway, commonly known as a railroad, to be operated solely for the public use and convenience, for the use of which, precisely as in the case of the turnpike, a reasonable charge might be exacted from all users alike.

If the former plan should be adopted it would be an extension or development of the free-highway system—save, perhaps, in the matter of charges for use.

If the latter, it would be an extension or development of the toll-road system. In some countries the public met this new condition of the transportation problem by extending their system of publicly-constructed and publicly-maintained highways through the building and operating of their own railroads, just as they build and maintain the simpler forms of highways, though maintaining the steam highways by charges to those using them rather than by general taxation as in the case of the other highways. This was, as has been observed, no real change of system. It was merely a development of the system to meet the requirements of changed conditions of transportation.

Our country might have pursued the same policy and been perfectly consistent with its past. A different course was, however, deemed expedient, or at all events was adopted, and its justification must rest on expediency. We chose to extend, not the system of our publicly-maintained and publicly-operated highways, but the system of toll-roads constructed and operated with private capital by corporations composed of private individuals. This likewise, as above observed, was no change of system. This also was merely the extension and development of an existing system to meet the requirements of the changed conditions of transportation.

Thus a privately-owned railroad is not a business establishment. It is the

ancient toll-road, evolved from transportation conditions and brought down to date. The railroad managers relatively and legally sustain exactly the same relation to all of the public having occasion to make use of their steam-power highways as the managers of the toll-road sustain to all of the public having need to travel over their turn-pike road. Whatever difference of relation may exist in practice is due to a perversion, not to a development of the system.

Here, then, is the key to an understanding of the underlying principles or conditions involved in the railroad problem. If one is perplexed by statements of railroad magnates or by arguments of attorneys, let him but apply to the railroad question under discussion the test here suggested of the turn-pike road and its public functions, and he can not go far astray. This will be a safe guide so far as the railroad company's relations to the public and to shippers are involved. For let the fact never be lost sight of that a railroad is nothing more nor less than a public highway, specially constructed by public authority, solely for the purpose of enabling the public to make use of a special method of travel and transportation. Were it not a practical impossibility in operation, there would seem to be no reason in principle why railroads should not be open to every one to run his private car over the tracks just as every one may run his private vehicle over the ordinary highway or sail his own craft on the natural waterway or on the artificial water-highways known as canals.

What is above said concerning railroads will apply substantially to canals. They are but supplementary to the natural water-highways and have been constructed, in some instances by the public and in some instances by private capital through public grant or franchise. They must sustain the same relation to the public making use of water transportation.

If the views above set forth are correct—and proof of their unsoundness is challenged—any one who accepts and comprehends them will see very clearly certain things. He will see that railroad rebates cannot on any principle of public policy be defended. He will see that any kind of freight discrimination is an offence against public law. He will see, beyond the power of sophistry to blur his vision, that restriction of, or any interference in, the mining and sale of coal by railroad corporations is a crime against society and against natural law. And seeing these things clearly, he will be much more likely to think straight. He will probably be led in his thinking to the conclusion that unless a sure way can be found to make the railroad service to the public equal and just to all, then government-ownership and operation of the railroads, in spite of undoubted objections, is as inevitable, as necessary, as with the advent of steam-power was the construction of the railroad itself, and for the same reason,—to wit: that all the public may, subject to proper and uniform rates, have the free and equal use of steam-power highways for the transportation of their goods in that interchange of commodities which, under natural laws, should lead to an increase of wealth among the many rather than to the gathering of that wealth into the hands of the few.

It is not meant to be here suggested that government-ownership is necessarily the solution of this problem. Another way out may be found. But it follows from what has here been shown, that the objection so often made to state or government-ownership of railroads that such ownership is "socialistic" is without merit. The term "socialistic," as thus used, doubtless implies the employment of government powers and the use of public resources for the benefit of a part, only, of the public, or the taxing of property for the benefit of the propertyless. In this sense, however, a state-owned railroad is less "socialistic" than are our city streets

and free country roads. More especially is this true of the modern stone roads. For the free public roads are maintained as highways by a tax on all property for the benefit—it might be said—of a part only, who drive over them, while the expense of maintaining a state or government-owned steam-power highway, doubtless, would be collected of those who actually should use it. If, then, one will but view the railway, not as a great business enterprise but as a public highway it will be easy to laugh at the specter of “socialism” which is sometimes conjured up to frighten people from the exercise of their reasoning powers and it will be plain that the old-time highway is, in sober fact,

more “socialistic,” more “paternalistic” than a state-owned railroad.

But it is meant to show here what must be the test of any remedy offered as a satisfactory solution and that that test is: will the proposed remedy secure for the public using the railroads the same service, relatively speaking, which the public gets from a public toll-road? The test is simple and its application will, it is submitted, clear up the minds of many who have but vague ideas as to the legal status of railroads and their relations to the public.

LINTON SATTERTHWAIT.

Trenton, N. J.

THE BUILDING OF THE CITY BEAUTIFUL.*

BY JOAQUIN MILLER.

CHAPTER XX.

WHEN MAN IS NOT WATCHING MAN.

I THINK the bees, the blessed bees,
Are better, wiser far than we.
The very wild birds in the trees
Are wiser far, it seems to me;
For love and light and sun and air
Are theirs, and not a bit of care.

What bird makes claim to all God's trees?
What bee makes claim to all God's flowers?
Behold their perfect harmonies,
Their common hoard, the common hours!
Say, why should man be less than these,
The happy birds, the hoarding bees?

The birds? What bird hath envied bird
That he sings on as God hath willed?
Yet man—what song of man is heard
But he is stoned, or cursed, or killed?
Thank God, sweet singers of the air,
No sparrow falls without his care.

O, brown bee in your honey-house!
Could we like you but find it best
To common build and peace espouse,
To common toil, to common rest,
To common share our sweets with men—
We sorely would be better then.

“THREE other things I constantly wonder at here,” was his remark to her one morning: “The marvelous growth of your groves; the law and order;

and the large intelligence of your people.”

“In the first place, to answer you in order, we have here three hundred and sixty-five days in the year, in which to toil, fashion, build. Besides that, these trees, plants, cereals, and all things that spring from the earth, have twelve full and fervid months in which to grow, while in most places they have but four, six, or seven at the farthest. So you see that we have three or four times as many days and months in the year here as in many places. All that this desert, so-called, was waiting for came when we brought the rain and led the water down from the trout-streams or up from our artesian wells. The water followed these channels and furrows down through the dust and mud, the dust was watered, the mud was drained, all by means of this same force, and in this same furrow we planted the banana-slip, the olive-branch, the mulberry-tree, and all other sorts of trees from all lands. Then we had only to widen and duplicate the furrows, and sow them with rice, then dam the furrow, and it was flooded and brought to per-

* Begun in the December, 1904, issue.

fection without further effort. Cane, wheat, maize, all things under the sun in fact, came to us and nourished us almost without a stroke or a bit of help from our hands. And now here is one thing I must beg you to note distinctly. We not only have had all the time that God has given us because of a kindly clime, but we have husbanded it. We have cherished and housed and husbanded time as others do gold."

He looked into her face inquiringly.

"I will explain," she said. "Civilized man, so-called, spends his time in watching his fellow-man. How many men in eleven are really at work? One! Yes, in the greatest city of earth, London, it takes ten men to watch and keep that one man at work. In the country the proportion of workers and watchers is about evenly divided. Sometimes these English take it into their heads to hang one of their number. They actually spend a lifetime, or what would fully aggregate a long lifetime, in taking that one man's life. But we have no bankers, no landlords, no brokers, no soldiers, no jailers, no idlers indeed of any sort set to watch ourselves. So you see we have to ourselves all the time that God and a genial clime can give. And this answers, in some sort, at least, your first inquiry.

"As for the second, our law and order, we found that here, here with the savages, so-called. It is true they had only the germ; we have given the germ growth. They had laid the keel of our ship of State; we have helped to launch it, that is all. You see the Indian is and always was," she went on, "the truest and most perfect communist. All the lands, horses, products of the fields and chase, everything but the bow in his hand, was as much the property of his brother as himself. And so there was no stealing; there was no temptation to robbery or murder for money or property. With this millstone of temptation taken from about a man's neck, see how tall and erect he would stand! Take away the temptation to lie from the clerk who sells goods, from the grocery-man, the poli-

tician, all people, in fact, who live in idleness upon the toil of others, and see what a long and a strong step forward man has made, and how little friction will then be found in the machine of law and order. We have conserved all that was good in the Indian's life, and discarded that which was outgrown. We have continued the common ownership of nature's storehouse, and left to the individual the fruit of his own toil.

"And now as to the third object of your wonder," she said. "We had, as you well know, long contemplated a colony in Palestine, but we finally saw that this would be only a garden for the thistles, and when the crisis came we were quite ready.

"I had at hand the material for the new order of things, so far as brave hearts and ready hands could make it. All we had to do was to transfer ourselves to the spot where we were to set up our tabernacle of pure worship, like the Pilgrim Fathers. True, we were not nearly so numerous then as now, but all the time our friends have been coming; and now, of course, since all things flourish so wonderfully, they will come in astonishing numbers. And they will be, as they have been from the first, of the very best,—men and women who believe in man and his glorious destiny; men and women who care for man, and are content to let God take care of himself; men and women who dare not presume to speak for God, but keep silent and let him speak for himself; men and women who devoutly adore all that is good and beautiful,—lovers, believers; men and women who here have time to meditate and see more clearly; men and women who with that dignity of soul which is the only true humility, and that humility of soul which is the only true dignity, begin to see, and to say lovingly, one to another: 'The Infinite God is "the aggregate man."'"

CHAPTER XXI.

LESSONS NOT IN BOOKS.

MAN's books are but man's alphabet;

Beyond and on his lessons lie—

The lessons of the violet,

The large, gold letters of the sky.

ONE day, in his quiet rounds through this new Eden on earth, and when quite alone, he came upon a group of gray-haired and serene men and women of most venerable aspect. They were gathered in a grove by a fountain near a field of corn. Not far away were herds of cattle ruminating on the sloping brown hills. Farther on and still up toward the higher land were flocks of sheep under the yellow pines, white and restful as summer clouds.

As he approached this quiet group of venerable people, they, rather by act than word, made him one of their number, and he sat down in silence on a little hillock of wild grass in the shadow of a broad palm-tree.

How perfectly serene, how entirely satisfied they all seemed! how unlike the garrulous and nervous and never-satisfied old bodies of the social world in the great cities in which he had dwelt, were these tranquil and serene old women here! They were beautiful women, beautiful in body as in soul. They literally made man in love with old age, even before they had opened their lips to speak in their low, sweet fashion.

And these benign and restful men! He began to recall the old men, old beaux, roués, whom he had encountered in London, Paris, Rome,—their wrinkles, powder, paint; their terror at the approaches of time; their dismay at the thought of death; their lies, lies on their lips, lies in every act of their lives, their lustful lies to women,—their whole foul and most despicable existence.

"Ah me," thought he, "why may a man not grow in grandeur as he grows in years, like the mighty trees of the forest? Is a man less than a tree? Shall a man who is made in God's image make himself less than a tree?"

"We meet here, or in some other like pleasant place daily," began one of the most venerable men, "to take lessons. We are children at school, you see"; and he smiled pleasantly on the group of gray heads under the palms round about.

"But you have no books."

"We desire thought rather than books. If Shakespeare found in the books of his day only 'words, words, words,' what shall be said of the books now that deluge the earth?"

"But we have books every now and then that gleam like lightning through a cloud."

"Yes, there are veins of gold in almost every mountain, glints of light in almost every storm-cloud, as you suggest; but why have the storm at all? Why labor with the mountain of old errors or take light from the cloud, when the world is all light if we will but see the light?"

"And books will not help you to see the light?"

"Hold a book up before your face continually, and how much of the sun can you see?" asked the old man, earnestly. "No, the world has run all to words, as a luxuriant garden runs to weeds in the autumn; the press, the pulpit—nearly all words, words, words!" said the old man finally.

The stranger could but recall the protest of Christ, as the kindly old man concluded and was silent. He remembered that enduring truths have been born in the desolate places; that the Ten Commandments came down to us out of the most savage mountain ever seen; that Christ grew to manhood in the woods of Nazareth; that the Koran was written on storm-bleached bones in a cave; that the face of God was seen in the desert only of old, and that it was only to a houseless boy on the plains of Shinar, where he found a stone for a pillow, that the ladder of heaven was let down.

"The one main duty of man to man is to convince him that death is a thing not to be feared, but, in its ordinary course, to be desired above all things," said the master of the quiet little school; and he continued: "To convince him of this he must be convinced of his immortality. He must not only be convinced of his immortality, but he must be convinced that he begins life, the next life, precisely where he attains to in this; that in this way, and this way only, is it possible for a man to really lay up treasures in heaven.

And to convince a man of his immortality and of the preservation of his treasures in heaven is to develop the best that is in him and all that is in him. In order that all his senses may be developed, he must return to nature and nature's God. Why should the silly sheep have sense of sight, smell, taste, superior to our own? Why should even a dog be able to look a man in the face, or smell his foot-prints, and know more about him in a minute than a man may learn in a year? Not long ago, while spending the night among the cattle, so that I might learn from them, I saw some rise up and move aside and look, as if they saw God or angels pass; or as if Christ had come again to companion with the beasts of the stalls."

The master was silent a time; then, as none of his companions spoke, but all seemed inclined to listen further, he went on:

"Thousands of years ago, we know man met God and the angels face to face; but in grasping after gains, going out to battle, cultivating only the sense of acquisition and of destruction, man has fallen behind even the brute in the finer senses of vision and apprehension of the beautiful and good. But here, at last, after all the ages of blackness and brutality, man finds place and time to sit down and meditate in silence and soberness, and to live by the precepts of the Sermon on the Mount."

He again rested, and waited for the words of others. As no one spoke, the master said to them:

"You do well to meet daily, to meditate continually; for never had man such responsibility; because never had man, since that other Eden, such opportunity. You do well to leave behind you all books, the dreary history of continuous crimes and bloodshed on the one hand, and the weary round of lengthened prayers for impossible things on the other hand. You have a right to be happy, continually happy, as you are here. Nay, more; I assert that it is not only your right to be happy, but it is your duty to be happy; and beyond this lies the boundless duty to the world. Let us

follow the footprints of Christ, so that we may in some fair day overtake Christ, and then will the sad and weary world follow in our footprints and be glad and be good. Let us cultivate our senses by pure and peaceful and unselfish lives, till we at length have the discernment at least of dumb brutes. Let us teach the world that if it will only lift up its face from money-getting on earth it may see God in heaven."

CHAPTER XXII.

THE TRULY BRAVE.

AND WHAT for the man who went forth for the right,

Was hit in the battle and shorn of a limb?

Why, honor for him who falls in the fight,

Falls wounded of limb and crippled for life;

Give honor, give glory give pensions for him,

Give bread and give shelter for babes and for wife.

But what for the hero who battles alone

In battles of thought where God set him down;

Who fought all alone and who fell overthrown

In his reason at last from the hardness and hate?

Why, jibe him and jeer him and point as you frown

To that lowly, lone hero who dared challenge fate.

God pity, God pardon, and God help us all!

"That young man of promise," wherever he be,

"That young man of promise," wherever he fall,—

For fall, he must fall, 't is a thousand to one,—

Let us plant him a rose; let us plant a great tree

To hide his poor grave from the world and the sun.

I tell you 't were better to cherish that soul—

That soldier that battles with thought for a sword,

That climbs the steep ramparts where wrong has control,

And falls beaten back by the rude, trampling horde.

Ay, better to cherish his words and his worth

Than all the Napoleons that ever cursed earth.

"I AM going to the hospital before breakfast to-morrow; it lies some forty miles out in the mountains. We go by electric train. Will you go?"

"Gladly."

"But ah," and here she was sad and thoughtful, "this is a sad case I am going out to look after. The woman is a friend of mine, a princess by birth, and when in the world, the struggling world as you know it, she was always very ambitious of distinction. Thinking herself cured of that, or rather hoping to become quite cured of it here, she came to me only a year ago. But alas! In less than a year after her arrival she grew again ambitious,

and, desiring a high place as director, she grew so desperate as to tell a falsehood to some others, who, like herself, had newly come and had not yet grown strong."

"And she was detected?"

"Oh, no; not detected; not nearly so bad as that. She came and told me the next day; and she then went and told all to whom she had talked; and when the court sat in judgment she stood up and made public confession. Then she condemned herself to the hospital for half a year. I begged the judge that she should not be permitted to sentence herself so severely; but the judge thought the punishment none too hard, and so let her go to the hospital the full time for which she had sentenced herself."

"For which she had sentenced herself?"

"Yes. You see our hospital here for mental maladies and physical ailments is the same. We try to be even more gentle with those who have maladies of the mind than those who have ailments of the body; for a man may lose a limb and yet, if his mind is clear, he does not suffer nearly so much as one with an afflicted mind. Besides, a mental ailment, rare with us, fortunately, is much more subtle and hard to master than a physical one. Take this case for example. For generations back, her family, a most noble Polish one, had been bitterly impoverished; and you can easily see how with their pride and poverty together they transmitted their misery to this poor friend of mine who is now serving out her time in the hospital."

He found the "hospital" a sort of summer watering-place; not a Newport or a Saratoga, however. It was a Christian place, neither noisy in the least nor devoted to any sort of folly to attract attention. All the invalids, mental or physical, from down in the valley were here. The new mothers were in a similar retreat further on. He found many people coming and going, these fragrant pine-groves being cooler and the air more invigorating than in the great valley below. All the mental sick, "convicts" we call them in Christian lands, kept

themselves at some sort of work in attending on the physical sick. And yet the numerous visitors kept heaping attention on the "convicts"; more attention, indeed, did they receive than those who had only bodily ailments.

He was so enchanted with the humanity, the heart, the real Christianity in all he saw here, that his whole soul was filled with exultation at the possibilities of the future.

"You will have a city here, such a city, in magnitude and glory, as the world has never seen," he said, as they walked the hospital grounds together.

Pausing for a moment, she raised her head and answered: "It is possible. But cities, great cities, as a rule, should not be." Then she said, after a moment's silence: "True, we must have centers. Each division of the earth, natural or artificial, great or small, must have a common center, a heart. The hands, the feet, all have their functions and they all have laws of health; but with the means of transportation without cost within the reach of all, great cities will not be built. Population in the outside world is growing denser because of the greed of landlords and the folly of granting railway privileges, which makes transportation difficult. With our rapid free transit, our railways supported out of the rental value of our land, we keep our city like a garden, as you see. No, I would sweep great cities like New York and London from the face of the earth. We know that sword and flood and flame have been against cities from the first dawn of history. Pestilence, the very hand of God, has ever been turned against all great cities. Children die in cities, men and women are dwarfed in cities. No great man has ever yet been born in a great city. A city is a sin and a shame, a crime against the human race. Each man must have his acre, his vine and fig-tree, his place of retreat, his grove, his temple, his shrine where he may pray, may meditate, may be all himself." In the cool of the evening they took the cars for the city.

(To be concluded.)



"GET THEE BEHIND ME, SATAN!"

Drawn by Dan. Beard expressly for THE ARENA.
(See Editorial.)

"GET THEE BEHIND ME, SATAN!"

MR. BEARD in his cartoon this month gives emphasis to one of the most stupendous issues that has been raised in recent years,—namely, whether it is right for the church of God to accept hush-money or bribes from those who "devour widows' houses and for a pretence make long prayers." Nothing has more clearly or startlingly disclosed the influence of modern commercialistic materialism in lowering the moral ideals that differentiate the teachings of Jesus from those of the Pharisees of his age, than the acceptance by religious bodies of donations of money from the master and dominating spirit of the Standard Oil Company.

The immoral history of the Standard Oil Company, from the time when it began to mercilessly crush out all competition to the hour when as a triumphant monopoly it held the citizens of the republic completely in its power, is a matter of unimpeachable evidential record. The facts have been brought out in the sworn testimony presented before congressional, legislative and other authorized investigating committees, as well as in the admissions and signed statements of officials in the company and in the conspiring railways. Furthermore, Mr. Rockefeller has been the master-spirit who at any period could have prevented its morally criminal career. And now, when there are on every hand evidences of a moral renaissance, a general awakening on the part of the people to the deadly peril to the republic of trusts and monopolies of which the Standard Oil Company is the most odious example, Mr. Rockefeller adroitly comes forward with small donations to churches, knowing full well that their acceptance will practically gag the pulpit and make numbers of ministers apologists for the evil methods which more than anything else have corrupted government and imperiled free institutions. That he was not mistaken in his surmises is amply borne out by the wholesale attempt to gloss over the glaring moral crimes, and by the attempt to ignore the vital question involved, to shift the issue and to befog the public mind by those high up in the religious councils whose greed for tainted gold seems to have blinded their moral perceptions.

How Mr. Rockefeller must laugh in his sleeve to see leading religious lights and prominent so-called religious journals advising the acceptance of his gifts, and either expressing ignorance of the immoral practices of the Standard Oil Company or justifying its iniquity. One can imagine him chuckling over the small cost of the outlay that has won over scores of clergymen and silenced others. He gave one hundred thousand dollars to the American Board of Foreign Missions, while his share of plunder gained in the shameful extortions against our people practiced by his trust during the coal-strike must have amounted to millions.

At the time of the great coal-strike the Standard Oil Company was wholesaling oil in New York City at a handsome profit at seven and one-half cents per gallon. When the stress of the people compelled them to turn to oil for fuel, the company raised the price four cents per gallon; and, as pointed out at the time by great metropolitan journals, this increase in price alone (based on the number of gallons sold the previous year) amounted to more than ninety million additional dollars wrung from the misery and distress of America's millions by the richest trust in the world, simply because through unfair means and corrupt practices this great company had been able to crush opposition and place the people completely at the mercy of its extortions. Mr. Rockefeller, as the heaviest stockholder in the company, reaped the lion's share of this blood-money.

We repeat, when the master-spirit of the Standard Oil Company compares his enormous booty gained during this single exhibition of the beneficence (?) of monopoly with the pitifully small amount which he has paid to silence the pulpit and win apologists in the religious press at the present critical period when the conscience of the nation is awakened to the iniquity of his corporation and its spoliation of the people, he must conclude that the so-called custodians of the conscience-thought and moral energies of the nation have more elastic consciences and yield more readily to the seductive influence of gold than any other class of individuals.

POLITICS, THE PEOPLE AND THE TRUSTS AS SEEN BY CARTOONISTS.



From the Philadelphia North American.

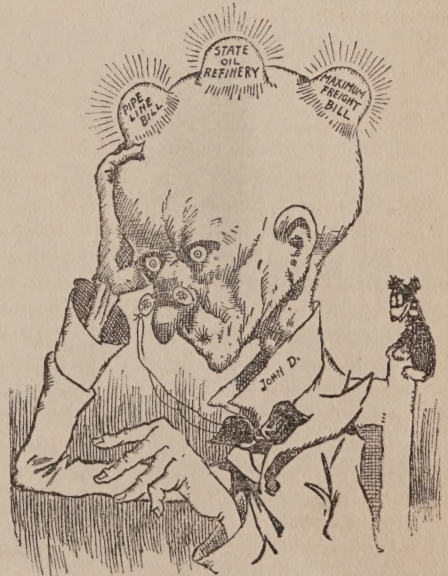
"WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH KANSAS?"



Powers, in the New York World.

"BLEEDING KANSAS."

All Coming In and Nothing Going Out of the Billionaire's Pocket.



Memphis (Tenn.) News-Scimitar.

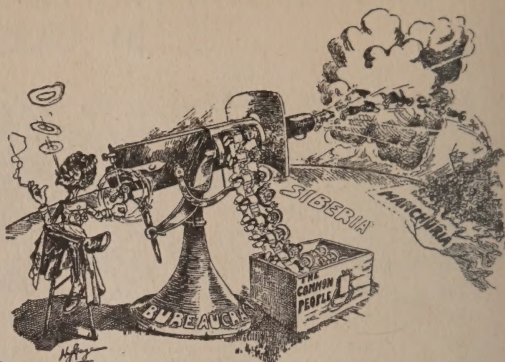
THREE HARD KNOCKS.



McDougall, in Philadelphia North American.

THE CZAR—"Go on!"

THE BEAR—"I wonder what would happen if I turned back!"



Gage, in Philadelphia North American.

THE "LITTLE FATHER'S" ANSWER TO PEACE OFFERS.



McDougall, in Philadelphia North American.

LAYING THE DUST ON THE STRAIGHT AND NARROW PATH.



McDougall, in Philadelphia North American.

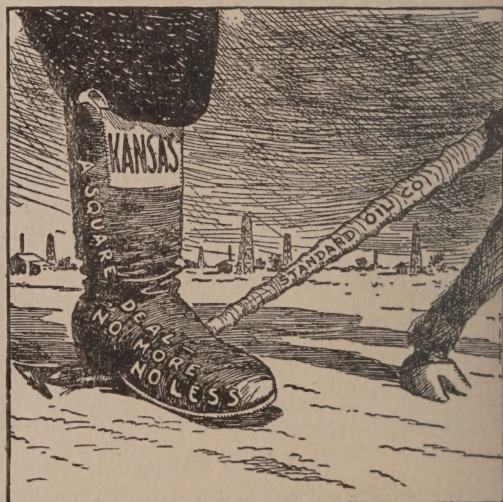
THE IMPOVERISHED BEEF-TRUST MAY COME TO THIS.

According to Commissioner Garfield's report, based on trust book-keeping, the firms in the combine make only 2 per cent. on their sales, and in some departments suffer considerable loss.



McDougall, in Philadelphia North American.

THE CANNIBAL COOK—"Take him away! He's flavored with Standard Oil!"



From the Kansas City Times.



Bush, in New York World.

THE DISCOVERY OF RUSSIA BY JAPAN,
A. D. 1905.



Campbell, in Philadelphia North American.

OYAMA AND THE MANCHURIAN APPLE.

"There is n't going to be any core."



Bartholomew, in Minneapolis Journal.

PORK COMES HIGH.

The Attempted Congressional Steal.
(See "In the Mirror of the Present.")



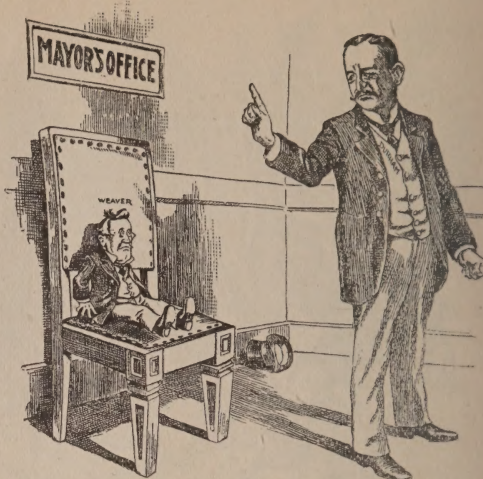
Bartholomew, in Minneapolis Journal.

THE SENATE HAS ARRANGED FOR A COMMITTEE
TO SIT ON THE R. R. RATE PROPOSITION
THIS SUMMER.



Ryan Walker, in *Cleveland (Ohio) World*.

UNCLE SAM (to Europe)—"I have a welcome for every honest, healthy immigrant, but you must keep these at home."
(According to the Government estimate, 1,000,000 immigrants will land in the United States during the fiscal year.—*News Item*.)



De Mar, in *Philadelphia Record*.

"UNDER THE BULLITT BILL THE MAYOR IS
A CZAR."—*Philadelphia Inquirer*.



Mack, in *Johnstown (Pa.) Democrat*.

HOW TO SAVE THE CORPORATIONS.

"The first step in the solution of that problem is, that government obtain a full grasp of the whole subject-matter; and this, in my judgment, can adequately be done *only by putting aside the five and forty bewildering state hands, for the one great national hand.*"—Judge Peter S. Grosceup, on "How to Save the Corporations," in *McClure's Magazine*.



Williamson, in *London Punch*.

FINANCIAL NOTE.

"Running up a long bill."

EDITORIALS.

BULWARKING DEMOCRACY THROUGH PRACTICAL EDUCATION.

I. LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF THE PRESENT.

IN SPITE of the many strong reactionary currents and influences that are inimical to the fundamental principles of democracy, and the amazing revelations of recent years indicating the presence of graft, corruption and general decadence of political morality throughout the various ramifications of government which has paralleled this steady drifting away from the old moorings of true democracy, the thoughtful patriot finds strong grounds for encouragement in the general signs of an awakening on the conscience side of public life; for he remembers that in the history of Anglo-Saxon civilization these moral awakenings have almost invariably been followed by revolutionary reforms that have met and counteracted the sinister evils that threatened the progress of national life and the moral integrity of the people. Moreover, there is everywhere apparent an increasing recognition of the importance of *fundamental* remedies—remedies that shall meet present conditions in such a manner as to restore and maintain the basic principles of democracy, or give back the government in fact as well as theory to the people, and at the same time resurrect the old-time civic pride and sense of duty or responsibility on the part of individual citizens, which is as essential to the normal life of a republic as is oxygen necessary to a healthy physical organism.

The systematic defeat of the will and interest of the people through the union of privileged interests and political machines controlling the people's mis-representatives, can and must be met by the general introduction of measures in accord with the fundamental demands of democracy, which, as Webster aptly put it, recognizes the supreme power as "retained and directly exercised by the people." This can be readily and successfully achieved by the introduction of such ideal democratic measures as the initiative, the referendum, the right of recall, and proportional representation. But while in our judgment the union of all friends of free institutions in a determined battle for these

vital measures is supremely important at the present crisis in our national life, something further is demanded to reawaken the civic conscience and so impress the rising generation with the solemn responsibilities devolving on every citizen to steadfastly perform his civic duties, to the end that a real or true democracy shall be preserved and handed down to future generations and that newer and grander achievements shall mark the higher and nobler ideals which an ethically enlightened free government shall conceive.

For many years the more profound students of our political institutions have realized that school, church and home alike are failing in maintaining the high and fine civic spirit in the young which marked the early days of our history. Our fathers, rightly recognizing that democracy demanded an intelligent electorate, introduced our great system of free popular education, which it was intended should not only train the intellect, but fit the young for the high and solemn duties which a republic justly demands from her children. That in this respect their cherished hopes have failed of realization is everywhere apparent, as nowhere are civic obligations more ignored than among the educated—they who by union and consecration could easily have held the ethical standard in party and nation so high that it would have been impossible for the interests of the nation to be sacrificed as they have been during the past quarter of a century, through the government being abandoned to rings, machines and conscienceless party-bosses, who through conspiracy or partnership with public-service corporations and other privileged interests have so subverted the government that the millions of America are being systematically plundered on every hand by the new feudalistic commercialism, while the very principles of democracy are being undermined.

These facts have of recent years given grave concern to many of our high-minded patriots, but it remained for Mr. Wilson L. Gill, of the Franklin Institute, of Philadelphia, to clearly recognize the cause of this weakness and to perfect in a practical manner a plan by which

the public schools of America shall awaken a deathless civic spirit in the young and not only fit them for the exercise of good citizenship, but so habituate them to perform their duties that it will become as natural as the performance of any other serious obligation of life. By his well-considered and practical plan the children early become inculcated with a knowledge of public duties, while through their daily practice they are indelibly impressed upon the plastic brain so that the pupils go forth from the public school with a quickened civic spirit which shall make democracy a part of the religion of life.

II. THE PHILOSOPHIC REASON FOR CIVIC DECADENCE.

In considering the comparative failure of present education to awaken the civic spirit, Mr. Gill, in common with other serious students, was impressed with the fact that in the early years of our history there was a general independence, a wholesome fearlessness of thought, an impatience at anything that was fundamentally unjust, a moral stamina and courage that made men dare all for the defence of the principles of justice, equity and the essential rights of man. He noticed also the general recognition on the part of the individual that the nation had certain claims upon him; that there were duties which were incumbent upon all true friends of republican institutions that could not rightly be ignored or shifted to others' shoulders. He also perceived that in those early days the children were during the greater part of their formative years under the home influence, and the home life was a dominant power in impressing the plastic mind. Here was developed character and rugged independence of thought and spirit very impatient with arbitrary customs, especially when those customs were conceived to be unjust.

Later the conditions of life were revolutionized. The factory and mill arose, and other revolutionary changes due to invention and the introduction of steam changed the old order; and these new conditions made the old home life more and more impossible in so far as many were concerned. To meet the changed condition the extension of the school terms and the general improvement or elaboration of the schools were resorted to. The friends of popular education, however, failed in two vital particulars. They laid too much stress on mere intellectual training, not

recognizing that with the lessening of the home life of the child the development of character, the sturdy republican ideals and the civic spirit would receive less emphasis than heretofore. They failed to recognize that under the new order the home was no longer the dominant moulding factor in child-life. Hence no adequate provisions were made for the proper development of the civic spirit in the school system; while a second error was made in transplanting the old system of autocratic rule that had been in practice in monarchical lands, instead of instilling into the management of the school the democratic spirit or giving the young that large share in the maintenance and carrying forward of school-government that should awaken and hold in vigorous life the moral enthusiasm of the young, encouraging at once the initiative on the part of the pupil while developing the knowledge of government and impressing the grave sense of the duty and responsibility which it imposes.

To Mr. Gill as perhaps to no one before him came the force of this fact, so strangely overlooked by democratic educators. He saw as by inspiration that the autocratic spirit of the present educational system, however admirable for the training of those destined to be ruled by monarchs and classes, was unfavorable to the making of democrats. The child-mind through several years was habituated to be unquestioningly ruled by other minds. The formative period was spent under the domination of the autocratic spirit, and the multitude of the young were trained to unquestioningly obey, to do as they were told,—in a word, to accept the orders given. They were trained to be subjects, not sovereigns; to be ruled, not to be a part of the ruling force. Here, then, was the key to the strange phenomenon that the educated left school with little or no adequate sense of civic duty or of the obligations which devolved upon them; and having been taught and habituated to obey in government during the formative period, they had naturally enough become so accustomed to act on the initiative of others or under orders, that they fell into the political grooves and followed the dictates of the boss or the machine.

Thus the politics of cities, and later of the states and of the nation, came more and more under the control of the uneducated, and especially of those unschooled in the fundamental ideals and vital demands of

democracy. Men innocent of ethics, dominated by egotistic or selfish motives, became the master-spirits in government and in commercial life, exercising their masterful influence for personal advancement or gain.

The recognition of these two fundamental weaknesses in our public-school system and the realization of the fatal result to free institutions, led Mr. Gill to seek a rational and practical plan by which the school should nobly perform the high and to a republic most essential function,—that of fostering a fine civic conscience and habituating the child to the practice of civil or political duties in school, so that it should become a part of his after-life; a duty not for a moment to be ignored or neglected. He at once set to work to perfect a plan by which the civic spirit and the practical duties of a democratic citizen should become real and vital parts of the American child's education.

III. THE SCHOOL CITY AS A PRACTICAL BULWARK FOR DEMOCRACY.

The results of his labors were at length laid before a number of the most progressive educators and high-minded patriots, and they quickly recognized in the proposed plan a real remedy for the grave defects of democratic education. The plan elaborated by Mr. Gill comprehended making every public-school the theater for a municipal government. In fact, every school that adopts this method receives a charter from the board of education, and thenceforth the children govern, aided from time to time by the sympathetic suggestions of the teacher. Under their charter they form a complete city government, each room corresponding to a ward, the government of the whole being administered by a mayor, board of councilmen, judges, policemen and other officials, all elected for term of ten weeks by the free and full franchise of all the pupils of the School City. In referring to the need and practicality of the School City movement, the manual recently issued by the Board of Public Education of Philadelphia says:

"The duties of citizenship are so simple, easy, few and far between where citizens in general are faithful, that statesmen and scholars have failed to recognize that:

"The habit of performing the few duties of citizenship is an art, and must be learned as other practical arts, by a long apprenticeship under competent instruction. Conducted with the right spirit, this is both simple and easy

and a joy to all concerned, but the right habits of life cannot be formed except by long practice.

"Since the development of great factories and other establishments which separate boys during the character-forming period of their lives, from their parents, successful civic apprenticeship can be carried on in the schools and nowhere else so well, if at all."

IV. PRACTICAL SUCCESS OF THIS IDEAL MEASURE FOR FOSTERING GOOD CITIZENSHIP.

The first practical experience in the plan carefully elaborated by Mr. Gill was made in 1897. It proved even more successful than its friends dared to anticipate. Since then it has been successfully employed in normal schools, in public schools of various grades, from the lowest to the highest, and also in Cuba when the public-school system was introduced; for so marked had been the success in Philadelphia and elsewhere that when the United States government occupied this island, General Wood employed Mr. Gill to introduce his method into the Cuban public-school system at the expense of the United States government of occupation. The success was most gratifying and pronounced, proving that the child-mind, even when it has had no educational advantages, is quick to catch the high, fine enthusiasm of the teacher and soon takes great pride in the government and discipline of the school in which *it is a part of the responsible government*. The manual to which we have referred, after describing the success in Cuba, says:

"There are many successful School Cities in the United States, and the movement is developing elsewhere.

"In July, 1898, the Philadelphia Board of Public Education authorized the establishing of one School City. In 1903 they authorized its introduction into all schools applying for the privilege, and thirty schools availed themselves of it before June, 1904. In the fall the revised charter was authorized and the Board began the systematic introduction of the method, with a view of putting it into all schools as soon as practicable."

It is interesting to note that where the movement has been in practical operation for a number of years it has steadily grown in favor. Thus we find Professor Myron T. Scudder, the head of the State Normal School at New Paltz, New York, thus testifying to the result in his own school:

"The School City organized in this school five years ago is in more vigorous operation than ever, and is a powerful factor in our daily work. To me it is simply indispensable as an aid in school management, and I would not think for a moment of dropping it, or of substituting some other form of organization. The participation of students in the management of the school is essential in any scheme of American education where children are to be trained and fitted to carry out the kind of government and to fill the responsibilities outlined in Lincoln's Gettysburg address, and I consider the School City the best scheme ever devised for giving to our young people the kind of training that they need so much in these particulars."

Professor Charles R. Drum, the principal of the Prospect School, of Syracuse, New York, writes as follows:

"From the time of your organizing the School City in my school, five years ago, to the present, we have gotten thoroughly satisfactory moral, civic and pedagogical results, such as previously we knew nothing about. As you assured me we would—I not believing it possible—we have gotten equally good results from the first primary grade to the fourth grammar. Good organizing always requires skill and thought, both in the inception and afterwards, but it is amply paid for by the better results and improved comfort of all concerned. The School City is no exception to this rule. It saves time, effort and friction for all our teachers. It enables us to maintain a good and kindly spirit throughout the school, and this a benefit to every feature of our work and school-life."

Hugh Sutherland, Associate Editor of the Philadelphia *North American*, says:

"I doubt whether there has ever been a new idea in the training of children that has won justification so rapidly as the School City plan which you evolved. The theory commends itself, while practice has demonstrated its usefulness."

The Hon. Henry R. Edmunds, President of the Philadelphia Board of Public Education, in writing Mr. Gill, says:

"You may rest satisfied that the movement you are making in favor of the School City has not only my sympathy but my warmest support."

Friends of President Roosevelt will be pleased to know that he is also in hearty accord with the movement, as in a letter written to William J. Justice, of Germantown, Pennsylvania, President Roosevelt observes:

"I hear with satisfaction that an earnest movement is well advanced in Philadelphia to establish in the schools of that city the teaching of civics by the admirable plan originated by Wilson L. Gill in the School City as a form of student government. I know of the work of Mr. Gill, both in this country and in Cuba, where Mr. Gill inaugurated this form of instruction upon the invitation of General Wood. Nothing could offer higher promise for the future of our country than an intelligent interest in the best ideals of citizenship, its privileges and duties among the students of our common schools. I wish for your efforts in this direction the utmost success."

V. THE CHARTER OF THE SCHOOL CITY.

In the manual published by the Board of Public Education of Philadelphia is found the charter such as is given to each school applying for it. This charter was prepared with great care, after many leading educators, statesmen, clergymen and students of social and political science had been consulted, and as a result it is an admirable paper of its kind, very clear and explicit; and though it necessarily amplifies and explains some provisions at length, in order that the child may clearly grasp their import, the document is a marvel of conciseness, considering its scope. In reference to it the manual says:

"As it is necessary that this document, while in the legal form of an ordinary municipal charter, should be educational as well as mandatory, it has been thought best, even at the expense of an undesirable lengthening of the matter, to introduce considerable explanatory data, such as the statement of the object of the School City and of the principles of citizenship and of the explanation of such suggested improvements in government as the 'initiative,' 'referendum,' and 'proportional representation.'"

The following provisions will prove of special interest to our readers, and they also show that the friends of the School City are imbued with true democratic ideals:

"Article III.—The Initiative.

"Section 1. Any citizen may draft a proposed law or 'bill' in the exact words in which he wishes it adopted. If ten per cent. of the citizens sign a petition asking that this bill be submitted to a vote of the citizens, the City Clerk shall post a copy of the bill and shall give notice of an election to be held six school-days later. The said petition shall name three citizens who shall act as a committee to see that the ballots are correctly counted. At this election voters who favor the bill shall vote 'yes'; voters who oppose it shall vote 'no.' The City Clerk shall count the votes in the presence of a committee of three citizens as provided for above, and declare the result, as in other elections. If a majority is found in opposition it shall be rejected and no similar bill shall be again presented for three months.

"Article IV.—The Referendum.

"Section 1. Every bill adopted by the City Council shall become a law and go into effect six school-days after receiving the Mayor's signature. As soon as it is signed by the Mayor, it shall be posted in a public place. If within four school-days a petition signed by ten per cent. of the voters shall be presented to the City Clerk, asking that such a law be submitted to a vote of the citizens, the City Clerk shall issue a notice of a special election to be held two school-days later. The said petition shall name three citizens who shall act as a committee to see that the ballots are correctly counted. At this election voters who favor the law shall vote 'yes'; voters who oppose it shall vote 'no.' The City Clerk, in the presence of a committee of three citizens as provided for above, shall count the votes and shall announce the result. If a majority votes 'yes' the law shall go into effect. If a majority votes 'no,' the law shall have no effect."

The provision for proportional representation is not mandatory. Each school may or may not employ the following relating to this means for giving all parties a voice in government:

"Sec. 4. Proportional representation is per-

mitted, in which case the following directions should be used:

"All the election judges of the different parties shall meet with the City Clerk as an election board. They shall count the votes and publish the results of the election as follows:

"(1) They shall prepare a list of candidates and find the total number of votes cast for each candidate.

"(2) They shall add together the votes for all the candidates on the same party ticket, in order to find the number of votes cast for each party.

"(3) They shall add together the votes of all parties in order to find the total number of votes cast.

"(4) They shall divide the total number of votes cast by the number of candidates to be elected. The result shall be known as the 'electoral quotient.'

"(5) They shall then divide the vote of each party as ascertained above by the electoral quotient. The result shall indicate the number of candidates elected by each party. In case this division does not come out even, the candidate of the party having the highest remainder shall be declared elected.

"(6) The number of candidates to which a party is entitled, being determined as above, the successful candidates on a party ticket are the ones who have the largest number of votes on that ticket.

"Sec. 5. Voting may be by *viva voce*, raising right hands, standing, written or printed ballot, white and colored beans or balls, or other means."

V. A MOVEMENT THAT SHOULD BE ENCOURAGED BY EVERY PATRIOT.

Next to the introduction of the initiative and referendum into the organic law of our land, we know of no movement so vitally or urgently demanded for the restoration and perpetuation of the fundamental demands of democracy as this splendid measure which fosters the civic spirit, inculcates the ideal of free institutions and habituates the child to perform the duties and requirements of a citizen of a true republic.

IN THE MIRROR OF THE PRESENT.

RUSSIA AND HER CHIEF CITADEL OF DESPOTISM.

THE DEATH-BREEDING GENIUS OF NIGHT
THAT BROODS OVER RUSSIA.

THE NIGHT that broods over Russia and rightly places her without the bounds of enlightened civilization, the night of ignorance and superstition marked by savage injustice and contempt for the rights of man, the night of irresponsible autocracy whose savagery is equaled only by its cupidity and corruption, is primarily due to the presence of the powerful religious hierarchy, at heart wholly pagan, yet which masquerades under the name of Christian and whose malignant head is the cruel, light-hating, justice-scorning, reactionary, fanatic Constantine Petrovitch Pobiedonostseff.

The brutal bureaucracy would long since have gone down before the spread of intelligence and the enlightening influence of Western civilization, had it not been for the ceaseless vigilance and pernicious activity of the Grecian hierarchy in stifling all the aspirations of the people for light and learning.

DOGMATIC RELIGIOUS HIERARCHIES THE AGE-
LONG BARRIER TO FREEDOM, JUSTICE
AND HUMAN RIGHTS.

He who follows the history of nations will find that whenever great religious hierarchies exist which claim to be the viceregents of Divinity or the sole receptacles of divine wisdom and its accredited interpreters, the priesthood becomes the most powerful bar to progress, the most effective bulwark of despotism, the most insurmountable barrier to human freedom and the emancipation of the brain and body of the people. In ancient Egypt, the priesthood shackled thought and circumscribed learning within narrow limits, making their schools the only centers of knowledge and destroying the free and courageous minds, as foes of the gods, who dared to think and express their thoughts outside the prescribed or orthodox limits.

The history of Israel furnishes another striking example of the blighting influence of dogmatic religious hierarchies. Here as elsewhere the priesthood was the ultra-conservative element that bulwarked ancient wrong, and the

outspoken enemy of the prophets of God, the champions of freedom, human rights and a nobler life. The hierarchy persecuted and slew the true apostles of light all through the ancient days down to the advent of Christ, who fittingly characterized the baneful influence over the mind and heart and life of the people; and it was again the hierarchy that compassed the death of the great Galilean.

So through every age and land where a hierarchy has assumed infallibility and arrogated to itself the sovereign right of Deity, the people have come under the bondage of fear, becoming slaves to the power that claimed the right to thunder anathemas against all who challenged its dogmas, while the high-priests of humanity, of science and of progress have been slain, imprisoned, ostracized or exiled. Thus it was the hierarchy that slew that noble and austere child of exalted religion and liberty, Savonarola; the hierarchy that burned Bruno; the hierarchy that imprisoned Galileo; the hierarchy that established the Inquisition, that frightful engine of the pit, responsible for the most cruel murder of the noblest, finest and best of earth's children through generations of time.

So in Russia to-day, it is the hierarchy that has excommunicated and anathematized Count Leo Tolstoi, the loftiest and most Christ-like great man of the nation; while there can be little doubt but that, were it not for Tolstoi's preaching of non-resistance to the peasants making him more useful to the bureaucracy living than dead, he would long ere this have shared the fate of his ill-starred brother. It is the hierarchy that represents the supreme incarnation of eclipse; for after centuries of absolute sway we find her millions wrapped in ignorance and craven, superstitious fear. And for generations throughout this vast empire the finest, noblest and bravest sons and daughters of the realm, whenever they have pleaded for the suffering ones, whenever they have asked for the light of learning, whenever they have appealed for juster social conditions, have been seized and without trial condemned to dungeons, to death, or to the living death in the prisons and mines of far-away Siberia; while throughout the government that is everywhere responsive to the hierarchy, we find a prevalence of corruption, deg-

radation and brutality such as exists in no other land to-day, with the possible exception of Turkey, and the cry of the starving is answered by the brutal massacre of hundreds. Such is the nation which to-day in greater degree than any other country is under the influence of a religious hierarchy—a religious hierarchy that has as its master-spirit a man who is of all men known to history the most perfect and colossal type of the arrogant head of a dogmatic theological hierarchy.

THE MOST FATAL FIGURE IN RUSSIA.

Constantine Petrovitch Pobiedonostseff has for a quarter of a century been the real, but not the nominal, head of the Russian church, and he is to-day by far the most powerful as he is the most fatal personage in the empire of the Czar, not merely by virtue of his position as Procurator-General of the Holy Synod, but as the man who has moulded the minds of two generations of the Romanoffs as completely as ever priest, confessor, teacher or guardian moulded the plastic mind of youth. By Alexander II., Pobiedonostseff was made the tutor of his sons. They became as clay in his hands, and thus Alexander III. and the grand dukes, his brothers, came to reflect the thoughts, ideals, wishes and desires of the hard, medieval religious bigot. On the accession of Alexander III., Pobiedonostseff was summoned to the court and made the special adviser and councillor of the autocrat. Of his influence over this emperor, Manfred Lilliefors, in the course of a discriminating analysis of the life and character of Pobiedonostseff which recently appeared in the *Boston Transcript*, says:

“His first advice to the young Czar was to tear to pieces the constitutional programme which his father had left behind him as an evidence of his intentions, and the second was like unto it, to strengthen the foundations of the realm on the basis of autocracy, the nation and orthodoxy with all the powers at his command. Subsequent history shows that, although Alexander III. may have wavered at times, the policy dictated by Pobiedonostseff was carried out in all its details.”

To-day, continues Mr. Lilliefors,

“He is the same invincible foe of freedom and reform, the same fanatical bigot that he always has been. Emperors and ministers may be assassinated, the streets of St. Petersburg be covered with the blood of innocent citizens; commerce and industry may cease and the

cries of hunger, starvation and violence be heard from one end of the country to the other, as the result of the policy of despotism, but the man in the Procurator-General's chair remains unshaken.”

The influence which this genius of reaction and night exerts over the present Czar is all but supreme. Nicholas time and again has turned his face toward the light. He has even for a little time given ear to noble men who represent in some degree the spirit of enlightened civilization; but always when he has seemed about to hearken to the cry of justice and the pleadings of the people, the great religious reactionary has thundered anathemas upon all the progressive programmes and reform movements, and the Czar has forthwith bowed to the will of his real master. This fact was never more strikingly illustrated than recently when Prince Mirsky sought to save Russia from revolution and anarchy, when the zemstvos petitioned the Czar for a constitutional government, and when Count Tolstoi addressed his earnest epistle to the autocrat. All these influences were favorable to the cause of freedom and human progress, and for a moment it seemed that the Czar was about to yield, when Pobiedonostseff addressed a letter to his slave-master which wrought the desired result. The Czar became again the puppet of the priest. This letter, translated by Mr. Lilliefors, is given below as furnishing a key to the character of the man who to-day is the real master of Russia, and also as showing how easy it is for such a fanatic to influence a weak, superstitious and unstable man like Nicholas II., who from infancy has been taught to heed and be guided by the priest.

“Gracious Ruler! Our Lord and God, Jesus Christ, has committed to thee the holy mission of establishing the orthodox cross in the Far East amid a people who worship idols and know not God, and who are therefore not like God's image, but filthy apes. It is indeed no easy task to bring the cross thither, still less to plant it among the enemies of faith. Severe trials have been endured not only by our Lord and God, Jesus Christ, but even by the Apostles and thy forefathers, the Czars. But the hour of victory is nigh. Through thy sovereign will hundreds of thousands of the sons of the Orthodox Church who are devotedly loyal to thee have been sent out to defend the Fatherland and the orthodox faith, and every day innumerable armies of these loyal subjects are hastening thither.

"And it is at such a time, Czar, that thy servants and thy noblemen dare to disturb thy holy and orthodox soul with their foolhardy machinations for the diminishing of thy absolute power and the establishment of a national convention! All these intrigues have arisen because thy enemies are envious of thee and because they feel that to thee is committed the glorious historical mission of introducing the orthodox faith in the Far East. Thou, as autocrat and the Lord's anointed, hast the right to do everything according to thine own judgment and the desire of thine own heart. Thou hast the right to sentence to death or to pardon thy faithful subjects. Thou hast the right to show mercy or wrath according to thine own good pleasure. Thou rulest to honor the name of Russia and to slay thine enemies with fear. But thou, our Czar, hast not the right to break thy holy oath which thou gavest before the Lord thy God to keep the promises of thy forefathers to maintain the Autocracy, and the orthodox faith, which is closely allied to it.

"Forget not, oh Czar, that thou art the Lord's anointed. Remember how thy noble countenance shown in the cathedral when thou utteredst the holy promises to the Lord our God, when thou carriedst thy crown, thy scepter, and the emblems of thy power, which have been given to thee first by thy forefathers, and then by thy orthodox people. Fear not the counsels of those who are near thee, and break not thy oaths. For if thou, oh autocrat, breakest thine oath, all those who are near thee will begin to break their oaths, and then the Church, the State and the Holy Synod will lose

their prestige, and the Orthodox Faith will disappear, swallowed up in the victory of the other race."

M. Pobiedonostseff is the author of several works. His principal book is largely an attack on democracy, parliamentary government, liberty of the press, popular education, jury trials, or, in a word, the things which in modern times have given wings to civilization—freedom to the brain of man, happiness, development and enrichment to the lives of the millions. One of the pet aversions of M. Pobiedonostseff is popular education, which he rightly discerns to be the mother of freedom and democracy. Without the baleful influence of this man there is little doubt but that Russia would long since have become a comparatively free power, with a constitutional form of government and with liberty of the press, liberty of association and liberty of organization enjoyed by the people.

In the nature of things, this midnight of autocratic and religious oppression must soon give way either before the fires and bloodshed of sanguinary strife, of anarchy and revolution, forced upon the people by the despotism and perverseness of a reactionary church and a selfish autocracy, or through concessions made by the crown while yet there is time. And certain it is, when the change does come, the recreant church, so long the bulwark of oppression, injustice, ignorance and superstition and long since weighed in the balance and found wanting, will find herself bereft of the power and influence which, had she been true to her trust, would have made her the strength, the glory and the light-bearer of Russia.

SOCIAL, ETHICAL AND ECONOMICAL PROBLEMS.

PROFESSOR GIDDINGS' DEFENCE OF DIVORCE.

PROFESSOR FRANKLIN H. GIDDINGS, who fills the chair of sociology in Columbia University, has recently given his views on divorce; and coming from one of the most careful thinkers and eminent sociologists of the New World, his opinions are worthy of special consideration.

Professor Giddings' reasoning is free from that hysterical emotionalism that has marked so much of the recent clamor for restrictive divorce legislation and which is frequently a

strong characteristic of minds which respond to superficial appearances and arguments without seeking the fundamental causes which affect the subject under discussion, and also of thinkers who are more dominated by prejudice and preconceived opinions than by reason and the obvious workings of natural law.

After noting with satisfaction the request of President Roosevelt that Congress should authorize a new statistical investigation of the extent, condition and causes of divorce in the United States, Professor Giddings observes:

"It is to be anticipated, however, that the

people that are so greatly exercised over what they are pleased to call 'the divorce evil,' will be as grievously disappointed by the results of this investigation as they were in 1889. The investigation reported at that time was instigated by persons who believed that the opportunity which dissatisfied persons enjoyed, to go from one state to another for the purpose of obtaining a dissolution of marriage ties, was an important factor in swelling the number of divorces, and that the situation called for a national law of marriage and divorce. The statistics obtained by Colonel Wright demonstrated to the great disappointment of the anti-divorce element that only a small percentage of all divorces were obtained through a change of residence, and showed, furthermore, that while some divorces were obtained through fraud the vast majority were granted for causes that most sensible people regard as legitimate."

Our author next shows that some years ago, owing to the laxity of divorce-laws in some states it was possible for an unprincipled man or woman to secure a divorce without the other contracting party knowing of the divorce suit when it was pending; but he shows that that abuse has ceased, as the courts everywhere refuse to recognize the validity of decrees without proof of personal service of notice on the defendant. He also shows that the laws have been made much more stringent in various states during the past decade. In discussing the question of the attempt to restrict divorces through national legislation or more stringent state laws, Professor Giddings' words reveal the broad-minded moral philosopher who is the reverse of the prejudice-swayed emotionalist. On this important theme, among other things, he says:

"As to the more difficult question, whether divorce ought to be made more difficult and of less frequent occurrence than now, I am unable to share the fears of the alarmists or the views of the reactionary element in ecclesiastical circles.

"It is true that divorces are more numerous in the United States in proportion to population than they are in other countries. But it will not do to assume that the American people are, therefore, more immoral in sexual matters than are the people of other lands. The exact contrary may turn out to be the truth, and my own opinion is that such is, indeed, the fact. I believe that a really se-

rious investigation of the subject would show that one of the chief causes of the high rate of divorce in the United States is to be found in the high standard of decency, intelligence, and high-spirited character maintained by American women. To be explicit, I mean that American women will not put up with immoral or brutal conduct on the part of their husbands that the women of other lands, willingly or unwillingly, endure, and that, I fear, the Christian Church in other lands has more than once, in its horror of divorce, winked at and condoned.

"The opponents of divorce talk as if anybody could get a divorce in the United States by merely asking for it. Their talk is insincere, because they know perfectly well that divorces are granted only by courts of justice that on the whole are presided over by upright and sensible judges, and that practically there are only three grounds for divorce, namely, adultery, intolerable cruelty and desertion.

"Those who object to divorce on any of these grounds may be divided into two classes, first, those who insist that married persons, having entered into a covenant for life, or, as some of them would say, a sacramental relation, must make the best of it, however wretched their state, until death releases them; and, secondly, those who, unwilling to take quite so extreme a position, would allow a legal separation, but not an absolute divorce with the right to remarry. The first of these positions the Protestant world has regarded as both cruel and inexpedient, and the second position is demonstrably immoral. Legally to separate married persons and forbid them to assume new marital relations is deliberately to incite and condone adultery. The man who teaches otherwise is either ignorant of the actual facts of life and of human nature or he has argued himself into a belief that concubinage and prostitution are less evil than divorce.

"The most unwarranted assumption that the opponents of divorce are making, and always have made, is that the alternative of divorce is an actual life-long monogamy. Any man at all familiar with social conditions ought to know that this assumption will not bear examination. In the evolution of marriage, all possible relations of the sexes, including polyandry and polygamy, have been tried, and we are in the habit of congratulating ourselves that the Christian world has arrived at monogamy. What

it has actually arrived at is a nominal monogamy, which too often in reality is a clandestine polygamy. . . . The opponents of divorce are opposing progress. Human nature being what it is at present, they will not make the world monogamous by refusing redress of domestic grievances. They will merely keep it a while longer in the stage of clandestine polygamy.

"We should understand this whole subject better if, instead of asking why there are now so many divorces, we should turn the question about and ask why, until recently, there were so few. In all countries until now, and in most countries except the United States to-day, the economic struggle for existence has been so severe for the vast majority of human beings that they have had little leisure and less energy for any concern in life except material provision for themselves and their children. If they have been able to get enough to eat and to wear, to accumulate a little property, and to give their children some rudiments of education, they have achieved all the success and happiness that they could reasonably expect. In this struggle woman has borne an altogether disproportionate share of burden and sorrow. She has been made to feel that life is made up of a good deal more than ninety per cent. of duty to ten per cent. of happiness. The unfaithful, brutal, or uncongenial husband has been accepted by her as merely a part of the primitive curse pronounced upon her by an all-wise God. Happily, in some sections of the human race the economic struggle is becoming less severe, and some thousands of women, as well as men, are finding time and strength to begin to be intelligent human beings, and to think occasionally about the possibility of obtaining happiness, as well as bread and butter.

"The marriage relation is now the only social relation remaining in which a mistake once made is regarded by large numbers of serious-minded persons as irremediable."

It seems to us a cause for deep regret that a number of Protestant clergymen have followed the lead of the reactionary Roman priesthood in this clamor for restrictive legislation, instead of broadly considering the question in its relation to fundamental morality and the weal of the oncoming generation. It is a noteworthy fact that on this subject certain Protestant divines are far

more reactionary than great thinkers among the Protestant leaders of earlier times, as Professor Giddings thus points out:

"On the whole question many of the leaders of the Protestant Reformation and of the Puritan reform were far wiser than the ecclesiastics of to-day. The soundest treatise on the subject of divorce ever written is John Milton's Tract. Clerical reactionaries are not as fond of quoting Milton "On Divorce" as they are of invoking his poetical account of creation against the evolutionists. Their answers to his arguments never get beyond a petty textual interpretation of the Scriptures. On the broad grounds of humanity and common-sense they have never yet squarely met him, and I venture to predict that they never will.

"On the whole, the wisest divorce law ever enacted was the ordinance drafted by the Swiss reformer, Huldreich Zwingli, and adopted by the Municipal Council of Zurich in 1525. It provided as follows: 'Since . . . some by nature or other shortcomings are not fitted for the partners they have chosen, they shall nevertheless live together as friends for a year, to see if matters may not better themselves by the prayers of themselves and of other honest people. If it does not grow better in that time they shall be separated and allowed to marry elsewhere.'

"The American commonwealths could not do better than to conform their divorce legislation to this standard."

We believe that a vast majority of our more thoughtful people share Professor Giddings' views. There are a few degenerates, chiefly in the frivolous society and parvenue-rich element of metropolitan life, whose lives are a disgrace to civilization. When some of these parties go to court, the scandal-mongering press makes a great sensation of the facts, and reactionary priests and clergymen treat these exceptions as though they were the common ground of divorce, or as if the great majority of those who seek separation did so for frivolous or insufficient reasons; while, as a matter of fact, all previous investigation has shown—and we are confident that all honest investigation at the present time will show—that the vast majority who seek divorces do so only after life together has become virtually intolerable. The shallow emotionalists never seem to reflect that there

are things far worse than divorce—things that are incomparably more evil in their influence on the life of the rising generation and the society of to-morrow; and it is to escape such evils that the great majority of those who seek divorce ask for it only after conditions have become unbearable without a sacrifice of self-respect and degradation of spirit. One of these things is enforced parenthood when it means cursing the future by bringing into the world children of drunken fathers or those so diseased that they are destined to transmit the seeds of terrible maladies to the unborn. Another is the evil condition which compels a woman to live with a man after his cruelty has made life a hideous nightmare, or the enforced maternity after love is turned to loathing, and the rearing of children in homes of hate. These things are incomparably worse than divorce,—worse for the present generation and indescribably worse for the generation of to-morrow.

SOME FACTS ABOUT HIGH PROTECTION, REACTION AND MILITARISM.

THE ADDRESS of the eminent English publicist, Mr. Russell Rea, delivered some time since before the National Liberal Club of London, should command the thoughtful attention of all true patriots who are open-minded enough to rise above prejudice and to dare to think for themselves. In this address Mr. Rea went into an extensive and carefully prepared statistical account of protection in various leading nations; also of the tonnage of ships engaged in foreign trade, in relation to the number of inhabitants in the countries mentioned. He showed that under the autocratic government of the Czar, protection has reached its apogee. In this land, where millions are starving and millions of others never know what it is to enjoy a decent meal, the *ad valorem* percentage of duties charged is 131. The nation that comes next to Russia in the scale of high protection powers is the United States, with an *ad valorem* percentage of 73; while the percentage of Austria-Hungary is 35; of France, 34; of Italy, 27; of Germany, 25; of Sweden, 23; of Norway, 12; of Holland, 3; and Great Britain has no protective tariff.

The high protectionists who are reaping millions upon millions of dollars from the pockets of the American producing and consuming public, by protective tariffs which en-

able the corporations to charge much higher prices to the American people than they would think of charging foreign nations (as, for example, the steel-trust, which compels the American iron-users to pay from six to eleven dollars a ton more for steel than the Canadians or the English pay the same company for the same steel), and the same interests which are now clamoring for further plunder of the American people by the granting to corporations, that they would control, of princely subsidies for an American merchant-marine, will find no comfort in Mr. Rea's masterly exposition; as he points out the significant fact that the commercial success of foreign trade is in "inverse proportion to the intensity of protection,"—that is, considering the merchant-marine on a per capita basis and comparing the tonnage of vessels engaged in foreign trade, we find that when basing the estimates on the number of inhabitants in the lands mentioned, the order in the tonnage of ships engaged in foreign traffic is as follows: Norway, Great Britain, Holland, Sweden, Germany, France, Italy, Austria, the United States, and Russia.

It will be noticed that this is almost an exact reversion of the order of the nations rated in proportion to the amount of protection levied; and from his statistics Mr. Rea concludes that the greater the freedom of trade the greater the proportion of general commerce.

He further shows that subsidies do not seem to make any especial difference in favor of the subsidized nations. For example: France and Italy both have a subsidy-system in active force; yet their merchant tonnage engaged in foreign trade is only about one-half that of Germany, which has no subsidy system.

There are other thoughts suggested by Mr. Rea's statistical showing. It is interesting to note that the three things most marked in the political, social and economic condition of Russia are (1) the autocratic character of the government, resulting in oppression, persecution and general contempt for the rights of the people; (2) widespread poverty, misery, starvation and wretchedness, not only among the eleven millions of peasants, but also among the workers, whose wage is pitifully inadequate to meet the enormous prices rendered possible by the exorbitant protective tariff, which places the millions of Russia, as it places our millions, at the mercy of the capitalistic exploiters who enjoy the high protection; and (3) militarism and insatiable greed dominating the ruling class.

In our country, since the old-time theory of protection for infant industries merely until they had been established gave place to purchased protection by trusts and special classes, which placed the millions of wealth-producers and consumers completely at the mercy of the avaricious monopolists, we find a general and rapid rise of a reactionary spirit absolutely inimical and indeed destructive to democratic institutions, a spread of imperialistic militarism and the rule of class and privileged interests through political machines, by which the rights of the people and the rights of the producing and consuming classes are systematically subordinated to the selfish interests of corporate wealth. And with this domination of purchased protection we note the rapid waning of the old-time democratic simplicity and purity in government, and in their place a steady, rapid and sinister centralization and usurpation of power by the ruling classes not comprehended or intended by the Constitution or the fathers of the republic. Nothing is more ominous in our present political life than the steady attempts at usurpation of the legislative and judicial functions by the executive department of government, unless it be the usurpations and abuses of the power of injunction by a portion of the judiciary beholden to corporate wealth. Thus it is a significant fact that as privileged interests have more and more gained unjust protection and power for the exploitation of the people, there have come on gradual usurpations in the interests of the ruling and the privileged classes, who through control or mastery of political machines have placed the electorate at their mercy; and as a result we find a steady reaction away from the old ideals and principles of democracy. In a general way we believe that high protection, militarism and reaction will be found going hand-in-hand, animated by the spirit of selfishness and class-interests; while true democracy will ever tend toward a broadening of freedom in trade as in other things, and a fostering of peace, progress, justice and brotherhood.

SOMETHING WORSE THAN YELLOW
JOURNALISM.

TO THE student of passing events in the republic, few things are more obvious than the persistent and aggressive manner in which certain interests and their tools are striv-

ing to create an hysterical paroxysm of reasonless emotionalism among the so-called "respectable element" of society which shall result in a general clamor against the newspapers of America that are exposing the corruption and extortion of the public-service companies and predatory wealth, which are to-day rendered possible through the mastership of political machinery by great corporations and leading gamblers of Wall street. These papers, cry the controlled press and its echoes and sychophants, are yellow; they are not respectable; they manufacture news; they are given to exaggeration; they are not to be trusted. And so the indictment is glibly parroted off with tiresome monotony, but not without a settled purpose on the part of the real or chief instigators of the clamor—the venal political bosses, the recreant public servants, the corrupt public-service companies, the trusts and other privileged interests, and the great gamblers of Wall street that promote bubble ship-companies, inflated steel-trusts and other schemes that are stocked for far more than their legitimate value warrants and which can only be made to pay dividends by flagrant robbery of the people.

There is nothing these enemies of the republic so fear as the so-called yellow journals. They have been unable to buy, control, or browbeat them into silence. Moreover, when the government officials have refused to give the people redress, and when the pockets of the millions were being depleted by criminal trusts and law-defying public-service companies, these same yellow journals have time and again haled the criminals into court, until they have created consternation in the strongholds of the modern commercial feudalism. The yellow journals are to-day the most formidable obstacle in the way of the absolute triumph of the despotism of corporate wealth—a despotism which through ownership of political bosses and party-machines has rendered possible such sickening carnivals of political debauchery, public plunder and treason against the people as are being vividly described by Rudolph Blankenburg in *THE ARENA*, by Lincoln Steffens in *McClure's*, by Thomas Lawson in *Everybody's*, and by other well-known writers. Silently but with unchecked tread corporate wealth has steadily advanced from vantage-ground to vantage-ground. One by one, it has captured the party-machines and political bosses, and through these cap-

tures it has been enabled to replace the incorruptible statesmen and true servants of the people by servants and beneficiaries of privileged wealth. Simultaneously with this steady increase in power throughout municipal, state and national government, has gone forward its equally sinister increase in power over a large proportion of the press, the pulpits and certain American colleges; notably those that have been subsidized by corporate wealth.

But at the moment when it seemed as if the people were being bound securely, hand and foot, there suddenly arose the great popular press, which is at the present time daily speaking to several millions of the American people and whose editorials are day by day laying before the public the real inside facts relating to the way in which they are being plundered, and which is also exposing the corrupt practices of the people's mis-representatives. And so rapidly have these voices of democracy gained the public ear, so enormous has been their success, that the enemies of the republic are becoming alarmed. Hence the constant, persistent and increasing efforts to discredit the so-called yellow journals. This method on the part of the corporations is nothing new. It has long been their policy to seek by slander, misrepresentation and calumny to prejudice the multitudes against the incorruptible, unsullied and high-minded reformers who have been denounced as cranks, as anarchists, as sensational alarmists, unworthy to be taken seriously, precisely as at the present time the yellow journalists are being denounced.

Yet while freely granting that there are features about the popular daily press that we regret to see present, while admitting that there is far too much space given to crime, to prize fights, to sports, to the ostentation of wealth, and to kindred subjects, to us these weaknesses and faults of the so-called yellow journals are insignificant indeed compared with the injury wrought by the controlled press—those dailies and weeklies that are dominated by corporate influences and that cater to privileged wealth while posing as the exponents of respectability and integrity—journals that pretend to have the interests of the people at heart while doing the bidding, as abjectly as the political bosses, of the real masters, the public-service corporations and privileged interests, and in so doing are through specious argument and special pleading misleading the people on subjects vital to their interest and

welfare and seeking to discredit and injure the work of those who are single-heartedly fighting for the principles of justice, right and civic integrity. These newspapers and periodicals are like pirate-craft that sail under false flags in order that they may deceive and lure the unwary to ruin; their real flag is the black rag with the skull and cross-bones. So this treason to nation, to principle and to the well-being of the people on the part of the controlled press merits the title of black journalism. Papers of this class are sailing under false flags. They are posing as being highly respectable. They sneer at and assail individuals who have laid bare the corruption of America's modern Monte Carlo, Wall street, and the great corporations, without attempting to answer in a straightforward manner the amazing revelations of moral turpitude on the part of the enemies of the republic, and they become hysterical over yellow journalism; or in other words, they do precisely what the alarmed corporations wish done, and they systematically seek to foster reactionary and class-rule ideals in the minds of their readers. These Pharisees who pose as respectable and seek to cast the mantle of respectability over the greatest enemies of the republic, while the latter pursue their systematic plunder of the people and corruption of the people's servants, are in fact the pirates on the high seas of modern journalism, whose sinister influence in the republic cannot be overestimated. They are the moral black plague that stifles the intelligence and conscience of the nation to such a degree as to render possible such carnivals of graft, corruption and moral degradation as are to-day being witnessed in Pennsylvania and Colorado, in Philadelphia and New York.

A REFERENDUM VICTORY IN MUNICIPAL GOVERNMENT.

THE MUNICIPAL election recently held in Johnstown, Pennsylvania, resulted in a distinct victory for the principle of popular sovereignty. Johnstown, like most cities in Pennsylvania since the corporations have gained complete control or ownership of the Republican party of the Keystone State, has been a Republican stronghold. The hour is approaching, however, when the lines of battle will not be drawn between those

who are nominally republican or nominally democratic, but rather between the friends of popular government or the fundamental principles which differentiate a republic from a class-ruled land, and the upholders of reactionary ideals which seek to foster imperialism, autocracy, or an industrial feudalism acting through corrupt political machines to defeat the interests and wishes of the people. And as one of the opening skirmishes in this irrepressible conflict which is bound to soon become nation-wide in scope and upon the issuance of which depend the life or death of true democracy or free institutions, the election at Johnstown is significant and inspiring; for the battle was a clear-cut contest upon the acceptance or rejection of the referendum by the electorate.

The Democratic candidate for mayor, Mr. Charles Young, fought his campaign purely on the issue of Direct-Legislation. This was the one clear-cut and all-dominating issue insisted upon. The Republican candidate cheerfully accepted the issue and fought the principle of majority rule as whole-heartedly as did the upholders of the Stuarts fight the principles for which Eliot, Pym and Hampden contended, or the Tories of New England fought the just demands advanced by Otis, Adams and Hancock.

Nothing is so dreaded by the corrupt and the corrupted in government as the popular initiative and referendum, guaranteeing as they do a truly democratic government; for their success necessarily depends on the degree in which they can destroy the genius of democracy and replace it by class domination. Nothing is more distasteful to the corporations which are robbing the people than the idea of the people having the opportunity to veto their wholesale steals which are constantly being consummated through purchased legislation.

The Republican candidate for mayor knew that the nominal Republican majority in Johnstown was 800. He knew that the corporations and the machine influence were behind him, and he as well as his real masters doubtless felt that the opportunity was in every way a most favorable one to deal a hard blow to the cause of popular sovereignty in Johnstown, by an overwhelming defeat of the referendum. So he accepted the issue made by Mr. Young and his supporters and a most vigorous battle was fought which resulted in

the election of Mr. Young by a majority of 514, or a change of over 1300 votes in the municipality.

The hour is ripe for pushing this all-important provision for the protection of the people from the spoilers and the preservation of free institutions. Active organizations, leagues or associations should be formed in every city, town and county, even though they consist of but two or three members at the time of their organization; and these bodies should so far as possible keep in touch with all other Direct-Legislation groups. The genius of free government never more urgently demanded the servants of progress to enlist in a great moral campaign than she today demands true patriots to range themselves actively in the battle for the restoration of the republic from the rule of corrupt politicians and party machines controlled by public-service corporations and privileged interests.

SUCCESSFUL COÖPERATION IN KANSAS.

CALIFORNIA has long been the banner-state in the republic for successful coöperative stores. The Rochdale coöperators in that commonwealth own and operate a large wholesale store and about sixty flourishing retail stores. Kansas ranks second in successful coöperative stores conducted on the general plan of the Rochdale coöperators.

At the fourth annual meeting of the Kansas State Coöperative Union, held on March first, reports from all parts of the state showed the societies to be in an exceptionally flourishing condition, while six new stores have been added during the past year. These are located at Wichita, Cunningham, Parsons, Kinsley and Larned. At the last-named place the coöperators also own an elevator and a flour-mill.

The growth of the business in the older stores was most gratifying. Thus, for example, it was shown that the coöperators' association of Reno county numbers five hundred members. Its capital is \$28,000, and though the store is but two years old, last year it did a business of \$132,000 and paid eight per cent. interest and eight per cent. rebates on trade. The coöperative store at Kingman is less than two years old, but it numbers two hundred members, has \$15,000 capital, and from its organization has paid eight per cent. interest and seven per cent.

rebates on sales. Several other stores made surprisingly good showings. There are a number of successful coöperative enterprises besides the stores in Kansas, the elevators being especially in evidence, while at Blue Rapids a farmers' coöperative machine factory has recently been established.

Two things are essential to the success of coöperative movements. One is the wise and judicial selection of managers for the stores or whatever business the coöperators engage in, and the second is moral enthusiasm among the coöperators which leads them to carry into the work something of that zeal and missionary spirit which in a good cause is irre-

sistible; for the heart of man no less than the brain quickly comes under the spell of lofty ideals or ideals in which the spirit of justice dominates, whenever the brain is convinced that the proposed plan is practicable. And the record of coöperation is a record of wonderful success whenever wisdom has been exercised in securing the right kind of management and when the members have been enthused with the true coöperative spirit. We believe coöperation to be one of the most powerful constructive movements of our age, as important on the economic plane as is Direct-Legislation in the sphere of practical politics.

THE AMAZING MORAL TURPITUDE OF THE LAST CONGRESS.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S "CONSTRUCTIVE" RECESS.

SELDOM in the history of moral obloquy in high places has there been a more brazen or amazing attempt to rob the people by the nation's representatives than was exhibited in the closing hours of the last Congress.

It will be remembered that among the discreditable exhibitions of sharp practice on the part of President Roosevelt, by which from time to time, he has sought to circumvent constitutional limitations through the cunning aid of that whilom trust and railroad attorney, Philander Knox, was the invention of an imaginary recess which was supposed to exist between the falling of the gavel in the hand of the president of the Senate, which marked the close of the extra session, and the rapping to order which immediately followed and signalized the opening of the regular session of congress. This "constructive" or imaginary recess was invented by the president and his attorney-general to enable Mr. Roosevelt to retain in office certain officials who, he had reason to believe, were obnoxious to the Senate. Happily the Senate has rightfully forestalled any further attempts to ignore the spirit and letter of the Constitution in a similar manner, by declaring that no such "constructive" recess exists; in the language of the resolution adopted: "The evident intent of the framers of the Con-

stitution was that 'recess' should mean something real, not something imaginary; something actual, not something fictitious. They used the word as the mass of mankind then understood it and now understand it."

MILEAGE THAT HAS NOT PREVENTED BRIBERY OF CONGRESSMEN BY PASSES.

In the early days of the republic provisions were made for each congressman, in addition to his salary, to receive mileage to and from his home for the journeys necessitated by the attendance at the sessions of Congress. This was to cover what it was expected he would be compelled to pay for his transportation and was made as a just provision for the members, and it was supposed that it would also take away all temptations to bribery of members by transportation companies. In later years, however, congressmen have been in the habit of accepting bribes in the form of passes or courtesies from the railways, and in return they certainly have been good to the railroad interests. That such courtesies are regarded in the nature of bribes by the great railroads was clearly shown by the emphatic testimony of so great a railway-magnate as the late C. P. Huntington, who was a past-master in corrupt practices when it came to betraying the people's interests for the benefit of his railway corporation. In a letter written by Mr. Huntington to General Colton

on January 29, 1876, and later placed in evidence when General Colton's widow sued Mr. Huntington for money alleged to be due her husband, Mr. Huntington thus significantly referred to the influence of railway-passes in the hands of Tom Scott of the Pennsylvania Railroad, who was then interested in the Texas Pacific:

"Scott is making a terrible effort to pass his bill, and has many advantages, with his railroads running out from Washington in almost every direction, on which he gives free passes to everyone that he thinks can help him ever so little. The Texas Pacific seems to own almost everyone in the whole country."

Now the moral degradation that has come as a part of the practical ownership of government by the railways and the corporations has resulted in a reign of graft in all departments of government. The numerous evidences that in recent years have been continuously cropping out would be sufficient to prove this, even if there was no equally clear evidence in the acts of the people's servants in defeating or emasculating all legislation which would give the people relief from the oppressions and extortions from which they are suffering through public-service corporations and monopolies, and in shielding and protecting from punishment corrupt corporations.

This condition of affairs, and especially this bribery of the people's representatives with passes and courtesies, while the same officials have greedily taken from the government the sums appropriated for their mileage, has apparently blunted every sentiment of integrity and morality on the part of many congressmen not hitherto supposed to be the mere tools or puppets of public-service companies and privileged interests.

THE LATE ATTEMPT BY CONGRESS TO STEAL
\$190,000 OF THE PEOPLE'S MONEY.

The most striking and shameful example of the depths of moral degradation to which the people's national representatives have fallen was seen in the recent attempt to steal from the people a large sum to which the congressmen could be in no wise entitled. Seldom has more flagrant dishonesty or moral turpitude appeared in so brazen a manner as in the attempt of the last House of Representatives to secure mileage for its

members from the government to cover their imaginary trips from the national capital to their homes and the return, during President Roosevelt's "constructive" recess. The fact that in reality there was no recess was a matter of no consequence to these recreant public servants who sought to deliberately rob the tax-payers of the United States. The steal failed of consummation only because the Senate threw it out. Congressmen so blind to all sentiments of integrity and moral rectitude foster contempt for honesty and upright dealing on the part of the people and necessarily greatly aid in increasing the burdens of the State. They are moral criminals, recreant to their trust, and should be driven forever from public service by an outraged electorate.

So important is it that the voters bear in mind this high-handed offence against public morality, that in order to specially emphasize the subject we reproduce below a part of an able editorial from the *Boston Herald*, in which the genesis and story of the attempted steal is succinctly described and the names of the leading advocates are given. It will be noticed that the two Massachusetts congressmen who went on record in favor of the grab were Mr. Sullivan, who recently assailed Mr. Hearst when the latter was ably striving to secure for the people relief from the criminal oppression of the railways, and Mr. McNary. Both these recreant congressmen are Boston Democrats, and this act alone should forever destroy all future political prospects for these gentlemen.

"The attempt of the House of Representatives to secure payment for mileage for the second session of the Fifty-eighth Congress was artfully worked. The measure did succeed in passing the House, but it was thrown out in the Senate. Its purpose was to secure payment of mileage to the members of Congress for going to their homes and returning during the alleged 'constructive recess,' between the end of the first session and the beginning of the second session of the Fifty-eighth Congress, when there was no actual recess and no member did any traveling between his home and Washington. The members, in fact, did not leave their seats. One session ended and the other began in the same

moment, 12 o'clock noon. This is the most audacious and unreasonable raid on the treasury for their own pockets that congressmen have made in some years. In certain of its features it is more reprehensible than the famous increase of salaries more than thirty years ago, which ended the political life of many of those who were responsible for it, and has prevented any increase since, so sharp was the popular condemnation.

"The story of the last raid is worth telling in some particularity. There was a disposition to go for this money, a total of \$190,000, last summer at the close of the second session. But an election was coming on, and they dared not vote themselves this money. The proposition was made and debated, but, in view of the election, congressional virtue was triumphant, and the steal was not accomplished. The purpose was not given up, however. The greedy fellows lay low for the opportunity, which came on Wednesday. The general deficiency bill had been under consideration in committee of the whole during most of the day, and was nearly concluded. The hour was late. Mr. Sherman, of New York, sprang an amendment 'to pay the mileage due senators, members and delegates for attendance on the second session of the Fifty-eighth Congress, \$190,000.'

"These had all been paid their mileage both ways for attendance on the first session, which was merged into the second session. They merely wanted double pay for the same journeys, and thought they could get it under the law, although it was plainly a violation of its spirit and intent. Mr. Underwood raised the point of order that the amendment was in violation of existing law, but the chairman of the committee, Mr. Mann, ruled in favor of the amendment. It was opposed by Mr. Underwood, Mr. Baker, Mr. Littlefield and Mr. De Armond in brief protesting speeches. It was supported by Mr. Sherman and Mr. Rodey. On a division in committee the amendment was accepted by a vote of 69 to 49. A call for tellers was withdrawn with the understanding that there should be a separate vote on the amendment when the bill was reported to the House.

"It was reported soon. All other amendments made in committee were adopted together. The first vote on this amendment

was by a division, 63 to 42. Mr. Underwood demanded the yeas and nays, and they were ordered, 22 to 74 (more than one-fifth of those voting). It was evident that no quorum was present, and the speaker ordered the doors to be closed and the sergeant-at-arms to bring in absentees. The vote by yeas and nays gave the following result: Yeas, 90; nays, 80; answered 'present,' 26; not voting, 188. Those who answered present did so to make up a quorum, without going on record on either side. The speaker was one of these. The only Massachusetts members who voted yea were McNary and Sullivan. The Massachusetts members who voted nay were Greene and Roberts. The rest did not vote at all. Messrs. Lawrence, Gillett, Tirrell, Keliher and Thayer were announced as paired with other members for this vote, but it is not stated how they would have voted. It will be noticed that the yeas and nays together do not equal the non-voters. Those who answered present, whether or not they so intended, practically aided the ninety yeas to secure their victory. No Massachusetts members were included among them. Messrs. Ames, Gardner, McCall, Powers and Lovering are recorded simply as 'not voting.' Probably they were all absent, and it may be that they had standing pairs which were not recorded in connection with this vote.

"It is to be regretted that the state had even two representatives who were willing to vote for this wanton grab from the treasury. It is almost equally unfortunate that only two were present to vote against the grab."

This exhibition of moral turpitude is typical of the conduct of the class of men who have shamed the government of the United States since the public-service corporations and privileged interests, through political bosses and partisan machines, have gained control of the government. There is but one simple and effective method of overcoming and destroying these corrupt conditions which are undermining republican government—a method which would peacefully bring back the rule of the people and replace dishonest and recreant tools and agents of privileged interests by real representatives of the people, and that is the introduction, on the same plan as is employed in Switzerland, of the initiative and referendum. Our

people have slept over-long. Corporate interests and predatory wealth are all but supreme in control. The exigencies of the hour demand that every patriotic American should enlist in an aggressive warfare for the prompt introduction of those ideal demo-

cratic measures which will preserve the fundamental principles that differentiate democracies from class-ruled governments, and which will guarantee to the people protection alike from the corruptors and the corrupted.

LUTHER BURBANK AND HIS LATEST TRIUMPH.

A TWENTIETH-CENTURY VICTORY; OR, THE
WORK OF A GREAT BENEFACTOR.

AMONG the real benefactors of our time is he who through patient toil and tireless research and experimentation so improves and transforms the wild food-products of nature that fruits and vegetables which were poisonous or of little service are made staple articles, nourishing and sustaining the lives of millions, and he who through loving care and the witchery of science transforms the insignificant little weed of mountain, valley and roadside into gorgeous, world-beautifying flowers.

On the Pacific coast to-day there lives a veritable wizard, whose wand, however, has never been waved save for the purpose of beautifying or enriching the earth—a man who has taken the little, small wild brambles and transformed them into great, luscious, life-sustaining berries; who has taken the little wild plum and by cross-breeding has made numerous varieties of giant fruits that have materially increased the food-stock of the nation; and through whose latest triumph the wild and comparatively worthless cactus has been changed into a plant of inestimable potential value.

It is a singular fact that throughout recorded history man has almost invariably accorded the chief meed of praise to the destroyers of life and property, to the great military and martial figures, the victors who have conquered through brute force, rather than to the noble benefactors who, working on the spiritual, mental and material planes, have steadily raised the condition of mankind and advanced the civilization of the world. The career of Mr. Burbank furnishes a striking illustration of the true victor who through conquering on the material plane wins noble triumphs, but who nevertheless

receives small comparative recognition for his services. Here we find, while the press and public have been engrossed with the consideration of the men of force—the Cæsars, the Alexanders, the Napoleons and the leaders in the last three wars—this servant of science, this benefactor of his nation, has quietly and persistently wrested from the great Mother secret after secret and has supplemented her work in a manner more marvelous than the achievements described by the vivid imagination of the most daring romancer. While our press has been engaged in controversies on the relative virtues and merits of Sampson and Schley, of the British leaders and the Boer chieftains, of the Russian generals and the Japanese leaders, Mr. Burbank has been contributing to the world's wealth discoveries that mean millions and hundreds of millions of dollars to the nation, and through the transformation and improvement of fruits and vegetables and through utilization of plants that have hitherto been worthless, but which grow on land which will sustain no other form of vegetation.

In the transformation of the cactus it is highly probable that Mr. Burbank has achieved a victory which will mean more in the increase of material wealth to the United States than all possible revenue that can come to us from colonial territories; and this victory and enrichment has come without the sacrifice of principles, without the lowering of ideals, without entailing any sorrow, any misery or any wrong to a single soul.

A TRIUMPH THAT PROMISES TO MAKE PRO-
DUCTIVE MILLIONS OF ACRES OF
DESERT WASTE.

The common cactus, which flourishes all over Mexico and in various portions of the United States, notably in the desert regions of Arizona, New Mexico and Colorado, has

long been regarded as well-nigh worthless. It is true that the fruit of this plant has been utilized by the inhabitants of the districts in which it grows, but for the most part the plant has been considered comparatively worthless and an encumberer of the soil, owing to the fact that it is covered with cruel spikes and thorns and also that the leaves are filled with spicules—a fibrous or woody substance which of itself would render it unfit for food for animals, even if the plant had not been protected by the long spike-like thorns. Now Mr. Burbank has so transformed the cactus that he has eliminated the spikes or thorns and also the spicules or woody fiber from the leaves, making the rejuvenated cactus one of the most delicious, succulent, and nutritious food-products for cattle and other stock, as well as an important article of food for man. The young leaves, when cooked like egg-plant, form a delicious vegetable, while the improved fruit will doubtless become an important article of diet. There are two varieties of this fruit, the pulp of one variety being crimson, the other golden in color. In each instance the pulp is filled with seeds, like the

fig. The fruit is slightly acid, very refreshing and of delicious flavor. The New Burbank cactus, like its ancestors, flourishes well in the desert regions. Its growth is rapid. In the course of three years it reaches gigantic stature and it will grow far in the north as well as in the southern countries. Mr. Burbank believes that on account of its thriving so well in various desert regions this cactus can be made to produce food sufficient for double the present population of the world. Each full-grown plant is stored with hundreds of pounds of food products, and thus it is not unlikely that in the course of a few years millions upon millions of acres of arid land in the southwest, as well as throughout other parts of the Rocky mountains and far down through Mexico and South America, will be covered with the new cactus and afford sustenance for countless herds of cattle and stock. And if half the anticipations of Mr. Burbank in this respect are realized, he will by this victory alone have contributed inestimably to the real material wealth of the world, and contributed in a manner wholly beneficent.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.*

The Spanish Conquest in America. By Sir Arthur Helps. New Edition. Edited by M. Oppenheim. Four volumes. Cloth. Price, per set, \$6.00 net. New York: John Lane.

AMONG the many important contributions made to historical literature by Anglo-Saxon scholars in the nineteenth century, *The Spanish Conquest in America*, by Sir Arthur Helps, deserves an important place, in spite of its many faults; for here as in few similar histories dealing with the Spanish discoveries, conquests and colonization in the New World, we have the bold facts, in so far as patient industry and scholarly research at this late date are able to gather them, marshaled before the reader in an interesting if not a particularly brilliant manner.

More than forty years have elapsed since the last volume of this famous history was first published, and yet so careful was the historian in verifying his facts that M. Oppenheim, the present editor, has found but few amendaments necessary, and most of his notes "are in the nature of expansions rather than corrections." Nor is this surprising when we remember that this history was the fruit of long, patient and conscientious research, concerned almost wholly with the original sources of historical information relating to the period discussed. The author enjoyed exceptional advantages, having access to the Spanish repositories which held the reports, annals and histories of the monkish scholars, officials and travelers whose records offer practically the only accounts we have of the history of the Spaniards at this period in the New World.

It was not the original intention of Sir Arthur to write a history of the character of the present work. He was engaged in the study of the slave-trade in Latin America, but in obtaining his data for that work the fascination which this most marvelous chapter in history exerted over his imagination led to his self-surrender to a subject that must ever be most enthralling to the imagination of the historian. With a treasure-house of original data thrown open to him, it is not strange, perhaps, that the author gave him-

self up all too wholly to the historical mentors who lived and wrote in an age when religious fanaticism was at its apogee and when all that was wrought in the name of the Church was to the monkish writers justified, until his thought became colored by the amazing views of the clerical writers who found nothing but praise for the monarchs who established the Spanish Inquisition and who despoiled, exiled and were directly responsible for the slaughter and miserable death of hundreds of thousands of Jews and the despoliation of their daughters,—monarchs who sought to crush out free thought and honest investigation as they crushed the Moorish civilization. These priestly writers who pursued their vocations under the shadow of the throne and, so to speak, lived by the favor of the Most Catholic Queen and her consort, found no cause for complaint in the infamous acts of the Inquisition. Now while it is perhaps not surprising that such writers constantly indulged in adulation of Queen Isabella, and that they constantly sought to justify or apologize for crimes committed in the New World by those who carried the Cross in one hand and the sword in the other, we cannot refrain from wonder that a nineteenth-century historian could so allow himself to be influenced by the thought of writers of the sixteenth century as has Sir Arthur Helps. Here, it seems to us, lies the great weakness of this author—a weakness which we imagine was due mainly to that strange psychological influence which writers not unfrequently exercise over the thought of sensitive and receptive brains who are in a sympathetic attitude, and which seriously impairs the critical or judicial quality so important in an historian.

He who would faithfully represent an age, era or people, must have at his command all the authentic data obtainable. He must be acquainted with the acts of the master-spirits in the scenes described, as narrated by eye-witnesses and contemporaneous writers. But this is not everything. He must be able to rise above the narrow range of vision that ever limits those in the presence of actions described, and he must be able to absorb the facts of history without allowing the prejudices and bias of the writers to influence his judgment. He who would write con-

*Books intended for review in THE ARENA should be addressed to B. O. Flower, Editorial Department, THE ARENA, Boston, Mass.

vincingly of the sixteenth century must in addition to the possession of the stories as told by the various annalists, from Columbus down through the period of conquest and colonization, have the twentieth-century range of vision which will give him a sense of historical proportion absolutely impossible to the writers of the sixteenth century. And he must rise above the limitations of creed and bigotry, of dogma and prejudice, and in the full light of succeeding generations be able to picture the age he describes with the broad vision of a philosopher and the impartiality of a jurist.

This is what it seems to us that Sir Arthur Helps has failed in many instances to accomplish. He was apparently afraid lest the modern view might influence his thought and has, as it were, allowed the thinkers of the sixteenth century to describe his mental horizon when it comes to the consideration of many things—notably the life and action of Isabella, and the partial justification of slavery as made by the theologians and other opportunists of the elder age. Had he studied the history of the sixteenth, seventeenth, eighteenth and nineteenth centuries more broadly, and even read the able works of the more modern historians who have written on the same subject, his work would have been incomparably better proportioned; but he himself confesses that he so far as possible closed his eyes to the work of the more modern historians. Thus in a prefatory note to Volume III. he says:

"The reader will observe that there are scarcely any allusions in this work to the kindred works of modern writers on the same subject. . . . I felt, however, from the first that my object in investigating this portion of history was different from theirs, and I wished to keep my mind clear from the influence which these same persons might have exercised upon it. Moreover, while admitting fully the advantage to be derived from the study of these modern writers, I thought that it was better upon the whole to have a work composed from independent sources, which would convey the impression that the original documents had made upon another mind."

It has seemed to us necessary to emphasize this serious fault in an otherwise admirable historical work, that the reader might peruse it with a knowledge of its limitations. Thus, while enjoying its wealth of facts and infor-

mation, he would be on his guard against the influence of unwarranted conclusions and opinions which are merely the reflex of those of the writers of the Isabellian time.

In most other respects the history is an extremely valuable one. It is well written. Its facts are marshaled with skill. The story, while having special reference to the history of slavery in connection with the Spanish conquests and colonizations, deals with the whole series of facts embraced in the discovery of America by Columbus and the explorations, conquests and settlements by the Spaniards. Indeed, this history should find a place in all libraries where special attention is given to the early discoveries and conquests in the New World.

The work was divided by Sir Arthur into twenty-one divisions or books, embracing the period extending from Columbus' discoveries to the conquests of Pizarro and dealing with the most wonderful and fairy-like passages in the annals of the ages—a passage which, sad to say, is darkened at every turn by deeds of savagery, treachery and brutality by the men who claimed to be Christians.

The present edition, which has been ably edited by M. Oppenheim, is illustrated with numerous maps which very materially add to the importance of the work.

Love Triumphant. Poems by Frederic Lawrence Knowles. Cloth. Pp. 168. Boston: Dana Estes & Company.

THIS volume is one of the very few books of poems that have appeared on this side of the Atlantic in recent years that is really worth possessing. The author is a poet of genuine power, a singer who we believe will become a worthy successor to our greatest singers of the last century; for in addition to real poetic imagination and an excellent command of language, here also is found that moral note that though not peculiar to our singers must be present in the songs of any American bard who would gain a permanent place in literature. The American public demands that its poets shall be prophets; that they shall be in deed and in truth bearers of messages from the Infinite. There must be present the ethical note and that atmosphere of true democracy that speaks of justice, breadth of spirit and the soul of brotherhood. In many other lands, since Grecian literature was in her glory, grace of style, rhythmic cadence and beauty of expression

and imagery have been sufficient to give poets high places in literature. Not so in a land of democracy in which the ethical note has ever been strong. During recent years, while the republic has been wandering after strange gods and aping the imperialistic and despotic spirit of monarchical lands, too frequently making the gauge of success the acquisition of gold rather than rectitude of purpose and beneficence of action, several versifiers have striven to gain the popular ear by singing little nothings or composing pretty verses that are wanting in any moral enthusiasm, nobility of purpose or ethical force, but that have signally failed to receive anything like popular recognition; while our greatest living poet of democracy, Edwin Markham, whose work is instinct with lofty moral enthusiasm and the spirit of brotherhood, has gained a foremost place among the true poets, as well as enshrining himself in the affections of America's millions.

In Mr. Knowles' poems we find the imaginative genius of the true poet, the grace of the accomplished versifier and the prophet's high and noble appeal to the reason and sense of right in man, all in so eminent a degree that his work holds for us a special charm—a charm indeed greater than that of any other recent poetic work except Mr. Markham's two volumes.

Love Triumphant, as its title indicates, is devoted to love in its multitudinous manifestations. It is pitched in a high and optimistic key, but is free from that vicious pseudo-optimism that closes its eyes to the evils on every hand or that tries to see good in tendencies and manifestations that are essentially evil and retrogressive. Thus in that division of his poems which deals with patriotism or love of country, we find the following from a little poem entitled "The Christmas for America":

"I hear no angels in the skies,
I hear the toiler mourn his lot,—
I catch a thousand mingled cries:
'Fate rules,' 'God is,' and 'God is not.'

I see no hillsides gray with sheep,
I meet no Magi on the road;
I see the crippled beggar creep,
Striving to stand beneath his load.

O Nazareth Carpenter who cursed
The pride and avarice of thy day,
We would observe thy birth, but first
Thy Sermon on the Mount obey.

If thou shouldst come once more to men
In this, the later Promised Land,
Would not thy great heart break again
To find these wrongs on every hand:

Labor, heart-smitten, left to die,
Beneath the feet of conquest hurled,
Or, lifting hatred's torch on high,
Wreaking revenge upon the world?

O galaxy of virgin States,
White constellation of all time!—
What blackness as of death awaits
If these pure stars grow dark with crime!

I have no holy land but thee,
Nation whose hills and prairies wait
The new, the last Nativity,—
That justice which shall make us great!

Vast, wide-stretched land! Though years are
long,
When Love's great ends are served in us,
We shall be clean as well as strong,
Kind as we are victorious!"

In a poem entitled "Dives and Lazarus, 1904," Mr. Knowles, after a metrical rendering of the parable of Jesus, turns to the Dives of our day with stern words that sound not unlike those of the prophets of earlier times:

"Sleek and plunder-fed,
Dives of to-day,
Hoard your wine and bread
While you may!

Gorge in kingly state!—
But that gaunt and grim
Lazarus at your gate—
What of him!

Call your thefts 'a trust'—
Words can have no weight
With the always just
Scales of Fate.

Hospitals and schools
Built on public fraud
Are a sop that fools
Throw at God!"

How refreshing and true to the call of the New Time are these words, pregnant with that moral virility that gives vitality to a literature no less than to a people:

"We have sonnets enough, and songs enough
And ballads enough, God knows!
But we want to-day that cosmic stuff
Whence primitive feeling glows,

Grown, organized to the needs of rhyme
Through the old instinctive laws,
With a meaning broad as the boughs of time
And deep as the roots of cause.

It is passion and power that we need to-day,
We have grace and taste full store;
We need a man who will say his say
With a strength unguessed before:—

No lips that sing at a patron's nod
For the price of a jester's crust,
But a voice whose sagas shall live with God
When the lyres of earth are rust;—

A soul, though clean of the stains of lust,
Which loves all God calls fair,
With feet that are soiled with the common dust,
And nature honest and bare;—

A man who will heed the cry of the poor
Clutched fast in the claws of greed,
Who will fight to the death for the sound and sure
In the smoky battles of creed;—

A spirit deaf to alluring sounds
More siren than Truth's command,
God's athlete, wrestling with all that wounds
Home, honor, and native land;

Whose lines shall glow like molten steel
From being forged in his soul,
Till the very anvil shall burn to feel
The breath of the quenchless coal!

Your dainty wordsters may cry, 'Uncouth!'
As they shrink from his bellows' glow,
But the fire he fans is immortal youth,
And how should the bloodless know!"

Turning from the poems in which the writer appeals for justice for the poor and less fortunate ones to those that reflect his religious ideals, we find that here, even more clearly than in the other rhymes, the ethical note rings forth clear and strong. Mr. Knowles' verses reveal lofty spirituality and a noble faith absolutely free from the soul-trammels of dogmatic theology and narrow creedalism. There is nothing reactionary about his verses, no cringing to ancient forms and rites or outgrown creeds. That pitiful shrinking from the exercise of reason—God's noblest gift to man—which so marks the drift of present-day religious thought, is wholly absent from his lines. Indeed, we see him in perfect rapport with the high, fine and true concepts of our wonderful new age. Something of this splendid breadth of thought may be gleaned from the following poem entitled "The Larger View":

"In buds upon some Aaron's rod
The childlike ancient saw his God;
Less credulous, more believing, we
Read in the grass—Divinity.

From Horeb's bush the Presence spoke
To earlier faiths and simpler folk;
But now each bush that sweeps our fence
Flames with the awful Immanence!

To old Zacchæus in his tree
What mattered leaves and botany?
His sycamore was but a seat
Whence he could watch that hallowed street.

But now to us each elm and pine
Is vibrant with the Voice divine,
Not only from but in the bough
Our larger creed beholds Him now.

To the true faith, bark, sap and stem
Are wonderful as Bethlehem;
No hill nor brook nor field nor herd
But mangers the Incarnate Word!

Far be it from our lips to cast
Contempt upon the holy past—
Whate'er the Finger writes we scan
In Sinai, prophecies, or man.

Again we touch the healing hem
In Nazareth or Jerusalem;
We trace again those faultless years;
The cross commands our wondering tears

Yet if to us the Spirit writes
On morning's manuscript and Night's,
In gospels of the growing grain,
Epistles of the pond and plain,

In stars, in atoms, as they roll,
Each tireless round its occult pole,
In wing and worm and fin and fleece,
In the wise soil's surpassing peace,—

Thrice ingrate he whose only look
Is backward focussed on the Book,
Neglectful what the Presence saith,
Though He be near as blood and breath!

The only atheist is one
Who hears no Voice in wind or sun,
Believer in some primal curse,
Deaf in God's loving universe!"

This poem reminds us of Whittier's beautiful lines:

"O friend! we need nor rock nor sand,
Nor storied stream of Morning-Land;
The heavens are glassed in Merrimack,—
What more could Jordan render back?

We lack but open eye and ear
To find the Orient's marvels here;—
The still, small voice in autumn's hush,
Yon maple wood the burning bush."

Indeed, Mr. Knowles constantly suggests Whittier's thought and his moral and spiritual enthusiasm, though the younger poet is broader and freer in his religious concepts, and his rhymes are far more perfect than were those of the elder singer. In the following lines from "Credo" we have a fine expression of the poet's religious ideals:

"I know no sin except the lack of love,
I recognize the victory in defeat;
No gulf divides life here from life above,
I spell perfection in the incomplete.

A foe to dogma, still I hold a creed,
For I believe that all life brings is good,
That sharing bread and wine with men who need
Is the new sacrament of brotherhood.

I know the way we tread is rough and long,
And yet to toil and bleed am nothing loth,
And thus I journey homeward with a song,
Since in the very struggle lies my growth.

Joy! only joy! for love is there and here—
Peace, only peace! though desperate my distress;
I find no foeman in the road but Fear—
To doubt is failure, and to dare, success!"

Here also, in the little waif entitled "The Answer," we have a beautiful ethical lesson:

"Make of my heart," I cried, 'a lyre whereon
The wind of man's desire shall sweep some string
Into immortal music; utterly gone
My dearest hopes unless I gain this thing';
Then the calm Voice: 'Nay, son, thy prayer is wild,
But thou mayest feed, for Me, an hungry child.'

'Give me to die in some supreme emprise,
And, falling, shout, "They flee, the field is ours";
When Stephen raised to Heav'n those angel eyes,
The stones that crush'd his body seem'd like flowers;
A martyr's or a warrior's death be mine!
'Nay, dreamer, thou must learn to serve, not shine.'

'Yea, let me serve; be mine the holy wrath
Which deals the hurt of Vice its deadliest thrust,
Better a thousand perils in my path
Than such sad safety where the roads are dust';
'Nay, child, thy peril is thy restless will,—
Thy task is patience; suffer and be still!'

'O Infinite Love, I lean my heart on Thine!
The humblest task Thou hast my joy shall be!
Behold, the sandiest pathways grow divine
If so these leagues of desert lead toward Thee;
Come joy or pain, Thy will not mine be done.'
'At last thy prayer is answered, O my son!'"

In "Love Immortal" is found a further expression of the author's religious convictions. He seems to us to strike the keynote of the living faith of the future as clearly as any of our great singers of the new epoch—the omnipresence of Deity and the all-compelling and exalting power of Love.

"Churches, nay, I count you vain,—
Lifting high a gloomy spire,
Like some frozen form of pain
Aching up to meet desire;
Standing from God's poor apart—
Granite walls and granite heart!

Sects, ye have your day, and die,
Eddies in the stream of truth,—
The great current, sweeping by,
Leaves you swirled in shapes uncouth,
Born to writhe, and glint, and woo—
Broken mirrors of the Blue.

Creeds!—O captured heavenly bird,
Fluttering heart and folded wing!
Shall ye see those pinions stirred?
Can your caged Creation sing?
Will ye herald as your prize
What was bred to soar the skies?

Rites and pomp, what part have ye
In the service of the heart?
Rituals are but mummery,
Faith's white flame is snuffed by art;
Candles be but wick and wax,
Alms have grown the temple-tax.

Yet the East is red with dawn,
Like a cross where One hath bled!
And upon that splendor drawn—
Gentle eyes and arms outspread—
See that figure stretched above!
As God lives! its name is Love!

Love that lights the fireless brands,
Love that cares for world and wren,
Bleeding from the broken hands—
Crowned with thorns that conquer men;
Only Love's great eyes inspire
Church, sect, creed to glow with fire.

Yet our lips shall have no sneer
For the spire, the mosque, the ark,
Broken symbols shall be dear
If they point us through the dark,—
Laws and scripture served our youth
Who have grown the sons of truth!"

Many of the poems dealing with personal love and sentiment are exquisite and will be treasured by all who appreciate what the highest and truest thing vouchsafed to man really means. The following is, in our judgment, one of the sweetest little sentimental waifs of our time:

"Helen's lips are drifting dust;
Ilion is consumed with rust;
All the galleons of Greece
Drink the ocean's dreamless peace;
Lost with Solomon's purple show
Restless centuries ago;
Stately empires wax and wane—
Babylon, Barbary, and Spain;—
Only one thing, undefaced,
Lasts, though all the worlds lie waste
And the heavens are overturned.
—Dear, how long ago we learned!

There's a sight that blinds the sun,
Sound that lives when sounds are done,
Music that rebukes the birds,
Language lovelier than words,
Hue and scent that shame the rose,
Wine no earthly vineyard knows,
Silence stiller than the shore

Swept by Charon's stealthy oar,
Ocean more divinely free
Than Pacific's boundless sea,—
Ye who love have learn'd it true.
—Dear, how long ago we knew!”

One of the best poems in the volume is the following sonnet entitled “If Love Were Jester at the Court of Death”:

“If Love were jester at the court of Death,
And Death the king of all, still would I pray,
‘For me the motley and the bauble, yea,
Though all be vanity, as the Preacher saith,
The mirth of Love be mine for one brief breath!’
Then would I kneel the monarch to obey,
And kiss that pale hand, should it spare or slay;
Since I have tasted love, what mattereth!

But if, dear God! this heart be dry as sand,
And cold as Charon's palm holding Hell's toll,
How worse, how worse! Scorch it with sorrow's
brand!

Haply, though dead to joy, 't would feel *that*
coal;

Better a cross, and nails through either hand,
Than Pilate's palace and a frozen soul!”

Here, too, are some tender sentimental verses worthy of our poet. Our rushing, materialistic, money-crazed world sneers at the holiest and sweetest things of life and in so doing lowers the ideals, blunts the finer sensibilities and takes from existence the most exquisite and refining influence and that which is susceptible of yielding the purest and truest pleasure. Hence we hail with gladness all poems that deal in a fine way with love. The love of a lover, the husband or wife; the love of the parent, and that of man for man and of man for the Infinite,—all, all are elevating and worthy—all are refining and ennobling.

“When Memory was a desert
And Life a dungeon wall,
When Hope became a harlot
That lured me to my fall,
When June had lost its old perfume
And Poetry its glow—
There flashed a sense of wings and bloom—
Of joys that stir and grow!
The thorns became a chaplet
Upon my bleeding brow,—
Night fled; the world was sunrise!—
O dearest, it was thou!

My heart was lost to feeling,
I could not weep nor smile,
I had no joy of music,—
O 't was a weary while!
I lived within a sodden trance
That knew nor faith nor fears,
My soul was blind as sightless Chance,
A ghost that mocked the years;
When lo! a gentle whisper,
A kiss upon my brow!
The arms of love were round me!—
O dearest, it was thou!

And though 't is still a marvel—
The rapture and the wings,
My heart has learned the wonder
Of love that serves and sings,
Now can I welcome June again
And watch her roses blow,
Once more I find the world of men
A conflict, not a show.
From worse than death awakened,
Whence came the spell and how?
God's angel must have touched me—
Nay, darling, it was thou!”

We close this notice with a tender and poetic little waif describing the coming and the going of one of those rare, sweet buds of earth and heaven that are with us but a day ere the summons comes:

“He came to her in the early dawn,
And lived in her arms one day,
But the little baby soul was tired,
It had fared such a long, long way.

She thought it was only an earthly flower,
Though the sweetest ever blown,
Nor guess'd how in that blossoming life
Was an angel made her own.

But a whisper grew at the lips of the world,
The sun rode, hush'd and high,
She look'd, and caught the eye of God
As the sorrowing winds went by;

And her heart lay close to the Heart of All,
While the morning held its breath,
Ah me! the messenger stole so near,
And the name on his wings was Death!

And in the silence the truth grew plain—
How a finer soil than ours
Is needed to ripen the fairest souls
For the garden of heavenly flowers.

And the child, when the summons came at dusk,
Looked up with its eyes of blue
Straight into the vision, as though to say,
‘How long I have watched for you!’

Then fell back cold on its mother's breast—
And she knew, though her eyes were dim,
While this meant torturing grief for her,
It was endless peace for him.

And the flowers they sent to the lonely room
Wither'd beside her bed,
But her little immortal flower was safe;—
She smiled when they call'd it dead!”

We have quoted freely from this volume because we believe the poems will give pleasure to our readers, and also for the purpose of acquainting them with this young poet of promise.

Africa from South to North Through Marot-seland. By Major A. St. H. Gibbons, F. R. G. S., R. C. I., author of *Exploration and Hunting in Central Africa.* With

numerous illustrations from Photographs, together with Maps. Two volumes. Price, \$7.50 net. New York: John Lane.

IT IS SAID that the Arctic explorer in quest of the Pole, who passes a certain limit, is bitten by the genius of the North and henceforth, let him return to his native home never so many times, after a period of waiting the old fever returns, the passion for the North overmasters him so completely that he fares forth again and again until at last he returns no more. Since Livingstone's time Africa has held a spell almost as compelling as the Arctic region for those daring spirits who have once penetrated into the heart of the Dark Continent. Almost invariably, after a brief sojourn in their homes, the call of the tropic jungle rings so insistently in their ears that there is no rest for them until they obey the summons.

The author of this fascinating and interesting work of travel, Major A. St. H. Gibbons, had previously traveled extensively in Africa, and on his return he had published an important work on the Dark Continent. But his former travels only served to intensify his desire to penetrate into unknown regions and to perform an important service for his country and the world in correctly mapping that large region of Africa lying north and west of the Transvaal, known as Marotseland. Then, too, the late Cecil Rhodes was extremely desirous of having reliable and expert information that would materially assist England in deciding the course for the Cape-to-Cairo railway. Accordingly, primarily in the interest of geographical science and secondarily for the furtherance of British development in Africa, Major Gibbons made the extensive tour covering a distance of more than thirteen thousand miles, largely through unexplored regions.

The present work, which contains the result of this extensive travel and exploration, is written in a charming style, simple, direct and convincing. The story abounds in interesting incidents, some of which are highly exciting. On more than one occasion the author was in great peril from hostile natives and wounded wild beasts. Some of his experiences were depressing in the extreme, as for example, when he came upon the wrecks of villages which had been the theater of deadly conflicts between rival and warring tribes, and where the scenes of carnage and desolation were as gruesome as

they were sickening in character. At other times he found whole villages and communities perishing from starvation and disease.

But such gloomy and depressing scenes were relieved by many experiences which afford the explorer and the huntsman the keenest pleasure. Much of the country traversed revealed a vast empire of inestimable potential wealth, a continent that will doubtless some day be the theater of as great a civilization as humanity has ever known.

The descriptions of the natural scenery, the vegetation and the animal life, and the various native bands and tribes are given with delightful simplicity and directness, possessing the charm of a personal narration by an admirable story-teller. Persons who enjoy well-written works of travel in little-known lands will be delighted with these volumes; while for the Englishman interested in the daring scheme of development outlined and inaugurated by the late Cecil Rhodes, and which comprehends the settlement of the Continent along the line of the proposed Cape-to-Cairo railway, this story will hold a peculiar charm.

Quite apart from its interest and special worth to the Englishman, is its value on account of the new and interesting geographical information it contains. The author traversed the Zambesi to its source and found that all previous map-makers have been misled in regard to the direction of the river near its source, owing to their following the report of Dr. Livingstone based on the statements given that pioneer explorer by the natives. Other observations, such as the probable height of certain mountains, will do much to settle mooted questions, while the author's reports on the soil, vegetation and animal life of the various regions are of course informing and valuable.

The work is handsomely gotten up, carrying a great number of half-tone illustrations made from photographs taken by Major Gibbons. Each volume contains a pocket in which are maps of the author's journeyings and the countries traversed, mounted on cloth. Altogether *Africa from South to North* is one of the most important works of travel of recent years.

The Demonism of the Ages and Spirit Obsession. By J. M. Peebles, M.D., A.M. Cloth. Pp. 382. Price, \$1.00. Battle

Creek, Michigan: The Peebles Medical Institute.

UNTIL very recently the field of psychic science has been the dark continent in the realm of scientific research. Only along the fringe of its outer shores have men attempted to explore, and their conclusions and speculations have been so bewilderingly contradictory and at times mutually exclusive than not a few of earth's greatest scientists have illogically concluded that this was a forbidden land—a realm of impenetrable darkness. This treason to the sacred demands of science, this abdicating of the high duties imposed by reason in the presence of difficult and perplexing problems, is unworthy of our age and time; and more and more are the great thinkers and the men of faith and courage realizing this fact. Psychology and psychic science have during the past quarter of a century received a greater degree of critical and sympathetic attention from eminent men in various walks of life than ever before in the history of civilization. Now as at no previous period are master-minds coming to feel as did William Ewart Gladstone, when in conversation with the late Frederic W. H. Myers he said, concerning the work of the English Society for Psychical Research: "It is the most important work being done in the world to-day—by far the most important." In the presence of such a growing interest in psychic problems it is perhaps not strange that the first edition of Dr. J. M. Peebles' new and extremely thought-stimulating and suggestive work entitled *The Demonism of the Ages*, should be exhausted within a few months of its publication, and that the sale of the second edition was well advanced before its issuance from the press.

Dr. Peebles is and has long been a prominent Christian Spiritualist and a leading thinker of erudition and courage—a man of broad vision and ever actuated by a passion for the truth. He has faithfully studied psychic phenomena and the views, theories and speculations advanced by master-thinkers of every age and land. He has made four journeys around the world, spending much time in China, Japan, Ceylon, India, and other Oriental lands, studying the phenomena popularly known as demonism with something of the same painstaking care with which Charles Darwin, Alfred Russel Wallace and other great physical scientists

have studied the phenomena of life. His conclusions are widely at variance with those of a large number of Spiritualists, and indeed we doubt whether his writings have been more severely criticized in any quarter than in the household of his own faith. But being thoroughly convinced in regard to the accuracy of his theories, he has not hesitated to boldly and exhaustively discuss this problem in the light of history and present-day happenings, marshaling a vast array of facts and treating the subject in an exceptionally able manner.

Among the chapters that constitute this work are the following that will afford some intelligent idea of its scope and character: "Evil Spirits and Their Influences," "Chinese Spiritism," "Demoniac Possession in Japan and Korea," "Demoniacal Obsessions and Possessions in India," "The Demonism of the Ancient Greeks," "Judean Obsessions and the Actions of Demons in Jesus' Time," "Obsessions of the Early Methodists and Others," "Obsession, Witchcraft and Insanity," "Swedenborg and His Obsessing Spirits," "Spiritism and Demonism *versus* Spiritualism," "Rescue Work on the Borderland," and "Spiritualism as It Is, and the Message It Has for the World."

The subject of demonism is as old as civilization. Among the Greeks, those who heard voices and whose conduct was seemingly governed by influences supernormal in character were supposed to be in intimate relationship with the gods and were as a rule treated with great consideration and tenderness. For this reason the abnormal or insane of Greece received kind consideration and gentle treatment that contrasted most boldly with the treatment accorded those similarly affected among other nations, and especially in the Christian world, up to the birth of the last century. Among the Jews, owing to the law relating to witchcraft, those who were not recognized as prophets were characterized as having demons and were ostracized in many instances. At the time of Jesus, many were brought to him and by the majesty of his command, it is said, were cured. During subsequent ages all persons mentally abnormal or who were gifted with psychic power, if they offended the church, were regarded as having devils, and as a result underwent horrible cruelties and outrages. Indeed, there is no passage in Christian history so black as that which deals with the treatment of the insane as well as

those who were abnormal in regard to psychic powers. It was not until well into the second quarter of the nineteenth century that the subject of psychic science began to receive scientific attention. The great wave of psychic phenomena that followed the Rochester rappings gave rise to modern Spiritualism, which has numbered among its outspoken advocates or those who have accepted its central claim such distinguished thinkers as Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace, Sir William Crookes, Camille Flammarion, Victorien Sardou, William Lloyd Garrison, Rev. Heber Newton, Rev. Minot J. Savage, Rev. I. K. Funk, Professor Joseph Rodes Buchanan, and scores of other thinkers who have stood in the fore-front of the world's advanced thought. But perhaps the interest in psychic phenomena of all kinds has been more stimulated by the distinguished services of the English Society for Psychical Research and other learned bodies composed largely of the most eminent psychologists and working scientists of the world. As has already been observed, the theory of demonology is rejected by many. A large proportion of the more materialistic thinkers within and without the churches, as well as a goodly proportion of Spiritualists, reject the belief *in toto*. On the other hand there is a large and, we think, growing number who, like Dr. Peebles, accept the belief and hold that there is valid evidence upon which to base their theories, if, indeed, the evidence is not of a thoroughly conclusive character.

No person who wishes to study the new psychology or psychic science in an exhaustive manner should fail to read this volume, which is unquestionably the ablest work of the kind that has appeared.

Mysterious Mr. Sabin. By E. Phillips Oppenheim. Cloth. Pp. 398. Price, \$1.50. Boston: Little, Brown & Company.

TO THE host of novel-readers who enjoy stirring, romantic fiction of the general character of Dumas' *Count of Monte Cristo*, this ingenious story by Mr. Oppenheim will afford keen delight. It is one of the most clever mystery tales of recent years, abounding in highly dramatic situations, with a strong and well-sustained love interest. The absorbed attention of the reader is assured from the opening chapters, unless he be a stickler for the element of probability, which here, as in the romances of the elder Dumas

and in some of the most exciting tales by Conan Doyle, is conspicuous by its absence. We mention Conan Doyle with the elder Dumas, as both these writers will frequently come to mind when reading this romance, though there is nothing that even remotely suggests imitation in the work of Mr. Oppenheim.

We think that the present work is not so admirable a novel as *A Prince of Sinners*, for the reason that in the preceding romance the elements that were out of the common or that would especially impress the casual reader as being most improbable, were in all instances conspicuously true to what might and indeed most probably would have resulted under the conditions described, as any student of advanced psychology will agree. But in the present story there are many situations and happenings that are highly improbable, and in some instances practically impossible; so the illusion that is a vital factor for many critical lovers of good fiction is absent. Barring this grave fault, however, the story is almost all that the lover of romantic fiction could desire. It is well written, quick in movement, and so exciting in character that the weary mind of the reader is rested because taken for the time being completely out of consciousness of its present environment, while the ending of the tale is pleasing, especially as it relates to the hero and heroine.

The novel is chiefly concerned with a mysterious personage who under the pseudonym of Mr. Sabin hides his real identity. He is one of the elder representatives of the royal family of France. His *protégée* and niece, Hélène, belongs to the Bourbon family and is betrothed to another representative of the same house. A plot is under way to deliver England, through the sale of full information as to her coast-defences and lack of defences, the strong and weak points in her navy, and other knowledge of vital interest, to an enemy—either Russia or Germany—on condition that the power that purchases the secrets shall overthrow the French republic and reinstate the Bourbon prince and princess on the ancient throne after England has been conquered. Germany accepts the offer. In the meantime the beautiful princess has fallen in love with an English nobleman whose house her uncle, Mr. Sabin, is rifling in search of papers written by the lord's father descriptive of the weak points in England's coast defences. Around these

facts is woven a tale abounding in plots and replete with unexpected happenings.

The Monk's Treasure. By George Horton. Cloth. Pp. 391. Price, \$1.50. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

THOSE who love a story for the story's sake will be sure to enjoy Mr. Horton's latest romance of love and adventure among the isles of Greece. The hero, a young American, is sent by his uncle, the manufacturer of a famous brand of baking-powder, to secure if possible a monopoly of all the argols produced in the wine-making regions of the country, the argols being an important ingredient of cream of tartar. The uncle's parting injunction to his nephew is not to allow himself to become interested in any of the women he may meet in his journeyings. This the young man readily promises. His failure to live up to this promise and his accidental discovery of an enormous treasure which he has reason to believe has been dishonestly acquired by the inmates of a monastery on one of the small Greek islands, lead to some highly exciting and melodramatic adventures, in which the hero, the monks, a jealous Greek lover and a beautiful Greek servant who proves to be an Italian princess of high rank, figure prominently.

The story is written solely to entertain, and anyone desiring a few hours' mental relaxation cannot do better than to take up *The Monk's Treasure*.

AMY C. RICH.

Her Fiancé. By Josephine Daskam. Illustrated. Cloth. Pp. 164. Price, \$1.00. Philadelphia: The Henry Altemus Company.

THE TITLE of this book is taken from the first of the four stories that make up the volume, which are tales of girl-life in college. They are well written, bright and interesting and will be highly appreciated by college girls and those who have recently left educational institutions, but they will also entertain many lovers of readable fiction. "Her Little Sister" and "The Adventures of an Uncle" are especially commendable. In "Her Little Sister" the author has impressed a lesson of great value for young wives. The concluding chapter is composed of a school-girl's letters and for general readers will hold less interest than the more connected and coherent stories.

The Pearl of the Antilles. By Professor Frederic M. Noa. Cloth. Pp. 84. Price, 75 cents. Boston: The American Unitarian Association.

THIS little volume by Professor Noa is a painstaking, lucid and interesting narration of the causes which provoked the last Cuban insurrection and the aggravating circumstances that led to the United States declaring war with Spain. The author shows how persistently blind, arrogant, merciless and unjust was the policy of the Spanish government toward this once marvelously rich portion of her domain. He shows that though Cuba remained faithful when one by one almost every American dependency broke away from the Spanish throne, her fidelity was rewarded by increased oppression and the most cruel exploitation. One by one the rights formerly enjoyed were taken away. The lives of her citizens were rendered insecure and their property was constantly falling a prey to the cupidity of the foreign masters and their favorites; while every protest was met with the most cruel punishment, and revolts were either mercilessly crushed or the rebels were led to believe that favorable terms would be granted them, but the moment their position became defenceless all promises were abrogated. Though a small work, this is an important historical record, possessing far more than ephemeral interest and value.

Uncooked Foods and How to Use Them. By Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Christian. Cloth. Pp. 246. 151 West 23d Street, New York: The Health Culture Company.

THE AUTHORS of this work contend that man in his simple state, when living on nuts, grains, fruits, etc., was far healthier than at the present time, because he was conforming much more nearly to natural laws and requirements than since he began to cook his foods and adopt all kinds of artificial and made dishes, many of which contain chemicals that are antagonistic and which, when in combination, tend to neutralize the nutritive effect through weakening the action of the digestive fluids. Other foods are so combined as to overtax the stomach. Then again, the authors claim that healthful combinations of natural uncooked foods are quickly and easily assimilated, favoring a normal and healthy body and a sound mind as natural resultants. In the third place the

saving of time and drudgery for the housewife and the partial solving of the vexatious servant question are urged with great force and reasonableness.

Following the arguments are full directions for the preparation of various articles of diet from uncooked foods, menus, and hints for the guidance of those who would give this diet a fair trial. The authors feel absolutely confident that he who faithfully and earnestly makes the experiment of living on uncooked foods for a reasonable time will be so benefited in health that he will not return to the old way.

On the day on which we received this volume for review, a letter came from a friend in New York, a prominent journalist and magazine writer. In it he said:

"I have requested Mr. and Mrs. Christian to send *THE ARENA* their book on *Uncooked Foods* for notice in your magazine. I have been using this diet for several weeks and I am greatly improved in health and have already gained twenty pounds in flesh since I made the change to a diet of uncooked foods."

Self-Building Through Common-Sense. By Corilla Banister. Cloth. Pp. 205. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

ONE OF the most interesting books of its kind that we have come across during the past year is *Self-Building*, by Corilla Banister.

We had the pleasure of seeing Mrs. Banister often at Greenacre. She commended herself to our favorable opinion by some very good work in the form of dialect poems, the diversions of some years of residence in Texas. She now comes in a different rôle, and in prose. She thus illustrates the Emersonian dictum, "Come down to your work from higher ground"—from poetry to prose, as was true of Plato, though he did not write in the form of verse.

Mrs. Banister's book abounds in fine touches given by the insight of a poet. It has respect, as the title implies, to the treatment of mind and body. The author has spent the recent years in lecturing, chiefly in the South. Her illustrations consist largely of concrete cases coming under her own observation. She rarely indulges in dull abstractions and sonorous platitudes about the Infinite,—that overworked word which

means nothing. She speaks of what she knows.

Self-building is the finest of the fine arts. It has many poor workmen and they are apt to strike, leaving their tasks half done. But the grandest work in all this world is self, builded into the perfection of which our ideals are the models.

CHARLES MALLOY.

A Soul's Love Letter. By Mabel. Cloth. \$1.00. Westwood, Massachusetts: The Ariel Press.

A BOOK that one will read through, and then read again, is this letter by Mabel to her imaginary Arthur. There is a strange magnetism about it; a fascination not to be analyzed. It is literature.

Mabel is not only a sincere believer in humanity, but she is more. She has power. She wields the pen of an artist. She has insight deep and true. She has toiled, suffered, felt the world's heartache and found salvation through service.

A stroke here and there, seemingly careless, sometimes crude, and there stands before you an individual character, always true, always alive. Her power to delineate in few words is, for an untrained writer, little short of marvelous and reminds one of Maupassant, Walt Whitman, a Hebrew ode-writer.

Her quotations, selected from the truest thinkers, are apt and show wide reading as well as strong powers of assimilation. Her bits of philosophy prove an intuitive sense of truth, and her demands for social justice reveal the reformer.

The book is made up of a series of sketches for the most part real, some few ideal. Events in the author's own life from childhood to middle-aged widowhood afford the subjects.

The following paragraph depicts the agony resulting from a child's first conscious sin, and incidentally reveals a characteristic of the author's father:

"From my mother I had heard about the lake of fire awaiting the bad ones of earth. I trembled with fear. Then I remembered my father had said the place was a hoax, like all the other doctrines taught by chicken-eating preachers. And while I hoped my father was right, I was in hell, but I did n't know; I did n't recognize the place because I thought blisters were only made by literal fires. Poor human-kind!"

Between such lines one can read a volume. And here is a sketch of a "hobo," which suggests as much as some entire treatises on sociology:

"I went to the city by trolley yesterday and some more experiences came to me that I feel like telling you. One concerned chiefly a certain hoboish-looking individual who sat at the further end of the seat I had chosen. There were three passengers when I boarded the car, but it began to fill rapidly as we approached the city. As time passed your democratic sister was pushed along into closer relations with brother hobo. One seating-place was left and I peeked out of the corner of my eye at my neighbor. Hat slouched, coat shiny and frayed, as were the pants; shoes rusty and full of holes—out of one great hole protruded a toe, taking wisely nature's line of least resistance. The hands, neck and ears, so near brought to mind the advertisements overhead, telling of porcelain baths and ivory soap that floats. Unshaven face, teeth, hair, nails—but just here came the fat woman, one of the typical kind loaded with shopping utensils and an umbrella to poke into your ear and knock against your hat. Puffing, panting, per-

spiring and red in uncomfortable clothing, yet under all circumstances smiling and beaming. God bless fat women! The lady must be seated. My right-hand neighbor, of the wizzen, thin-lipped variety, looked at me menacingly and nudged me along. Closer proximity to my friend on the left brought into operation other sense centers. Olfactory nerves were carrying up messages and up went the nose in revolt. Auditory nerves told of the wheezy, rattling breathing, and I counted the blocks to the next transfer-station. No, Arthur, I did n't for a moment shift my basic idea of brotherhood. To be consistent does not necessarily mean that one must eat, sleep, converse upon art or philosophy with a black man, a hobo, or a woodchuck. Just be merciful. Do n't put your heel upon their necks. In due time great evolutionary forces sweeping round about will take care of them. Hands off! That hobo has all eternity and all space to clean up in."

For this unknown Mabel there is a bright future in the literary world if she will continue true, simple, sweet and write only when she has a message which she feels that she must express.

R. E. BISBEE.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

THE MOST ASTOUNDING REVELATION OF PROSTITUTION OF THE BALLOT ON RECORD: In this issue of *THE ARENA*, under the title of "Philadelphia and the Freeman's Ballot," Mr. RUDOLPH BLANKENBURG publishes what we believe to be the most astounding and sickening record of systematic political corruption, of crimes against the ballot, of infamous collusion of political officials with the worst kind of criminals that can infest a republic, and of a republic so far lost to all sense of moral rectitude as to tolerate,—nay, more, to completely acquiesce in, the political exaltation to positions of rulership and guardianship in the city, when their proper place and only proper place is in the penitentiary. Mr. BLANKENBURG has for about a quarter of a century been one of Philadelphia's greatest civic leaders, a man who has resolutely and bravely fought for the honor of the Quaker City and the integrity of her government. He is one of the great Pennsylvania merchants, a man who in civic matters, in social life and in the business world is recognized as a leader without reproach or blemish. Furthermore, he is a leading Republican, and it is against his own party that he feels compelled to make this terrible indictment—a compulsion that speaks volumes for his moral courage, rectitude and sense of civic duty and responsibility. This paper is another character on the wall which the aroused conscience of the noblest American patriots is writing—a part

of that message that will, we believe, spell the doom of the present unholy alliance for the master ship of the republic,—the union of corrupt political machines and privileged interests, a union that has corrupted and overthrown free government in many cities and commonwealths of the republic.

Stephen Phillips: Poet and Dramatist: The discriminating criticism of STEPHEN PHILLIPS which Professor ARCHIBALD HENDERSON contributes to this issue cannot fail to prove a genuine delight to lovers of good literature. Our modern feverish life, with its rush, its bustle and its excitement, has imparted so much of its spirit to literature that that calm, judicial criticism which marked the writings of earlier days is becoming more and more rare. Professor HENDERSON happily rises above the loose newspaper-methods so much in vogue, and while at all times investing his subject with living interest, he is never careless, flippant or wanting in the true judicial or critical spirit. This paper will prove of special value to students of the great modern dramatists and poets.

A Great Swiss Educator and Economic Authority on the Actual Results of the Referendum in Switzerland: One of the most important contributions to our series of international papers on successful practical measures for the preservation and furtherance of pure democracy in foreign lands, appears

in this issue from the pen of one of the leading members of the faculty of the University of Geneva, Professor CHARLES BORGEAUD, who, as educator and economist, ranks among the foremost thinkers of Switzerland. Professor BORGEAUD shows not only how admirably the referendum has worked throughout the Alpine Republic, but how popular it has become. Even in his own conservative canton all parties are posing as the earliest champions of this ideal measure for the preservation of the vital or fundamental demands of democracy under the changed conditions of the present.

Dr. Pentecost on the Philippines: Personally, as our readers are well aware, we are unalterably opposed the present imperialistic course of our republic and regard with abhorrence the war of criminal aggression waged by America in the Philippines. We see anything but the hand of an all-loving Father, whose supreme rule of conduct for His children is found in the simple command, "Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so unto them," in the ruthless crushing of natives who sought to realize the long-cherished dream of independence, and whose inspirations were so largely due to our own Declaration of Independence that the publication and distribution of that document throughout the islands was adjudged to be criminal by the American government in the Philippines. But we desire to give our readers the strongest possible presentation of the case from the view-point of the militant orthodox missionary, and in order to do this we publish the paper from the pen of Dr. GEORGE F. PENTECOST, one of the ablest orthodox clergymen of the Anglo-Saxon world. During the past forty years Dr. PENTECOST has been continuously engaged as pastor of leading metropolitan churches in America and England, when not engaged in active evangelization and missionary work. He has traveled extensively in India, China, Japan and the Philippines, and is more familiar with Oriental conditions than most clergymen or essayists who have written on this subject.

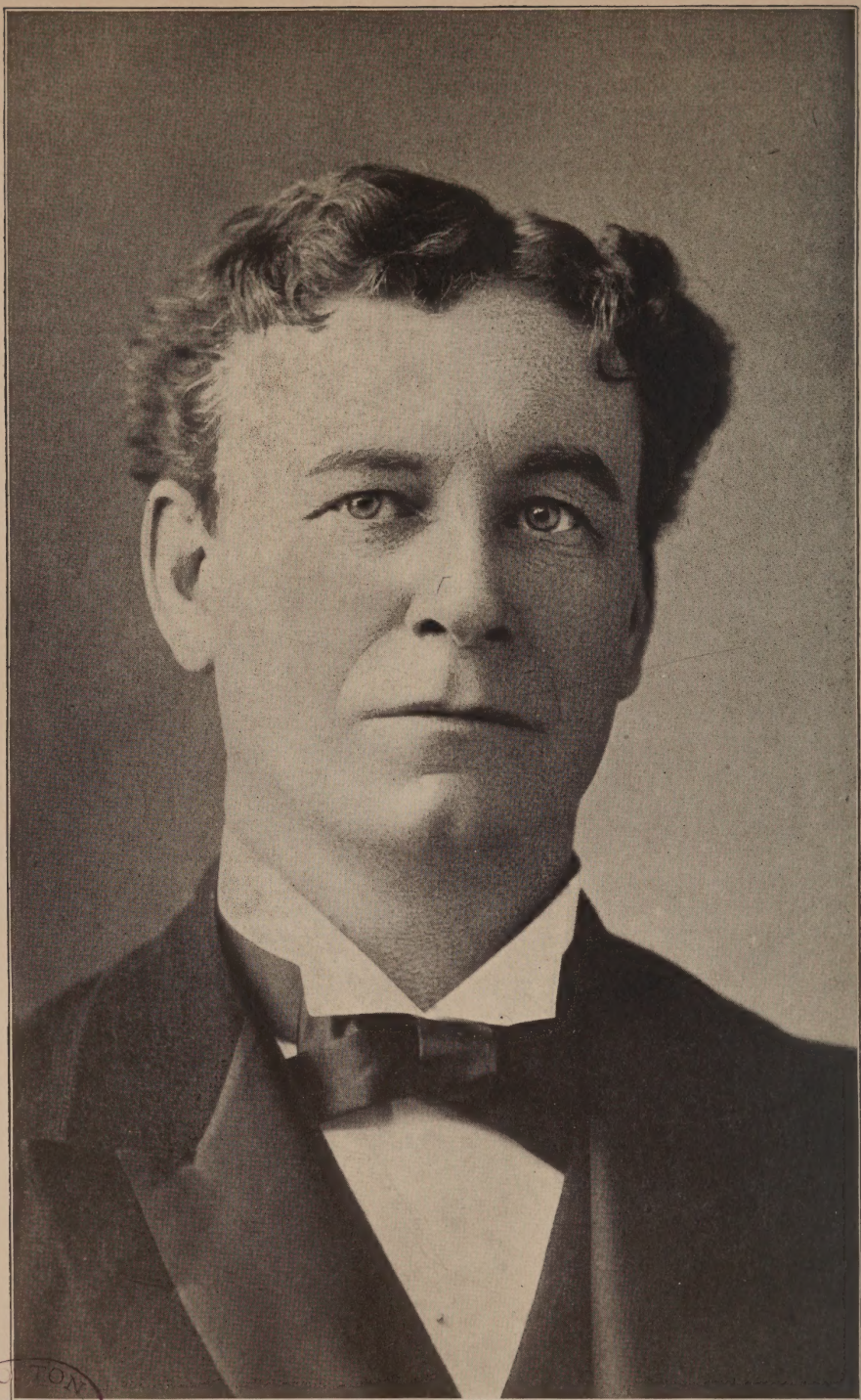
A Native Socialist's View of Japan: Mr. KIICHI KANEKO's paper will be found to be, we think, one of the most impartial pen-pictures of the real Japan that has yet appeared. As a Socialist, Mr. KANEKO's view of his country is free from the strong bias of the professional patriot who sees little to condemn and everything to praise within the narrow limits of national life. This writer secured his English education in the Yokohama Mission School. His collegiate studies in his native land were pursued at Yokohama and Tokio. After leaving college he accepted a position in a bank which he held for some years, though he devoted considerable time during this period to literature and later became editorial chief of a Japanese magazine, giving all his time to editorial work, to writing, and to translating from the English and French. In 1899 he came to this country, largely for the purpose of further studying Occidental civilization. A portion of his time was spent at the Meadville Theological Seminary, and at the present time he is at Harvard University taking a special course in sociology.

The Kansas State Refinery Bill and Its Significance: In Mr. EASTMAN's authoritative story of the Kansas State Refinery Bill, our readers will find

the record of one of the most inspiring passages in the history of state government in recent years. Nothing has been more calculated to depress friends of republican institutions than the pitiful servility that has marked national, state and municipal legislative and executive bodies during recent years. On almost every hand there has been unquestioning yielding to the most corrupt political bosses and the most insolent and oppressive demands of corporate wealth—demands which have resulted in pouring untold millions of dollars into the hands of an ever-narrowing group of gamblers and exploiters of the people, thus not only robbing industry of its rights but lowering reverence for government and creating a general contempt in the minds of the more thoughtful for the recreant officials who misrepresent the American electorate. Happily for the republic, there are to-day everywhere signs of a moral awakening; but it remained for Kansas to again take the lead in the battle against the intolerable bondage of corrupt corporate wealth. And though we greatly fear that no positive victory will be won for the people at the present time, on account of the tremendous influence which the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fé Railroad still exerts over the legislators of Kansas, we believe that the revolt that has already commenced in the Sunflower State will be followed by a political upheaval that will ultimately place Kansas again in the fore-front in the battle for emancipation.

Bulwarking Democracy Through Popular Education: We desire to call the attention of all our readers to the immensely important work being performed by Mr. WILSON L. GILL, which we describe at length in our editorial department. Before all else, THE ARENA stands for the maintenance of democracy, for the establishment and furtherance of equality of opportunities and of rights for all the people, and for that large measure of justice that when attained will result in the happiness, prosperity and upliftment of every industrious citizen in the land. We realize that in the present crisis, when injustice, privilege and corruption are so firmly entrenched throughout all the departments of government, the fearless *exposé* of evil conditions is imperatively demanded; yet on the other hand it is equally important that at all times the friends of democracy present a way out, a practical programme through which the fundamental demands of free institutions shall be peacefully realized. In the School City we have a thoroughly practical plan by which the failures of the past public educational system will be righted and the children will become patriotic and habituated to the exercise of civic duties.

Papers Crowded Out: Owing to lack of space we have been compelled to carry over the extremely thoughtful and valuable paper by Professor FREDERIC M. NOA, on "Our Commerce with Latin America," announced to appear in the May number. This paper, however, will be a feature of the June issue and will be accompanied by an excellent portrait of the author taken expressly for THE ARENA. We have also been compelled to carry over to the June issue our illustrated sketch of FREDERICK BURR OPPER, the cartoonist, which had been prepared for this issue. We expect to publish the OPPER sketch in June, and in July a sketch of HOMER DAVENPORT and his work.



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BENJAMIN FAY MILLS

*"We do not take possession of our ideas, but are possessed by them.
They master us and force us into the arena,
Where, like gladiators, we must fight for them."—HEINE.*

The Arena

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FORTY YEARS IN THE WILDERNESS; OR, MASTERS AND RULERS OF "THE FREEMEN" OF PENNSYLVANIA.*

VI. MUNICIPAL BLACK PLAGUE.

BY RUDOLPH BLANKENBURG.

CHAPTER I.

LIGHT IN THE MIDST OF DARKNESS.

IT WAS A. D. 1902, the 126th year of the Declaration of Independence from the tyranny of personal rule, when a characteristic exhibition of the genius of self-government that now blesses us was given in the private office of Senator Penrose, in the Arcade building, Philadelphia.

SCENE 1. Present, Boies Penrose, United States Senator, who is trying to fill the shoes of the late Senator Quay; Insurance Commissioner Israel W. Durham—Mayor Weaver's "peerless leader"—the head, front, back and index-finger of the "Organization"; James P. McNichol, State Senator, and the city's chief "filter," who used to be glad of beans in July, but now can afford to eat strawberries in January.

After a momentary silence, a trialogue, of which this is believed to be a synopsis, is said to have taken place:

"Well, boys, we are up against it; we'll

have to come to time in great shape, or we'll lose the next Mayoralty sure."

"Do you consider conditions as desperate as all that?"

"You bet your life! The 'deal' we have had to put up with for the past three years is enough to knock spots out of a combination of saints, and may prove too much for us under the most promising circumstances; it is sufficient to try the nerves of 'Old Nick' himself."

"I know the people are simply exasperated; we will have to placate them, somehow."

"How are you going to fool them this time?"

"I have carefully considered that proposition. We must name a candidate who is not in the remotest way connected with the present administration; but as we dare not run any risks, we will have to nominate a man whom these pestiferous reformers can't antagonize, and who, on the other hand, will not be able to cope with us."

"I have it! Let's elevate John Weaver from District-Attorney to Mayor! He is a member of church, and I believe also a Sunday-school teacher."

*The first of this series of articles appeared in the January, 1905, number of THE ARENA.

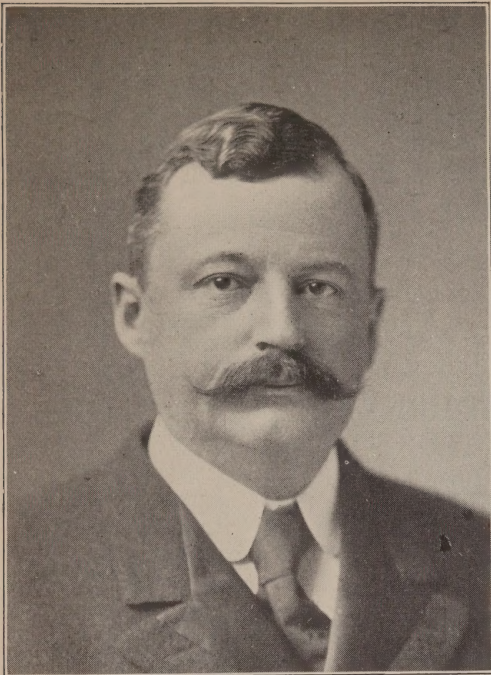


Photo. by Gutekunst, Phila.

UNITED STATES SENATOR BOIES PENROSE.

He is writing his own record.

"Great head!"

"That's capital!"

"You see, even the most persistent reformers have sung Weaver's praises ever since he so 'vigorously and vehemently' prosecuted Sam. Salter for ballot-box stuffing, and I'll bet thirty cents that they will almost tumble over each other to endorse, embrace and elect him."

"Ha, ha! Ha, ha!—Salter, Sam. Salter!"

"What's the matter, 'Iz'?"

"Oh, I was just thinking."

"Let's ring him in—I mean ring him up." (*They call over the 'phone.'*)

SCENE 2. (*Enter District-Attorney Weaver.*)

"Good morning, gentlemen. This is an unexpected pleasure."

"Good morning, John. John, we have decided to make you the next Mayor of Philadelphia."

"Mayor?"

"Yes, Mayor. We are, by circumstance, compelled to nominate a successor

to Ashbridge who has some standing in the community, who would n't arouse the reformers, and we think you are just the man for the job."

"You really honor me beyond my deserts; I feel hardly competent to undertake such a task."

"We are well aware of that, but you need n't worry,—what you lack we'll supplement."

"Of course, you will not require any pledges or promises that might harass me in the discharge of my duties?"

"None whatever, John. We know what we are about and you can truthfully proclaim that you are entirely untrammelled by any pledges, promises or pretences."

"Gentlemen, I hardly deserve——"

"That's all right, John. Keep mum for the present."

(*Exit Weaver.*)

SCENE 3.

"This is great work."

"Now I'll be able to sleep."

"And I'll go back to Florida."

(*Exeunt.*)

While this is not intended as a verbatim report of how three men rule us with an iron hand and dictate and force upon us candidates for office—how they insolently humble and terrorize a million and a half of people, who are supposed to be civilized, enlightened and free—it comes so near to reality that it may be accepted as typical and true. The results of such autocratic power are made painfully manifest wherever the people have relegated their rights to the hands of a set of political bandits who banish virtue, throttle liberty and smite independence.

A deplorable fact is that analogous conditions, though hardly as dispiriting as those depicted, exist in many communities and are fostered and encouraged through the apathy and remissness of a self-satisfied citizenship that adulterates liberty's shadow and neglects its substance. Let the reader, who lives beyond the boundaries of the "Keystone

State," ask himself how near this narrative pictures the political situation at his own home, and if he is imbued with the spirit that gave us the "Declaration of Independence," let him lift a lance, bravely enter the arena and fight for the perpetuation of its blessings!

We are too prone to overlook wrongdoing in public life if it does not at the time personally affect us; we slight it as we do a mild cold, and we may not regret our neglect until the cold has developed into an insinuating malady that may worry and disturb us for life. The effort to hide political corruption is as mischievous as would be,—in a case of measles,—an attempt to prevent the eruption from coming to the surface. Medical men agree, and experience teaches, that the safety of the patient depends upon the blotches seeing the light of day, while their being kept in darkness under cover of the skin may lead to serious and perhaps fatal results. So in the case of political disease. If the proper remedies are used when the germs of disorder first become noticeable, the ailment may be quickly cured. If we permit them to grow and spread, heroic remedies, even, may fail to conquer the evil.

Graft and hunger for spoils are not the growth of a day; their origin can be traced to earliest history. They have prevailed and do prevail more or less today in many countries, civilized or barbarian, Christian or heathen, rich or poor, but they are more apt to assume threatening proportions where abundance and riches offer a fruitful field for exploitation. This is one of the causes that has placed American cities under the ban. If we were not so abundantly blessed—perhaps handicapped would be better—with wealth untold and opportunities unmatched, we might be forced to put the grafters and spoilsmen out of business and compel them to earn an honorable living, for the simple reason that, while we might have sufficient to reward honest toil, we would not have enough to feed and enrich the parasite and drone.

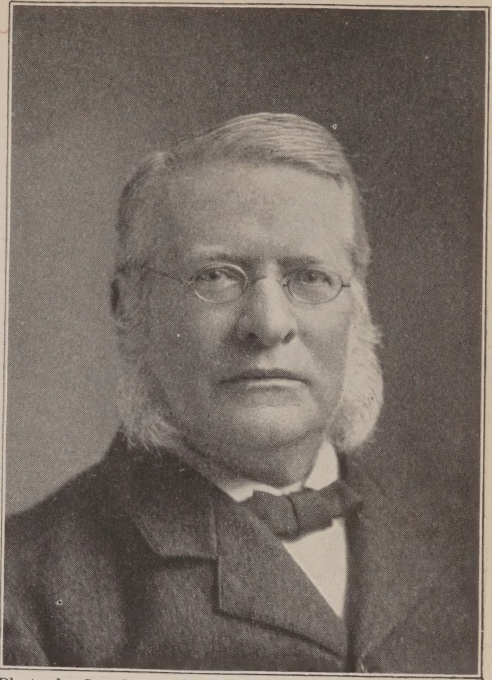


Photo. by Gutekunst, Phila.

PHILIP C. GARRETT,

CHAIRMAN CITIZENS' COMMITTEE OF ONE HUNDRED.

A member of the Society of Friends, who devoted his time and means to the rescue of Philadelphia from banded spoilsmen.

Philadelphia's political affairs during the past twenty-five years have been oscillating from conditions encouraging and bearable to those disheartening and insufferable, the latter culminating during the Ashbridge administration. They remain most disappointing and distressing at the present time under Mayor Weaver.

In passing judgment, we should not forget that even our best mayors have been hampered in their official life by spoilsmen, hungry and unscrupulous, who wielded vast power in Councils, as well as in city and county offices. In fact, the executive and legislative branches of the city government have been more or less antagonistic under all mayors of clean personal and official records, largely owing to the often mediocre and worthless composition of Councils. The powers of the "conspiracies and combinations for plunder" that have ruled Philadelphia under vari-

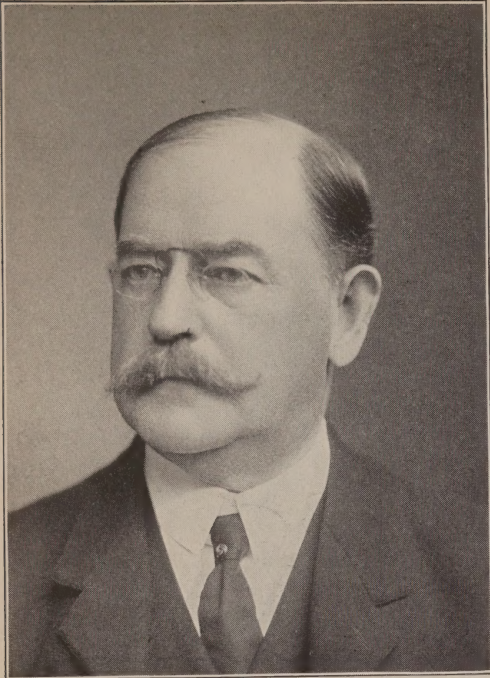


Photo. by Gutekunst, Phila.

FRANCIS B. REEVES,

PRESIDENT GIRARD NATIONAL BANK,

VICE-CHAIRMAN CITIZENS' COMMITTEE OF ONE HUNDRED.

On his wise and well-considered motion, candidates, to secure the Committee's endorsement, had to sign its Declaration of Principles. Mayor Stokley, after his nomination, defiantly refused to sign the declaration. The Committee withdrew its endorsement and elected Samuel G. King, Democrat, after a most spirited contest.

ous titles since the Bullitt Bill became operative, proved an annoying obstruction to the first two executives under the new charter, both men of most excellent personal character, high ideals of public duty, and an earnest desire to give the city a clean, progressive and honest administration.

A short retrospect of some of the abuses in municipal affairs, which the Committee of One Hundred was organized to combat, will be of interest. It seems strange, indeed, that an uprising of the people at a time when wrongdoing was not so general, though far too prevalent, should be followed by splendid victory; while at the present time, under the dominion of an "Organization" steeped in iniquity in all its branches, it is almost impossible to arouse our citizens from

an inexplicable unconcern and sinful contentment.

Political power at that time centered in the "Gas-Trust," of which James McManes was the presiding genius. The principal source of revenue to the political managers of the gas-works (they were called "trustees") was a drawback of one dollar a ton on coal; the stealings here, all told, amounted to about a million dollars a year. How this "pelf" was divided could never be ascertained. The City Treasurer's office was another "fountain of wealth," and was much sought after; the emoluments derived from "interest on deposits" and other dubious returns were princely and laid the foundation of more than one colossal fortune. It took years to secure legislation that turned two or more per cent. interest on bank-deposits from the pockets of the City Treasurer and his makers into the people's strong-box. The office of Tax Receiver held out alluring temptations, and was one of the prizes at the disposal of the "bosses and ringsters" of pre-Durham times. It was not only the compensation that the occupant could pocket without entangling himself in the meshes of the law; there were many opportunities to turn "an honest penny" by overlooking the collection of taxes on properties that were in "friendly and responsive" hands.

The acme of shame and odium converged in the office of "Collector of Delinquent Taxes," a position created to provide an easy and lucrative berth for a hard and unfeeling occupant on whom tears of poverty and distress made no impression. This official squeezed blood-money out of widows and orphans, and the unfortunate poor, who, unable to pay their taxes when due, were placed on the delinquent-list, and under a law for which the "Ringroosters" were responsible, heavy penalties were added and the unfortunates sold out. It is estimated that the revenue from this "confederacy for prey" approached a quarter million dollars annually, or twice

as much money as a grateful nation paid Lincoln for saving our country and sealing this glorious consummation with his life's blood!

Another nest of iniquity was the almshouse, where even the paupers were robbed by a systematic collusion and artful combination, that finally landed the superintendent, Major Ellis P. Phipps, in jail.

It seems almost impossible that the depravity depicted could be surpassed, and in some respects it cannot; but after perusing this and the next chapter, the reader will agree that while public affairs at that time were in "spots" shocking beyond belief, they have for the past six years in many respects become even more oppressive and forbidding. The "Organization" at this hour feels so powerful and invincible that it passed through a legislature, slavish in its conduct, crouching in its attitude and without conscience in its actions, bills, which if approved by the Governor will open wide the door and add to the miseries of the present the afflictions of the past.

Philadelphia will always owe a debt of gratitude to the intrepid, devoted, public-spirited members of the Committee of One Hundred, who, freely giving their time and means, with the assistance of a thoroughly-aroused community overthrew the "Ringsters and Roosters" who then robbed the city.

While the Committee of One Hundred, as stated in the April ARENA, dissolved after a few years of active and successful work, its influence for good is felt to this day. One of its influential and honored members, George D. McCreary, was nominated and elected City Treasurer. He inaugurated a new era in that office by returning fees amounting to a fortune, to which he might have laid legal claim. His fine conscience and sense of duty told him that while a thing may be considered legal, it is not necessarily moral. His example has resulted in the return of large amounts of fees by his successors,

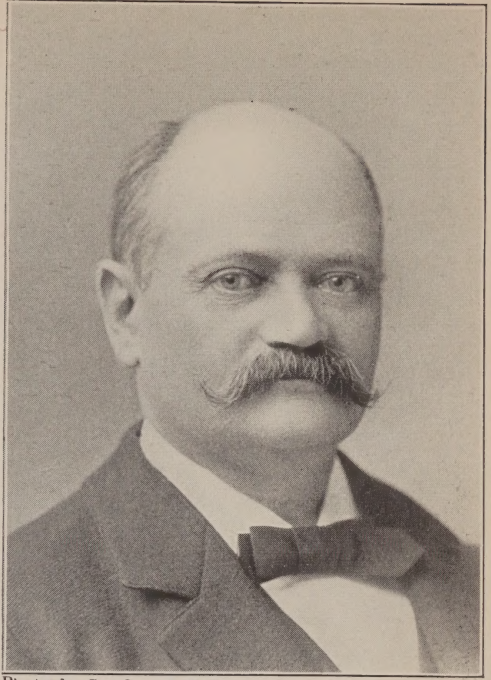


Photo. by Gutekunst, Phila.

JOHN FIELD,
CHAIRMAN CAMPAIGN COMMITTEE, CITIZENS' COMMITTEE
OF ONE HUNDRED.

An earnest, indefatigable and consistent worker in the cause of good government, whose eloquent and telling campaign speeches were eagerly listened to by applauding multitudes.

at times voluntarily, at others under compulsion.

The unconscionable leeches, who had bled the tax-payers by pocketing and dividing with their masters and sponsors vast sums of money filched from the public under the guise of law, were put to flight through the persistent and insistent efforts of McCreary. An ordinance was passed in 1892, at his instigation and demand, under which a two per cent. interest-charge on bank-deposits now finds its way into the city treasury instead of enriching hungry politicians. The treasury has been made richer by approximately two million dollars since the passage of this ordinance.

There was light, indeed, in the midst of darkness!

The Bullitt charter, which concentrates power in the hands of the Mayor, was heartily endorsed by the Committee of

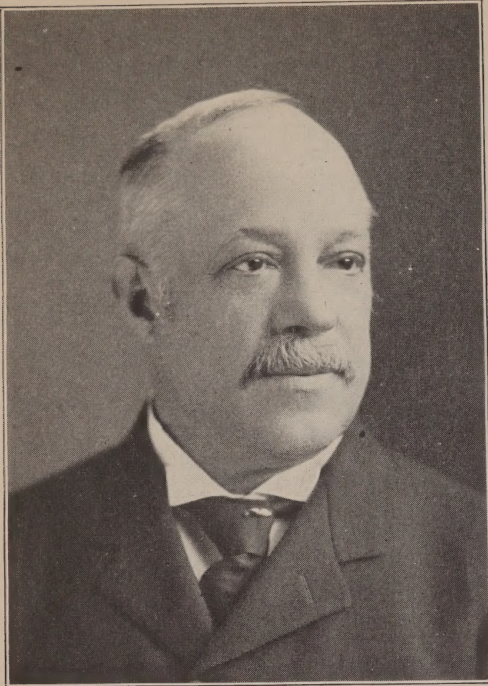


Photo. by Gutekunst, Phila.

GEORGE D. MCCREARY,
RE-ELECTED MEMBER OF CONGRESS.

One of the leading spirits in the Citizens' Committee of One Hundred. He was elected City Treasurer and returned to the Treasury enormous fees which his predecessors used to pocket.

One Hundred. It went into effect in 1887, under Mayor Edwin H. Fitler. He was a man of sterling integrity, of positive character, and for that reason not always over amiable. General Louis Wagener was his efficient Director of Public Works, while ex-Mayor Stokley was Director of Public Safety.

Mayor Fitler, following William B. Smith, "the 'Dandy' Mayor," left his impress upon the community, and it is a genuine pleasure to bear testimony to his personal worth and honorable public career.

Mr. Fitler was followed by Edwin S. Stuart, who served from 1891 to 1895. Mr. Stuart represented the young Republican element in all that is best in an organization of young men, who, while as a body they have not yet advanced to the ideal of separating party politics from municipal government, be-

lieve in pure administration, an honest and uncorrupted ballot, and manly qualities in public as well as private affairs. His directors, James H. Windrim, Public Works, and Abraham M. Beitler, Public Safety (since elected Judge of the Court of Common Pleas and an ornament to the bench), strengthened Mayor Stuart's administration, though he was at times pestered with unreasonable requests and demands and threatened with dire results unless he would accede to the wishes of his tormenters. He hewed to the line and left the Mayor's office honored and respected by all in a high degree. He had the rare distinction of having addressed to him this engrossed letter:

"PHILADELPHIA, February 3, 1892.

"To HON. EDWIN S. STUART,

"Mayor of Philadelphia:

"As your fellow-citizens, deeply interested in all that concerns the welfare of our city, we have observed with increasing satisfaction your administration of its affairs. We desire to express our high appreciation of the honesty, impartiality, courage and fidelity with which you have performed the duties of your high office. We appreciate the great difficulties that surround the position you occupy and realize the obligations which rest upon all good citizens to sustain the civil authorities in well-doing. We, therefore, come to commend you for the faithful manner in which you have administered the trust in the past, and to encourage you to go forward in your most excellent course and thus, more than ever, make Philadelphia what we believe it already is, one of the best governed cities of the country, if not of the world.

"As loyal citizens, we promise to stand by you in your every effort to suppress vice and immorality in the various forms in which it may show itself in our midst. We trust that you will be eminently successful in your efforts, so to administer our municipal affairs as to afford a prac-

tical solution of the difficult problem which is now the subject of most anxious consideration, viz., How is good and efficient government for our large cities to be best secured?

"In the path which you have chosen to pursue we beg leave to extend to you our most hearty support."

This letter was signed by a number of the foremost of our citizens, among them: O. W. Whitaker, John Field, Thomas Gillespie, Alexander Brown, William Beaumont Whitney, D. Hayes Agnew, William V. Keating, George C. Thomas, John H. Converse, Robert C. Ogden, David Scull, D. C. Gibboney, and H. L. Wayland.

Such appreciation must be an ever-increasing pleasure and satisfaction to its recipient. But how does the miscreant in office feel whose memory is execrated by all good citizens and will remain a by-word of shame and disgrace for all time?

Charles F. Warwick followed Mr. Stuart. He was an eleventh-hour candidate, and took the place which Senator Quay had reserved and intended for Boies Penrose. David Martin, at that time leader of the "Combine," ascertained that sure defeat would follow the nomination of Mr. Penrose, and shortly before the convention met changed front and had Warwick nominated. This precipitated war between Martin and Quay, —the latter designating Israel W. Durham as his representative, and thus arose to hitherto unmatched power the "peerless leader" who holds Mayor Weaver in leading-strings as a nurse does a helpless child.

Mayor Warwick's administration was from the start embarrassed by bitter factional fights and his political bed was not one of roses.

Municipal Black Plague commenced with the accession to the Mayoralty of Samuel H. Ashbridge.

Ashbridge brought about his nomination through a protracted, carefully-con-

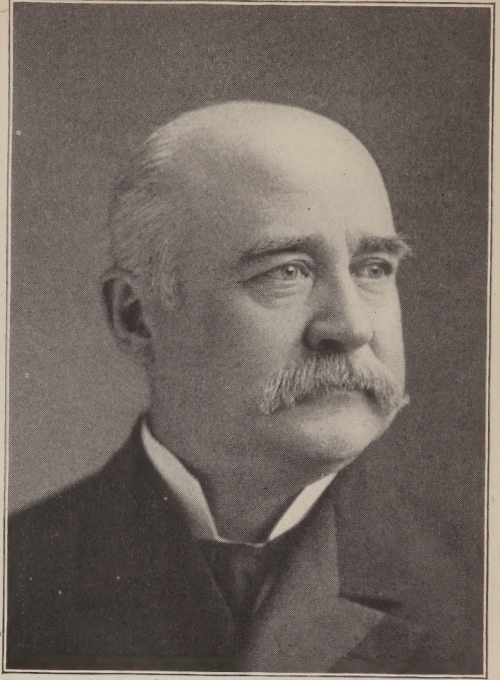


Photo. by Gutekunst, Phila.

EDWIN S. STUART,

MAYOR FROM 1891 TO 1895.

He had the confidence of the entire community during his administration and occupies to-day a high and enviable position among his fellow-citizens.

ducted, well-planned and cunning campaign at Sunday-schools, prayer-meetings, singing societies, socials, smokers, revivals, charities, church suppers, commercial gatherings, masked balls, lodges, and, whenever opportunity offered, he made speeches "loaded" with highly-sentimental utterings and of a patriotic "smack" that gained for him a quite unique reputation and the sobriquet "Stars-and-Stripes Sammy." He utilized the years spent in the laborious work of "baiting for a catch" and grew so strong with the good people that the "Organization" feared to turn him down and he was nominated.

He had for several years served as coroner, and changed from attending upon the dead to the more congenial occupation of devoting his abilities to the living, with much alacrity.

While Ashbridge had succeeded in

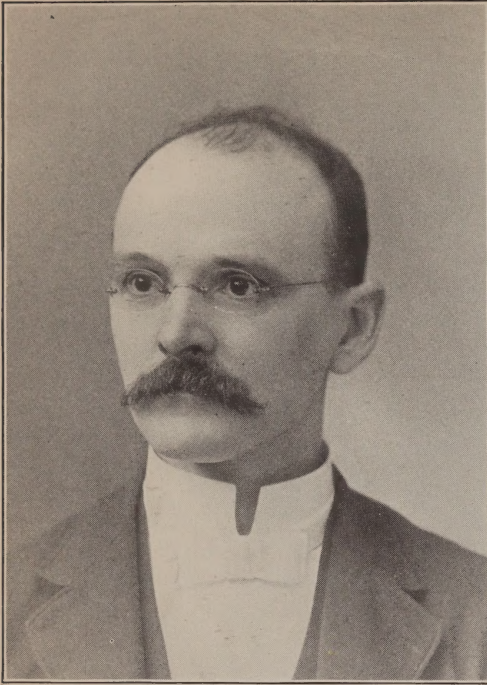


Photo. by Gutekunst, Phila.

THOMAS L. HICKS,

ONE OF THE ABLEST OF PHILADELPHIA'S POSTMASTERS, under whose administration a largely-increased business was done at materially-reduced expenses.

Ashbridge was satisfied with making a perfunctory denial of Hicks' charge that the former had declared to him he was going to make out of the Mayor's office all there was in it for Samuel H. Ashbridge.

Hicks failed of re-appointment because he refused to obey the immoral behests of the "Organization" and its backers.

attracting the support of many excellent people, there were some who did not take him at par and he made, during the campaign, calls on a number of doubting Thomases to assure them that they could accept him without discount, at full "face" value. As the campaign progressed, ugly rumors of shady financial matters continued to grow and created misgivings in the minds of many people who had been "taken in" before. A letter was addressed to Ashbridge by a number of prominent clergymen, asking him what would be his policy in case of election. This is a copy of his reply:

"OFFICE OF THE CORONER,

"PHILADELPHIA, February 16, 1899.

"REV. C. T. BRADY,

MERVIN J. ECKELS,

T. T. MUTCHLER,
W. H. ANDERSON,
ROBT. M. GREEN,
HUGHES O. GIBBONS,
CHARLES ROADS.

"GENTLEMEN:

"Replying to your communication of the 13th inst. requesting me to define my attitude in event of my election as Mayor of this City, respectfully beg leave to say, that in event of my being honored by my fellow-citizens as the Executive Officer of our City, I will execute every mandate of Law, perform every duty and keep every obligation and promise.

"I remain

"Very respectfully yours,

"S. H. ASHBRIDGE."

This letter was dated February 16, 1899; Ashbridge was inaugurated the first Monday in April, when he began his career as the one Chief Magistrate of Philadelphia whose name will always be remembered as the man whose duplicate does not exist and is not looked for.

It was not long after his inauguration until Ashbridge, having forgotten his letter and pledges to the ministers, showed the cloven foot. At a meeting with Thomas L. Hicks, at that time postmaster of Philadelphia, and a man whose word is as good as his bond, the Mayor, according to Mr. Hicks, said: "Tom, I have been elected Mayor of Philadelphia; I have four years to serve; I have no further ambitions. I want no other office when I am out of this one, and shall get out of this office all there is in it for Samuel H. Ashbridge."

Mr. Hicks remarked: "This is a very foolish thing to say. Think how that could be construed."

Ashbridge replied: "I do n't care anything about that. I mean to get out of this office everything there is in it for Samuel H. Ashbridge."

The Mayor entered a perfunctory denial of this story, but, for reasons best known to himself, he did not haul Mr. Hicks into court on a libel charge.

The climax of municipal robbery by connivance of officials, and for the benefit of favorite contractors and their silent partners, official and otherwise, was reached during the administration of Mayor Samuel H. Ashbridge. This carnival of robbery had been prepared for in advance by the political junta which had come into power. A great public improvement in the shape of a water-filtration system, which, at the best, would cost millions of dollars had become a necessity, owing to the increasing pollution of the Schuylkill river. A typhoid epidemic occurring during the previous administration had forced this necessity upon public attention, and a loan of \$3,700,000 with which to begin the work had been voted. Before a dollar of it could be applied to the purpose intended, however, bogus injunction proceedings had been inaugurated in a local court upon the initiative of a couple of private citizens, who, it transpired afterwards, were merely dummies of Israel W. Durham and his associates, the whole purpose of this proceeding being to delay the inauguration of the work until a new administration had been installed, which these arch-conspirators hoped to control. The proceedings proved to be merely dilatory, being without justification either in law or fact, and were so declared by the court when pushed to final issue. They had served the conspirators' real purpose, however, in throwing the initiative of the great filtration enterprise into the Ashbridge administration, giving it the control of the expenditure of this vast, as well as of a much greater, sum which was voted by the taxpayers for the carrying on of the proposed work.

When we consider that thousands of homes were at that time invaded by dread diseases that traced their origin to the polluted waters we were compelled to use, that hundreds and hundreds of families were made desolate by the taking away of dear and loved ones from typhoid and diphtheria, it appears incomprehensible how any body of men, with even



Photo. by Gutekunst, Phila.

SAMUEL H. ASHBRIDGE,

He has written and sealed his own record.

the slightest instinct of humanity, could be so cruel, so unnatural, so diabolical, as to delay the construction of filtration plants that were to bring relief and save life, for the sake of placing the contracts in favored hands.

On April 20, 1890, Councils adopted a resolution creating a Board of Water Commissioners, to be appointed by the Mayor, to investigate and recommend the best system for the purification of the city's water-supply. The members of the Commission appointed by the Mayor were Rudolph Hering, Joseph M. Wilson and Samuel M. Gray. These Commissioners were widely-known, skilled engineers, one of them being at the time, and another had been, a resident of Philadelphia. They were acquainted, therefore, not only with the extent of the existing water-plant, but with the topography of the city and its surroundings, and could estimate intelligently and with expert knowledge the engineering difficulties to be encountered. Furthermore,

they were familiar with the existing sand-filtration plants, both in this country and abroad, and had access to all necessary information as to cost of construction and length of time necessary for the complete installation of the plant. In addition to information derivable from their own personal knowledge, they had the competent assistance of Mr. J. C. Trautwine, Jr., then Chief of the Water Bureau, who had already carefully studied the subject of purifying the city's water-supply, and made at least two previous reports to Councils embodying his recommendations.

The Commissioners were expected, if not actually instructed, also, to be liberal in their estimates of the cost. The report of the Commission was made after four months, and was, therefore, not hastily compiled. It recommended four slow sand-filtration plants of a capacity of 150,000,000 gallons of filtered water daily, and a rapid or mechanical plant, at East Park Reservoir, of a capacity of 50,000,000 gallons daily, making a total daily capacity of 200,000,000 gallons. These plants were estimated to cost in round figures, including land, \$10,974,000. It was also proposed that \$3,290,500 should be spent for the improvement of the existing plant, including new pump-stations, reservoirs and distributing mains, raising the entire estimate for the filtration plant, and the improvement and extension of the distributing service, to \$14,365,000, an item of \$100,000 having been added for waste restriction. Three years were regarded as the time necessary to install these improvements and put them in complete operation.

In making these estimates, the Commissioners had the benefit of the experience of the cities of Lawrence, Massachusetts, and Albany, New York, each of which had sand-filtration plants already in operation, of sufficient capacity to furnish an abundant supply of pure water to its residents. The plant at Albany was the one upon which the Philadelphia plant was modeled, and

the Commissioners, taking the cost of that plant as a basis, added an average of 37 per cent. to their estimate of the cost of the Philadelphia plant, to provide for any possible increase in wages, cost of materials and unforeseen difficulties of construction. This estimate was considered exceedingly liberal, both by the engineers who had constructed the Albany works and by Mr. Trautwine, the Chief of the Water Bureau of Philadelphia, as well as by other competent engineers who had carefully studied the report.

Having secured this report and a popular indorsement of the plan, including an additional loan of \$12,000,000, the Ashbridge administration proceeded at once to adopt a course which should make the project as costly as possible, and which has, in point of fact, resulted in the expenditure of twice the original estimate, and required in construction a good deal more than twice the time set by the Commissioners as necessary for the completion of the work. Six years have already transpired since Samuel H. Ashbridge was inaugurated; less than a hundred million gallons of filtered water are being furnished; \$25,000,000 have already been expended or placed under contract, and the lowest estimate now furnished by the city government indicates that at least \$5,000,000 more will be required to complete the undertaking.

The first step towards making the filtration enterprise a carnival of graft for politicians and contractors, in short a scheme for filtering money from the treasury, rather than a sensible method of filtering impurities from the water, was the dismissal of the engineers who had made the report, as well as the competent engineer who was Chief of the Water Bureau, who assisted in its preparation, and the appointment in his place of an engineer brought from another city, whose only practical achievement in water purification had been the construction of a filter-plant which is said to have proved a failure. At Albany, Allen

Hazen, who had been employed to make the preliminary estimates for the filtration plant at that place, was retained to superintend the work, with the result that when the plant was completed and in working order, his original estimate had been exceeded less than five per cent. Note the difference: John W. Hill, brought from Cincinnati to carry out plans made by other engineers, upon a basis of 37 per cent. more than the Albany estimate, has, at the end of twice the time estimated by the Commission, furnished less than one-half the water the original estimates required, and expended and planned to expend twice the amount of the original estimate, and for this brilliant achievement he has just been awarded an increase in his annual salary from \$12,000 to \$17,000. A few items by way of comparison will indicate the difference in the cost of construction. The Albany plant cost completed, including land, \$499,890.42; the plant at Upper Roxborough, which in its number of filters, size of filter-beds, and daily capacity of filtered water, is exactly the same as that at Albany, cost \$1,055,054.71, according to Chief Hill's report contained in Mayor Weaver's message for 1903, page 236; in other words, the Upper Roxborough plant, with the same capacity as the Albany plant, and with no essential difference that should have cost a dollar in excess, except in the matter of land, actually cost more than twice as much. The other completed plant at Belmont, in proportion to its capacity, has cost at a still greater ratio, while the greater plant at Torresdale is still incomplete, but is certain to cost more than double that at Albany in proportion to its capacity.

One more comparison will be sufficient to indicate the extent of the extravagant graft which has characterized this costly undertaking. At both Lawrence and Albany, the sand and gravel constituting the filtering materials, were placed in the beds for \$1.00 per cubic yard. The average cost of these mate-

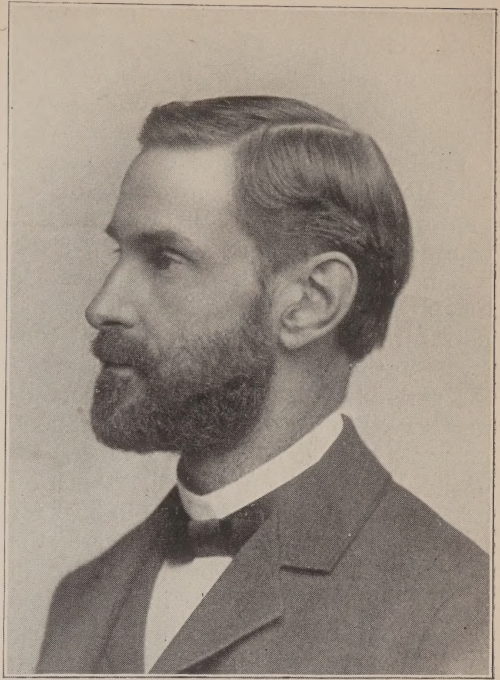


Photo. by Gutekunst, Phila.

J. C. TRAUTWINE, JR.,

Chief of the Water Bureau at the time the filtration contract was awarded and who had assisted in the preparation of the plans! An able, honest and competent engineer who, however, was not satisfactory to the "Organization" and was, in consequence, "beheaded."

rials in Philadelphia has exceeded \$3.00 per cubic yard. The cost per acre of six feet of filtered materials at Lawrence and Albany was about \$8,000. The cost per acre in Philadelphia of filtering materials less than five feet has averaged probably \$25,000. No one has ventured to claim that the sand and gravel used in the Philadelphia filter-beds is superior to that used at Albany and Lawrence, or furnished the public with any plausible reason why these very common and prosaic materials should have cost any more, let alone three times as much.

The methods by which these extravagant prices were rendered possible consisted originally in juggled specifications, which few could understand, and in the award of contracts to favored bidders, with a total disregard as to whether they were the lowest bidders. This policy

was pursued until one firm of bidders whose bid, while a low one, had been rejected, a higher bidder being given the contract, took the case into court, securing the annulment of the award. This compelled an appearance of compliance with the law, which proved to be an appearance only. The fighting firm of contractors were given one contract, which seems to have satisfied them, as they at once became high bidders upon all future contracts. The award of contracts to the high and favored bidders in the early stage of the filtration proceedings served to discourage outside bidders, and with the one fighting-firm taken care of, real competition ceased. It is an astonishing feature of the bidding for the sand contracts, which were the largest that had ever been awarded in Philadelphia or elsewhere in the United States that not a single firm of sand-dealers participated in the bidding, although there were a dozen or more of reputable and thoroughly-competent dealers in this article in the city. The method by which one firm was induced to refrain from bidding bordered on the criminal.

Notwithstanding that the original estimated time-limit has already been exceeded by one-half, care was taken during the Ashbridge administration to award all the important contracts so that the firm of favored contractors should reap the enormous profits even though the work might extend through two future administrations. The McNichols and the Ryans and Kellys secured these contracts at extravagant prices, including one for a costly conduit which was an engineering blunder in the first place, and which, since its completion, has proved so faulty in construction that it will neither hold water when filled from within, nor shed water from without when it is empty; in other words it leaks both ways, just according to whether the inward or outward pressure is the greater. Such a piece of costly and useless hydraulic construction as the Torresdale conduit, built at a

total cost of \$1,350,000, could not be duplicated in the wide universe.

But the extravagant and long-drawn-out filter job was not the only, nor even the worst, project of graft for which the Ashbridge administration was responsible. The building of a costly boulevard three hundred feet wide and ten miles long, through open farm-lands, which could for a half a century to come be of no practical benefit to anybody except a lot of real-estate speculators, and which is likely to cost at least \$10,000,000, was fastened upon the taxpayers of the city in the closing days of the Ashbridge administration. By a juggled set of specifications prepared before the ordinance authorizing the opening of a foot of the proposed boulevard had been passed, bids were invited for all the work of opening and improving this expensive driveway to nowhere in particular, and the ordinance, which was passed after the bids had been opened, made the contract a continuous one, giving contractor McNichol, to whom it was awarded, a blanket-mortgage on the whole undertaking, whether the time necessary for its completion should be two years or twenty-five.

These omnibus specifications prevented the competition of contractors whose business was that of grading; of others who devoted themselves to paving and sidewalk construction, as well as of nurserymen, who make a profession of tree and shrubbery planting and landscape gardening.

As a result of this suppression of competition, contractor McNichol gets eighty-three cents per cubic yard for grading, the ordinary price of which is about thirty cents. The contract includes, also, a tree-and-shrubbery item, which will ultimately amount to \$250,000 at the contract rates, and which any one of a half a dozen competent nurserymen located within a few miles of Philadelphia would have been glad to have furnished for half the money, and even less. As an illustration of the graft in this

feature, the section of the boulevard already completed contains several plots of California privet, for which the contractor gets sixty cents a plant, while the nurserymen's catalogued prices for these same plants in large quantities are only fifteen to twenty cents. The same extravagant prices were awarded for paving, macadamizing, sidewalk and curbing, sewer and bridge construction, and practically every feature of the work. By lumping the entire work into one contract, individual competition was eliminated, and in consequence Philadelphia is paying for an ornamental boulevard for which the vast majority of people will never have any use, at least twice what such a work would have cost if constructed at the expense of a private individual or corporation. The Torresdale boulevard was conceived for graft purposes solely, and when completed will be one of the most striking, as well as costly, monuments of the phenomenal graft administration of Samuel H. Ashbridge.

One other illustration will suffice to demonstrate the expensive favoritism which characterized every feature of public expenditure during the Ashbridge period. The contract prices for oats, hay, straw, bran, etc., for the use of the horses of the Fire and Police Departments for the year 1903, as shown by the schedules at the office of the City Controller, contracts which probably exceeded \$200,000 were awarded to a high instead of the lowest bidder, at rates from fifty to seventy-five per cent. above the lowest bid. For example, oats, for which the lowest bid was forty-four cents per bushel, were furnished at seventy-two and seven-eighths cents. Baled hay, for which the lowest bid was ninety-nine cents per 100 pounds, was furnished at \$1.60 $\frac{7}{8}$ per 100 pounds. Rye straw, for which the lowest bid was ninety-five cents, was furnished at \$1.48 $\frac{7}{8}$ per 100 pounds. Wheat bran, for which the lowest bid was ninety-nine cents per 100 pounds, was furnished at \$1.55 $\frac{7}{8}$ per 100

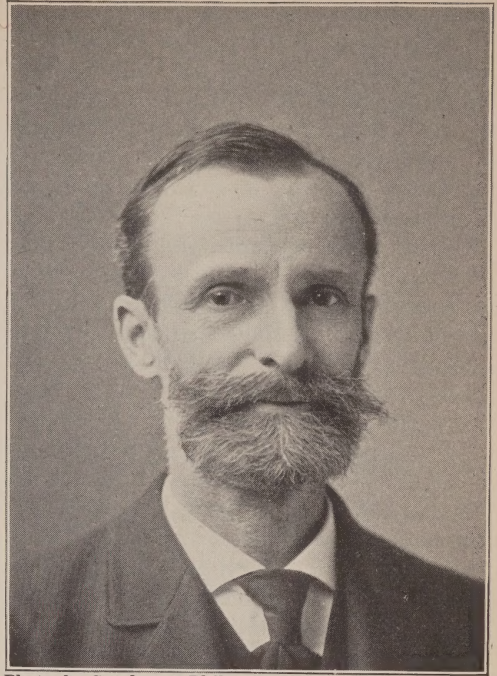


Photo. by Gutekunst, Phila.

JOHN W. HILL,
CHIEF OF THE WATER BUREAU, SUCCESSOR TO
J. C. TRAUTWINE, JR.

pounds, and so on to the end of the chapter. The lowest bidder was a responsible dealer who would have made from ten to fifteen per cent. above wholesale rates if he had been awarded the contract. His bid was rejected, however, for that of a favored contractor, whose profits ranged from fifty to eighty or ninety per cent. These instances of costly favoritism to filter, boulevard, and feed-contractors were not isolated ones; they are cited simply as examples of the policy of illegal, as well as unjustifiable, favoritism and extravagances which characterized every department of public expenditure during the period in which Samuel H. Ashbridge and his coterie of boodling politicians and contractors rioted with the public funds.

It is interesting to diverge at this point from our story and pay attention to an important bill just passed at Harrisburg.

The Legislature adjourned on April

13th, and it is no exaggeration to say that it is impossible to find its counterpart in any State of the Union. For cowardly submission to the "three-man-power" that wields a political bludgeon unparalleled in our history, the vast majority of our "so-called" legislators cannot be matched. In the place of a deliberative body with high aims for the public good, we find an aggregation of cringing tools, who, lower in abject servitude than "Helots"—because more intelligent—obeyed their masters' behests without flinching. Their votes were ever at the command of the leaders, and when the small number of the "unshackled" was at times reinforced by enough casual "insurgents" to endanger the passage of a bill, recourse was had to the padding of the roll-call, in which the participants are experts.

An interesting story might be told of the "ins-and-outs" at Harrisburg; of the allurements—including the next Governorship—held out to the presiding officers and "division" chiefs to keep them in line, but we are at present mainly concerned in a bill that is of vital importance to Philadelphia, and which, if approved by Governor Pennypacker, will perpetuate "Municipal Black Plague" indefinitely.

A few weeks before adjournment (March 27th), the "Organization" appeared like "a thief at night," and sneaked into the Legislature a bill of which no one outside the few initiated masters had any knowledge. This bill was intended to shear the Mayor of Philadelphia of all power, by taking from him and conferring upon Councils the appointment of the four Directors of "Works," "Safety," "Health," and "Supplies"; under this bill he would not even be head of the Police Department! It required unanimous consent to introduce bills at that stage of the session, and if the object of the bill had been known it could not have been placed upon the calendar. This clandestine, contemptible action on the part

of the "masters" in itself showed that they knew the bill could not bear the light of day, and that they could pass it only by whipping into line the members who depended upon the "Organization" for appropriations of money to their respective districts. The bill was rushed through in regular machine fashion; no speeches were made in its favor and the opposing minority was impotent to prevent its adoption.

The question why "Julius Cæsar" Durham wanted this bill passed is easily answered. No man knows better than Durham that a day of reckoning is coming, and he is fully alive to the fact that as Tammany Hall had its "Waterloo," so the "Organization" will have its "Sedan." The general uprising will be as irresistible here as it was there, and will be as successful if it is all along the line. Durham fears a concentrated fight with the Mayoralty as the objective point; he knows that if the *fifty-five per cent.* "stay-at-homes" go to the polls, reinforced by the respectable minority who cast their ballots at every election no matter how great the discouragement, he will lose the Chief Magistracy, with all its power and influence.

Like a wise general, therefore, he looks for position, and this he secures in covering and fortifying the skirmish-lines in the forty-two wards of the city. Skirmishes in nearly 1,100 thoroughly-officered divisions, and in all wards, are more promising to him on account of the masterful "Organization" which he is daily perfecting and in which his opponents are weak and deficient. If he elects a majority of Councils, and with scores of thousands of bogus voters in the riverwards and other parts of the city his chances are good, he can, under the "Ripper" bill, elect the four Directors and will be as powerful as he is now.

This is what gave birth to the "Philadelphia Ripper," the infamous bill forced through the Legislature and now before Governor Pennypacker for approval or veto.

It is years since Philadelphia has been aroused as now; a delegation composed of leading men of all professions, representing many bodies, will appear before the Governor on April 19th and urge a veto. The advocates of the bill are quiescent; they are burrowing in the dark. It is said that the Governor has received a number of "personal" letters indorsing the bill; that among the writers are several Philadelphia "Colonels" who have never smelled powder, but who are always ready to fight

in the rear with their retreat well-covered.

Philadelphia's government in the near future, for good or for evil, will depend upon Governor Pennypacker. His friends hope and pray for a veto; the sycophants and mercenaries surrounding him importune the Governor to sign the bill; if he does he will be sorry but once—and that for the remainder of his life.

(To be continued.)

RUDOLPH BLANKENBURG.

Philadelphia, Pa.

FREDERICK OPPER: A CARTOONIST OF DEMOCRACY.

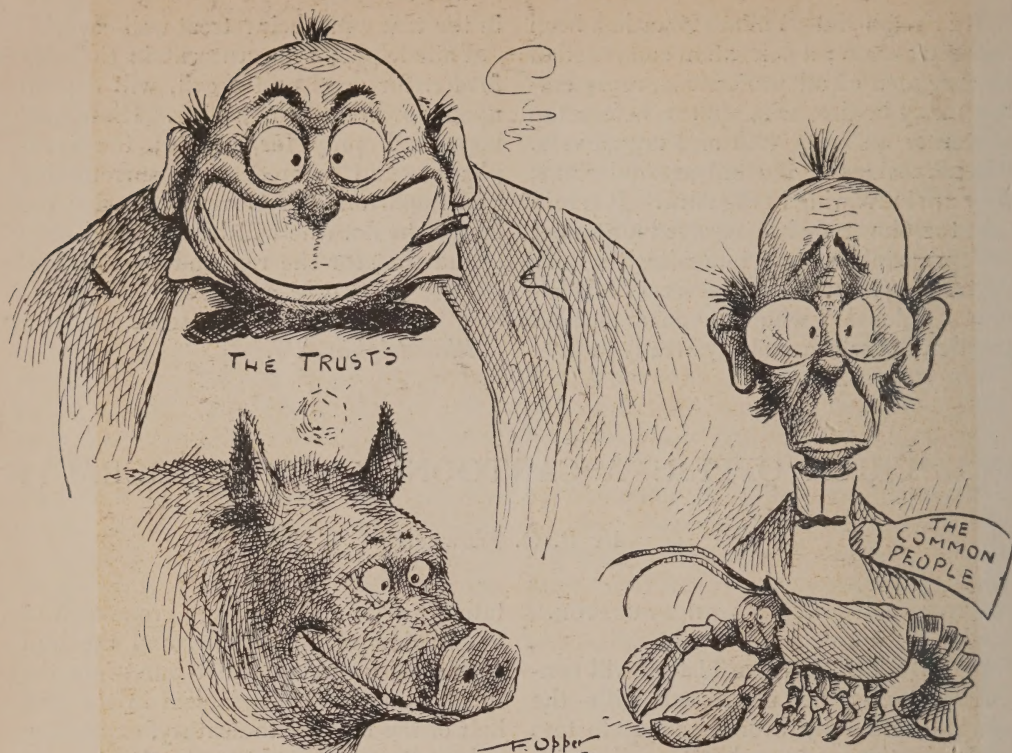
BY B. O. FLOWER.

I. THE CARTOONIST AS AN EDUCATOR.

THE STUDENT of history will constantly be impressed with the power exerted by ever-changing factors in dominating and moulding public opinion. In one period one influence will prove irresistible and compelling; in another, one or more quite different and perhaps diametrically opposite factors will hold the throne of power. Thus we find, after that great period of moral and religious stimulation and awakening known as the Reformation, the pulpit became the most powerful schoolmaster throughout Protestant lands. It swayed the conscience and guided the intellect of millions, especially throughout Teutonic and Anglo-Saxon lands. New England affords a most striking illustration of this all-mastering influence in public and private life during her colonial period. With the American Revolution came an era of broadening thought, during which there was a distinct reaction from the narrow, austere, arbitrary ecclesiastical dogmas and assumptions that had previously prevailed. Much of that which had long been accepted as "Thus saith the Lord," in the days when the Mathers were in their glory, was unhesi-

tatingly rejected by a large proportion of the noblest of our people, and the bud of liberalism grew until it burst into the full blossom of Unitarianism in the first half of the nineteenth century, expressing a breadth of thought and toleration of spirit that had been previously embodied in the views and teachings of Thomas Jefferson and several other of the master-minds who laid the foundation of our republic.

As the influence of the pulpit waned, the town-meeting, debating club and public discussions largely took its place, and these influences were supplemented by leaflets and tracts; but nowhere and at no period, perhaps, was public opinion so influenced by tracts and leaflets as in France prior to the Revolution and in England during the early years of the Corn-Law agitation. In the first instance the newspapers had not yet become a great popular educator, nor would it have been possible for editors of regular periodicals to carry on radical or revolutionary agitations in such a manner as was accomplished by the pamphleteers. It is stated that in France the police authorities would no sooner gather up and destroy the great mass of pamphlets embodying democratic ideals as promulgated



Oppen, in *Chicago American*.

(Reproduced by special permission of William Randolph Hearst.)

JUST PLAIN ATAVISM.

Atavism, as the dictionary will tell you, indicates a tendency to go back and look like your old ancestors. If you never saw atavism illustrated in your life, you may see it now.

by the most advanced friends of free government, than Paris would be deluged with a fresh crop of these philosophical but essentially incendiary arguments. In this manner and through the numerous secret societies which sprang up at this period in France, people were educated and prepared to make definite demands absolutely inimical to the age-long despotism of the throne and the nobility and the fundamental claims upon which class-government necessarily rests.

In the early years of the Anti-Corn-Law agitation in England there were many powerful papers which exerted a far-reaching influence over the popular imagination, but these, without a single exception, closed their columns to the propaganda of the Anti-Corn-Law League. In the absence of such important educational aid as they might have furnished,

the wise, high-minded and determined young men who were the master-spirits in the Corn-Law and Free-Trade movement, decided upon two methods for educating, informing and enthusing the nation. One was the holding of great economic meetings, not unlike the religious revival meetings which ever exert so compelling an influence over a large proportion of the people, especially in arousing their latent moral enthusiasm. These meetings were to be seconded by a systematic distribution of tracts and leaflets. "We will sow England knee-deep in tracts if necessary," exclaimed one of the enthusiastic leaders; and accordingly great presses were set to work. At the large meetings each person received a package of leaflets and pamphlets containing arguments, parables, songs or stories, all calculated to enlighten the mind and in-

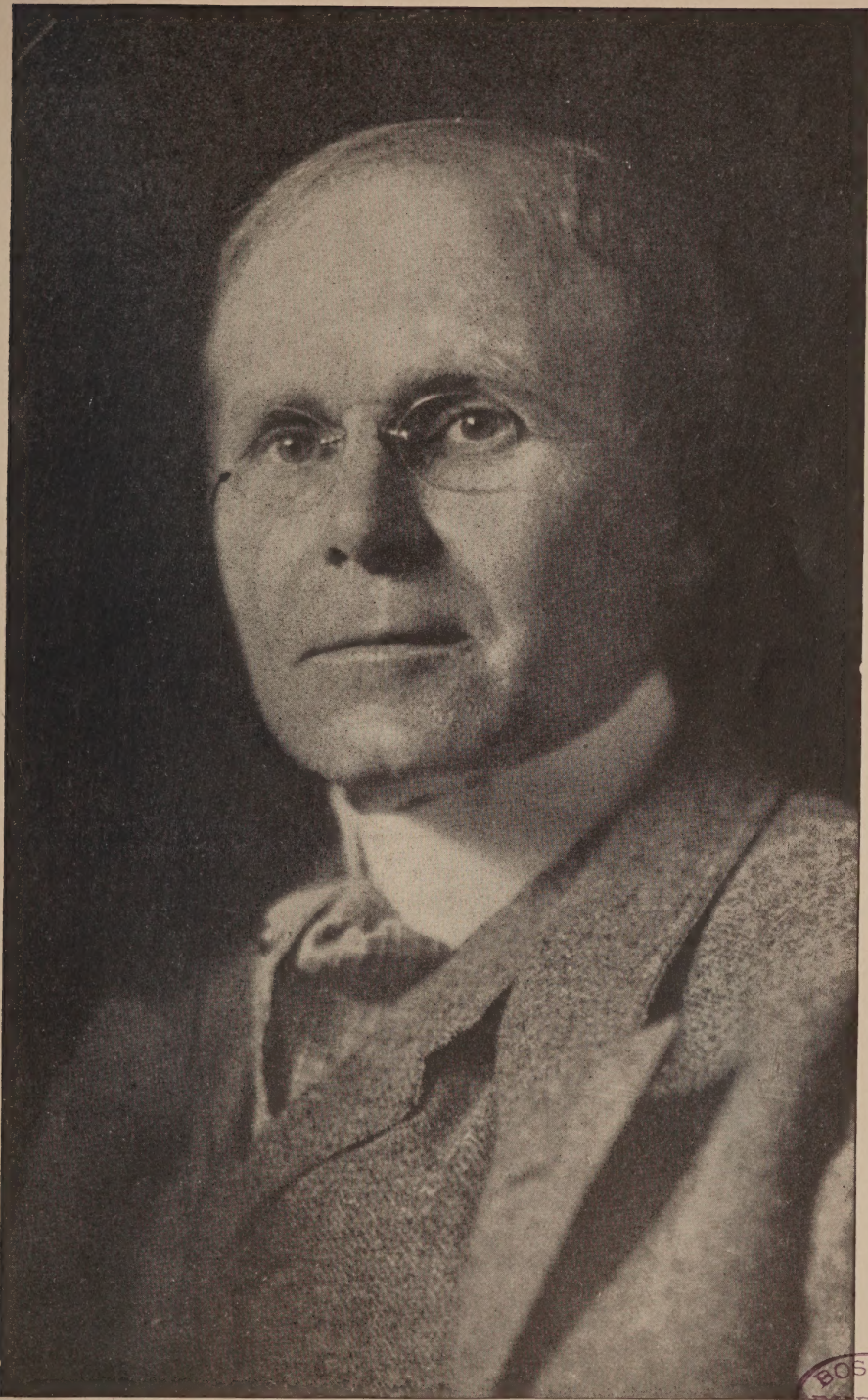


Photo. by Macdonald, New York

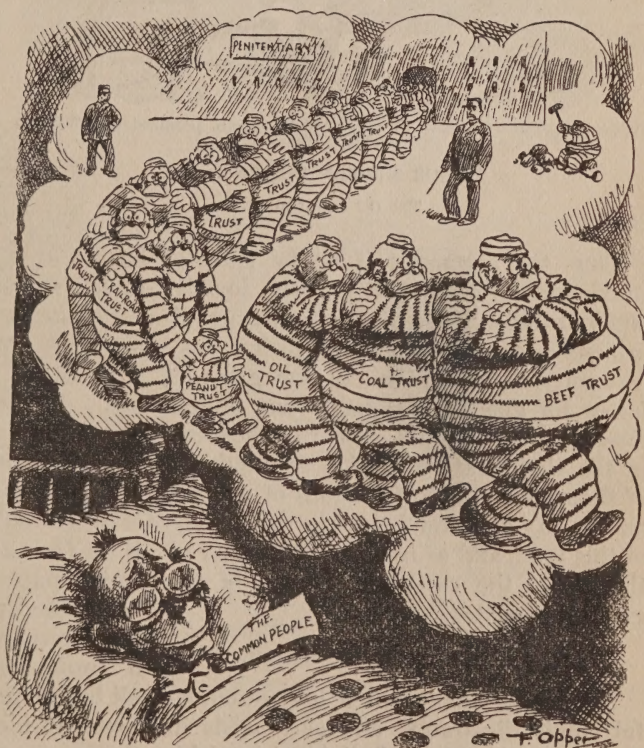


FREDERICK OPPER

fluence the moral sentiments. This systematic propaganda ere-long set England ablaze with popular interest and enthusiasm.

In our own country, political speakers and orators discussing general questions of interest were long prominent factors in general education, while the public-schools became the dominant and overshadowing educational influence for the young. Later came the weekly paper, supplementing the school, the pulpit and the rostrum, and still later the daily paper. With the advent of the cheap or penny daily came a new era in public education. Especially was this true after the introduction of illustrations. Then the cheap daily became second only to the public-schools as a public instructor, and it was an educator greatly needed in order to influence, stimulate and inform the great tide of immigrants which were month by month arriving on our shores from distant lands, representing the very poor and for the most part ignorant. But a large proportion of these people were sturdy and ambitious. Their ignorance was not due to sloth or indifference, but rather to the absence of opportunities for education in their native land. When they came to America they desired to learn, but their school-days were over and their money was scarce; and because their minds had not been trained to study, their thoughts moved slowly. Here is where the cheap illustrated paper became a most potent influence in popular education, and in this field the cartoonist gradually became a commanding factor in the elementary education of the

electorate who had never enjoyed the advantage of school privileges in their native land. He also became an aid and mentor to hundreds of thousands of native-born citizens to whom reading was a difficult task, owing largely to long years of incessant toil with the hands and little leisure for reading and recreation. To all these persons the large type, the pictures, and especially the cartoons and humorous sketches, served as a lure, arresting the attention, directing the mind to a certain subject, and stimulating interest and curiosity sufficient to lead the reader to seek the subject-matter as discussed in the editorials or chronicled in the news-columns. More than this: on the principle of influencing the slow-thinking by the line upon line method, a series of cartoons will in time drive home a vital truth so that it never leaves the mind.



Opper, in New York *American*. (Reproduced by special permission of William Randolph Hearst.)

ONLY A DREAM—AS YET.

But Dreams Sometimes Come True.



Opper, in Boston American. (Reproduced by special permission of William Randolph Hearst.)

OUR MODERN INFERNO.

The Oil Department.

Thus the cartoonist if he be true to convictions of right and bravely, loyally and faithfully holds to the fundamental principles of democracy, of justice and fraternity, becomes one of the greatest forces for good in the land—one of the most far-reaching and positive influences in the elementary education of hundreds of thousands if not of millions of people; and to-day as never before in the history of this land, and as in no other quarter of the globe, the cartoonist is one of the greatest educators.

II. FREDERICK BURR OPPER.

Among the many gifted and resourceful comic illustrators and cartoonists in America, probably no individual is wielding so great an influence as Frederick Opper, and fortunately for the republic that influence is being exerted for the

cause of all the people in the titanic battle now being waged between organized greed or the gambling, privilege-fattened plutocracy on the one hand, and the great producing and consuming masses on the other, and in the corollary conflict—that of reaction and class-rule, in which wealth is striving to supplant the fundamental ideals and principles of democracy with the imperialistic and old-time theories of privileged classes *versus* the masses.

Mr. Opper was born in Madison, Ohio, in 1857. He was educated in the public-schools until he reached the age of fourteen. Then he accepted a position in a village newspaper office, where he remained for one year; but the ambition to rise and succeed in a larger field, which is so characteristic of the normal youth in a free country who has

been reared near to nature's heart, soon took possession of him. He determined to make a success in life and fixed his eyes upon the nation's great metropolis as the theater of his endeavors. Thither he journeyed, securing a position in a store, but holding to the idea of ultimately entering the fields of art or literature. While engaged in the store he submitted several drawings to *Wild Oats* and other humorous and illustrated papers, which were promptly accepted and paid for. This success led to his determination to adopt illustrating as a profession. Accordingly he devoted all his spare time to drawing, in order to better fit himself for his life-work, and in the course of a short time he secured a position on the art staff of *Frank Leslie's Weekly*, the same magazine which years before had given a start to Thomas Nast.

This position he held for three years, leaving it to join the staff of *Puck* as a prominent artistic contributor on that important humorous weekly. For eighteen years his pictures appeared regularly in *Puck*, and during this time he won a foremost place among the most effective humorous cartoonists and illustrators of America. At the end of this period he severed his professional relations with *Puck* in order to accept a position offered him by Mr. William R. Hearst, who was determined to make his daily papers great popular educators, and with the quick instincts of a true journalist realized the important fact that the re-



Oppen, in *New York American*. (Reproduced by special permission of William Randolph Hearst.)

OUR MODERN INFERNO—THE BEEF DEPARTMENT.
(With apologies to Dante.)

sourceful and original cartoonist was one of the greatest of educators and that his work also contributed in no small degree to the success of a daily. Since entering the service of Mr. Hearst, Mr. Oppen has been daily appealing to an increasing multitude—a multitude which now numbers many millions of people—in the *New York American* and *Journal*, the *Boston American*, the *Chicago American*, the *San Francisco Examiner*, and the *Los Angeles Examiner*. Barring the influence exerted by the extortions, lawless oppressions and corrupt practices of the trusts and corporations, we doubt whether any single influence has been more potent in arousing the American people to the essential criminality, oppression and peril to the public of the trusts, the privileged interests and the political allies by which they have been able

I SWEAR THAT I AM A NON-RESIDENT AND THAT MY PERSONAL PROPERTY DOES NOT EXCEED \$14.67. I'LL SWEAR TO ANYTHING



Oppen, in *New York American*. (Reproduced by special permission of William Randolph Hearst.)

SINBAD THE TAXPAYER.

The Old-Man-of-the-Sea That He Has to Carry.



Opfer, in New York *American*.

(Reproduced by special permission of William Randolph Hearst.)

THE WAR FOR LIBERTY, BOUND IN THE END TO WIN EVERYWHERE, WILL REMOVE WAR
OF ALL KINDS FROM THE FACE OF THE EARTH.



Oppen, in Chicago *Examiner*.

(Reproduced by special permission of William Randolph Hearst.)

THE GOOD LINE AND THE BAD LINE.

"The bread-line is a noble charity, but the pie-line ought to be abolished."

to plunder the people, than the cartoons of Frederick Oppen.

III. MR. OPPEP'S WORK.

Mr. Oppen's work is marked by strong individuality. He is in no sense an imitator. He rarely caricatures individuals, preferring to employ original figures to typify certain evil classes, and it is rare indeed that his drawings do not at first appeal to one's risibilities, creating a smile while conveying some important truth. In this respect he differs as radically from Mr. Homer Davenport as did Michael Angelo differ from Raphael. Davenport's work is almost always savage. He rarely makes one even smile. His drawings are often colossal, but they are sinister and tragic in character. We cannot better explain the difference between the work of these two famous cartoonists than by repeating an incident related to us by a gentleman in New York at the



Oppen, in *Chicago Examiner*. (Reproduced by special permission of William Randolph Hearst.)

"DIVINE RIGHT."

The "Little Father" of the Russian People.

time when both artists were employed on the *New York American* and *Journal*.

Our informant, a man who is a close observer and delights in studying men and things, noticed on one occasion some foreign-born workers intently studying the cartoons of Davenport and Oppen in the *New York Journal*. The picture by the former on this occasion impressed our friend as being particularly forcible, and he ventured to say: "That is a great picture."

The workman looked up quickly, nodding his head but at the same time shrugging his shoulders in a manner which indicated that it was a doubtful acquiescence. So, pointing to Oppen's cartoon which another worker was looking at, my friend said: "You like his work best?"

The laboring man's countenance brightened as he replied: "Yes." Then pointing to Da-



Oppen, in *Chicago Examiner*. (Reproduced by special permission of William Randolph Hearst.)

THE OFFICE BOY.

"Me and My Boss."



Opper, in *New York American*. (Reproduced by special permission of William Randolph Hearst.)

A GENUINE "SPOOK PICTURE."

No Humbug About It.

venport's picture he said in quaint phrasing: "This man, his pictures make me mad—too mad to think—fighting mad sometimes. But this man, why, you see, he make me laugh first, then he make me think. I like his picture the best."

On hearing this incident we felt that the worker had expressed a very vital truth. There are millions of people in our land who are gloomy, unhappy and dispirited. The outlook for the future is no longer bright. They are slow-thinking, yet they want to understand. Mr. Davenport's sledgehammer strokes, his sinister and savage pictures, further depress and tend not unfrequently to make such people almost despair. His pictures of the brutal and masterful trusts, expressing savage determination and

apparently so powerful that the outlook seems hopeless, tend to enrage the individual. With Opper the case is different, because he always has as the butt or football of incarnate greed the ridiculous figure of the Common People; contemptible only because they themselves elect to be contemptible; despoiled only because they themselves permit despoliation; weak and powerless only because, while holding sovereign power in their own hands, they abdicate in favor of corrupt party-bosses and machines, controlled and manipulated by privilege-fattened and law-defying corporations and over-rich protected classes. Seldom does our artist draw a picture innocent of humor. That he can make powerfully symbolic illustrations and savage cartoons, laying bare the absurdity of the deceptive shibboleths that enslave mankind is evidenced by two typical examples



Opper, in *Boston American*. (Reproduced by special permission of William Randolph Hearst.)

THE TRUSTERDOODLE RAILROAD.

They All Have Passes but the Small Man on the End Seat.

which we reproduce. One pictures War and Peace and carries the legend, "War for Liberty, bound in the end to win, eventually will remove war of all kinds from the face of the earth." The other cartoon is entitled "Divine Rights" and represents the Czar as crouching while his soldiery, obedient to his murderous command, are shooting down starving men, women and children who came unarmed to lay their grievance at the feet of the ruler. Underneath this highly-suggestive cartoon we have the words, "The Little Father of the Russian People."

Such pictures as these, however, are the exception. For the most part Mr. Oppen's drawings illustrate enthroned



Oppen, in *New York American*. (Reproduced by special permission of William Randolph Hearst.)

THE MENACE TO OUR COURTS OF JUSTICE.
Shall We Have This Sort of "Gentlemen of the Jury"?



Oppen, in *New York American*. (Reproduced by special permission of William Randolph Hearst.)

IT MAKES HIM SMILE.

Who Is This Professor Osler, Who Says a Man Is Old at Forty, and Ought to Be Eliminated at Sixty?

and oppressive iniquity by well-considered symbolic figures, all bearing the same general resemblance, while the picture of the Common People is none the less appropriate. The trusts, the millionaire tax-dodger, the corporation magnate, the great Wall-street gamblers, the venal officials, betraying the people and accepting graft from privileged interests,—these are typified by figures that well represent gross, sordid, avaricious, sensual, insatiable materialism, innocent of lofty thoughts, noble emotions or high ideals; well content because confident of the power to acquire and still acquire the earnings of others; joyous rather than gloomy, because of a sense of security born of their confidence in the power of money to shield them from ruin and save them from the penitentiary, while it will enable them to continue to obtain special privileges

not possess the power of peaceably righting their wrongs. Indeed, every attempt to secure justice is met with execution, exile, or a living death in terrible prisons. But in a republic there is no good reason why the lawlessness, the extortion and the high-handed robbery of the railroads, the oil, beef, coal, grain and other trusts should be allowed to continue. Hence the artist is right in picturing the people as they really are.

In this issue, through the courtesy of Mr. William R. Hearst, we are able to present a number of Mr. Oppen's typical cartoons drawn for the Hearst dailies, and that have already served an important educational purpose, illustrating the iniquity of the trusts and other parasites that are fattening on the people.

That the American people are awakening to the peril of present conditions due to the controlling influence in government

of Wall-street gamblers, the trusts, monopolies and public-service corporations, is everywhere becoming evident. That a mighty moral awakening is taking place must be apparent to the most casual observer, and that the awakening will result as have all such moral uprisings in the history of Anglo-Saxon peoples we believe is probable if not inevitable.

Among the great popular educators who are directing the attention of the masses to the oppression, corruption and essential despotism of corrupt party-machines and political bosses acting under the orders and for the enrichment of privileged interests, Frederick Oppen is justly entitled to be considered as one of the leading factors. He is fighting Democracy's battle and fighting it in a conspicuously effective manner.

B. O. FLOWER.

Boston, Mass.

THE BENJAMIN FAY MILLS MOVEMENT IN LOS ANGELES.

BY W. A. COREY.

LOS ANGELES, California, is at present the scene of what is perhaps the most significant and remarkable religious movement in the world today. It is the most significant because the most expressive of advanced religious thought and the spirit of the age, and it is remarkable for the success that has attended it from its inception.

Reference is made to the Los Angeles Fellowship, which was organized about the beginning of the present year by the Rev. Benjamin Fay Mills, the famous evangelist of other days, and the members of his family. Los Angeles welcomed the Fellowship heartily, and the popularity of the movement has grown with

every passing day. Beginning a few months since with only a handful of devoted individuals and a great idea, with no organization, no money, no meeting-place, no prestige or leverage of powerful influence, the Los Angeles Fellowship has grown into a compact organization of over one thousand contributing members, with twenty-five working committees, with activities along many lines, with a cash asset of fourteen thousand dollars, with a hearing in the public press, and with universal enthusiasm and limitless hopes and purposes. The entire membership seems to be imbued with the moral enthusiasm of the leader.

The head of the Fellowship is, of

course, its founder, Mr. Mills. "Permanent Minister" is his official title. Working with him as "Associate Minister" is his wife, Mary Russell Mills, the well-known student and teacher of Emerson; and working under the direction of Mr. and Mrs. Mills are other members of their family and a large number of committees, secretaries, assistants, etc.

The fellowship is a many-sided institution,—as many-sided as is the human society which it attempts to serve. It is not simply a talking institution; it works as well as talks. One of its many activities is in connection with helping to care for the city's poor and unfortunate. It has its sewing-society to provide clothing for the needy, and other relief committees. It has its "Graduate Jolly Boys' Club" for the benefit of graduates from the Juvenile Court and the city Detention Home. It has its evening classes, and it is planning educational work on a large scale. It is providing free legal advice to protect the unfortunate from the rapacity of conscienceless lawyers and to discourage contentious litigation.

The Fellowship is caring for its children and young people in a thorough and intelligent manner. Besides its Sunday-School, Children's Church and Young Men's Club, it is meeting the amusement question not only with regular social gatherings, but by providing at a moderate expense dancing-lessons by a competent instructor. There is also a Fellowship Dramatic Club that has already given several creditable public presentations. All these amusements are of a high order. The good is cultivated; the bad is eliminated.

In the matter of music the Fellowship has been peculiarly fortunate. Not only have some of the best resident musicians contributed their talent, but visitors from abroad have done the same. Members of Mr. Ellery's famous Royal Italian Band have played in the public meetings, and among others from abroad

who have sung and played may be mentioned Mrs. Mary Linck Evans, the prima donna, and Jean de Chauvenet, the pianist. There is a Fellowship Orchestra, and a great Fellowship Choral Union is being organized for future recitals. A recent feature of the singing has been a "Fellowship Hymn," the words of which were written expressly for the Fellowship by Ella Wheeler Wilcox, who is one of the charter-members.

The attendance at Mr. Mills' public meetings has been phenomenal. The difficulty has not been to get the people to come, but to get halls large enough to hold them. Within a few weeks after the movement was started the attendance at the Sunday meetings had to be limited to ticket-holders, up to a certain hour. Hall after hall has been given up as too small, and "standing-room only" signs are common in the Mills meetings. Plans are now being perfected for the erection of a great building to accommodate the various activities of the Fellowship, including a hall for public meetings, amusement halls, business headquarters, committee rooms, publication offices of the *Fellowship Magazine*, etc.

The qualifications for membership in the Los Angeles Fellowship are unique and characteristic of Benjamin Fay Mills' personal attitude and opinions. The matter of religious *belief* is altogether eliminated. At the door of the Fellowship no questions are asked as to abstract theological opinions. All are welcomed on equal terms—orthodox and unorthodox, Jew and gentile, agnostic, infidel, Christian, heathen—all are given the same hand-shake and smile of welcome. But there is a pledge. Besides the agreement to make a weekly cash payment of any amount from one cent upwards, the prospective member must pledge him or herself to encourage "trustful and unselfish living." Let the reader think twice before smiling at this pledge; for to obligate one's self to live trustfully and unselfishly in this commercial and com-

petitive age is a far more serious matter than may appear at first sight. It involves the living up to the very highest Christian ideal. It involves the practicing of peace in the midst of war. It involves the holding of one's self from strife when strife is almost a necessary condition of existence. It means not simply a hearing of the Word, but a doing of it as well—a far more difficult thing.

Mr. Mills, as all the world knows, has broken finally and definitely with the old theological dogmas. He does not believe in the fall of man or in the old theories of the Atonement. He does not believe in the literalness of hell or heaven, or in the personality of God or the devil. Like all advanced thinkers, he has no creed, no definitely-settled statements of belief. He believes that truth is an unfoldment, and, being a student, he is constantly learning. His belief accords with the findings of science: that man, like the universe he lives in, is a development; that man is and always has been rising; that heaven and hell are not places but conditions in his upward struggle; and that "God" and "devil" are but names of opposing influences, like the negative and positive poles of a magnet.

He believes in the universality of human salvation. He is an optimist. Like Tennyson he believes

"That good will fall,
At last, far off, at last, to all,
And every winter change to spring."

His religion is one of trust. It has the spirit of Whittier when he sings:

"I know not where His islands lift
Their fronded palms in air;
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond His love and care."

He has the same faith in humanity and its destiny that the Quaker poet had when he sang, in "The Angels of Buena Vista":

"Not yet wholly lost, O Father,
Is this evil world of ours;
Upward, through its blood and ashes,
Spring afresh the Eden flowers."

The success of the Fellowship is due, it seems to the writer, to two things,—namely, to the essential character of the movement, and to the personality of its founder. It fills a want that if not long felt is at least deeply felt. It harmonizes with the spirit of the age, which is liberalism in religion. There is a necessity for such a movement; it answers a call; it comes at the opportune moment; it is the flood-tide that leads on to fortune. The very fact of its newness is an advantage. It has no traditions to cumber it. The orthodox churches are like a man trying to swim with one hand tied behind his back; their traditions hamper them. Not so the Fellowship.

The other influence that is making the Fellowship is the personality of Benjamin Fay Mills himself. He is a many-sided man, and a great one on every side. He is not only a great thinker and orator, he is a man of action. He is a phenomenal organizer. In less than four months' time he has created an organization that in many respects equals the strongest church organizations in the state. Then, again, he will not quarrel. The ultra-orthodox portion of the community cannot bait him into any show of ill-humor. If they publicly pray for him one week and publicly abuse him the next, he only smiles and goes his way, doing the Master's work.

W. A. COREY.

Los Angeles, Cal.

MUNICIPAL OWNERSHIP METHODS.

BY PROF. FRANK PARSONS, PH.D.

MR. BROWN'S article in the April ARENA, discussing methods of securing and guarding municipal ownership, seems to me a very valuable contribution to the literature of the subject. He shows more clearly perhaps than it has ever before been shown, that the public is losing money every day the public-franchises are in private hands. On every million of capitalization that pays six per cent. dividends, or sixty thousand dollars a year, the people could save one-half, or thirty thousand dollars a year, at once, by borrowing at three per cent. and taking over the monopolies. In many instances the dividends are more than six per cent. There is no question but that the people could buy the street-railways, the gas, electric and telephone plants, water and all, and manage them so that they would pay off the whole capitalization in thirty or forty years, without one dollar of taxation anywhere in the process.

Instead of buying, however, at the value proved to exist on a specified date, as Mr. Brown suggests, I would prefer purchase at a value corresponding to the average net returns for the preceding five years. This is the plan adopted in the transfer of private monopolies to municipalities in Great Britain, and it has proved to be workable and reasonably fair to both parties, much fairer than purchase at the value existing on a specified date, especially when the date is within the period of agitation for or discussion of the pur-

chase, so that the value may be inflated by the prospect of obtaining a large price from the city.

The heartiest endorsement is due Mr. Brown's proposal for a National Association of Municipalities and a national clearing-house of municipal statistics, to safeguard the people of every city against extravagance, inefficiency and graft by means of publicity, expert knowledge and the power of enlightened public opinion. Such a central office, gathering and comparing data relating to municipal industries in this country and in Europe, would undoubtedly be able to detect at once any jobbery or serious incompetency in any department of any city management, and by notifying the city of their conclusions and the reasons for them could put the people on their guard and lead to the correction of the trouble. Why could not our cities join at once in such a movement in respect to water-works, roads, schools, fire-departments, gas, electric-light, street-railways, etc. ? In the name of good government and progress, may I not venture to request the mayor of every city of twenty-five thousand or more inhabitants to bring the matter before the councils of his city; and in order that all may know what progress is being made in the matter. may I not further request each mayor to send THE ARENA a brief statement of the results of the council's deliberations on the subject ?

FRANK PARSONS.

Boston, Mass.

RISE, MIGHTY ANGLO-SAXONS!

BY KATRINA TRASK.

O mighty Anglo-Saxons! You assert
With conscious pride the kingship of your race.
Rise! Prove that kingship in a purblind world
By your high likeness to the King of kings;
Proclaim yourselves the champions of Peace,
O mighty Anglo-Saxons! Break your swords,
Disband your armies and destroy your arms;
Stand forth for Peace and win a deathless name.
Peace is not peace that sings its battle-songs,
And sets its cannon on a hundred hills;
That points its guns North, East, and West and South,
Toward friendly harbors, ready at a word
To call friends, enemies and targets—No!
Peace is the great affirmative of God;
It knows no armies, arms or armaments;
For armies, arms and armaments deal death,
And Peace holds conquest in the strength of life;
Its crown immortal is unconquerable;
Reach forth and claim the laurel for your own.

Hath not the revolution of the years
Brought sons of God a few steps nearer God than this—
That they shall stand arrayed in uniform
To march, at sudden call, to mutilate
Their brothers, and to mar and mangle men
Framed in the image of the God of gods?

Hath not the cycle of the centuries
Made manifest a clearer light than this—
That man should compassed be by his own State
And see no farther than its boundaries?
O foolish, vain, and perishable man!
Latin or Anglo-Saxon, every race
Is but one unit in a universe;
And brotherhood should circle round the world.

Rise, mighty Anglo-Saxons! Rule by right divine,
No sword but found at last its Nemesis
In all the records of the splendid past.
Rome, Greece and Babylon in turn drew sword,
Then each before a stronger power went down.
O mighty Anglo-Saxons—break your swords,
Disband your armies, and destroy your arms!
And in God's name have done with barren lies,
For you are hypocrites—yea, whited sepulchres,
O mighty Anglo-Saxons, full of dead men's bones;—
You preach a gospel when you live it not;
You trick yourselves with honeyed words of Peace
While every oath of office echoes war;
You prate of arbitration to the tune
Of clanging hammers, ringing on the steel
That shapes your battleships and armaments.
On two great continents the churchly towers aspire
Toward the deep azure and the silent stars,
And rising peans from the multitude intone
The Anglo-Saxon's worship of the Christ.
The Christ! O canting hypocrites, have done!
Christ's way is peace; His one command is Peace;
His final will and testament is Peace.

You cannot serve Him and deny Him both.
Be honest, Anglo-Saxons! And be true!
Pull down your ministers; hush the swelling hymn;
Throw to the winds the sacramental bread—
The holy bread of life and brotherhood—
Or, with a common human honesty,
Cease to shed blood; and cease to teach your sons
The code of battle and the code of death,
While—dressed in your ensanguined livery—
They wait the opportunity to kill;
Cease to build battleships and death's grim enginery;
Cease to pay tribute to the god of war;
And cease—O Pharisees!—to pray "Thy kingdom come,"
While you are voting means to make a hell
In some vain-boasted cause of righteousness.

Haste, Anglo-Saxons! Ere it be too late,
And that sure prophecy the Master spake
Shall find fulfilment in your overthrow.
O mighty Anglo-Saxons! Break your swords,
Disband your armies and destroy your arms.
Rise to your destiny and learn a godlike strength,
A power from Peace those nations never knew
Which flourished for a glorious yesterday
To lie beneath to-morrow's desolating dust.
O mighty Anglo-Saxons! Seek a way
That will be unto immortality;
And conquer with a conquest unto life.
O mighty Anglo-Saxons! Ere it be too late,
Rise, break your swords, and rule by right divine!

KATRINA TRASK.

Trayaddo, Tuxedo Park, New York.

IN PRISON AND IN EXILE: THE EXPERIENCE OF A RUSSIAN STUDENT.*

EDITED BY WILLIAM LEE HOWARD, M.D.

IN 1897 I was studying law in the University of Moscow. After passing the necessary examination in the spring, I left the city for my home, which was about eight hundred miles away. The country over which I traveled was beautiful. It was when spring is in its finest garb. The trees were blossoming, and the nightingales were filling the air with their song. I cannot forget those nights on the train listening to the concert of those tiny musicians. Their song filled my heart with joy and happiness. I traveled in the company of several students,—all joyful and happy. After journeying three days with the students I left them, and wishing all a happy vacation, started on the journey to my brother's house.

After two days' riding on horseback I reached my destination. I needed rest, and hoped to get it, but peace and rest seldom enter a home in Russia that harbors a student. As I greeted my brother, a police-officer came in and asked me if I was F. M. I knew the man personally, as I had spent my vacation a year ago in this town, his behavior surprised me. He requested me to go to the police-station, but I remonstrated, and told him there probably was some mistake. "I am really F. M.," I said, "but I have just arrived; so do n't see what I have to do with the police. Probably you want somebody else."

* [The young man who related to me the following facts came to me for treatment of a broken-down nervous system, the result of his prison horrors. His condition was pitiable, and so strong were the vivid memories of his imprisonment that only after months of residence in this country could I get together the details of his story. I have tried to retain the style of his conversation and translated rather literally his statements—making no pretensions to produce a piece of literary work.—WILLIAM LEE HOWARD.]

"No," said the officer, "I want you."

"What for?" I asked.

"Come, and you will see," he replied.

I followed the officer, and upon entering the first room at the police-station I noticed in the next room gendarmes holding my overcoat and valise. Now I understood. I was then searched and told that I was arrested in the name of the law. I was asked what was in my bag. I said there were books. I saw a look of pity and sadness come over my questioner, and he dolefully shook his head, thinking, apparently, that I was lost. Books are regarded by the Russian police as dangerous things.

After my examination, I was placed in a carriage and carried to another town, where gendarmes were awaiting my arrival.

I cannot say that I was afraid; I took it as something that must happen some day; for students, in particular, must always be prepared for their arrest, and really are. However, as I was innocent of any act that would be regarded elsewhere as criminal, I was not ashamed. There are many conditions that are not criminal in other parts of the world that are so under the laws of the Russian government. During that night in the carriage I could not sleep, so I thought about my arrest and wondered at the cause.

For a long time I had worried about a letter I had written to a friend, a Lithuanian, who used to receive books from abroad by the underground method. I had not received an answer to this letter, and suspected it might have gotten into the hands of the police. This last supposition was correct.

After spending two hours in a prison-cell, I was brought to the office and tried. The gendarme asked me if I knew a Mr.

S. "No," was my answer. I was told to put my statement in writing. I did so. Then, with a sarcastic smile, the gendarme presented my letter written to Mr. S. This man was then in the United States, and this fact was important evidence against him. He had been suspected of having been connected with an association, the aim of which was to read Lithuanian literature, as well as to distribute among Lithuanians books written in their language. I was accused of belonging to this association. I was not a member, but my denial was of no avail.

They now searched my valise. Among various books printed in the Russian language, they found two books in the Lithuanian language. But the main purpose of the search was to find letters. Fortunately for me, I had burned all my letters. I really enjoyed seeing the disappointment of the police. But my joy was premature. My parents' house was searched, and letters were found, written in my boyhood days when I was not thinking about police or gendarmes. These letters were shown to me after some time, and I knew how much trouble they would make.

It is difficult to describe how I spent my time in prison. I walked from one corner of the cell to another, and tried to count my paces. At first I got some relief, but the monotony told on my nervous system. I felt some kind of pain that seemed to be physical, though it could not be located. I thought of the sunny days of spring, of my friends who were free and enjoying life, but these pleasant thoughts only aggravated my sufferings. I examined the insects on the floor. I wrote with a finger on the mould that covered the walls.

On going to bed, I at once felt a burning pain all over my body. I lighted a candle that I was permitted to have in the cell, and found that the boards of my bed were covered with a layer of insects, various in kind, color and character.

After a while I laid down, and as my thoughts were about my friends, I soon forgot the insects. I could not go to sleep during the night.

Two or three times a day I was permitted to walk in the yard, which was about fifty feet long and twenty-five feet wide. I was allowed to use only half of it. A fence about fifteen feet high concealed the outside world from sight. I spent day after day, week after week, in the same manner. O, the horrible monotony of this prison life! The object is to cause a mental breakdown, and it does not take long to produce this result. The only change was when I was brought to the office of the gendarmes, where I learned new facts concerning my criminal actions, and a new letter was shown me. I was told that if I would tell all I knew about a particular person, also give them information concerning an association, I would be released, thus avoiding further punishment. It was the only time in my life that such a high price was proposed for telling the truth. I did not accept their proposition, and accordingly had to remain in prison. I was accused not only of reading and distributing literature printed abroad, but of belonging to a secret association whose aim it was to overturn the present system of government in Russia.

After four weeks of confinement in the prison I have described, I was sent to a larger one. This was an old dilapidated building, having been built about a century. The food was slightly better, though not so good that it could be heartily eaten. Prisoners were allowed about three and a half cents a day for their food. The wooden bucket in which the food was distributed had an odor peculiar to leather in process of tanning.

A peculiarity of this prison was an orthodox chapel. It had been constructed by the government and dedicated to Saint Agafon, who used to steal horses with his father. The field for these dep-

redations was located in the country in which the chapel was built. The old people of the neighborhood still remembered him. He went to war with the Russian army, and during the war with Turkey he was taken prisoner. The Turks ordered him to shoot the Christians, and upon his refusal he was killed. He was made a saint by the orthodox Russian church.

When I arrived in the prison, I found that many Lithuanians were held there as political prisoners for the same offence as mine. Some of them had smuggled books, and others had sold them. One fellow had bought books from a policeman—a stool pigeon—and another had caught him. Nearly all of them were released after presenting necessary bonds. I was regarded as dangerous, because I had been a university student, and was kept in prison until tried. Cases of political crimes are never brought to a civil court, or given a jury trial. The police try them, and the Minister of Interior is the judge.

My trial continued for eight months. Most of that time I spent in my cell. Once a day I had an opportunity to walk in the yard for a half hour. Communication with other prisoners was strictly forbidden, particularly with political prisoners. Even ordinary prisoners were kept from me. When I walked down to the yard all other prisoners were locked in their cells, though when I was locked up they had comparative liberty in the building and yard.

After eight months of solitary imprisonment, it was announced that my trial was over, and I was to remain in prison until sentenced. I was placed in a cell with a young man who had been a student in the University of St. Petersburg. For three days and nights we did nothing but talk. We talked about everything,—past, present and future. We talked of our boyhood days, our studies, friends, teachers, all, all. We felt completely happy. My life began

to appear brighter, and the cell lost its gloom. But after several weeks we got tired of each other, though, I must explain, my friend was a bright young man with a fine character. It is difficult to see every day the same person without any change in clothes, environments or ideas. In a short time the fellow was released, and I was left alone in the cell. I felt slightly jealous at his release, but I needed rest and I knew I could now get it. We wished each other good luck, and he left with freedom ahead, while I remained to live a life that was slowly dulling my moral and mental feelings.

The protocols of my crime were sent to the Attorney-General, and he studied them carefully for four months. They were then sent to the Governor-General of Warsaw, who studied them with the same care for four months. They were then forwarded to the Minister of Interior, in St. Petersburg, who kept them for six months, and the Minister of Justice also examined them. I waited with patience and hope at first, then a desperate feeling took hold of me. I wrote petitions to various departments, explaining that my health was failing, and that I could not undergo the prison-life much longer; that I ought to receive my sentence at once. The only reply I got was: "Your petition has been left without results." I again pleaded with them for a decision, but even this was passed over without any answer.

My health failed every day. Bad food, lack of pure air, of light, and particularly freedom, completely ruined my nervous system. I forgot the past; I had no hope of the future. I did not give thought to another life. I had given up all hope of everything, God and the devil. I only thought fate had decreed that I was to die in that prison amid miseries, insults and degradation. All hope and expectancy vanished. At first, the uncertainty of my fate made me unhappy; later, a heavy feeling of dejection, of despondency, came over me. Occasionally, while

sleeping, I would dream about my parents, my home, and other various circumstances connected with my previous life. When dreaming of the picturesque garden at my home, and of the joy and happiness I formerly spent there, I was suddenly controlled by a heavy feeling that caused me to be very melancholy, and I would awake frightened and with a fast-beating heart. I had these or similar dreams almost every night. As the doleful nights passed on, vivid dreams merged into dismal, colorless impressions, and ended in my seeing nothing but dirt before my eyes. Sometimes I saw myself walking down the street up to my breast in mud. I had cramps at night, sometimes in one part of my body, sometimes in another. These pains kept me from sleeping. Nights now brought nothing but torture; I could partly forget my situation during the day, but not at night. My mind became dull, my sight impaired, my skin yellow—I was a living body in a coffin. Days after days, weeks after weeks fled away, and my condition remained the same. In the fall—when at home I used to leave my parents for the school—I could hear the voice of the railroad engine, the wheels of the train striking the rails like the sound of horses' hoofs. And when holidays came, they brought me reminiscences of boyhood and happy days of freedom.

The chief of the guard was an old Pole. He spoke the Russian language with difficulty and seemed to always fear the higher officials, who frequently visited the prison. He was afraid of everybody, particularly of political prisoners,—not because he regarded us as dangerous people, but because of the responsibility. He preferred to have in the prison ten criminals of the worst type than one political prisoner. He forbade the guards to talk to us and tried in every way to prevent the communication of political prisoners. Notwithstanding this strict confinement and supervision, we found ways to communicate with each other.

One was the telegraphy system of knocking with the fingers on the wall. This code is simple, and when once learned, communication with the prisoners is rapid and complete. The alphabet is divided into five groups. The letters in the groups run consecutively, each group having five letters, with the exception of the fifth group, which has six. Thus, the first group is made up of the letters A, B, C, D, E. To spell the word bad, the prisoner would make one knock—thus indicating the first group. After an interval, corresponding to the dash in the Morse code, he would knock twice, meaning the letter B, then one knock for the letter A, and four knocks for the letter D.

After two years of confinement, the resolution arrived from the Minister of Interior, with the signature of the Czar, announcing that we were sentenced to be exiled to Siberia for three years. But announcement of the resolution did not mean immediate release. We had to wait for direct orders from the police department before we could be deported to our respective destinations. These orders did not arrive for two months.

The anticipation of seeing other people, of communicating with them and getting fresh news, took away some of the hardships and mental agony of those extra two months in prison. At the end of this time, we left the prison, escorted by the police, and when outside of the walls I felt like a new-born babe. Trees, fences, houses, people moving along the streets, all seemed novel to me. My brain refused to receive so many sights at one time. Such a moment is worth being experienced, but not at such sacrifice as I now realize I made. We traveled by railroad, stopping at the main prisons on the way to rest and wait until the parties being collected at certain points were ready to be moved with us to the next important prison. We were given fifteen copecks a day with which we had to secure all our necessities of life.

In every prison, political prisoners were separated from the common ones. In the course of two months our party arrived at a small town in Siberia, where I was to spend the balance of my life, for it was not expected that I would outlive the three years' sentence.

As soon as we arrived at the place of exile, I was taken to the police-station and told that I was allowed freedom within the boundaries of the town. Legally, I was not exiled, but was placed under the supervision of the Siberian police. For "supervised" persons certain rules exist. These regulations are principally to prevent the exiles from communicating with the citizens of the town. The exiles are forbidden to leave the town. The suburban villages adjoining the town are particularly guarded from them.

The politicals are not allowed to practice medicine, to teach, to be legal advisers, or to belong to any associations or clubs, or to hold any government position, and are forbidden to take part in any theatrical performance.

All these rules were given me to read at the police-station, and, after telling the police I had read and understood them, I was directed to the houses occupied by political exiles. I went to the *homicilium* of several political exiles. They lived four in a room, calling this manner of living *commune*, a name that came into use under the old *régime* when the exiles used to live together, holding all property in common.

Each one of us contributed our share toward the household expenses. The room that represented the parlor was very gloomy. In the large room was a small quadrilateral table on unstable legs, two or three chairs, and windows without curtains.

The inhabitants of the *commune* with which I lived consisted of a student, a printer, a bricklayer and his wife. I was invited to stay in the *commune* with these individuals, and I consented to remain

with them until the arrival of my brother, who also had been exiled to this town. I also made the acquaintance of several workingmen, of various trades, who had been exiled from the large cities of western Russia. Most all of them were bright young men, with developed minds and mental culture. Each of them had a small library, composed of classical works, principally of a politico-economical nature. J. S. Mill, Darwin, and various French and Russian authors were to be found on the shelves of these young men.

The first things I learned from my exile-mates was about the life they led. The facts were by no means encouraging. Most of them claimed that they felt better in prison than in exile. This I could not understand, but a few months of the life soon convinced me that they were correct. Personally I would prefer ten years of exile to one year in prison, but remember I left prison a complete psychological and physical wreck. In exile, the door of your little house is always open; you may go about town, even to the woods—inside the town-limits—and how may such freedom be compared with prison-life? But by experience later I learned that the complaint made by the exiles was, to a certain extent, true. Most of the exiles, with the exception of the Poles and Lithuanians, had spent only about a year in prison. Their nervous systems had not been completely ruined by confinement, but were being ruined in exile. In young people of energy and good desires, this life of compulsory idleness was the cause of breaking down mental health and morals.

I did not care much for the people I met in exile. I had no desire to hold any conversation with them. I walked in the woods and there spent most of my time, going to our house for my meals only. Before my imprisonment, I cared very little for the beauties of nature. Here I found them everywhere—in the woods, on the hills, the river, all were full of beauty.

I spent about two months in the *commune* trying to gain health by walking about the country. I could not read; concentration of thought was impossible. A bright and clever story would be put aside after reading two or three pages, for my mind could not retain any connection between words and ideas. I could not interest myself in my former studies, nor could I get any mental occupation. Villagers avoided exiles; we were looked upon with fear and distrust. We lived in our own circle and had little or nothing to do with the people.

As the months passed on, people arrived from various parts of Russia, and brought new life to the colony. Regular meetings were organized, and discussions of our position followed. The prospects of the Russian revolution were also debated. These meetings were very interesting.

Almost all the exiles were acquainted with politico-economical questions, and had a fair knowledge of the literature and political life of their country. Most of them were socialists. The discussions were between the older revolutionists with nationalistic tendencies in theory and rough measures in practice, and a new type who confessed a belief rather in evolution than revolution, and would not advise any drastic measures toward the government. This latter party was in the majority. It decided to work among the workingmen, to disseminate among them the principles of socialism and the necessity of a struggle against the government. The older party was quickly suppressed, and social democracy took control. At the meetings we did not discuss murder or dynamite; we were for the weapon that would free Russia, *education*. The important question was: "Who would accomplish the revolution: peasants or workingmen?"

The local police made no objections to our meetings, as long as we did not communicate with the citizens. We enjoyed complete freedom of speech. The

debates were interesting, and life became more natural. But the past life began to tell on some of us. The Polish printer began to show marks of irritation. He became suspicious of everyone, and imagined he saw spies everywhere. His treatment in prison was now having its effect. His history was not different from that of hundreds of poor fellows who want to learn. He had been arrested in the streets of Warsaw, and had been treated very badly in prison, where he had been confined for more than two years. Several times he had been placed in a dark, damp cellar, with only a shirt on his body. Bread and water were all they gave him to eat. Under these conditions he had to spend many days at a time. When he first joined the *commune* he seemed rational, but as time went on his condition became pitiable. He had the delusion that the exiles were spies. One day three of us walked together down a street, with a newly-arrived exile. There was a conversation between us about general matters, and during the course of the conversation the printer was asked if he had ever been in love. This question seemed to enrage him, for he broke out in a tirade, and I saw he was mad. The next day at a meeting he became excited and accused the whole colony of being spies. This accusation aroused the members of the colony against him. The following day a meeting was to be held to discuss the accusation. He came to me, and I noticed the poor fellow was ill. I warned my comrades that the man was insane, and that it would be fruitless to discuss his irresponsible words. The following morning he broke our windows, chairs, and everything he could get hold of. He tried to kill everyone who approached him. All we could do was to tie the fellow by force and send him to the hospital. Some of the exiles became affected by his insane acts. The student became so distracted that it became impossible to understand him. After some time

the incident was forgotten and our life again attained a normal course.

The death of an exile was usually a source of much trouble. After a year of exile my brother died. On his coffin was placed a band of ribbon, with the inscription: "To a Fighter for Liberty."

The police-officer in charge of the funeral had been drunk the night before and slept too long, and did not appear when the funeral cortege was ready to start, so the procession reached the cemetery without any interruption. Had he been present the coffin would not have been allowed to have been decorated with the band, and there would have been trouble. After leaving the cemetery the police stopped the covering of the simple casket and tore off the bands of ribbon from garlands of flowers that were being buried with the coffin.

It is extremely difficult to characterize the life of political exiles. The life is without striking incidents, without hope, without occupation, but rich in its ultimate consequences. The banishment is planned very carefully by the government, with a perfect knowledge of human nature. In modern prisons, as well as in exile, there are horrors,—not the horrors of whips or tortures that strike the human imagination with fear and indignation, but the horrors of loneliness and absence of mental and physical occupation. There is no longer the knout for political prisoners, but the punishment is horrible, just such as the designer of the plan intended.

In political cases, the police have the power to arrest without any restrictions from the court. This gives promptness to their actions. The solitary confinement which one undergoes ruins the nervous system, and the useless life in exile finishes the work. The places of exile are selected very wisely in order to accomplish the mental ruin of the political. The government allows the political exile five copecks a day, but he has to wait about a year before receiving it.

The police avoid conflicting with the politicals as much as possible. It is the stagnation, the impotence of their seclusion from the surrounding people, that keep the exiles restless and dangerous. The exiles live in their own circles,—circles of neurotics,—and feel and know their abilities and energy, but are unable to put them into useful activity. This pent-up energy breaks out in quarrels and fights with each other. I have known people who were the best of friends for ten years, who, after two months of living together in exile, ceased to recognize each other. Thus, men who were at first the best of friends became in one year deadly enemies. It is almost impossible to avoid such results, and it is the policy of the government to cause this state of affairs. This life eventually leads to a strong repugnance to everything, to themselves as well as their fellow-men. No great astonishment is expressed by these men at the suicide of one of their acquaintances, or of the murder of a state official by an exile. This life is a logically-deducted scheme, skillfully planned and carefully executed by the Russian government.

One day in the spring of the year, a transport brought two Poles from Warsaw. These men had been close and intimate friends, but the system of punishment carried out by the Russian government in the course of time blasted this friendship, and both men looked upon each other with abhorrence. At the time of their arrival in this town they could scarcely bear each other's presence, and hatred was shown in every glance. This system of punishment, the confining of two friends in a single cell, keeping them confined for several years before exiling them, is a horrible example of the Russian government's knowledge of psychological matters. While confined in jail these suspects were subjected to torturing punishment. They had been confined in the same cell and abused in the most atrocious manner. They were

laughed and scoffed at, cursed and ridiculed, and many other refinements of moral teasing were practiced. It scarcely seems possible that one man could be so inhuman as to wantonly inflict such torture upon his fellow-man, but this was the duty of the prison officials, and those under the Russian government must perform efficiently and in every detail their obligations. Every morning, at two o'clock, the guards would inspect the cells, and if on their arrival at the cell of these two men they had not gotten from their beds, the guard would pull them by their feet from the bed to the floor. The food these men received was very poor, as well as unclean. They complained to the chief of its impurity, and, as a consequence, they were put into a cellar for three days and nights. The floor of this cellar was of stone, covered with the excreta of punished prisoners. They had no light whatever, and for three days and nights the men could not sit down or sleep, but walked in the lake of filth. Their food was bread and water. Upon another occasion, when they complained to the inspector of the prison, the chief, to revenge himself, put them into the cellar for five days. But, fortunately, the transport was ready to sail for Siberia, and as they had been sentenced to exile, they had to spend only two days in this foul cellar. One of these men wrote the Minister of Justice all the facts concerning the manner in which they were treated in prison, but whether or not the matter was investigated I cannot say, for in a few months the complainant escaped.

In the *commune* it was very easy to conceal his absence. The police did not notice his disappearance until after he had been gone a week, and by that time I have no doubt the man was many miles away. The other exile remained with us only six months. He had to support his mother and sister, when he scarcely could earn enough for his own living. The young man was very sensitive and

refused all proffered assistance. At last he borrowed some money and escaped. He was a mechanic; he made some tools and kept a shop, but had very little work. He resolved to leave all his business (which did not amount to much) behind, telling his landlord to be silent as he was going to leave town for a few days without permission of the police. The *commune* detective did not suspect the mechanic's absence, for upon looking daily in the windows of his shop he could see all the tools. But the landlord, after some time had passed, told the police that he feared something had happened to the exile, and after they hunted for him without avail they apparently gave up all hope of ever finding him. Several other men escaped while I spent my period of exile here, but the percentage of those who escaped was less than those who died or committed suicide. A woman in the fourth year of her exile, and a half year after her marriage, cut her throat. An old man—a neurasthenic—committed suicide after finishing his term of banishment. Many of those with whom I divided my lot are now dead in various parts of Russia, and all were young men. Those whom I have called old men were 45 and 46 years old.

At the end of the last year I noticed some changes in the opinions of the new exiles. Some were pessimistic in their discussions, and, in a manner, colored with the philosophy of Nietzsche. A new party arose which advocated open revolution with arms. A son of an exile arrived from the university, bringing a pamphlet of a new terroristic party. He was ridiculed by the older revolutionists, as the book was childish; so was the party. His father was very serious in his denunciation of the matter, and scolded and reproached his son; he explained what all this would mean should he be detected instigating the men to revolution. After spending his vacation with his father, the young man returned to

the university. He did not profit by his father's advice, for we all heard that he had been concerned in students' riots and had been exiled, and later on was drafted into the army. The father received a letter, saying that the son refused to take the oath of allegiance, had been imprisoned and was to be court-martialed. This information was not correct, having been sent by the government to worry the old man and his wife. This boy was her only love, and her only ambition and aim in life had been to see him successful; and when this information was received, the poor woman was thrown into a condition bordering on insanity. At times she imagined him

happy, married, and with all the attributes of happiness that a mother's imagination invites, at the same time she feared that something serious must happen to him. I consoled the poor mother as much as I could. If the boy was imprisoned, I explained, this was nothing to worry about, for all of us Russians must pass through prison *en route* to our ambition.

I escaped about the time the old man was released. A month later I read in a newspaper that his son had shot down the Minister of Interior, at St. Petersburg, and had been hanged. A year later I learned of the father's death.

Baltimore, Md.

BEAUTY AND LIGHT.

BY KENYON WEST.

SEVERAL of the plays recently given here by Madame Réjane and Mrs. Patrick Campbell, and the last farce from the pen of Mr. Pinero, have excited considerable discussion and brought up the ever-vital question of stage ethics. Last year certain plays given by Madame Dusé excited similar discussion. It is an annual affair. Every season when objectionable plays are produced in this country by gracious foreign artists, or when our own artists act in plays of foreign dramatists which are a disgrace to America, we hear a few protests from the higher order of critics. But, with few exceptions, these protests are feeble and ineffectual. They lack earnestness. As for the people, it takes an undeniable offence like Clyde Fitch's "Sapho" to rouse them from their lethargy. As a rule, people are either long-suffering, complacent or carelessly indifferent.

It must be acknowledged that with these discussions of the subject of stage ethics there is sometimes apt to be mingled much cant, especially from those

whose experience of the stage is limited, or who have an inadequate appreciation of the scope and range of dramatic art.

The protest of the narrow, puritanic spirit that can see no good where good undoubtedly exists, does much harm. It is scarcely less harmful than the attitude of the ordinary writer on the stage who "takes the drama as he finds it" and does not go deeply into the question of influence, moral responsibility and other things which afflict the deeper thinker, the more earnest student of life and of art.

The time has come when the theater can no longer be ignored by the Puritan or by the thoughtful student of sociology. Its place in the community is of the utmost importance. In our modern life it is a factor more and more to be reckoned with whenever the subject of ethics comes up for consideration.

For man has an irresistible instinct for play. He must be amused and taken out of himself or he becomes a useless member of society, a mere machine or a

hopeless hypochondriac. A great writer says that it is play rather than toil that is most germane to our true nature and that lies closest to the Divine intention. But man in his play as well as in his work, in his pleasures as well as his duties demands care and direction. The responsibility of the playwright, the actor and the theatrical manager who minister to this unconquerable desire, to this irresistible instinct for amusement, is therefore almost overwhelming. It is the duty of the playwright, the actor and the manager to furnish that form of amusement which will not disgrace themselves or be a source of danger to the people.

In spite of the strident voices of certain so-called emancipators and reformers who make a loud cry about there being a radical distinction between art and ethics, humanity knows that the two are closely connected.

Even if we wished, we could not divorce art from ethics. It would not exalt art if we could. We cannot escape from the ethical responsibility nor from the ethical difficulty.

Charles Lamb felt the need of escape from the pressure of daily cares when he wrote his essay in praise of the artificial comedy of the Restoration. He deplored the reasons why that old comedy could not be tolerated in his time, the moral test being applied too rigidly. Were Charles Lamb living now, he would feel that the conditions of our modern life being what they are, it is still more impossible to avoid the moral test. He himself would be the first to acknowledge that in the course of human events, the stage has come to that point in its development when it can no longer be viewed as a means of mere amusement. Its mission is a higher one than that. The stage is a means of increasing one's knowledge of life; of studying character in its many diverse and contrasting manifestations; of getting vivid and in some cases accurate ideas of history; of reproducing past epochs and far-away places.

The stage is a means of widening one's

sympathies, of gaining broader, more liberal opinions. Henry Irving even considers it an important factor in international politics. Dr. Parkhurst says that: "As a means of intellectual stimulus and of moral uplift there is nothing, with the possible exception of the pulpit, that could stand alongside of it as an enginery of personal effect, provided only it would maintain itself in its proper character as the dramatized incarnation of strength. Personally, I would like at least once a week to get out from under the incubus of ordinary obligation and to yield myself up intellectually and emotionally to the domination of dramatic power. I could live with a fresher life and could write and speak with a more recuperated vigor, I am sure."

The power of the stage for good, as well as for evil, cannot be overestimated. Its power for evil is to be reckoned with, to be fought. Its power for good is to be emphasized.

Considering the important place the stage occupies in the community, it must therefore, be viewed with a serious and thoughtful attention. And this is not at all incompatible with the idea of its being a source of recreation and pleasure. Recreation really means to create anew, to refresh and relieve the mind.

We do not gain refreshment by means of that which harms and blights.

Was it not Stendhal who said that Beauty is a promise of happiness?

All art springs from the instinctive desire of man for beauty. That art ministers to him the most richly which opens out to his perceptions the largest number of means by which beauty can be obtained. And one of the results of culture is that perceptions themselves become more acute according to the degree of training they receive. Of all the arts, the drama opens out the widest field for the presentation of what the trained mind demands for its complete satisfaction. The trained mind will find beauty in classical and romantic forms; in the sombre gloom, the appalling grandeur of the

tragedy; in the sparkling humor and the tender sentiment of the comedy; in the delicate fancy of the poetical rhapsody; in the caustic wit of the satire. Beauty will be found in the dramas of observation of contemporary life, in those dealing with history or with the charm of romance. Sometimes it will be found even in the farce. But beauty will not be found in the mud of the streets. Emerson says indeed that the good botanist will find flowers between the pavements, that even in the mud and scum of things is something always, always sings. But we must remember that it is the flower, it is the song that we are seeking, it is the flower and the song that are beautiful.

We hear much these days in praise of the drama of observation. It is said that it will soon take the place of the romantic drama which stirs our pulse and makes the blood flow and dance in our veins, which takes us out of ourselves and gives us brief respite from the stress and the fret of life. But we must not forget that in this drama of observation, observation of the tragedies and the pains of life as of its joys and its hopes, there must be a strong appeal to the higher nature of man. While not obtruding a moral lesson—a crude expedient, indeed—it will nevertheless not ignore the conscience of man, nor make a jest of sympathy, justice, pity, remorse, truth, fidelity. And in this drama of observation there must be conspicuous the great principle of selection which lies at the foundation of the creation of beauty.

There are of course differences of opinion in regard to what themes shall be chosen for dramatic representation and elucidation. But evil does not consist merely in the theme. It is the manner in which the theme is developed and unfolded which repels a healthy mind. There is an infirmity of moral judgment in some plays of modern society which is deplorable. No plea that they are based on accurate observation of life, that they are written in obedience to the formula,

now become such a cant phrase,—“art for art’s sake,”—no cleverness of construction, no brilliant, sparkling dialogue, no skilful acting can make atonement for their cynicism. There is a thirst for realism which is feverish and unnatural. There is a point beyond which realism should not venture. Life is full of the sordid, the vulgar, the debasing, full of the grim horror of sin. It requires a great genius to transmute this into that which will serve the noble purposes of art,—and great geniuses are very rare.

The ordinary dramatist need not flatter himself that he is obeying the high behest of art when he observes these sordid and debasing phases of life and reproduces them upon the stage. The realistic argument breaks down sadly when it is supported by the work of certain modern playwrights.

The stage is a battle-ground for many varied emotions, thoughts and passions; vices must be depicted—treacheries, cruelties; many problems must come up for solution; what the Germans call the *Welt-Schmerz*, the pain of the world must be analyzed

But all this can be done in a manner to elevate the mind, rather than to debase it. The vivid representation of vice can be made to serve a high and noble purpose, to make a potent appeal to the conscience. The great masterpieces of dramatic art serve this high and noble purpose. That is one reason why they are masterpieces, and why they live.

One of the essential things in the formation of healthful plays is that while nothing pertaining to man is forbidden to the dramatist, the worst aspects of human life should not be presented and assigned such a prominent place in the dramatic scheme as to appear to be dominant, prevailing, universal; while the lovely, the pure, the noble acts and thoughts and emotions in reality more common are made to appear as “little better than iridescent dreams.” Many of our modern plays are not only morbid and depressing, but they are misleading.

Human nature is not a moral wreck, a festering mass of disease. Our minds should not dwell constantly upon disease. There is health,—glowing, radiant health in human life and in human nature. But we are told that health cannot be made as interesting as disease, that happy, sane lives make no history. It is true that to depict happiness, sanity, normal conditions requires a finer literary skill, a subtler insight than to analyze hideous sin, sensational conditions, abnormal conditions. The coarse, rough touch may succeed in attracting attention where the finer skill is passed by. But we should get over the delusion that disease is more interesting than health. Let us escape from this stifling atmosphere of the sick-room. Let us get out into the sunlight, out upon the hills where the breeze is fresh, like that blowing in from the sea.

For, as we do not gain re-creation, refreshment and relief of mind by means of that which harms and blights, neither do we gain it by that which discourages us and takes away our hope and enthusiasm. Nothing which leaves us depressed is a true work of art, says Swinburne. From even the great masterpieces of tragic art there emanates an influence which exalts and expands the spirit. The glorious tragedies of Shakespeare or of Schiller do not harm us, do not take away our hope. But how depressing are some of the plays which have recently been seen upon our stage!

And this is one reason why many of Mrs. Fiske's sincerest admirers are glad that she has ceased to act in "Hedda Gabler." Such a play takes the heart out of men. Mrs. Fiske's influence is too precious, her art too lovely and gracious, her mission too benign for her to spend her energies upon plays like "Hedda Gabler."

To be sure, it is skilful as far as form is concerned. It has unity of thought, compactness of construction. But it lacks the ethical value of "Ghosts." It has no tragic depth and it lacks those elements of beauty without which there can be no great art. The soul is not

thrilled by it. The heart is not made tender, the imagination is not fired by it. It has no warmth, no light.

I know that the adherents of Ibsen would smile at an opinion like this, and would attribute it to a lack of intellectual perception. They would say that as a study of character "Hedda Gabler" is masterly, and therefore it is beautiful; that he who denies its beauty is not one of the elect.

But it is useless to repeat the many conflicting opinions about Ibsen. It is not useless, however, occasionally to emphasize the necessity of a play being an uplift and a refreshment, a stimulus and a joy rather than a depressant.

Clyde Fitch made a great mistake years ago with his "Sapho." He lost prestige by it. But the other day he published these words:

"To create a character whose personality, views and words shall bring sunlight into the hearts and lives of hundreds of audiences is certainly as high a goal as any art-worker can ask for. There have been many definitions of art; but Wordsworth said: 'That is good art which makes the beholder wiser, better or happier.'"

That is excellent doctrine.

A few years ago, Dr. Slicer in an address before the Nineteenth Century Club spoke of the moral ministry of pure delight. "The most of the people in this world," he said, "have no pure delight. Heart must be put into men. . . . I think there is a moral ministry of the stage that serves the purpose of pure delight from highest to lowest."

Since that memorable speech many plays have been produced in America which take the heart out of men. Worse than that, their influence is to *weaken the hold upon the imagination* of that which uplifts and ennobles. This is what is meant by saying that it is not in the theme of a play that evil may consist, or even in the language employed. It is in the manner in which the theme is developed, in

the moral standpoint of the dramatist. Evil may be so presented as to do great good. It may strike terror to the heart, inspire pity and sympathy, and at the same time it may be full of light and hope. The finest art is full of light and hope. But much of the so-called art given on our stage and in our books has in it darkness and hopelessness, cynical mockery of that which is best, most worth while.

"With the fever of the senses," says Joubert, "the delirium of the passions, the weakness of the spirit; with the storms of the passing time, and with the scourges of humanity—hunger, thirst, dishonor, disease and death—authors may go on as long as they will making novels which shall harrow up our hearts; but the soul says, all the while, 'you hurt me.'"

The ordinary melodrama which makes the development of character subordinate to situation, which violates probability, and presents tawdry sentiment in a manner which gives little satisfaction to the lover of high art, receives more encouragement from the mass of the people than these cynical plays that hurt the soul.

And one reason why the drama of common life in which the moral point is everything has so firm a hold upon the sympathies and the attention of the public is that common life is full of happiness as well as misery; full of humor, that glorious gift of the gods, as well as pathos; full of kindly deeds as well as meannesses and cruelties.

As for the farce, we all believe in it. It is because life is so real, and grief and care so sure, that we must sometimes escape into a fantastic region whose whimsicalities are out of touch with realities. What would we do without the laughter which liberates the soul? We need the ministry of pure delight. Nonsense is refreshing and essential.

But when the farce becomes a hybrid composition, a mixture of the fantastic and the serious, then it cannot escape the penalty of being brought before the same tribunal which passes judgment upon the drama in its more pretentious forms.

The majority of our modern farces

possess this mixed quality. Therefore, it is always safe to remember that no farce is healthful when it rubs off the bloom of delicate feeling; when it chills the sympathies and throws a blight over one's impulses of trust and reverence; when it makes ridiculous or parodies the holiest feelings of the human heart, the noblest aspirations, travesties sentiment and dignity; when the sacredness of human ties is made to appear contemptible,—in brief, when it treats in a flippant manner those subjects which should be treated with respect.

There is no reason whatever why a play cannot be exhilarating, sparkling, thoroughly laughable, thoroughly interesting, without the laughter being directed against truth and honor and conjugal loyalty.

From the Restoration down, France has been responsible for much of the degradation of the English stage. England has much to be ashamed of, due to herself alone, but there is a certain strength of moral fiber which seems to be the birthright of the English and the American people. The French do not possess it. The American, with all his accessibility to ideas, his catholicity of taste, his freedom from insular prejudice, is untrue to his birthright when he accepts too readily the French mode of presenting certain things. Many of the light comedies and farces which have come from France are unworthy of the attention they have received here. They have a lightness of touch, a cleverness, a sparkle of wit which are peculiarly alluring, but they are unhealthful, pernicious.

Our playwrights should not strive to model their own work upon them. English vulgarity is too awkward and clumsy to be artistic, and there is not so much danger in it. But from England came Mr. Pinero's latest farce, which, happily, has proved a failure in this country. If Mr. Pinero would but remember his own words and interpret public taste at its highest. "We must never think of writing down to the public," he said, several years ago, "we should always write up, and it

will rise with us. There are two ways of interpreting that mysterious quality known as public taste: there is interpreting it at its lowest and there is interpreting it at its highest. Interpret it at its highest."

Mr. Pinero is not the first man whom delicate, illusive sophistry has deceived.

Dr. Parkhurst once wrote: "My acquaintance with the drama in its present condition is derived from statements of theater-goers, from newspaper criticisms and from the bill-boards. I have also recently had the opportunity to discuss the whole matter thoroughly with one of our most distinguished English actors, who has frequently made professional visits to America. These four authorities, each in its own way, tell substantially the same story, and leave upon my mind the distinct impression that if the American theater were suddenly to omit all its vicious accompaniments, and to come out frankly upon the ground of unequivocal purity, the theater-going world would withdraw in impatient disgust and the whole business go into the hands of a receiver inside of a month."

I hope Dr. Parkhurst was wrong. I believe he was.

I believe that the majority of the "higher classes" in America patronize certain objectionable plays because of these plays having something to recommend them besides their vulgarities, evident or subtly suggested. Skilful acting, the fame of actors, the prestige of fashionable theaters, gorgeous scenery, attractive music—all these cause the large audiences.

In this country we have no censorship of the stage, other than an enlightened and refined press-criticism. Let us insist that that criticism does its duty. Educate the people to be less complacent in regard to the evil. The majority of people do not like it. Teach them to be less indifferent to their moral obligations.

Every season some of our magazines are most hospitable to summaries of current theatrical offerings. The majority of these summaries emphasize the busi-

ness-side of the subject, and pay less attention than they should to the literary, artistic and ethical qualities of the plays produced. When a writer emphasizes this business-side to the extent of asserting that a dramatic critic* is not expected to speak the whole truth about a certain production, when that production is advertised exclusively in the periodical in which his criticism will appear, then it is time that the public should pause in its careless acceptance of what others choose to offer it and think seriously of this question of stage ethics.

There has recently been manifest a tendency on the part of a few writers to deal with the duties and obligations of dramatic criticism. No subject could be of greater importance; and it is an auspicious sign of the times that it is considered worthy of discussion. By such discussion its range will be widened, its standard will be raised and it will take higher rank in the estimation of the public.

Mr. Dithmar once said that the dramatic critic usually writes with the understanding and tastes of his readers in view and to say therefore that the aim and tone of current dramatic criticism should be higher and more serious is simply equivalent to saying that the general public ought to be more serious and more refined. This is begging the question, reasoning in a circle. The critic should lead the public, not be influenced by the public's indifference and complacency. I do not agree with Mr. Archer that the critic must be an opportunist and take the drama as he finds it. No reform was ever effected by the opportunist. He is a useless clog on the wheels of progress.

The critic should never cease to use all his powers of reasoning and persuasion, even his powers of satire, to bring the drama up to a higher plane.

The responsibility of dramatic criticism is indeed great. It must be strenuous, exacting, free from frivolity and flippancy. Let it assert the sovereignty of the spirit rather than the tyranny of the flesh. Let it insist that our dramatists take a health-

* *The Forum*, July, 1903.

ful view of things, that their interpretation of life be such as will lift up rather than debase, as will guide as well as inform; taking account indeed of the sin and shame of this sad and weary world but presenting that sin so there will not be contagion nor hopelessness in it. Let it insist that our plays have not only constructive skill and literary charm, luminous beauty of thought and of expression, the imaginative and the poetic quality so essential to perfect works of art; but that they take heed to a certain command written in an ancient letter,—a command that we are to think on the whatsoever things that are true, that are honest, that are just, that are pure, that are lovely and are of good report. There *is* virtue, and there *is* praise in these things.

To do this is not to show weakness. We want our dramatists to show strength. James Huneker does well to warn against what has been called feminism in literature. Our dramatists need to have a firm, manly grasp of life; but having this grasp, being called a realist, does not necessarily imply that dark unbeautiful themes alone should occupy the attention and these themes be dealt with in a sordid manner, unrelieved by those flashes of light without which there can be no convincing truth. Life in all its phases must be used, but it must be treated from the high standpoint of the man with large vision, not from the narrow slit in the dark cell of the mocking cynic whose view is limited by the dust heap in front of that narrow slit.

Bronson Howard said recently that he did not know what would be the future history of the American drama, but it would anyway have a tremendous power and it would reflect the feelings of a great people. The stage, he insisted, should be as broad as the needs of the people and the people could reform it or not as they choose.

The people have the right to look to the managers that the masterpieces of English dramatic art be not neglected; that that which is best and brightest and most beautiful in foreign drama,—in fact

the best that is thought and said in the whole world,—should receive hospitable welcome; and that American interests, American life, American history should receive the emphasis of their approval; not the problems peculiar to Russia, Germany, Italy, but the problems arising out of the conditions and needs of the American life that touches us so closely.

The people have it in their power to lend their support to those actors, playwrights and managers whose artistic, literary and ethical standards are the highest, whose offerings are the most worthy.

In America the drama will not be seen in its noblest form until the management of affairs is not monopolized by a few men, especially when these men are dominated by the commercial spirit, and are not men of wide culture and high ideals. The more managers there are and the more independence they have, the better will it be for the drama; the better will the people be served.

Over ten years ago, Madame Modjeska began talking earnestly and forcibly about an endowed theater. Since then it has been discussed a great deal. Many suggestions have been made, some wise, others wild and impractical.

If an endowed theater ever becomes a reality it certainly ought to be under the management that will be in harmony with American ideals and needs.

May the Fates speed the day when the Drama will be seen in its noblest form; when it will not fail to be the great interpreter of great literature, the vivid representation of great art; when its humor will be honest, clean, not lacking in dignity; its reproduction of human life and human character, truthful, based on keen observation and yet possessing what Wordsworth called the "breath, the finer spirit of all knowledge"; when it will afford genuine and healthful recreation to a discriminating and refined public that has been guided and inspired by a scholarly, sincere and independent press criticism.

New York.

KENYON WEST.

THE COMMERCE OF LATIN AMERICA: A MAGNIFICENT FIELD NEGLECTED BY THE UNITED STATES.

BY PROF. FREDERIC M. NOA.

THE RECENT announcement in the public press that the Hon. John Barrett, United States Minister to Panama, has offered various sums, to be devoted to prizes for the best essays on the history and development of the southern half of the New World, known under the general name of Latin America, is a forcible reminder that there exists another America, besides the English-speaking one of the United States and Canada, well worthy of serious, intelligent and sympathetic study.

The people of the United States have only awakened since the close of the late war with Spain to the fact that there lies to the south of the Rio Grande of Texas a continental area of the New World greater by 1,511,567 square miles than the United States, Canada, Alaska and the Hawaiian Islands combined, and inhabited by 60,000,000 souls, in other words, by a population three-fourths as large as that of the United States. Within recent years there has been a quickened interest in the affairs of Mexico, Central America, South America and the West Indies, or, in other words, in Latin America, which may boast of a Spanish and Portuguese civilization more than a hundred years older than that of England in the United States. Chief among the influences, besides the late war with Spain, which have brought this result about, are the far-seeing prophecy and agitation of that great American statesman, the Hon. James G. Blaine, the famous Venezuelan message of President Cleveland, resulting in arbitration between Great Britain and Venezuela; the Pan-American Exposition of 1901 in Buffalo, and the beautiful farewell address of the lamented and martyr President William McKinley.

That the commerce of Mexico, South America, and indeed the whole of Latin America, is of immense and constantly-growing value, was clearly foreseen by Mr. Blaine, then Secretary of State, who, in his address of welcome, on the second of October, 1889, to the delegates of the International American Conference, assembled in Washington, D. C., said:

"You come in response to an invitation extended by the President, on the special authorization of Congress. Your presence here is no ordinary event. It signifies much to the people of all America to-day. It may signify far more in the days to come. No conference of nations has ever assembled to consider the welfare of territorial possessions so vast and to contemplate the possibilities of a future so great and so inspiring. Those now sitting within these walls are empowered to speak for nations, whose borders are on both the great oceans, whose northern limits are touched by the Arctic waters for a thousand miles beyond the Strait of Behring, and whose southern extension furnishes human habitations farther below the equator than is elsewhere possible on the globe."

The foregoing warning of Mr. Blaine, not to neglect Pan-American commercial relations, was still further emphasized by President McKinley, as follows, in his memorable farewell address:

"We must not repose in fancied security that we can forever sell everything and buy little or nothing. Reciprocity is the natural outgrowth of our wonderful industrial development under the domestic policy now firmly established.

"The period of exclusiveness is past. The expansion of our trade and commerce

is the pressing problem. Commercial wars are unprofitable. A policy of goodwill and friendly trade relations will prevent reprisals. Reciprocity treaties are in harmony with the spirit of the times; measures of retaliation are not. If, perchance, some of our tariffs are no longer needed for revenue or to encourage and protect our industries at home, why should they not be employed to extend and promote our markets abroad?

"This (Pan-American) Exposition would have touched the heart of that American statesman whose mind was ever alert and thought ever constant for a larger commerce and a truer fraternity of the republics of the New World. His broad American spirit is felt and manifested here.

"He needs no identification to an assemblage of Americans anywhere, for the name of Blaine is inseparably associated with the Pan-American movement, which finds here practical and substantial expression.

"Let us ever remember that our interest is in concord, not conflict; and that our real eminence rests in the victories of peace, not those of war."

In spite of these words of admonition from two of the greatest statesmen of America, it is highly mortifying to turn to the latest report, that of 1904, of the United States Bureau of Statistics, and to perceive how utterly unsatisfactory American commercial relations are with the whole of Latin America, a vast territory lying close at hand, on the wonderful American continent and its adjoining islands. It is astonishing that the keen and alert Yankee should fail to realize the importance of Latin-American commerce, the more so, since it may be had without the shedding of one single drop of human blood, and without the wholesale butchery and murder now raging in the purple-stained Far Orient. According to the latest available comparative statistics, the total foreign trade of Latin America with the entire world was,

in round numbers, for the year 1902, \$1,198,000,000 against \$728,000,000 for the Far East, namely, China, Japan and the Philippines, or, in other words, over sixty per cent. more valuable than that coveted trade which has plunged two of the great powers of mankind in deadly conflict. The foreign commerce of Latin America is nearly one-half that of the United States, while that of the Far Orient is less than one-third. Moreover, Latin American commerce is destined to become infinitely more valuable when the Panama canal shall have been completed and opened, and shall make the two Americas, Anglo and Latin-American, the great industrial emporium of the world.

The following graphical charts, carefully based on the statistics of the report mentioned above, will convey a very clear idea of the volume of Latin-American foreign trade for 1902, and the proportion handled by the United States. The first chart submitted below is a comparative table of the total foreign commerce of the United States (\$2,370,423,000) as contrasted with that of Latin America (\$1,198,000,000) and that of the Far East (\$728,000,000). The table speaks for itself, and shows the greater value of Latin-American foreign trade as compared with the combined international commerce of China, Japan and the Philippines.

The second chart shows the total exports and imports of Latin America, for 1902, and the United States trade with that continent and adjoining islands.

The third chart, which is self-explanatory, reveals, for the year 1902, the total exports of the leading Latin-American republics and the export trade of each with the United States.

The fourth and last chart showing the total imports, for the same year, of these republics, and the imports from the United States into each, also needs no explanation.

These charts plainly reveal, so far as the United States are concerned, a most



FREDERIC M. NOA

COMPARATIVE TABLE SHOWING THE TOTAL FOREIGN COMMERCE OF THE UNITED STATES, LATIN AMERICA AND THE FAR EAST (CHINA, JAPAN AND THE PHILIPPINES). 1902.

(From the United States Bureau of Statistics, 1904.)

Foreign Commerce of the United States.

Foreign Commerce of Latin America.

Foreign Commerce of the Far East.

Scale: $\frac{1}{4}$ centimeter to \$100,000,000, or, space here indicated

unsatisfactory commercial balance-sheet. To guard, however, against any possible error, it is worth while to analyze, in detail, the figures of the United States Bureau of Statistics. The total exports of Latin America for the year 1902 were, in round numbers, \$713,384,000. Of this tremendous export trade with the world, \$286,792,000, or only about one-third, came to the United States. During the same year, the imports into Latin America reached the enormous figure of \$484,660,000, of which amount the United States contributed only \$114,636,000, or less than one-fourth.

Taking a rapid survey of the leading Latin-American countries,—one may begin with Mexico,—the statistics of 1902 being used as a basis of analysis. The exports of that highly-prosperous country were \$75,575,000, of which \$57,473,000, or 76 per cent., were exported to the United States. The imports of Mexico from all countries were \$62,229,000, the United States contributing \$39,017,000, or 63 per cent. This is a fairly satisfactory showing, although there is room for

COMPARATIVE TABLE SHOWING EXPORTS AND IMPORTS OF LATIN AMERICA, AND UNITED STATES TRADE WITH THAT CONTINENT. 1902.

Exports of Latin America.

Portion exported to the U.S.

Imports of Latin America.

Contributed by the U.S.

much-needed improvement, considering that Mexico lies in close proximity to the United States, with which it is linked by several international railway-lines, while others are now under construction on the Mexican Pacific seaboard. The bulk of the foreign trade of Cuba (justly called "the key to the Gulf of Mexico") is naturally, for geographical and political reasons, with the United States, Cuban sugar and tobacco being mainly consumed in that great market. The entire exports of Cuba were \$77,849,000, 80 per cent. of which amount, or \$62,758,-

000, came to the United States. The total imports of Cuba were \$58,826,000, the United States contributing \$25,714,000, or 44 per cent.

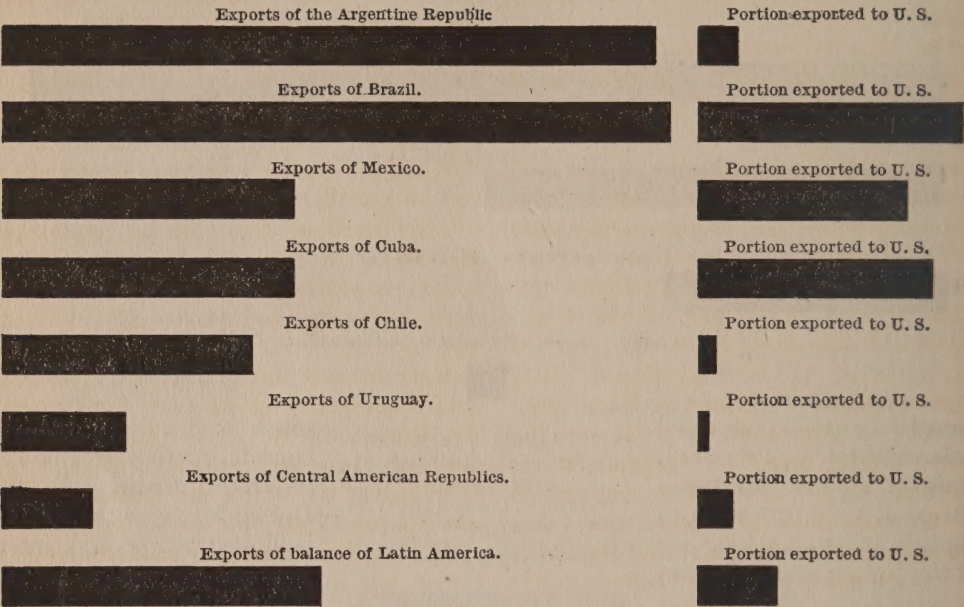
The area of that magnificent Latin-American republic, Brazil, of the tropical and South Temperate zone, is almost as vast as the United States and Alaska combined. The total exports of Brazil with all countries were \$177,323,000, of which there came to the United States \$71,583,000, or considerably less than

The Commerce of Latin America.

COMPARATIVE TABLE SHOWING TOTAL EXPORTS OF THE LEADING LATIN-AMERICAN REPUBLICS
AND EXPORT TRADE OF EACH WITH THE UNITED STATES. 1902.

(From the United States Bureau of Statistics.)

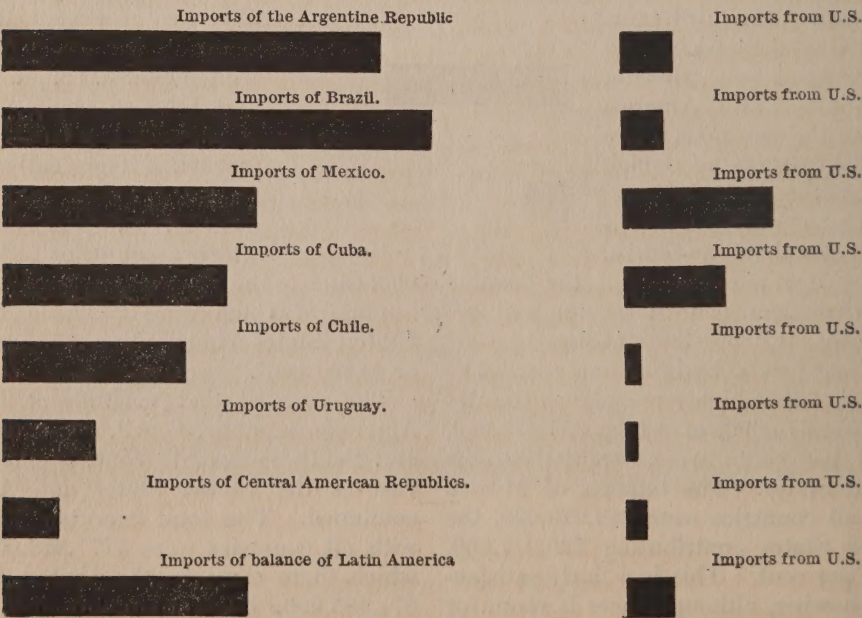
Scale : 1 centimeter to \$10,000,000 worth of exports.



COMPARATIVE TABLE SHOWING TOTAL IMPORTS OF THE LEADING LATIN-AMERICAN REPUBLICS
AND IMPORT TRADE OF EACH WITH THE UNITED STATES. 1902.

(From the United States Bureau of Statistics.)

Scale : 1 centimeter to \$10,000,000 worth of imports.



one-half. The imports of Brazil were \$113,288,000, of which the insignificant fraction of \$11,156,000, or less than 10 per cent., was contributed by the United States.

The next largest Latin-American republic to Brazil is the splendid south tropical and temperate Argentine Republic, in extent nearly twice that of Alaska, and about one-third of the continental part of the United States. Out of its area, four states as large as the state of Texas might be conveniently carved. The total exports of the Argentine Republic were \$173,205,000, of which \$9,687,000, or only about 5 per cent., reached the ports of the United States. The entire imports of Argentina were \$99,433,000; of this profitable commerce the United States supplied \$12,838,000, or less than 13 per cent. This showing is all the more deplorable when one takes into account that the Argentine Republic, like its energetic neighbor Chile, is justly regarded as one of the most progressive, prosperous and enlightened republics of Latin America. Eminent authorities have frequently and conclusively proved that American manufactures require, for their fuller development, all the raw hides and wool Argentina can supply, while 5,000,000 Argentines, largely of the best stock of Europe, would be only too glad to have American-manufactured products in exchange, if only offered to them on as advantageous terms as those of European competitors.

Chile, another extremely prosperous and progressive South American country, has an area considerably larger than the state of Texas. In 1902, she sent to all the lands of the world \$67,846,000 worth of exports, of which amount the United States received \$3,775,000, or a trifle over five per cent. Her entire imports were \$48,336,000, of which the United States contributed \$5,254,000, or less than 10 per cent.

The Republic of Uruguay, not without reason called "The Switzerland of Latin America," possessing, like its great neigh-

bor, Argentina, an abundance of raw hides needed in American industries, which, with equitable trade arrangements, she would readily exchange for American manufactures, sends \$33,656,000 worth of exports to all foreign countries, of which the United States receives \$2,004,000, or about six per cent. The entire imports of Uruguay are \$24,565,000, the United States contributing \$2,148,000, or less than eight per cent.

The trade of the Central American Republics, in view of their close geographical position to the Panama canal route, is destined to become highly valued and coveted. At present, their total exports amount to \$22,321,000, of which only \$9,400,000, or 42 per cent., reach the United States. The combined imports of these five republics amount to \$13,914,000, of which the United States contributes \$6,027,000, or 43 per cent.

As regards the balance of Latin America, it has a total export trade of \$85,609,000, only \$20,112,000, or considerably less than one-fourth, reaching the United States. The imports of the same portion of Latin America have a value of \$60,069,000, the United States furnishing \$12,482,000, or about one-fifth.

To the reflecting and patriotic American, the deplorable neglect of his commercial opportunities with twenty republics of the New World, who are his next-door neighbors, cannot fail to be mortifying to his pride. Some of these countries already possess railroads across the highest chains of the lofty, snow-clad Andes which are among the greatest triumphs of engineering skill. Other extensive and difficult railway-systems are either under construction in various parts of Latin America, or, in the course of a few years, will be commenced and as rapidly as physical obstacles will permit, be pushed on to completion. When once the Panama canal shall have been opened, it will become the main artery of the vast and growing commerce of the southern half of the New World, the lion's share of which will still remain in

the hands of Europe, unless the United States shall bestir themselves vigorously and intelligently to capture at least a fair proportion of it.

To understand clearly why Europe, and not the United States, is in almost absolute control of the foreign commerce of Latin America, one must not shrink from facing certain disagreeable truths. It is an unfortunate fact that most Americans are watching too closely the gigantic conflict in the Far Orient, to the complete neglect of their interests with Mexico, South America and other parts of Latin America, the control of whose ever-expanding commerce would be of infinitely more value to the United States than that of the Far Asiatic East. Anglo-American conceit is not yet ready to admit that, in spite of adverse circumstances, a noble civilization is steadily and silently developing in the portion of the Western Hemisphere originally colonized by the Spanish and the Portuguese. There exists among Americans a wholly unwarranted distrust as to the general honesty and sense of fair play of their Latin American brethren. The latter are keenly, and even absurdly, sensitive in matters of honor. Their methods are often lax, but they will beggar themselves to the point of starvation in order ultimately to pay every cent of their honest debts. It is quite true that their environment and centuries of evil training and conditions render too many Latin-Americans unpunctual in keeping appointments, extravagant and lavish in their tastes, easy-going in their ways, and dilatory about the repayment of their obligations. Such habits are the cause of endless friction in business dealings with their English-speaking neighbors of the United States, whose brusque manners and direct ways make them impatient with the Latin-American temperament. As an inevitable result of mutual misunderstandings, and for want of ordinary tact, valuable trade is lost because American exporting and commission houses are simply too careless and indifferent to exert them-

selves to take the necessary steps to secure it, and, accordingly, their competitors in Europe profit enormously by such colossal blunders. American manufacturing and commercial firms generally send down to such a metropolis as Buenos Ayres, which has nearly a million inhabitants, representatives, drummers and traders who have no proper training, are wholly ignorant of the Spanish language, or have a very superficial, smattering knowledge of it, are lacking in tact and courtesy, and receive such a small, pitiful salary that they can scarcely eke out a respectable living. When they endeavor to catch some of the profitable trade constantly flowing into European coffers, they find themselves tied down by rigid instructions to do no business except on a strictly cash basis. The British, French or German representative, on the other hand, who is a sharp and expert judge of human nature, conforms to the customs of the country in which he is stationed, extends to a reputable firm in Buenos Ayres or Valparaiso a year's credit, if necessary, and brings to the home establishment in Great Britain, France or Germany a rushing and extremely profitable business with Latin America. In addition to having *carte blanche* to conduct affairs in whatever manner he thinks will best promote the interests of his firm, he receives a large salary, not only that he may properly advertise his wares, but live in a style befitting his position.

Another very serious obstruction to the expansion of American trade with Latin America, is the extremely unscientific customs tariff of the United States. Reflecting protectionists have long recognized the heavy handicap it places upon American commerce, and are well aware that Germany and France, highly protective countries like the United States, are far-sighted enough to arrange their tariffs so that the duties fall upon finished products, while raw materials, such as wool and hides, are admitted free of duty, the very reverse of the policy of the United States. The feeling in favor of very

liberal reciprocity both with Canada and the Latin-American republics is gaining strength every day. Within the last twenty-five years, the greatest American statesmen have repeatedly brought the subject to the attention of Congress; among these statesmen are Presidents Garfield, Arthur, Harrison, McKinley, Roosevelt, all Republican, and President Cleveland, Democratic. In spite of the persistent action of the United States Senate in rejecting or shelving Pan-American reciprocal treaties, the tide cannot be much longer stemmed, and the day will not be far distant when the United States will have equitable and mutually advantageous trade arrangements with both of these vast sections of the Western Hemisphere.

As most English-speaking Americans have very vague and hazy ideas of Latin America, it may be well to define the term exactly. By Latin America is meant that greater and southern half of the New World, stretching from below the Rio Grande, the boundary-line between the United States and Mexico, through eighty-five degrees of latitude, or more than six thousand miles, down to Cape Horn at the southern extremity of South America. It comprises the enormous area of 8,698,938 square miles, a continental territory vaster by over 1,500,000 square miles than the combined areas of the United States, Canada, Alaska and Hawaii. Its northern limit, in Mexico, lies in the North Temperate Zone; its southern extremity, at Cape Horn, in south latitude 56 degrees below the equator, almost touches the frozen waters of the Antarctic ocean. Latin America, therefore, lies in four zones, North Temperate, North Torrid, South Torrid and South Temperate. Its geographical position, and varied surface and topography give it an infinite variety of climate. It is bathed by the Gulf of Mexico and by the two great oceans, the Atlantic, on the east and the Pacific, on the west. Its greatest width, across Peru and Brazil, is some five thousand miles. Along the

western or Pacific slope, the Rocky Mountain system of Canada and the United States is continued through Mexico and Central America down to the Isthmus of Panama. From the Isthmus, still skirting the Pacific coast, the towering Andes, in magnitude and loftiness rivaling the Himalayas of India, take their origin and extend 4,500 miles, until they terminate in the rock-ribbed and dangerous Straits of Magellan, and in Cape Horn, at the southern extremity of South America. Their snowy and inaccessible peaks are many, chief among them being Mount Popocatepetl in Mexico, Chimborazo in Ecuador, Sorata (27,000 feet above sea-level) in Bolivia, and Aconcagua, between Chile and Argentina, 25,000 feet.

From the eastern slope of the Andes, stretch, for several thousand miles, towards the Atlantic, the dense, extensive tropical plains and valleys and forests of Brazil and Venezuela. In that region flow the Orinoco and the Amazon river, which, with its tributaries, is about four thousand miles long, and next to the combined Missouri and Mississippi, the longest river in the world. Farther southward in South America, lying partly in the South Torrid Zone, and partly in the South Temperate, also east of the Andes, extend the vast pampas or prairies of Argentina, Uruguay and a portion of southern Brazil, a region teeming with wheat-fields, extensive cattle and horse-ranches, sheep-farms, and, in the tropical part, with sugar-plantations. Here, mainly from north to south, an immense region is drained by the river system of the majestic Rio de la Plata, near the mouth of which are situated the two great commercial and maritime emporiums of Buenos Ayres and Montevideo.

Such a continent as Latin America, with that dream of the centuries, the Panama canal, within the realm of practical realization, has a wonderful future before it, exceeding the golden dreams of the Spanish and Portuguese conquerors. Its geographical position and varied surface render it capable of raising all the

agricultural staples and productions of both the tropics and the temperate zones. Its gigantic mountains, as yet only imperfectly explored, are an inexhaustible storehouse of all the metals, both precious and common, such as gold, silver, iron, copper, lead, zinc, quicksilver, manganese and tin. The diamond mines of Brazil are world-famed, while the extensive nitrate beds of Chile constitute one of the chief sources of wealth of that prosperous republic. Coffee, india-rubber, hard woods, capable of a high polish, cocoa, tobacco and sugar are annually exported, in enormous quantities, from Latin America.

The progress of that vast continent in industry and enlightenment is far more advanced than the average American, owing to his inherited prejudices and complete ignorance of the subject, is willing to concede. The sixty million inhabitants of Latin America are very far from being, for the most part, wild savages, barbarians, or mongrels, although it is true that, in the most backward and unexplored portions of that extensive region, there are an undetermined number of savages and others low down in the scale of civilization. This is a condition from which even the United States are by no means free. Whatever other shortcomings Latin-Americans may have, they are free from the reproach of lynchings, they have no governors so benighted as to be ashamed of permitting negro military companies to attend presidential inaugurations, and they would not dream of refusing hospitality and hotel accommodations to a noble benefactor and cultured philanthropist like Booker T. Washington, simply because his skin happens to be black instead of white. The problem of the races is being satisfactorily solved in Latin America, to whose shores a constant stream of European immigrants is annually arriving. Compulsory public education is accomplishing wonders in lifting up the Latin-American masses. The chief rulers of Latin America find something more im-

portant to claim their earnest attention than the taking of steps to prevent colored troops, entrusted with the protection of life and property, from attending the inauguration of a president. Even the thoroughly-abused President Castro of Venezuela is so deeply interested in universal education that he has successfully established schools in the tropical plains and jungles of that republic, over a territory where towns are often several hundred miles apart, so that to-day the children of the rugged *llaneros* or plainsmen are enjoying the advantages of a common-school education.

Civilization, learning, the arts and industries flourish in portions of Latin America where the majority of the inhabitants have colored skins. A striking example of this is Mexico, whose thirteen million inhabitants are quite largely Indians, or with Indian blood. On the other hand, the two progressive, virile, and prosperous republics of Chile and Argentina, with a combined population of over eight million inhabitants, contain mostly a pure white race of Spanish descendants, reinforced by the constantly increasing flood of immigrants from Italy, Spain, Germany and other European countries.

According to the most authentic figures obtainable, Latin America has an urban population of 8,000,000. She has two great metropoli, Buenos Ayres and Rio de Janeiro, whose combined population is equal to that of Chicago, or nearly half that of Greater New York. No less than four of her cities of the second rank, each with over 250,000 souls, have a united population about equal to that of Philadelphia. Of important seaports and cities each having from 100,000 to 175,000, she possesses seven. She has also no fewer than twenty-one cities, some of them important ports and centers of trade, with a population ranging between 50,000 and 80,000. Finally, of those below 50,000 and not less than 20,000 each, there are within her confines as many as thirty-seven.

The chief cities of Latin America compare most favorably with the best of the United States and Canada. Buenos Ayres, the metropolis of the Argentine Republic, with a cosmopolitan population gathered from the four corners of the earth, has close upon one million souls, and, on account of its general culture, is sometimes called the Paris of Latin America. Its commerce with the entire civilized world is tremendous, its wheat, hides, wool and frozen meat reaching as far as Australia. It is connected by railway with the most distant parts of the Argentine Republic, which may be reached in luxurious Pullman cars, and it has every promise of becoming a great manufacturing city.

The capital of Brazil, Rio de Janeiro (750,000 inhabitants), is situated on the splendid bay of the same name, and is fast becoming a city of diversified industries. In 1900, it had forty-three cotton factories, with 10,100 looms and 288,066 spindles. Its woolen-mills for cloths, flannels, rugs and felts are important. At Petropolis, near Rio, there are two silk-mills. In addition to its domestic industries, Rio is the largest and finest of the fifty-two maritime ports of Brazil, and has a tremendous international commerce.

Valparaiso, situated on the Pacific, and the principal port of the republic of Chile, is another center of civilization, and has an energetic population of 132,941, engaged in 417 industrial establishments which in 1895 consumed \$7,000,000 worth of raw material, and employed 12,016 operatives; these factories had 162 steam-engines of altogether 1,766 horse-power. The most important of these establishments were sugar-refineries, gas-works, breweries, carriage and cart-works, sawmills, and works for machine-making. In 1902, an English company started a cotton-factory.

The Washington City of Latin America is, perhaps, Santiago de Chile, the capital of that republic, with magnificent parks and avenues, and the palatial residences of millionaires.

The marvelous progress of Mexico City within recent years is so familiar to most intelligent Americans that there is no need to dwell upon it at length.

No one who has carefully and impartially studied the history and development of Latin America can fail to be impressed that, in spite of her admitted defects and shortcomings, she is worthy of the respect, sympathy and even admiration of all liberty-loving Americans. Less than a hundred years ago, she came out of Spanish and Portuguese medievalism, misrule and oppression; for fifteen years, from 1810 to 1825, fought a titanic and colossal struggle for her liberty and independence, and, once politically free, grappled bravely with the problems of her destiny. She successfully solved the race question, learned by bitter experience the value of orderly, strong and constitutional government, overcame imperialism and absolutism of the worst sort, developed her industries to a wonderful extent, gave encouragement to the builders of railways which are triumphs of engineering skill, welcomed learning and the arts, and finally paved the way for the universal education of the masses. She stands to-day in the forerank of the advocates of peace and arbitration, Chile and Argentina, as brave in war as they are strong in peace, having within recent years taken practical steps to submit a vexatious boundary dispute of seventy years' standing concerning their respective frontiers to arbitration, and having already materially reduced their armies and navies.

FREDERIC M. NOA.

Malden, Mass.

JUGGLING WITH FACTS AND FIGURES ABOUT TRANSPORTATION; OR, HOW THE RAILWAY INTERESTS AND THEIR SPECIAL-PLEADERS ARE SEEKING TO DECEIVE THE PEOPLE.*

By W. G. JOERNS.

NUMEROUS interviews and articles on the railroad rate question in advocacy of the ultra-railroad side of that controversy have of late appeared in press and magazine. Of these, three, for widely different reasons, have been brought to more or less prominent notice and are here specially referred to because of the opportunity furnished by their discussion to elucidate some phases of the "rate question" that ought to reach public notice.

The first in order and importance was an interview with Mr. James J. Hill, President of the Great Northern Railroad. Mr. Hill's expression on any subject, because of his unquestioned ability and the commanding position which he occupies, is always a matter of interest. In the pending discussion, his views command special attention because they typify the position of those who resent any and all governmental interference with the autocratic power of the railway magnate, and who would abolish the Interstate Commerce Commission and all attempts at governmental supervision and regulation. President Spencer, of the Southern Railway, who recently appeared on behalf of numerous railroads before a congressional committee, may be considered as a milder edition of the

foregoing which does not openly go farther than to affect to believe that rates are low enough, are fairly distributed and "are substantially maintained," and that there is no occasion to give the Interstate Commerce Commission enlarged powers.

The second were a series of articles by Joseph Nimmo, Jr., in *Freight*, a publication devoted to transportation questions. Mr. Nimmo's articles showed considerable shrewdness and intellectual merit, if not ultimate substance, but may be said to have been prominently distinguished by such evident bias in favor of the appreciative vested interest as to rob them of all scientific value and render idle any suspicion of *pro bono publico*.

The third and latest communication on the subject appeared in the *North America Review* for February and was credited to W. Morton Grinnell. It derives its main sanction from the substantial character of the magazine in which it appeared.

I.

Mr. Hill, among other interesting statements, was credited with the following statistical comparison of "Great Northern" traffic and the plausible but misleading suggestion therein contained:

	1882.	1903.
Miles of road.....	1,007	5,598
Tons of freight hauled.....	1,007,533	16,148,673
Revenue per ton mile.....	2.51 cents	.857 cents
Average tons per train.....	117.27	446.78
Average tons per car.....	5.70	13.06

Based on the 1903 per ton mile, Mr. Hill figures out a reduction in freight rates for the year on the per ton mile of 1882 of some fifty-nine million dollars.

The past quarter century, however,

* Railroads, in common with their stocks, are the subject of constant manipulation by Wall-street gamblers, among whom may be classed many of the controlling forces of the transportation interests. Owing to this deplorable fact, stock-quotations are likewise subject to constant fluctuations. As considerable time must of necessity elapse between the preparation of an article for a monthly magazine and its publication, it is suggested, in the interest of accuracy, that wherever in this article a present stock-quotation is given, it be taken as referring to the high-water-mark quotations for the present year.

has been particularly replete with the development of vast economies in production and distribution everywhere, and in no field greater than in that of transportation. This has quite generally, especially in the case of Mr. Hill's road, been coupled with a marvelous development of tributary territory. The enormous increase in tonnage shown, overwhelmingly referable to the territory covered by the original mileage, is proof positive of the wonderful growth, while the increased car and train load are demonstrations of the mechanical progress of the age and yet are but an incident in transportation improvement.

No wonder the average rate per ton per mile was reduced from 2.51 cents in 1882 to .857 cents in 1903. The remarkable fact, however, remains that, notwithstanding these vast improvements and economies have been particularly and increasingly marked in the latter part of the period named, there has, since 1890, been, in the main, no commensurate reduction of rates on either Mr. Hill's own road or those parallel roads over which he exerts a controlling influence. The tendency to hold firmly to the old rates is even more marked with reference to the tariffs in the older sections of the country. Indeed, the general average of freight-rates has been substantially increased in the last five or six years. What reductions have obtained are largely to be found under the sub-head of competitive rates and hardly at all under the head of the so-called "local" rates. For a substantiation, in part, of this claim, reference is made to a report of the Interstate Commerce Commission entitled "Railways in the United States in 1902" and in particular to "Part II." thereof, entitled "A Forty-Year Review of Change in Freight Tariffs."

Mr. Hill, like other great magnates, has a habit of influencing newspapers. An evidently inspired editorial of the Minneapolis *Tribune*, on January 10th, last, said:

"In the three years (since the Merger) the gross earnings of the Burlington increased from fifty to sixty-five millions; those of the Great Northern from thirty to forty-one millions; and those of the Northern Pacific from thirty-two to forty-six millions. In spite of the increase of wages and cost of operation, the *net* earnings of the three roads increased in these three years *sixteen million* dollars, nearly equally divided."

The purpose of this ebullition was to bolster up the insincere claim that the Merger was not "in restraint of trade," and was, of course, in no way intended to have any bearing on interstate commerce regulation; but even men of Mr. Hill's signal practical ability cannot at one and the same time successfully ride two horses going in opposite directions.

Any accredited manual will show that, after paying operating expenses and maintenance and all fixed charges and a seven per cent. dividend on stock, the Great Northern earnings for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1901, developed a *surplus* of \$1,938,854.50, and for the year ending June 30, 1902, the still greater *surplus* of \$6,763,889.97.

The Northern Pacific *surplus* for 1901, after paying a four per cent. dividend, was \$1,002,618.54 plus \$2,011,285, set aside for "Betterments, etc.," and for 1902, after paying a five and a half per cent. dividend, was \$1,547,286.18 plus \$3,000,000 for "Betterments."

The "Burlington" *surplus*, after allowing for interest on the "Joint 4s," or the equivalent of eight per cent. on the par value of its stock, was \$1,263,388.76.

The Northern Securities Company was incorporated on November 13, 1901, and the issue of its stock for both Great Northern and Northern Pacific stock was on a basis of a four per cent. net earning capacity as presumably a fair return on that sort of an investment.

It is evident, therefore, that, if the *net* earnings of these three roads increased

sixteen millions since the date of the foregoing showing, which already demonstrates more than a fair income on unquestionably an overcapitalization, Mr. Hill's systems are earning more than on any fair and legitimate basis would be their due, and that the transportation charges on the same should be correspondingly reduced.

As only one of many instances at hand of oppressive exaction and discrimination, it may not be amiss to cite a special case in which Mr. Hill's roads are directly interested, as an indication of how little in common fairness can be expected from the tender mercies of transportation companies if the strong arm of governmental control cannot be invoked against them, namely:

The Northern Pacific and the St. Paul and Duluth Railroads (the latter road having been absorbed by the former some five years ago in clear defiance of state law) in the early days jointly obtained some wonderfully valuable terminal facilities at Duluth as a gift. Since the Merger, notwithstanding the resulting simplification of terminal work, the switching charges at Duluth have been oppressively raised, in many cases more than doubled, and recently it was even proposed to raise them still farther. The energetic protest of local business interests, coupled with the suggestion of some possible drastic remedies, did manage to call a halt in the iniquitous proceeding and a compromise arrangement has been arrived at. The compromise schedules prove on analysis, however, to have little to commend them and do not give the relief that Duluth is entitled to. On the other hand glaring discriminatory practices in the competitive cities of St. Paul and Minneapolis, that a high interested railroad official has recently himself characterized as little less than criminal, have obtained and been freely connived at by the railroads and at this writing continue as before.

The Duluth, Mesabe and Northern

Railway is one of the subsidiary companies of the United States Steel Corporation and is wholly in St. Louis county, Minnesota, extending from the Mesabe iron range to its terminus on the water-front at Duluth. It furnishes reports to the Minnesota Railroad and Warehouse Commission. According to its such returns on file (see report of Commission for 1903, subdivision 11, and for 1902, pages 241-266) it has a mileage of 161.33 miles and a total capitalization of \$10,835,500, or at the rate of \$67,164 per mile. Of this capitalization \$8,323 is its bonded debt, while \$2,512,500 is the par value of its outstanding capital stock.

The gross earnings of this road for the year ending June 30, 1903, are given at \$5,116,530.01, the operating expenses (including, in more than half the amount, renewals, repairs and maintenance of roadway, docks and equipment) at \$1,901,284.33, and the total *net income* at \$3,215,245.68. The *surplus* for the year, after the payment of fixed charges, taxes and \$256,195.55 of "other deductions," is given as \$2,396,655. In addition there was carried forward from June 30, 1902, a surplus balance of \$3,581,590.92, being what remained at that time after the declaration of a sixty per cent. dividend on the stock or at the alleged rate of fifteen per cent. a year for four years. The total *surplus* on June 30, 1903, was therefore the comfortable sum of \$5,978,632.75.

Of the gross earnings aforesaid, \$4,554,617.91 were for the transportation of iron ore, which in the report is classed as "interstate business."

The record of the Duluth and Iron Range Railroad, practically a parallel road to the D., M. and N., and likewise one of the constituent companies of the "Steel-Trust," is very much like that of the sister company, so that on broad lines the statement of one will suffice for the other. The iron-ore traffic of the Eastern Minnesota, a part of Mr. Hill's Great

Northern system, shows similar enormous earnings.

The foregoing showing as to excessive freight charges is by no means peculiar to the roads mentioned. A condition, in many respects identical, prevails in the *anthracite* region, only there the surplus is absorbed by an over-capitalization so bald that he who runs may read. Indeed, wherever monopoly has fastened its grip the inevitable tendency, in the absence of stringent regulation, is to exploit the situation for all that it will stand.

Of course every man, woman and child in the United States helps to pay the bill.

Mr. Hill loves to dwell on the comparatively low "per ton mile in the United States," which, in his reported interview, he gives at .76 cents. The per ton mile on his own road, it will be remembered, was .857 cents. The euphonious claim has been reiterated by innumerable satellites and is wholly misleading, proves nothing and is open to the serious charge of being knowingly disingenuous.

A comparison is made between the American per ton mile and that of Russia as the suggested "lowest European rate." The American rate is given at forty-two per cent. of that of Russia, where, as Mr. Hill says, "the conditions of long hauls are more like our own." On this basis the Russian rate would therefore be 1.61 cents.

The comparison invites attention, for if the conditions were really identical, the Russian figure might be indicative of grievous oppression. As a matter of fact the conditions are anything but identical and the burden of proof as to where the oppression, if any, really lies, may, by investigation, be emphatically shifted from the Russian 1.61 to the boasted American .76.

We are indebted to Mr. Chase S. Osborn, for many years Commissioner of Railroads for Michigan, for some interesting data on Russian railroads as the result of quite recent personal investigation.

The average car-capacity of the Trans-

Siberian railroad, it would appear, is about eight tons and the train-load in proportion. Many American freight-cars now have a capacity of fifty tons and the American train-load is likewise in proportion. The Russian rail weighs 50 pounds to the yard. We are laying 100-pound rails. The Russian locomotives burn oil or wood and, as also the rolling-stock generally, are practically obsolete. The distance from Moscow to Vladivostok is about 5,300 miles and is covered by their "fast" trains "if they have good luck" in eighteen days. We cover a like distance regularly in less than a week. In 1903 the Trans-Siberian railroad transported *one* million tons of freight and its capacity was fully taxed and much of product awaiting shipment was left unhailed. During the same period the Pennsylvania road, with about the same mileage, handled upwards of *seventy* million tons.

If under such disadvantageous circumstances an average of 1.61 cents per ton mile can be reached, it would seem that, with the like benefit of "long haul," the most modern equipment and intelligent operation, density of population and enormous traffic, the American rate ought by comparison to be materially reduced below the much vaunted .76 cents per ton mile.

The rate per ton mile in Germany in 1900 was 1.40 cents, according to Prof. Frank Parsons, than whom there is no more reliable authority. The average haul per ton is 60 miles against 130 miles in the United States and, as is well-understood and was emphasized by Mr. Hill in his reference to the long haul in Russia, the terminal charges absorb an increasing proportion of the rate as the haul is shortened. On this basis, in comparison with Germany, our rate per ton mile ought not to be over .65 cents. When, among other advantages, we take into consideration again our enormous traffic, the relatively greater amount of low-grade freight and our modern equipment, even granting that our wage-scale

is higher, it is evident that, to be on a par with the German state-owned roads, our average transportation charge should be far below the last-named figure. It also must not be forgotten that passenger-rates in Germany, and on the Continent generally are much lower than with us.

At the stated German rate per ton mile, the state of Prussia had, in the fifteen years prior to 1900, realized a profit of \$500,000,000 over and above all proper charges, maintenance, renewals and a sinking-fund that by 1950 will have extinguished every vestige of railroad debt, whereas, from year to year, and particularly with each successive reorganization, we have added to the already enormous over-capitalization of our transportation interests and persist in using this fraudulent basis as an argument for the continuance of excessive transportation charges.

While considering this matter of the rate per ton mile proposition, it may prove of interest to inquire how far the so-called local rates have participated in the general reduction to .76 cents per ton mile, (.857 cents on Mr. Hill's road) to which attention is so frequently and so unctiously called.

By reference to the Interstate Commerce Commission report before mentioned, we will find on page 188 the local tariff of the Northern Pacific from St. Paul, Minneapolis and Duluth to inland points west, the Northern Pacific being one of Mr. Hill's "Merger" roads. The average per ton mile rate to Brainerd, Minnesota, a distance of 138 miles, figures out at 3.51 cents. Think of this as compared to the boasted .76 cents! The average to Billings, Montana (a competitive point), on a haul of 891 miles is 2.78 cents. On page 186, the average rate per ton mile from Milwaukee to Appleton, Wisconsin, over the "Milwaukee" road,—distance 106 miles,—is shown as 3.11 cents.

These rates have remained practically unchanged since 1890, and in the Appleton case, since 1882.

On page 184 is a table of local rates over the Chicago and Great Western Railway, from Chicago to Minnesota points 345 to 418 miles distant. The average per ton mile rate is about 1.50 cents. Mr. A. B. Stickney, the wide-awake president of this railroad, has expressed himself in favor of government regulation of rates and increased powers for the Commission, and by a strange coincidence we also find here the per ton mile local practically cut in half.

On pages 199-202 of the Interstate Commerce Commission report aforesaid, will be found a table of local rates in force on the Louisville and Nashville Railroad, with which President Spencer's Southern Railway stands in the closest affiliation. Here also the rates have remained practically unchanged since 1890. The average per ton mile rate from Cincinnati to Crescent Hill, Kentucky, 106 miles, or the same distance as from Milwaukee to Appleton above mentioned, figures at about four cents, and to Belmont, Kentucky, a distance of 135 miles, or approximating the distance to Brainerd aforesaid, at about 4.10 cents.

Further comment along this line would seem unnecessary. It is a fitting refrain to President Spencer's assumed agreement with President Roosevelt that "the highways of transportation must be kept open to all on equal terms." It will take more than the mere statement of the Southern Railway magnate, however, to convince the protesting citizens of Atlanta, for example, that the millenium of fair and equal dealing on the part of transportation companies is at hand.

II.

Mr. Grinnell's article would not challenge serious attention but for the opportunity that it gives to demonstrate the utter unsoundness of the average "railroad" argument.

To begin with, the measure of his accuracy of statement and the substantive value thereof may well be taken from his

remarks relative to the government's operation of the Post-Office Department, which are herewith reproduced, as follows:

"It is a matter of common notoriety that the Post-Office Department, which costs the public several millions a year in addition to the 'tax' represented by stamps, *could be run at a profit by a private corporation and the third and fourth-class matter carried free*, and so with all other departments of government, whether Federal, State or Municipal."

The third and fourth-class matter above referred to is, roughly speaking, all printed-matter (except newspapers and periodicals) and all merchandise—limit four pounds—the rates on same being respectively one cent for each two ounces or fraction and one cent for each ounce or fraction.

To meet such a statement, seriously made, is embarrassing. It might not, however, be amiss to suggest, as the consensus of authoritative opinion, that but for the abuse of the second-class privilege and the extortionate charges made by the railroads for carrying the mails (one of the numerous matters demanding the attention of our active and honest executive), letter-postage could be safely reduced to one cent an ounce. But for the effective opposition of the selfish private interests a parcels-post would long ago have been established and express rates cut at least in half.

Mr. Grinnell attempts a statistical comparison between the relative advance in the cost of commodities and railway rates. His comparisons are of the year 1902 with 1899 and 1898. Such comparison in reality proves nothing. So many other much more important items, as for example the capital investment, relative tonnage, character of equipment, etc., enter into a question of a proper charge at a given time that the mere matter of the cost of commodities in any

given year can cut but a slight figure at best. The comparison, however, is doubly misleading when the particular year selected as the basis of computation develops an abnormal condition. This is so with reference to the year 1902, which showed the *high-water mark* of prices for the last twenty years. It is strange indeed that Mr. Grinnell should, without apology or explanation, have confined himself to the year 1902 when 1903 and 1904 were equally available.

Referring to Dun's *Review* and the statistical report of the American Iron and Steel Association, both incorporated in the Statistical Abstract of the United States, we find that the high level of prices in 1902 was in almost no instance approached since 1882-3. The general average for 1902 was (in whole numbers) 101 per cent. In 1903 it had already fallen to 99 per cent., and in 1904 it was still lower, namely, only 97 per cent. Manifestly, if there was anything to the presentation at all, it would have been fairer to have selected 1904 as the basis of comparison, the railroad rates having admittedly remained at least as high as in 1902. The general average for 1899 was, it is true, only 85 per cent.; but by the very next year it had risen to 91 per cent. Iron and steel products were actually higher in 1899 than in 1903, and by 1904 the prices had been still farther reduced. The railroads are buying practically everything in that line that goes into their equipment at a much lower figure than in 1899. Coal, it is admitted, is higher in price than it was in 1899; but who is so childish as to believe that the great railroads of the country are paying the market-price for coal?

As bearing on the necessity of the higher freight charges as a just offset to increased cost of operation born of higher cost of material and a higher wage, a comparison between the earnings in 1898 and 1903, gross and net, will be instructive.

In 1898 the gross earnings of all the railroads in the United States were 1,249 millions. They increased by leaps and

bounds, year by year, until in 1903 they totaled the enormous aggregate of 1,908 millions. During the same period the net earnings increased from 398 to 592 millions. The significant increase of almost sixty per cent. in the annual earnings, gross and net, in five short years is due to the revival of business, the natural development of tributary territory and also to some extent to higher freight-rates. For the last-named item, under this showing, there would seem to be no excuse whatever.

Mr. Grinnell furnishes some figures to support the claim that the increase in freight-rates was justified by the rise in wages. These figures purport to show the "Increase for 1903 over 1902 in wages paid" by the Pennsylvania Railroad. There are also some more general estimates in this regard with reference to the Illinois Central and the "St. Paul." His deduction is "that in one year the increase in the cost of labor is about ten per cent. in the Pennsylvania, and in the Illinois Central and St. Paul nearly as much."

Again the showing made proves nothing. The greater expenditure for wages in the latter year may be wholly owing to the employment of a larger force or to working overtime, due to increase of traffic. That there was such increase of traffic is evidenced by the data hereafter given. If there has been an increase in the individual wage, it will appear that the roads are still earning more than in fairness they are entitled to.

The total earnings of the Pennsylvania system (east of Pittsburgh) for the years ending December 31, 1902, and 1903, were 112 and 122 millions respectively. The net earnings, without data at hand to show how much of the increased operating expense was properly chargeable to maintenance and renewals, were respectively \$37,612,000 and \$37,853,000. The total net income of the Eastern Division was respectively 46.6 and 48.5 millions, and after paying all fixed charges and a *six per cent.* dividend on stock on a capi-

talization of about \$62,000 per mile, there remained a *surplus* in the last-named year of over twelve million dollars.

The gross earnings of the entire system in 1898, with 9,237 miles of road, were, in round numbers, 136 millions. In 1902, with 10,783 miles of road, they had increased to 219 millions. During the same period the net increased from 41 millions in 1898 to 67 millions in 1902. The figures for 1903 for the entire system are not at hand; but in 1902, after the payment of a six per cent. dividend, interest, rentals, maintenance, betterments and all other charges, there remained a net surplus of about three million dollars.

Aside from the question of the very liberal capitalization, a six per cent. dividend is too high a return on that kind of investment as a fair basis for transportation charges. This is evidenced by the fact that recent new issues of stock were offered to the stockholders at 120, and emphasized by the further fact that Pennsylvania stock is now quoted in the market at about 145.

The total earnings of the Illinois Central for the years ending June 30, 1903, and 1904, were respectively \$45,186,000 and \$46,831,000. The net earnings for 1903 were \$13,488,000, and after the payment of all fixed charges and a six per cent. dividend on stock there remained a surplus balance of over \$5,000,000, all but \$45,000 of which was applied to betterments, etc. The operating expenses for 1904 were larger than in 1903 and the net was in consequence decreased by \$1,393,000. The appropriation for betterments was also correspondingly less. The gross earnings of this road increased from 27 millions in 1898 to 45 millions in 1903, the net from eight millions to thirteen millions. Its stock is now selling at about 160.

The "St. Paul" road, which is capitalized on the comparatively low basis of \$33,615 per mile and pays a *seven per cent.* annual dividend on its stock, developed gross earnings for the year ending June 30, 1903, of 47 millions against 48 millions

for the year following. The net earnings for 1903 were \$16,064,000 and for 1904 \$16,453,000. The surplus for the two years was \$2,817,000 and \$3,299,000 respectively. The gross earnings for 1898 were but 34 millions and the net about 13 millions on a mileage of 6,191 as compared with 6,832 in 1904, the figures for which year are given above. The stock is selling at about 180.

The foregoing showing would seem to effectually dispose of the excuse advanced by Mr. Grinnell for the raise in freight rates—the additional “tax” that was thus arbitrarily imposed upon the public by the private interest. It is difficult to understand how good men can seriously advance propositions of such inherent unsoundness or triviality or contend for conditions that are so palpably inequitable. It must be self-interest or association that blinds them and renders them callous to the dictates of common justice. In Mr. Grinnell’s case we find an explanation for his point-of-view in the suggested fact that “he is a director in the Illinois Central Railroad Company, the Rio Grande, Sierra Madre and Pacific Railroad Company and other important corporations.”

III.

In his article in the January *Freight*, Mr. Nimmo endeavors to show:

(1) Why there should be no additional railroad legislation; and,

(2) That there is no real substantial public opinion back of this agitation for the radical amendment of the interstate commerce law; but, if nevertheless the public pressure should actually become so great that it cannot be safely ignored by the national law-makers, the inevitable should be deftly postponed by the threadbare subterfuge of a “thorough and impartial investigation.”

In support of the first proposition, Mr. Nimmo, also, goes into the per ton mile mystification and endeavors to excuse the raise in freight rates since 1899, notwithstanding the enormous increase in

especially the higher-grade traffic, by the suggested “increase in the wages of labor” and “in the cost of material.”

Practically every railroad in the country for which there was a legitimate excuse was in 1899 earning more than a liberal return on not only a legitimate capitalization but also upon a vast amount of “water” in addition. Reference to any manual on the subject will substantiate this claim. The railroad traffic, already large in 1899, increased astonishingly from year to year until in 1902 the railroads were practically “swamped” by the overwhelmingly prosperous condition. To raise the rates in the face of such circumstances, albeit the employé demanded and received an additional crust and the price of material had increased, was as flagrant an exercise of arbitrary power as modern finance records.

While referring to the Statistical Abstract for 1903 (page 402), Mr. Nimmo might, in all fairness, have called our attention to the figures on page 400, which show:

(a) The relative earnings per mile of railroad in operation in 1899 and 1902 as: Gross \$7,161 and \$8,696 and Net \$2,272 and \$2,830;

(b) The percentage of expenses to earnings as 68.27 and 67.45; and,

(c) The dividends on stock (good, bad and indifferent; watered, more watered and most watered) at 1.90 and 2.93 per cent.

The fancy earnings of Mr. Hill’s roads and of the “Steel-Trust” roads have already been referred to.

The Union Pacific, for 1902, paid four per cent. on over \$218,000,000 of common and preferred stock, that in the reorganization had cost the reorganizers but a comparatively nominal amount, set aside \$2,000,000 for “Betterments” and still had a surplus for the year of \$4,315,960. The stock is now quoted at about 135.

The Missouri Pacific paid a five per cent. dividend, charged \$1,608,656 to “Betterments” and showed a net surplus

of \$2,306,063. Its stock is selling for about 110.

The Chicago and Northwestern paid *eight per cent.* on preferred and *seven per cent.* on common stock, charged \$4,697,055 to "Betterments" and still showed a surplus of \$1,348,302. The common is quoted at about 240.

The New York Central, on a much larger capitalization per mile, paid a five per cent. dividend and had left a surplus of \$2,055,306. Its stock is about 165.

Mr. Nimmo was particularly emphatic in his second proposition, which was obviously intended by way of "authoritative" suggestion to such of our public-servants as might wish and might otherwise fail to find "a way out" of the difficulty of serving two masters at one and the same time. He says:

"Congress will never confer such power upon an administrative board until it ascertains the sentiment of the commercial and industrial interests of the country as the result of its own inquiries."

Of course this suggestion is wholly lacking in sincerity. There is not even the shadow of excuse for it. Congress has had all the ins and outs of this subject drummed into it at the session just ended, the previous session and sessions innumerable before, until there is no honest excuse for any ordinarily endowed mortal in it to plead ignorance on the matter of federal regulation of interstate commerce or the necessity of the suggested amendment of the law. A very respectable body, a creation of Congress, to wit: The Industrial Commission, quite recently went exhaustively into the question and added its recommendation to the general, almost universal, disinterested suggestion of the law's amendment.

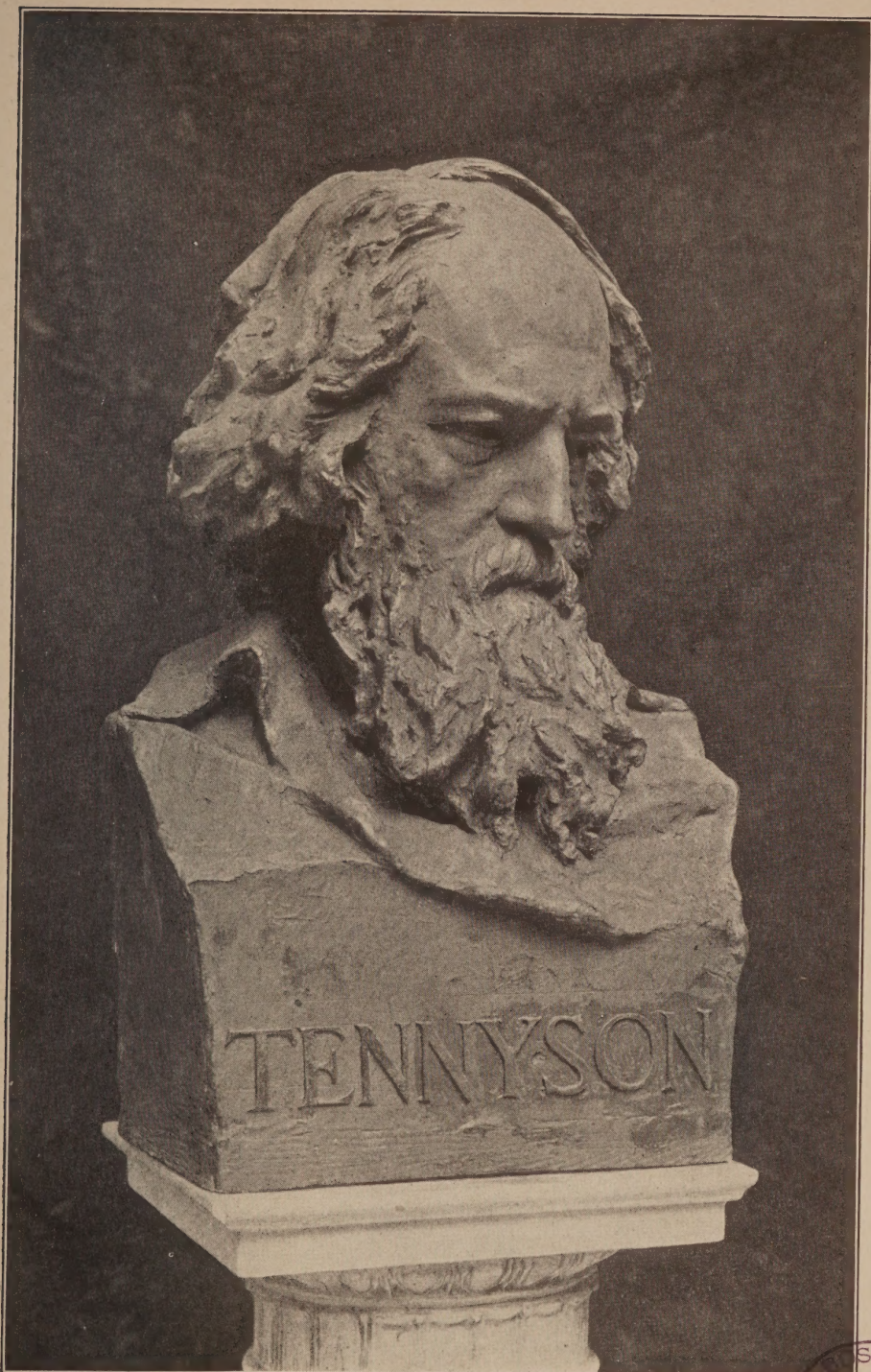
Washington is proverbially a bad place to feel the public pulse and the people's representatives in Congress may have their grave shortcomings; but to be deaf to the unmistakable rumble, fast growing into a roar, of outraged public sentiment is not one of their defects. It is part of

their stock in trade, if so common a phrase may be used with reference to so august a subject, to have their ear "close to the ground" and they know that if they do n't act now and act right they may never have an opportunity again.

Indeed the house, at the late short session, did act with commendable speed and with fair credit to itself in the substance. Granted that members, heretofore strangely recalcitrant, have vied with each other in their expression of fiery patriotic fervor, and that it has been unkindly hinted that the manifest purpose of such scintillations has been to disabuse their faithful constituents of any suspicion of their divided allegiance, yet that part of Congress most responsive to the popular will has acted and has almost unanimously passed a measure which, if finally matured into law, promises substantial relief from transportation iniquity.

The measure thus passed did not reach everything and it was by no means revolutionary; but the so-called Esch-Townsend bill was apparently an honest and substantial forward step. In giving the Commission the rate-making power, under expressed limitations, it simply declared what practically everybody, even the railroads, thought it had, until the Supreme Court surprised the country by its adverse decision in 1897. In causing this rate to go into immediate effect it voiced the demand of even most conservative, honest and disinterested authority. In the incorporation of the provision for the Interstate Commerce Court it took not one jot or tittle from the substantial remedies the railroads have in court to-day, except only the opportunity for unreasonable and unwarranted delay.

It has been broadly suggested that while the House has thus shown itself responsive to popular demand, the conservative Senate will prove the stumbling block in the way of this urgent and legitimate reform; that it is much farther removed, by law and custom long since fossilized, from both contact with and



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ALFRED TENNYSON

WILLIAM ORDWAY PARTRIDGE, SCULPTOR

THE ARENA

control of the people; that the heartbeats of individual senators are more in unison with the sordid pulse of "high finance" than with the throb of husbandry or the hum of industry; and that the private interest will find in those once hallowed halls its champion in its onslaught on the public welfare. There are those who are earnest advocates of the popular election of senators or some other sound method of re-popularizing this once most honored branch of American government, yea! those who charge that this historical body has outlived its usefulness, who, in the present active and discriminating condition of the public mind on the "rate question," are indulging the fond hope that the Senate may fail the people in this emergency and thus hasten the hour of its own constructive change or possible relegation to the ash-heap of public institutions that have outlived the day of their beneficent usefulness.

There is, however, room for substantial doubt that this wise and sedate body is going to dig any such pit-falls for itself. If some somewhat sensational current reports are true, there are those among the senators whose control of rotten boroughs is so absolute as to render them indifferent to public opinion, but not so with the most of them. The present is a poor time indeed for a public man to tie or remain tied to the special interest, or for ultra and untimely conservatism. No public question since the Civil war has so thoroughly taken hold of the public mind and the people are terribly in earn-

est on the subject and on some others, for that matter, that are more or less closely allied to it. This fact must, by this time, have percolated down or penetrated up, as you will, to even the dignified members of the so-called higher legislative body. And after all, these great men of the Senate are human. In the final analysis they will not in a great emergency either imperil their own political existence or the ultimate welfare of their constituents. They may or may not act with fair dispatch. They may not consider it as comporting with the pedestal of dignity on which they find themselves, to act otherwise than with impressive deliberation. There happens, however, to be a strenuous executive who will see that they do n't get away from the question; and we may rest fairly well assured that when final senatorial action does come it will correspond, except in point of dispatch, with that of the lower coördinate body.

The present is not an opportune time for the apologists for transportation exploitation. There is something "in the air" that bodes ill for that system of oppression, legalized or penalized, that a few years back was rather forbearingly greeted as "benevolent feudalism." We are a great democracy and the people are just beginning to realize that not in a backward step to the middle ages, but in progress along the lines of equality and justice, must lie our individual and national salvation.

W. G. JOERNS.

Duluth, Minn.

THE CONSTITUTIONAL RIGHTS OF AMERICAN SHIPPING.

BY WILLIAM W. BATES.

TO JUDGE by the treatment accorded by Congress to American shipping for the last forty years, the average citizen would not suspect that it had any constitutional rights. This is a case where appearances cannot be trusted, for there is no industry of the country better cared for by the constitution than navigation—the building and running of vessels. It is dereliction of governmental duty that has brought down the proportion of our carriage in our own commerce from *nearly ninety to less than nine per cent.* since 1829. High insurance, destruction of vessels and sales abroad during the Civil war, occasioned much loss of our carrying; but it may be shown that if the war had never come, our shipping policy is such that our navigation employed in foreign trade would have landed where it is now—high and dry on the beach. That this policy is not the same that was initiated in 1789 is not generally known to the present generation. A most injurious change was made in 1828, the effect of which was to *vastly increase* the competition of foreign vessels. At that time the vessels of foreign nations competed with American in their own ports and ours only. The law of 1828, and the conventions made under it, allowed foreign vessels of different flags to come with cargoes, not only from their own countries but *all* the countries of the world. In ports abroad, where formerly vessels of but one foreign nation competed for freights to the United States, the vessels of a dozen nations might compete,—this being the case still.

Under this extremely competitive policy down to the initiation of the Civil war, our proportion of carriage in foreign trade had fallen 24 per cent., showing that the policy was operating for the benefit of

foreign nations and to the damage of our navigation. The advent of the war prevented attention being given by Congress to the evil-working of our changed system; and at no time since has our statesmanship risen to the occasion of correcting the error of 1828. Our carrying has dwindled away from year to year; we have become dependent on rivals and possible enemies for shipping; have become a “debtor nation,” and a people without control of their own trade and transportation, subject to the political dictation of cabinets in Europe. Much of our real independence has been lost and will never be recovered,—without the recovery of our foreign carrying-trade. A few years ago our standard of money was changed from bimetallism to gold, owing to interference of foreign interests, due to the employment of foreign vessels in place of our own in our own commerce, and to no other situation. Our production of gold and silver, and much wealth besides, all goes to remunerate foreign shipowners for their part played in our commerce. If we had statesmanship at Washington, we would have shipping of our own; and our gold and silver, if exported, would bring to our feet the riches of the world. We would call no nation master, as now we must, for he is master who drains our treasure. Now our gold goes to pay debts that with shipping of our own would not be made.

Our change of policy in 1828 was a serious mistake. It was more: it was a violation of the constitutional rights of our shipping interest. It is indisputable that in the Constitutional Convention, it was declared and acknowledged that an essential condition of the Union then to be formed was the empowering of Congress to *regulate* our foreign commerce,

so that we might create and maintain an American marine. The need for this regulation, for the purpose stated, was one of the principal causes for the assembling of the convention. It was conceded on all sides, that failing a stipulation for commercial regulations, the constitution would lack advantage to the shipping states, and would therefore be rejected. Mr. Gorham, of Massachusetts, asserted in debate that his state could protect its navigation if there were no Union; why should it enter a Union having neither power nor inclination to protect its citizens in a most important industry? The same argument could be urged by several other of the most populous states, consequently it was then and there agreed that "navigation laws" for the protection of shipping should be enacted by the Federal government, in lieu of those existing in most of the states, which would necessarily become void. This agreement became a *vital compact* between the several states and the United States, which Congress has no right to nullify or set aside—and especially in the interest of foreign nations and which good faith requires shall ever be honestly observed. *An honest observance of this memorable compact would mean NO SUBSIDIES to freighting vessels in the foreign trade.*

Congress did not mean to injure American shipping in 1828; its majority supposed that, after thirty-nine years of fairly good protection, it could meet the "competition of the world" as a winner. This has proved a mistaken notion. Competing with the world is like a game of cut-throat euchre—not very winning. But Congress had no business, *no right whatever*, to put American shipping to hazard on any speculative theory, sound or unsound. It had its duty lined out in the Constitutional Convention; nevertheless, and notwithstanding the express covenant of the convention, ratified and stipulated in clause 3 of section 8 of article I. of the constitution, concerning the regulation of foreign commerce, in 1815, the

government usurped authority and set aside, conditionally, the laws which, in the case of *direct* navigation, had governed as to all nations until then; and in 1828 did also set aside, conditionally, the laws which, in the case of *indirect* navigation, were in force then by suspending these laws through acts of Congress and by conventions as demanded by foreign nations from time to time.

That these changes of policy were erroneous—the last a fatal blunder—is amply proved by the *ruin* that has resulted to our ocean carrying-trade, it being indisputable that, whereas, our proportionate participation in our own commerce in 1829 was *nearly ninety* per cent., the figure of late has been *below nine* per cent. This consequence is not surprising, but might have been expected from the greatly increased competition created by giving foreign vessels in our trade a footing, the same precisely as our own, whether they brought goods from their own or other countries. Built up and defended by discriminative regulations of necessity, our marine has perished from their suspension. Manifestly it is unjust to the shipping interest and of continuous damage to the country for the government to pursue a policy fraught with such results, and it should be reformed.

But the ruling party does not propose to reform it, notwithstanding our government has no warrant in law or equity for depriving the shipping states or their people of even the least particle of their rights under the constitution, and the comity of nations does not call for it. Protective "navigation laws" were promised; the country needs that promise carried out; every honest citizen demands it; and a good government would not shrink from its duty in such a case—yet Congress does shrink from it! Substitute legislation—"subsidy," "subvention," or "bounty," without warrant in the constitution—is not performance of duty. Moreover, any measure tolerating continuance of the present policy, of equal

rights to foreign vessels and no preference to our own, cannot possibly prove effectual in rescuing our carrying trade, and should not be accepted by the American people, even if it did not improperly squander their taxes.

When the late "Marine Commission" was appointed all the friends of American shipping hoped that the time had come at last when, not "something," but the proper and unfailing law would shortly be enacted. But in this there has been disappointment. The measure recommended by the majority, instead of invoking the power to "regulate" our foreign commerce, is but a "subvention" scheme in avoidance of the constitution, proposed for the short term of "ten years." The rights of our shipping have been ignored; the privileges of foreign shipping continued; and our ship-owners, instead of being protected in their rights, by navigation laws according to compact, have been made objects of liberality for a little time.

Americans! it is not "bounty," but business, that is essential to the recovery of our carrying trade. The carrying of freights *belonging* to our vessels is wanted. A preference to obtain this is necessary. That preference will abate the excessive competition in the carrying trade which

was created by the adoption of the present policy, and which inevitably attaches to it. Foreign shipping admitted to our trade must again be handicapped by regulations—extra tonnage and tariff duties—to the point where our own may be preferred. Justifiable discrimination at the custom-house will secure employment to our vessels now, as it did a century ago, and there is no other principle available for a system of ship encouragement that can be relied on continuously, without violation of the constitution. It is, as we have shown, the bounden duty of Congress to apply this principle now, as it did a century ago, but having just refused to do so, it is necessary and urgent for the patriotic of our country to exert themselves to cause a change of disposition and the execution of duty, if not by the ruling party, then by a change of rulers. The American ship must come forth again; our dependence on foreign shipping has long been so costly, disadvantageous and disgraceful, as to stir the ashes of every signer of the Declaration of Independence, and of every patriot that helped frame our constitution, and planned, as they all thought, to secure forever an American marine for American commerce.

WILLIAM W. BATES.

Denver, Colo.

THE BUILDING OF THE CITY BEAUTIFUL.

BY JOAQUIN MILLER.

CHAPTER XXII.—(*Concluded.*)

THE TRULY BRAVE.

"AS TIME goes by," said the good angel on their descent to the city, "we shall have much less mental sickness. Take for example this poor friend of mine, who, happily, is now about to be restored to us entirely healed. Had she, and her

ancestors as well, been born and reared in these restful ways, no such sickness would ever have overtaken her. As for bodily sickness, that is partly our own fault; but death, all know, is not to be avoided and should not be undesired. Yet I surely think that mental sickness can be swept from the earth. You remember the poor, nude idiots who used

to swim out to us every few days as we sailed up the Nile? They call these poor creatures God's people there, you remember, and the boatmen feed them and care for them as best they can. We, that is, civilized Europe and America, lock them up! Out here we hope to go back to first causes and help nature to make the crooked straight.

"And bodily illness," she continued, "is not to be wondered at when we consider what man has done, and is still doing in most of the world, to destroy himself. Look at France! Russia! Sixteen hours of toil in all sorts of weather, and such food! food that is scarcely fit for wild beasts. Still man must have exercise if he would have a healthy body. I observed, when in prison with my poor father, that all who were confined esteemed a few hours of exercise in the open air above their bread. Every man, as a rule, who is shut up in prison, spends from four to ten hours daily in pacing up and down. So it became clear to me that man's body demanded at least six hours of exercise. Less than this would be fatal to his health. A great excess of this would weary him, tax him too heavily, and so leave a loophole by which disease might enter. Now we find here that two hours of work in the fields and gardens by each man will more than feed his family. This amazes you, I know."

"He may work twenty-four hours in a week, twenty-four days of a European laborer's work in a whole year and have all the rest of the year for study, for art, for development?" asked the man.

"If he does that work daily, yes. But we allow no taskmasters here; all is voluntary. After each day of public work a man goes back to his house, among his bees, birds, roses, vines, with his children, and all the other delightful things that go to refresh mind and body and make interesting the spot he has set apart as his home."

Shortly after this delightful day, as the weather grew warmer in the city, they once

more visited the pleasant and refreshing pines on the mountain-side. And here they walked and they talked as before.

"Would you care to walk a little further on among the pines?"

She said this seriously, looking in his face in a quiet and inquiring way, and for answer he moved on at her side in silence.

Half an hour, up the hill and over the hill, through the tall, open pines, and he saw before them, in a wooded depression of the landscape through which a little mountain stream wound in the long, strong grass, a few scattering graves where roses grew in careless profusion. Some deer were feeding on the slope of the hill a little beyond, and beyond these, higher on the sloping hill where the pines stood dark and dense, he saw what at first seemed to be several large, old-fashioned marble tombs.

"No, they are not tombs," she said softly. "These are simply heaps of sweet-smelling pine-wood kept ready for men and women of advanced thought whom we have among us."

"Funeral pyres?"

"Even so. You will understand that here with us in this new order of things there is nothing arbitrary. Minds have different degrees of development. Some have ascended high, some higher still; while many of us stand at the bottom of the hill and see the plain of life only from the dead level of custom. And so each looks at life, and death also, from his or her own standpoint. Some of us still want priests to lean upon; some of us still at times are weak enough to want to worship idols or even the golden calf; and so, equal freedom is accorded all, for out of freedom will come real development, and every secure step upward must be of gradual ascent; because there is danger of the weak growing weary and of faltering by the way or turning back."

"Ah, I see," he said. "Here conspicuously in the front are the graves of those who claim attention even in the tomb."

"That is it," she sadly answered, as she

looked about and on up the hill beyond into the deep, dark shadows. "But up yonder, in the silence and obscurity, the remains of those who have outgrown such folly, like Charles Dickens, Lord Houghton, and others who begged for simple burial, are laid on the fragrant wood as soon as may be after the breath has left the body, in the same garments, in the garments in which death finds them. A flash, a flame; and they are of the clouds and ashes."

CHAPTER XXIII.

GOING.

WHAT if we all lay dead below;
Lay as the grass lies, cold and dead
In God's own holy shroud of snow,
With snow-white stones at foot and head,
With all earth dead and shrouded white
As clouds that cross the moon at night?

What if that infidel some night
Could then rise up and see how dead,
How wholly dead and out of sight
All things with snows sown foot and head
And lost winds wailing up and down
The emptied fields and emptied town?

I think that grand old infidel
Would rub his hands with fiendish glee,
And say: "I knew it, knew it well!
I knew that death was destiny;
I ate, I drank, I mocked at God,
Then as the grass was, and the sod."

Ah me, the grasses and the sod,
They are my preachers. Hear them preach
When they forget the shroud, and God
Lifts up these blades of grass to teach
The resurrection! Who shall say
What infidel can speak as they?

NEARLY half a year had swept by. "You are thinking of going away," she said, as they walked together by the great fountain that burst up from the old Toltec ruins near her door; for she was not strong enough to walk further now. It was in the afternoon.

"You knew my thoughts, then?"

"You are going away if,—if I go."

"Yes."

"I will go with you." She said this, not sadly, but almost cheerfully, as she

leaned heavily on his arm on turning to her door.

There were those here who made one in love with old age; but this woman was making him in love with death.

"You are going back to the work that is before you! I will go with you." And that is all she said about his going or staying; but he felt that it was her desire that he should go.

"I know so many weak and weary people who would be glad to come to this Paradise," he said. "As for myself, I am strong now. I will go back to my work, but shall I not be permitted to send some whom I know, out of the shadow, to this fervid sunlight of yours?"

She raised her hand with effort, and, pointing to some pale weeds that grew in a dark and shaded corner beneath the broad banana-leaves, she bade him, more by sign than word, to pull them from the ground and lay them before her in the sun. He did so, and they laid their drooping heads down on the hot sands and died.

"You see," she said; "and yet our choicest flowers are only cultivated weeds. Pull them up and place them in the sun suddenly, and you do not help them; you simply kill them. It is well to have great examples like this, our City Beautiful, but the world must improve itself slowly, naturally, by force of the example we have set of freedom, truth, and justice. No, we must have strong pillars, like the Pilgrim Fathers, and God willing, we shall have a temple reared in time that will shelter all."

She rested for a long time now. Finally she said: "You will go up to the hospital and remain—remain until you see a sign."

He bowed silently in assent; for she was too near the other world for him to question now or make any protest. Then she said:

"I like those people up there; I like the guilty ones, those whom you call convicts; but we do not call them that. Why, when one of your poor unfortunate

people is accused of crime, the State, the State's attorney, the whole power of the State is exerted, and no pains or money spared to prove that man guilty,—as if it were a good thing for the State to have a guilty man! Ah, how you forget that 'it is better that ten guilty ones escape than that one innocent man should suffer.' With us the attorney for the State does his best to make it appear that the accused is not guilty."

She was exhausted now and breathed with effort. Yet it seemed as if with her last breath she must teach this most important lesson. After a time she added:

"What a pity that all the State should array itself against one man, bound in irons, in an iron tomb, as if it were a glorious thing for the State to find one of its people with mind so weak or morals so weak that he fell into the pit of temptation." She was silent a long time, then said:

"You will go now. Good-bye again; good-bye."

He arose and stood before her. He fell on his knees and took her hand. "You feel certain, confident, confident that Christ is the Savior of the world?" he cried; for he felt that she was surely dying.

Steadily, and with a strange light in her eyes, as if it might be the light of another world, she looked him long and silently in the face. Then she said slowly and in a voice so soft and low:

"Yes, yes, Jesus Christ is the Savior of the world; but Jesus Christ died to save man from man,—not to save man from God."

He kissed her hand tenderly in silence, and in tears passed out.

CHAPTER XXIV.

PUT UP THY SWORD.

AND WHO the bravest of the brave;

The bravest hero ever born?

'T was one who dared a felon's grave,

Who dared to bear the scorn of scorn.

Nay, more than this; when sword was drawn

And vengeance waited for His word,

He looked with pitying eyes upon

The scene, and said: "Put up thy sword."

Oh God! could one be found to-day

As brave to do, as brave to say?

"Put up thy sword into his sheath."

Put up thy sword, put up thy sword!

By Cedron's brook thus spake beneath

The olive-trees our valiant Lord,

Spake calm and king-like. Sword and stave

And torch, and stormy men of death

Made clamor. Yet he spake not, save

With loving word and patient breath,

The peaceful olive-boughs beneath:

"Put up thy sword into his sheath."

ABASHED that he had remained so long, knowing as he did that this inspired soul was about to enter upon another life, the man hastened to take the first conveyance to the mountains of pine.

"You will remain there till you see a sign." He kept saying this as he went his way speaking to no one. He had been with her. His soul, his whole self, this day at least, must be his own and inviolate. He did not go directly to the hospital, to men, but to the woods, to God.

Some scarlet berries, red with the blood of dying autumn, wreathed the moss-made tomb of a prone monarch of the mountains, on which he sat. All was silent, so silent, save a far, faint melody that came up the mountain-side through the pines, came fitfully on the wind, as one that is weary and would go home to rest.

The tawny carpet of pine-quills grew golden as the sun lay level and in spars and bars and beams about him. The huge and lofty trunks of the mighty pine-trees on the mountains round about took on a hue of gold as the sun fell down. The foliage all about grew red, then gold, then yellow. The carpet of pine-quills, reaching miles and miles away on either hand far up the mountains beyond, became gold, a broken, billowy sea of molten gold. And as he sat there, throned amid this mobile sea of fragrant yellow, of color so perfect that it was not only color, but form; form, perfume and melody also; he not only saw this color, he heard it. An hour passed.

Then suddenly, as he thought of her, he saw a form, at first vaguely, dimly, the yellow form and comely shape of a desert lion standing waiting, removed from him but by a little space.

I know not why this type of strength, defiant of custom and restraint, should have again appeared. I only say that it was so, and pass on. All things in life and death lie in circles. A woman's weakness is her strength.

And even as he looked, the sinking sun came softly through the forest boughs, a long, slanting shaft of light, and laid a sword of fading fire at his feet.

Day had surrendered to night, light to darkness, mortality to immortality.

He remained alone all night in the warm woods, but saw no further sign. It was enough.

With the dawn there came up the mountain-side the sweetest, saddest melodies ever known. It was the funeral train.

He took an old man aside. They rested a time beneath the pines. He implored him to tell all, all. "What did she say? What did she do? All, all,—tell me all!" But the old man seemed dazed. He kept silent for some time. At last he spoke:

"I went to her immediately as you left her. I can hardly recall her words. They were words of fire and gold. 'Prove to me, to the world, that man shall surely rise,' I cried. She half turned away her face as in reproach at first, but soon, looking tenderly at me, she said in a low, firm voice: 'Nay, I cannot quite prove to you that man shall rise after death. I cannot quite prove to you that yonder setting sun will rise to-morrow; but I surely, surely believe it will rise'; and then she made a sign that I must leave her to meet God, alone. After a little time young musicians came as had been their custom, and played before her door under the palm-trees. And then there came many singers, and they sang, sang as the musicians played, and the sun

went down. Then suddenly we heard her voice, like a thread of gold in the woof of harmony, woven in with a most cunning hand. We had never heard her sing before. It was, perhaps, her first as it was her last song: the dying swan.

"There are many birds and of many hues, as you well know, in the foliage of the court there. Well, as the song ceased and the music died away, an old man, older and better than I, and so able to see more of better things than I can see, saw a bird, a wide-winged bird, and white like snow. And after circling above our heads, it flew out through the wide, high trees into the falling night. That was all. We bowed low our heads and wept in pity for ourselves."

Our city-builder of the mountain-side remembering having heard her deplore the sad habit of the world in staring at the wan, worn faces of the helpless dead, overcame this last desire, as he had overcome others through her teachings and example, and saw her face of clay never more.

And yet he felt, knew, knew positively all the while, that she would come to him, sooner or later, if he only kept his soul refined and fit to see her; and more than that, he knew that she would come to him in her perfection, as she was when she touched the high-tide mark of health and perfection of form and face; for this is in the order of nature. The tide shall ever touch its topmost limit. The human soul shall not be less than the sea.

Knowing all this, knowing that she would have given back to her all that had been taken away, and that she, and all others who love sincerely, would begin the next life at the high-tide mark in this, and knowing, surely knowing that he should see her thus, how careful was he to say naught, do naught that would make him less worthy to lift his face to hers.

They bore her form up, up to her mountain-side, mantled close in the robes in which she died, and none were cruel

enough to seek to look into her tired face.

There was a depression in the great heap of sweet-smelling pine that lay furthest up the hill beyond the hospital, and here they laid the body.

A flame, a long, vapory cloud of smoke tossing to the pine-tops, and all turned away. No more cost and no more care,—a little heap of ashes! and around the edges of this little burned spot tall, slim grasses came to stand in circle soon, and shy, wild flowers joined their hands and drooped their heads there tearfully when the rains had come.

“So you are going away to-night? Well, the Gulf Stream of the upper seas is reversed at this season. The Japan currents flow towards us in the first few months, but later in the year, as now, Alaska draws on us for heat and things are reversed. You will have quite as pleasant sailing back as when you came.”

This was the venerable man who had seen the cattle rise up in the fields at night, as if God was walking by. So fine were his senses that he had only to come into your atmosphere to know your thought. They were walking up the mountain. Without a word the man lifted his eyes. The car of the air-ship swung graceful as a pine-cone in the gathering wind at the high platform from which he had descended on coming to the place. They passed up together in silence. What need of words?

Grasping the old man's hand he stepped within the car and was about taking his seat when, with a boom as if being propelled by sound, the car bounded away above the clouds and held her course strong and steady toward the north.

He sank into his seat, bowed his head, and moaned: “She said she would be with me!”

After a time he lifted his face, for he felt that he was not alone, and lo! there she sat before him, in all the splendor of youth and strength and divinity of

presence. All the majesty of perfect womanhood was with her now. Never, indeed, had he seen her so radiantly, so imperiously beautiful. The same sweet touch of tenderness, the same pathos and pity in the Madonna face, it is true; but over and above this there was a sense of strength and directness and immortality, such as you feel when the sun is rising.

She did not speak; for oh, how futile, lame, harsh, and angular are words! The use of words shall pass away, is passing.

Why, know you not soul speaks to soul?
I say the use of words shall pass—
Words are but fragments of the glass,
But silence is the perfect whole.

She did not speak, but her soul continually said to his soul: “The kingdom of heaven is at hand.” And it was said as if in a great court of woods and falling waters, with walls of sapphire, where hung, in letters of fire and gold, the Sermon on the Mount and the Lord's Prayer.

He did not mistake their meaning. He would go forward and these should guide him still. All Israel was forty years in the wilderness, and he had been but five. Surely he should, he could, and he would gather strength and go forward. For she had annihilated the vast space that had been so long between heaven and earth and had brought them almost together—“The kingdom of heaven is at hand.”

She did not speak; and yet her soul spoke as certainly in its calm, sweet fashion, wisely, silently; the wisdom of earth in earthly things, the glory, the beauty, the peace of heaven over all.

“I leave my peace with you.” “The kingdom of heaven is at hand.”

And her soul said to his soul: “Service is the handmaiden of heaven. Let the Christian run forward with the Sermon on the Mount in hand, swift-footed to meet her. Only see to it that the newly-emancipated slave does not fall into a deeper servitude. For man, intoxicated

with opportunity, still believes that opulence is happiness. They are fastening again the broken chains, and gathering gold as never was gold gathered before.

"It was the toiler, not the money-changer, who taught the lightnings to talk, created light out of space, and from the airy, white vapors of heaven called into existence the thundering black cavalry of commerce by land and by sea. Take care that this emancipated toiler is not made the slave of his own creations by blind, intoxicated money-changers. See to it that all toil, that none but the helpless live on the toil of others."

Such were the woman's thoughts, words, as they seemed to sail and sail by the porch of heaven above the clouds as before. Then they passed down, down and through the clouds, and it was almost light.

And daring to look full in her face by the coming light he saw a star, then the star only, the bright and beautiful morning star to the east, through the dove-colored leaves of his olive-trees.

Then as he grew stronger and looked more steadily he saw the star fade into a dim halo from out of which appeared the divinely beautiful, earnest and prophetic face of his venerable mother. She was looking at him as one who sits at a bedside and tenderly watches the face of some poor sufferer. Then, as if taking up in the full dawn the word Failure where he had laid it down in darkness, she said, softly:

"My son, there is no failure, there can be no failure for those who really try. The only failure possible in life is the failure to try, and persistently try, for the best. The good, the glory, the consolation of it all is in the ennobling effort. Let us bravely leave results to Him."

The man at once arose and stood by the beautiful mother with the soft voice and deep, seer eyes and was filled and thrilled with her patient strength and splendid courage.

And he joyed there on his stony steep and went to his toil with content and courage and a broad, deep charity in his heart. A dove sang from an olive-tree, the dove and the olive-branch together as of old, and the man sang with the dove that day and all days. For had he not seen her? Whether she was of heaven or of earth, who should say? But surely he had been with her entirely, and this was the unuttered song of his heart. He sang silently, for what human voice can approach the plaintive and tender voice of the dove? But here is the song of his heart:

Come listen, O love, to the voice of the dove,
Come hearken and hear him say:
"There are many to-morrows, my love, my love,
There is only one to-day."
And all day long you can hear him say:
"This day in purple is rolled;
And the baby stars of the Milky Way:
They are cradled in cradles of gold."

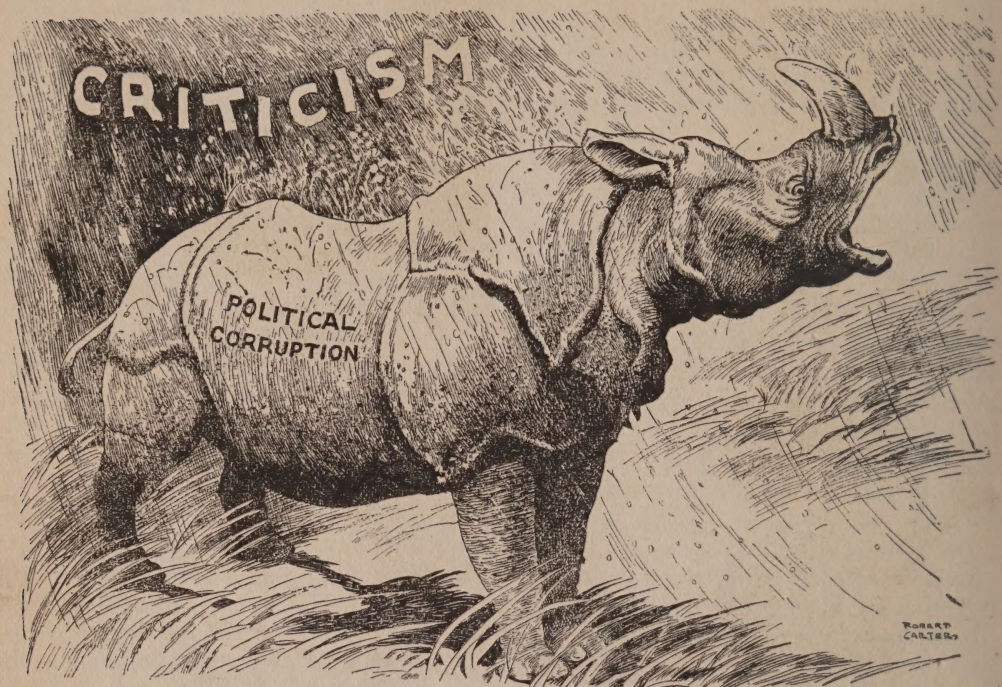
THE END.



"CHOOSE!"

Drawn by Dan. Beard expressly for THE ARENA.

POLITICS, THE PEOPLE AND THE TRUSTS AS SEEN BY CARTOONISTS.



Carter, in New York American.

(Reproduced by special permission of W. R. Hearst.)

"HOW WILL YOU KILL THIS BEAST?"

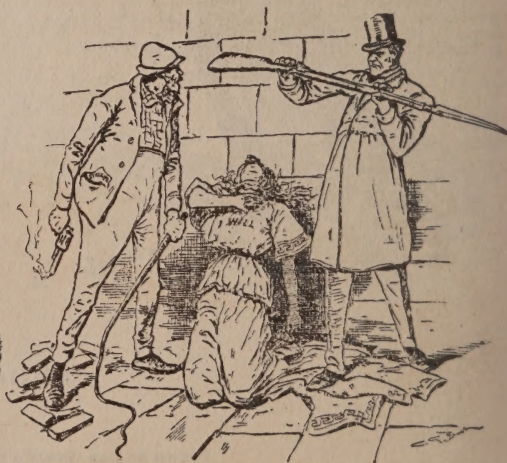
You Can't Do It with Pin Pricks or Kind Words. Public-Ownership, Backed by Good, Strong Ballots, Will Do It.



Rogers, in New York Herald.

ONE THING TO DO—AND UNCLE SAM IS GOING
TO DO IT.

CHICAGO



Bush, in New York World.

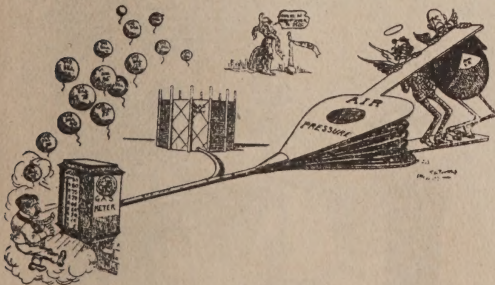
"SHAME!"



McDougall, in Philadelphia *North American*.

THE AMERICAN BEAUTY.

"The American Beauty rose can be produced in all its splendor only by sacrificing the early buds that grow up around it."—John D. Rockefeller, Jr.'s filial defence of the Standard Oil.



Powers, in New York *World*.

AIR IS FREE—EXCEPT FROM THE GAS-TRUST.

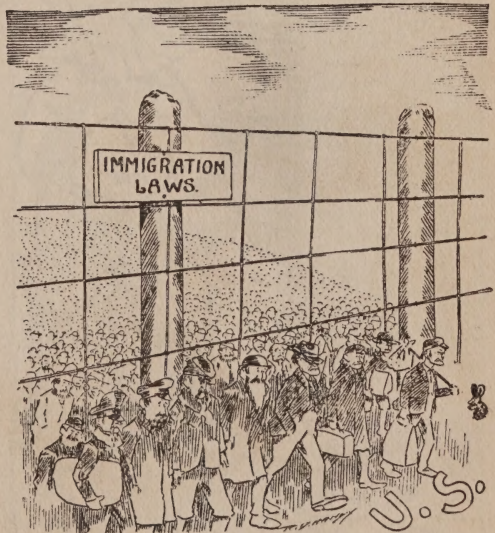
Air-Pressure Is What Makes Your Gas-Bill Go Up. The Gas-Trust Puts On the Air-Pressure at 6 o'Clock in the Evening and Keeps It On Until Midnight.



Walker, in *Appeal to Reason*, Girard, Kan.

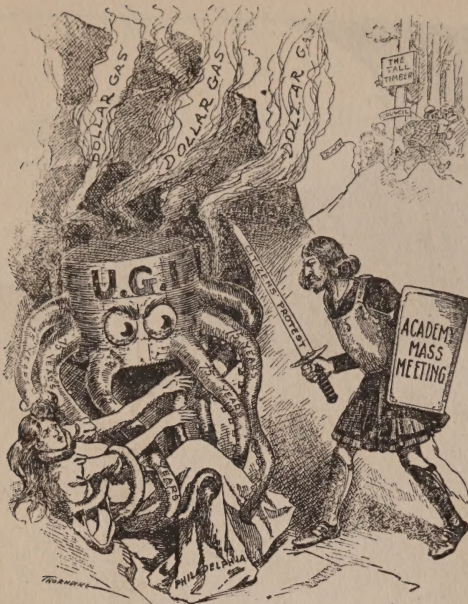
"THE CZAR WILL RAISE A NEW ARMY."—*News Item.*

Can he perform a miracle and raise the dead?



Handy, in Duluth *News-Tribune*.

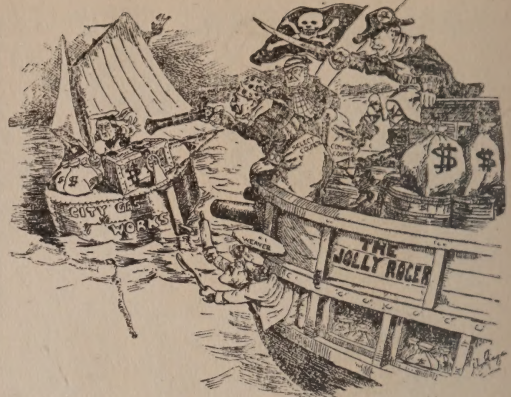
SHOULD NOT THE OPENING BE SMALLER?



Thorndike, in Philadelphia Press.

HALTED!

"Terrified at the approach of the citizens, those who threw the city to the monster turn tail and flee and leave the field to the rescuers."



Gage, in Philadelphia North American.

UP GOES THE BLACK FLAG AGAIN.



Bush, in New York World.

RUIN ROAD.



Walker, in New Age, Augusta, Me.

THE OFFICE-BOY HAS A DREAM.



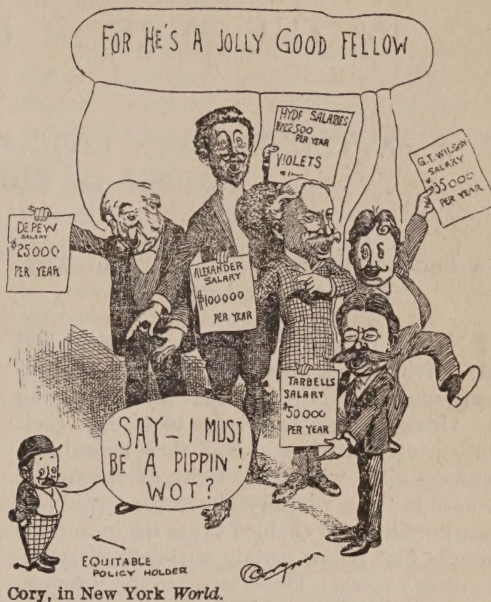
Payne, in Pittsburgh Gazette.

ONE THING THE CZAR'S MONEY CAN'T BUY.



Campbell, in Philadelphia North American.

"FROM THE FIRST THE MAYOR BECAME A CZAR."
—The Philadelphia Inquirer.



Cory, in New York World.

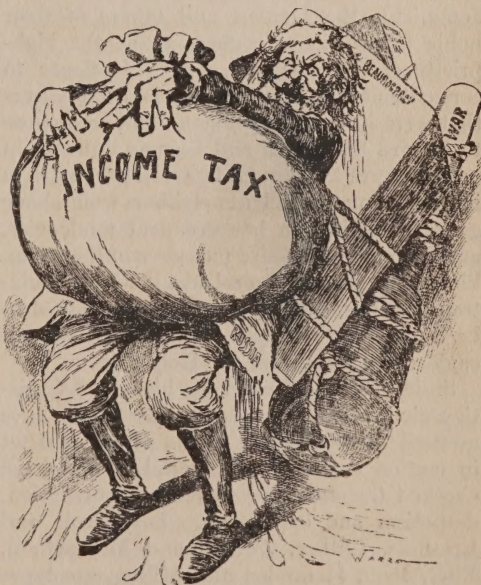
"HARMONY AT LAST."



Gage, in Philadelphia North American.

NEEDY NICHOLAS—"Lady, will you help me with another loan?"

MRS. EUROPA—"Saw that wood over there first!"



Warren, in Boston Herald.

"HOW LONG CAN THE RUSSIAN GIANT BEAR THE
LOAD."

IN THE MIRROR OF THE PRESENT.

A BATTLE BETWEEN CIVIC RIGHTEOUSNESS AND SORDID EGOISM IN THE NEW WORLD.

A PROPHET-VOICE IN THE HOUR OF THE NATION'S PERIL.

IN ALL crises in the history of nations and civilizations there have arisen great prophet-souls, men gifted with the seeing eye, who by virtue of their knowledge of history, their broad intellectual grasp and their logical faculties, united with that clarity of vision that comes to those who live above the sordid and sensuous life, are enabled to see the inexorable results that follow certain well-defined symptoms or causes. These men are the watchers on the walls of Zion whose warning holds the potential salvation of national life. But for their message and the heeding of their warning on the part of the people from time to time, Israel would have degenerated and died, as did all the nations that environed her. But for the Samuels, the Elijahs, the Isaiahhs, the Jeremiahhs, the Daniels and others of their noble fellowship who chose to be the high-priests of progress and rocks of offence to conventionalism, conservatism and the powers that were in church and state, and who chose to imperil their lives and become outcasts in order to save the nation, Israel in her desire to imitate her more opulent neighbors would have gone unchecked in her decadent tendencies, adopting the oppressive measures of the pagan kings and the low moral ideals of the idolatrous nations, until she would have ceased to be a distinctive people long ere the Roman eagles were lifted over the Holy City.

So in various crises in the history of Christian civilization, the great prophet-souls have aroused the conscience of the people and set in motion exalted moral impulses that have checked the onflowing currents of corruption, despotism and oppression. Savonarola and Erasmus, Luther, Zwingli and Melancthon, Eliot, Pym, Hampden and Milton, are types of the true prophets who have been saviors of nations and civilizations.

In our time these voices are happily again

being heard in the hour of America's greatest peril; and among the recent warning utterances from the real prophets, perhaps none deserve more thoughtful consideration than those of that great educator, author and social and political economist, Professor John Bascom, LL.D., who since 1855 has been actively serving the cause of collegiate education in the capacity of professor or president in leading institutions and who during the whole of his honorable career has been a positive conscience-force whose thought has wrought much for civic righteousness. Professor Bascom, it will be remembered, was called from the faculty of Williams College in 1874 to the position of president of the University of Wisconsin, which position he held until 1887. After resigning the presidency of this institution he returned to the faculty of Williams College and has since been a lecturer on sociology in that institution. He is the author of a number of standard works, perhaps the most important of which are *Political Economy*, *Philosophy of English Literature*, *Problems in Philosophy*, *Philosophy of Religions*, *Ethics*, *Natural Theology*, *Science of Mind*, *Sociology*, *Historical Interpretations of Philosophy*, and *The New Theology*.

With a vigorous mentality and a clear moral vision this patriarch and prophet views the present and its portents and promises for the future from the vantage-ground of one who has three-quarters of a century lying behind him, and who from manhood's morning, now more than fifty years past, has played a noble part in the republic, ever a child of faith and ever guided by high moral ideals. His thoughts therefore challenge the serious attention of all our people. In the course of his paper on "Social Forecast," which appeared in a recent issue of the *New York Independent*, Professor Bascom, in speaking of the menace of multimillionaires who have reached their financial eminence largely through the acquisition of wealth they have not earned, says:

"The multimillionaire cannot be the member of a free state, on equal terms with his fellow-citizens. This would be true under any circumstances, but is still more true when this wealth has been acquired in abuse and in defiance of economic and civil law. This additional fact shows that the tyrannical temper is present, which, opportunity favoring, will disregard all rights in behalf of personal power.

"The most obvious and immediately serviceable of equalities, which go with free institutions, is equality in economic opportunities. No other equality concerns so many actions, or actions on which so large a share of welfare depends. The wealth of which we are speaking has been accumulated at the expense of this equality, and now threatens utterly to destroy it."

In speaking of the irresistible march and mastery of monopoly, unless promptly brought to check, Professor Bascom observes:

"No competition and no fear of competition accompany the development of business of this order, and unless the conception itself was a piece of folly the profits of a monopoly accrue to it at every stage. This wealth may have been gained with a hard struggle, and at the expense of the rights of many, but once acquired there need be no farther trespass in its use. Legitimate as well as illegitimate forms of business feel at once this accumulation of power. Whether it is steel production or the stock market that is under consideration, the multimillionaire creates the conditions under which he operates. Equality of opportunity in business relations has suffered a sudden overthrow which the future will easily complete.

"It was at one time felt that a large property would ordinarily be scattered in the next generation. This expectation does not apply to the magnitudes now contemplated, but vice, prodigality, indolence, can all shelter themselves in these immense fortunes like birds that nest in the carvings of a cathedral."

So great has become corporate wealth and so overshadowing its influence over the press and political parties, that the government has in fact become the tool of the money-changers and the acquirers of wealth through special

privileges. In this connection our author pertinently observes:

"This accumulation of wealth has already destroyed political equilibrium. Political influence is won by a contribution to the expenses which attend on gaining political power.

"The hold which perverted business relations have on politics is seen in the railroad question. When the Interstate Commerce Commission was established it was supposed to have been granted a control which it has since lost and is struggling in vain to recover. The Commission was instituted to govern rates in behalf of the public welfare. It has sunk into a Board of Council, whose suggestions may or may not be followed. The officers of railroads to whose unfair terms much of the mischief of accumulated wealth has been due are left in control.

"Here is a square issue between a method that has signally failed and a better one which the people, nearly twenty years since, intended to put in its place. And yet the commercial and political worlds were never fuller of plausible reasons why the railroads, and not the people, should assign the conditions of traffic."

In a republic social inequality which becomes more and more marked as the years pass is the surest possible symptom of the decay of democracy and the disintegration of the moral ideals which make free institutions effective. On this point Professor Bascom says:

"Social equality cannot hold its ground while this abuse of privilege prevails in production and in politics. A wealthy class begins to act in vigorous modification of society.

"Any approach to social equality must be united with some equality in the conditions of life. Collective production now bears this burden of unusual accumulation and expenditure, and is borne down by it. The aggregate gains, waiting to be distributed in many channels, are diverted into a few deep cañons. Ordinary effort meets with increasing obstacles and diminished returns. That separation in society between wealth and indigence, those afloat and those submerged, sets in; a separation which is itself a decay of society, which is increased by its own action, and

which, so far, civilization has never escaped."

In the presence of this eclipse of the genius of democracy, in this turning from those old demands which are as vital to a true republic as is oxygen to the physical organism—equality of opportunities and of rights—the School and the Church, as well as the State, have suffered irreparable injury, which in turn is reacting in a baleful way on the social organism and the ideals of the individual. After showing that under the new order education is more a "means of wealth" than a "means of manhood" or the development of good citizenship, Professor Bascom thus continues:

"Citizenship is the disk which should carry all the florets in the composite flower of our civilization.

"In connection with the tendency to turn education into training there comes a growing demand for large endowments, and the college becomes a petitioner at the feet of wealth. Independence is sacrificed, commercial standards displace ethical ones, and civic principles adapt themselves as best they can to the new allegiance. The banner of success is borne to the front, and those who march must march behind it."

Nowhere is this waning of high ideals, this abandonment of the ethics of Christ more strongly marked than in the church since Mr. Rockefeller and other moral criminals began systematically to buy the silence of the pulpit and religious editors and educators by throwing into the treasury of certain churches and schools a few crumbs from the vast storehouse of their acquired and largely unearned wealth. On this decadence of the church our author makes these timely observations:

"The strongest antagonism to social decay should be found in Christian faith, but faith slowly bends to the conditions which surround it. The Greek Church brings Russia no liberty. Our own religion goes but a little way in carrying sympathetic aid to the working class, or in arousing a sense of the service due from those who lead business. It has been no strange spectacle with us to find one ordering his economic activity in a method utterly subversive of the Kingdom of Heaven, and yet cherishing some detached notion of finding his way into that kingdom."

Is the outlook, then, hopeless? Must our republic continue to tread the downward path which Rome trod after great wealth and the dream of imperialism blinded the moral perceptions of the nation and destroyed the old, sturdy ideals of the people? If we continue in the path we have been treading during recent years there can be but one answer. So surely as our pathway follows the pathway of the ancient civilizations which lie in ruin, through the abandonment of moral ideals for material advancement and dominion, so surely will our fate be a repetition of the doom that overtakes all peoples that turn from the light and by surrendering the high birthright of enlightened civilization, the domination of the ethical verities, for sordid gain, material power and physical gratification, plant the seeds of death in the social organism.

But history is not wanting in illustrations of peoples and civilizations that have awakened while yet there was time, and through a moral renaissance have renewed their youth. Herein lies our hope—a hope that holds such inestimable potency for the emancipation of humanity and the development of civilization that he who remains indifferent in its presence is recreant to the high demands of manhood to such a degree that he becomes an accessory in the overthrow of democracy. Of the peril and promise of the present Professor Bascom says:

"The Republican party is fast becoming the bondman of plutocracy. Its motto is to 'stand pat,' careless of discussion or vindication. It has so long prospered by concession that inquiry and resistance are foreign to its spirit. The temper of President Roosevelt, alien to this attitude, may make slight fissures and chip off thin flakes. The Democratic party has broken midway, one extremity plutocratic, the other democratic. There is as yet much hammering here and there, and searching the face of the rock, but the moment a workable seam shall appear many wedges are ready to be driven home. This is made obvious by the unrest of workmen, by scattered revolt in many states, as in Wisconsin, by the number, radical character and large vote of secondary parties at the last Presidential election. Our forecast is that one of those sudden changes, which are sure to arise in times of wide pressure, will combine these forces of resistance, and with them sweep the field for another deal in human

rights and one more approach toward the Kingdom of Heaven."

These words from the spiritually-illuminated brain of one of the noblest educators and wisest economists of our land should serve to arouse our sleeping people to a realization of the august demands of the hour, and lead both young and old to consecrate life and all it holds dearest to the restoration and preservation of democracy.

CHICAGO'S GREAT POPULAR VICTORY.

ON APRIL 4th the citizens of Chicago won the most important and decisive municipal victory for progressive democracy that has been achieved in recent years,—a victory that virtually means a new Declaration of Independence, a positive popular assertion of the right and the intention of the people that their interests shall henceforth take precedence over the selfish, arrogant demands of privilege which has over-long exploited the citizens and corrupted their servants. This victory has already electrified the true patriots throughout the republic and will crystallize public sentiment much as did the battle of Lexington crystallize the sentiment of the revolutionary fathers in favor of our great *magna charta*. There can be no mistaking the meaning of this pronounced verdict of the Chicago electorate. The story is one so rich in promise and encouragement for the people in other American municipalities that it calls for special notice.

At the last presidential election Theodore Roosevelt carried Chicago by one hundred thousand majority against Mr. Cleveland's "safe and sane" candidate, and the Socialist vote reached forty thousand. Thus the general opinion prevailing at the time of the mayoralty nominations was that the Republicans would sweep the city by a substantial majority. Nowhere were these views more strongly entertained than among the Republicans and the public-service companies. The latter, realizing that the sentiment of the city favored municipal-ownership of the street-railway lines, recognized the necessity of nominating a man who was not too pronounced a friend of public-corporation interests and one who would presumably appeal to the independent vote as well as to the straight Republican electorate,

and yet who would oppose immediate public-ownership and operation of the street-car service. The companies believed that if they could delay matters the people would become wearied of the fight. Moreover, they would find devious methods, as they have found so many times in the past, of convincing the public-servants that the public-service companies knew what was best for the people far better than did the voters themselves.

The Republican candidate, Mr. John M. Harlan, appeared the most available man, being a politician of standing among the independents, a man who it was thought could easily begot the voters and confuse the issues, and a man who was quite ready and willing to echo the cry of the public-service corporations for delay. By the interests, at the time of his selection, John M. Harlan's nomination was considered equivalent to his election.

The Democratic party failed to live up to its traditions in regard to its capacity for blundering, and wisely selected a straightforward and radical candidate, a man who scorned to blow hot and cold, and who was unreservedly committed to immediate action in favor of public-ownership along the radical lines that Hearst's *Chicago American and Examiner* had boldly demanded.

Though when the campaign opened the public-service companies and the reactionaries were in a thoroughly comfortable frame of mind, feeling that in view of the last November vote and the fact that Mayor Harrison had only carried the city by eight thousand majority when the normal Socialist vote was at least ten thousand lower than at the present time, there could be little danger of defeat. But with the nomination of Judge Dunne on a ringing platform demanding immediate action in favor of public-ownership, the whole situation changed as by magic, and it soon became evident that unless something was done to stem the tide, the people would triumph over corporate interests. All the old and oft-repeated tactics of the Pharisees who "devour widows' homes and for a pretence make long prayers" were employed. Judge Dunne was characterized by Mr. Harlan as the special *protégé* of the Chicago "*Assassin*," the reference being to Mr. Hearst's *Chicago American*; and not content with this, the Republican candidate went out of his way to assail the character of Mr. Hearst. He knew, as do all the great predatory interests and public-service corpor-

ations of America, that the Hearst papers are to-day the greatest menace to the reign of plunder and rule of graft that have marked municipal, state and national life since political machines have become the virtual property of corporate interests; and as the organs of the "interests" and their mouthpieces have for years been making a bogie-man of the so-called "yellow" journals (classing as "yellow" almost every paper that places the interests of the people before the interests of predatory and corporate wealth), he imagined that these disgraceful tactics would win him votes.

But unhappily for the would-be exploiters of the city of Chicago, the day had passed when the sonorous warnings of the Pharisee-class or the vituperations of the men and the papers, that, while pledged to the interests of the plunderers of the people, mantle their shame under the robings of conventional respectability, could frighten the awakened voters. They had too often allowed the real thieves to escape when they had joined in the general outcry of "Stop thief!" Moreover, they had come to realize the fact that had Mr. Hearst made common cause with the public-service corporations, the corrupt political machines, the trusts and other privileged interests, there would have been no outcry against him. But his haling the coal-trust into court, his putting the gas companies in various cities on the rack and his fight all along the line for the rights of the people and against their continued spoliation—these were the unpardonable sins that aroused the alarm and hatred of the interests or the "system."

Now one of the fatal mistakes that Mr. Harlan made was in failing to realize that the people had come to recognize the source and animus of the assaults on Mr. Hearst and his journals, and the further fact that millions of the American people are coming to love the man for the enemies he is making, because they know those enemies to be the greatest foes of the republic, the exploiters and oppressors of the people and the corruptors of the people's servants. Hence the more Mr. Harlan vituperated against the *Chicago American*, the more the people became convinced that he was owned body and soul by the public-service corporations whose calumnies, abuses and epithets he was so freely employing.

As the campaign advanced it became more and more evident that the people had determined to take over the street-car service.

Then Mr. Harlan sought to pose as a friend of public-ownership and to confuse the public mind on the real issue. He desired to have the voters understand that both candidates were in favor of municipal-ownership, but he would save the city from litigation by making amicable terms with the corporations. Chicago was not just yet ready for the step; they should proceed in a safe and conservative way. These and many other sophistical catch-phrases were played upon in order either to alarm or to confuse the voters. Judge Tuley, however, had in the *Chicago American* clearly shown that the time for public-ownership was the present. Judge Dunne stood for immediate action. Moreover, all the corporations were for Mr. Harlan. Vain was the lavish expenditure of corporate funds in the interests of the Republican candidate; vain the attempt to create groundless prejudices against the friends of the people; vain the effort to cause a panic by alarmist cries. The people had at the head of their ticket a man in whom they had confidence. They knew what they wanted, and they knew that in the ballot they had an effective weapon, and they used it. Judge Dunne received the largest vote ever given to a mayoralty candidate in Chicago, 161,659 ballots being cast for him. His plurality was over twenty-four thousand votes. Thus Chicago declared in unmistakable voice for immediate municipal-ownership, and in so doing she has become the way-shower for other municipalities.

In commenting on his election Judge Dunne said:

"In view of the revolution it portends in the operation of public utilities in America, and of the magnitude and power of private interests arrayed against us, I regard the result of the election as a distinct triumph for the people. It means a new departure in America in the management and operation of street-cars and other public utilities. If Chicago puts municipal-ownership in force other cities of America will follow its lead."

MUNICIPAL-OWNERSHIP MEANS A DIMINUTION
AND NOT AN INCREASE IN CORRUPT
PRACTICES AND MACHINE-RULE.

There are two arguments relied upon by the public-service companies and their special pleaders to frighten the people and prevent

their taking over the enormously-valuable public utilities. One is the claim that the cities are so corrupt that public-ownership would result in building up a vast and increasingly-corrupt political machine. In reply to this it should be pointed out in the first place that the head and front of all of our political corruption in the United States is found in the public-service companies. They have been the chief offenders in debauching the people's servants, and not only that, but in defeating honest statesmen and driving from power incorruptible public servants, while through the lavish expenditure of funds they have been able to place their minions in positions of public trust. Hence if they were wholly frank they might with truth frame their objection to municipal-ownership somewhat as follows: "We have corrupted your public-servants; we have driven the old-time honest and upright statesmen into retirement; we have filled the offices, from the United States Senate down to small municipal positions, with our willing servants, tools, special-pleaders and agents or those ready to listen to our convincing appeals. Now that we have thus corrupted your government, it would be folly to turn over the public utilities to such public-servants."

The first fatal flaw in the position of the public-service companies is found in the assumption that an aroused electorate which determines to end a reign of plunder and political debauchery, by taking over the public utilities, is in danger of retaining corrupt and recreant servants in office. As a matter of fact, sensible and thoughtful men know full well that when the power of special privilege is withdrawn from politics, there is little danger of corrupt practices prevailing. The reign of loot, graft and bribery, direct and indirect, the betrayal of the people and the spoliation of the millions from which the American people are suffering to-day, have been due to privileged interests—chiefly the public-service companies of the land. The experience in Glasgow, Liverpool, Birmingham and scores of other European cities proves that public-ownership and operation of natural monopolies results in a higher standard of morality in public official life, economy in operation of the public utilities, and a vast increase in benefits and revenue enjoyed by the people.

Mayor Dunne, of Chicago, at the great New York public-ownership meeting held in Cooper Union on the evening of April 7th, in noticing

the two serious objections which were raised in Chicago during the recent struggle of the public-service companies to prevent the people taking over the street-cars, thus referred to the first bogie raised by the corporation interests, —namely, that public-ownership would tend to build up a great political machine:

"None of the friends of municipal-ownership in Chicago, or elsewhere, advocates the ownership and operation of any utility by municipalities unless in connection therewith there is a civil-service law under which all applicants for position, irrespective of their politics, will be treated exactly alike, and under which just and reasonable tests will be applied to public servants to ascertain their fitness to perform the work entailed upon them.

"We have such a law in the city of Chicago, under which, for several years past, it has been practically impossible for any man to place a friend in the Police Department, Fire Department or Water Department. Where a public utility is controlled by private capital in the city of Chicago, any alderman who votes 'right' has an unlimited field in which he can anchor his political henchmen."

MUNICIPAL-OWNERSHIP DOES NOT INCREASE TAXATION.

The other principal argument advanced by public-service companies to alarm the taxpayers has been that public-ownership would necessarily increase taxation. This has been a stock argument relied upon by the corporations in their desperate battle for privileges that enable them annually to take millions upon millions out of the pockets of the citizens in every great municipality, often in return furnishing inferior commodities or inadequate service, as has been the case with the gas-companies in New York, Boston and other cities, and as has been the case with the street-car service in Chicago and other municipalities. The Boston street-car service is claimed to be exceptionally good, yet a large proportion of our traveling public every morning and evening are compelled to put up with strap-service in a way that would not be tolerated for a month under public-ownership, simply because of the cupidity of the public-service company and the subserviency of the daily press. Yet the annual net earnings of this corporation are from three to four million dollars.

When, however, the demand for public-ownership is made, the Wall-street gamblers and other multimillionaires who are the controlling powers in most of the public-service companies, and their special-pleaders in the press, cry that such innovations would mean increased taxation; that they would add to the people's burdens. They know or ought to know that this claim is false. They know full well that any acquisition of public-service properties on a just or equitable basis would entail no burden of taxation, but on the contrary would ultimately be the source of a great reduction in taxation. Ex-Mayor Brown, in the April *ARENA*, pointed out a method of acquiring public utilities that meets with the approval of many distinguished authorities; while Judge Dunne, in his explanation of the Chicago plan, showed how, by a simple but practical method the citizens of the second great municipality in the republic proposed to acquire the street-railways without a particle of increase in tax-burdens. This plan, with the exception which we point out below, is at once so practical and statesmanlike that it must appeal with convincing force to all patriots and all thoughtful persons not retained by privileged interests or otherwise pecuniarily interested in the further plunder and exploitation of the people for the further enrichment of the real enemies of the republic. On this point Judge Dunne said:

"The only other serious objection urged in Chicago against the operation by the public of its own utilities was that the municipality had no money. That cry is always raised everywhere, and I presume it will be raised in New York when you start, as I understand you have under contemplation the operation of your municipal lighting-plant.

"There is no force whatever in the objection. The operation of these utilities, either by public or private persons, is a valuable privilege. They can only be operated by permission being given to some one to use the public streets. This privilege is of priceless value, and when any public or private corporation furnishes light, furnishes power, furnishes street-railway transportation, or any of these utilities, the right to use the streets is of untold wealth to these.

"We in Chicago propose to raise all the money necessary to purchase an up-to-date street-car system upon certificates which are

special or limited promises to pay out of the income collected from the system. They are not general promises to pay which will entail taxation. Under the law of the State of Illinois these certificates are termed street-car certificates. They should more properly be called income bonds. They are secured under our law in three ways:

"First, by the pledge of all of the income of the municipal street-railway plant, this income being unlimited as to time; in other words, when the City of Chicago commences the operation of its street-car system its right to do so is not limited to twenty, thirty, fifty or one hundred years' time; it may operate until the crack of doom, and all its receipts in perpetuity from this source are pledged for the payment of these securities.

"Secondly, these certificates are secured under our law by a mortgage, which mortgage conveys all of the tangible property in the transportation department of the city, both real, personal and mixed; power-houses, railway-tracks, street-cars, sprinkling-carts and every kind of property used in the transportation department.

"Thirdly, these certificates are secured by twenty-year franchise; in other words, there is a provision in the law under which, if default be made in the payment of street-car certificates, or of interest thereon, for the period of one year, then and in that case the holders of the certificates may apply to a court of chancery to foreclose all the tangible property used by the city in its transportation department, and at the foreclosure sale there shall be knocked down to the bidder the franchise, commencing to run upon the date when the purchaser buys the property and running twenty years thereafter.

"This security, in my judgment, is much better security than the private companies in the past have been able to offer, either to their stock or bond-holders. Their stock was absolutely unsecured; their bonds were secured by the tangible property and an unexpired franchise, which at no time ran for full twenty years.

"Under the provisions of our law the security offered to the holders of the street-car certificates is a full twenty-year franchise beginning at the date of the foreclosure sale. Private companies in the past have been able to sell stocks and bonds aggregating \$117,000,000, when their tangible property was worth

less than \$27,000,000. If they could raise four times the value of the tangible property upon an expiring franchise, can any sensible man for a moment hesitate as to what amount of money the City of Chicago can raise upon the security hereinbefore mentioned?

"I have no hesitation in predicting that if these bonds, secured in this manner are offered upon the financial market that the financial syndicates of this nation will be tumbling over each other to get possession of these securities; and even if the financial powers that be should combine together to discredit them, the citizens of Chicago have three or four times as much money as may be necessary to purchase, re-equip and modernize all the plants of their city, deposited in the savings-banks in the city of Chicago drawing three per cent. interest and having no other security than the faith and the credit of the banks."

A SERIOUS FLAW IN CHICAGO'S PLAN.

There is, it seems to us, a serious flaw in the Chicago programme, and that is in not properly safeguarding the citizens' rights from possible betrayal by public-servants. Before any foreclosure should be permitted, the people should be accorded the privilege of giving mandatory instructions relating to meeting the city's obligations to the bondholders. Otherwise the public-service corporations may easily gain control of the party-machines, secure the election of a number of their tools, as they have in the past in Chicago, in the Illinois legislature and in Philadelphia, and these tools can so manipulate the affairs of the street-cars as to allow the interest or principal to go by default, simply to enable the real masters—the corporations—to again secure the street-car system. This is something the citizens of Chicago cannot afford to overlook, especially in the light of the gross betrayal of the city's interest in the matter of gas-lighting in Philadelphia by corrupt tools of corporate interests.

PENSIONING PUBLIC SERVANTS: BROOKLINE LEADS THE WAY.

IT HAS been the custom of certain journals and publicists to raise the cry of "socialism" whenever propositions have been made to pension public officials. Brookline, Massa-

chusetts, however, though the richest town in the world, has not allowed these shallow and ill-considered outcries to blind its judgment or influence its sense of justice or civic wisdom, as at the adjourned annual town-meeting, held on March 29th of this year, the voters in a most emphatic manner approved the proposition to pension the members of the fire and police departments. This important action calls for more than passing notice, as it establishes a precedent of greater significance than appears on the surface.

Brookline, as our readers are aware, is still under the ideal democratic government known as the town-meeting, and in conformity with this form of municipal government all the voters were fully informed by warrants left at their homes, in regard to the final action to be taken on this important question,—a question, however, which has been thoroughly discussed in previous meetings. Indeed, it was Brookline that petitioned the legislature to pass an act enabling the towns to pension their fire and police officials; and the board of selectmen and committee of twenty-five representative citizens had recommended the acceptance of this innovation. At the town-meeting more than three-fourths of the voters present approved the action. The provisions of the measure are as follows:

"SECTION 1. The Selectmen of every town which accepts this act shall retire from active service and place upon the pension-roll any permanent member of the police department and any permanent member of the fire department of such town found by them to be permanently incapacitated, mentally or physically, for useful service in the department to which he belongs, by injuries received through no fault of his own in the actual performance of his duty. They may also retire and place upon the pension-roll any permanent member of either of said departments who has performed faithful service in the department for not less than twenty-five years continuously, and is not less than sixty years of age. Every person retired under the provisions of this act shall annually receive as a pension a sum equal to one-half of the annual compensation received by him at the time of his retirement. Such pensions shall be paid by the town, which shall appropriate money therefor.

"SECTION 2. The Selectmen of any town which accepts this act are hereby authorized,

in case of an emergency, to call upon any person so pensioned by such town for such temporary service in the department from which he was retired as they may deem him fitted to perform, and during such service he shall be entitled to full pay.

"SECTION 3. This act shall take effect upon its passage so far as to allow any town to vote upon the acceptance of the same, but shall not take full effect in any town until it has been accepted by a vote of two-thirds of the voters of such town present and voting thereon at an annual town-meeting."

The United States government has been more generous than any other nation in regard to pensioning her soldiers, yet every proposition that has been advanced for pensioning the heroes of our life-saving service and the faithful postal employees who have grown old in honorable service, has been bitterly opposed by the imperialistic, reactionary, unrepugnant and privileged interests. The men who are clamoring most loudly for ship-subsidies, for trust-breeding high protection and for class-legislation that places the millions of producers and consumers at the mercy of greedy and extortionate monopolists, have been most savage in their opposition to pensions for faithful service for those whose salaries have not been sufficient to enable them to make reasonable provisions for age. Thus while New Zealand has placed her needy aged citizens upon her pension-rolls, and while some of the most eminent and conservative statesmen of Europe have strongly advised old-age pensions, America has lagged behind, lavish in her wealth for rich privileged interests, but niggardly in her treatment of her faithful employees who occupy subordinate positions. Happily the people are beginning to awaken to the fact that while the republic has been preserved in form, the nation has as a matter of fact become more and more a class-ruled land, thanks to the conspiracy of corporate wealth, the public-service companies, the political bosses and partisan machines; and through this treason to the principles of democracy the interests of the masses have more and more been ignored. A realization of this important fact is naturally creating a nation-wide restlessness on the part of the electorate and a growing demand that the nation shall cease to give paramount consideration to over-rich privileged interests and shall concern itself with reasonable legislation

that shall favor all the people, creating again equality of opportunities and safeguarding the equal rights of the people, while in so far as possible it shall also strive to lift the load of fear and dread of want from aged public-servants, and indeed from all those who through a long and honorable career have wrought faithfully and honestly for the enrichment and upbuilding of the nation.

THE CHURCH IN AMERICA AT THE PARTING OF THE WAYS.

AT NO time in the history of Christianity in the New World has the old injunction, "Choose ye this day whom ye will serve," been more applicable than to-day. We are in the midst of a great moral awakening. From the Atlantic to the Pacific the people are awaking to a realization of the double peril of the present. Everywhere they are beginning to see as never before that free institutions are in deadly danger through graft, corruption, bribery, and the destruction of moral ideals in political and business life, due to the surrender of party machines to conscienceless political bosses and the privileged interests—interests that have been systematically plundering the millions and with a part of their extortion have been buying immunity from punishment and further protections and privileges with princely campaign-funds, free passes, courtesies and other forms of bribery, direct and indirect, and that through the aid of political bosses and the domination of political machines have been enabled to place their own representatives and trusted servants in the seats supposed to be held by the people's representatives. Everywhere the people are preparing to assert themselves as they asserted themselves in Wisconsin and Missouri last autumn, in Kansas during the past winter, and in Chicago in April. Everywhere, we repeat, there are unmistakable signs of a moral renaissance, a reawakening and reassertion of the spirit of freedom and justice.

And at this crucial hour the man of all men in America who stands forth in the public imagination as the most odious incarnation of the evils against which the present protest is being made, has adroitly tempted religious organizations here and there with tenders of money, knowing full well that wherever such gifts are accepted the pulpit and press of the

denomination that thus receives this money will cease to be aggressive champions of moral righteousness, and in many instances will become apologists for the moral crimes against which there is such widespread revolt. To Mr. Rockefeller the pittances with which he has bought the silence of so many clergymen and has won apologists in so many quarters, mean nothing. He can at will by the increase in the price of oil, in which through unfair means the Standard Oil Company enjoys a monopoly, acquire in a few months a million dollars for every hundred thousand he gives. But it means everything to the church if at this crucial moment in her history she allows herself to be seduced by those who echo the tempter's sophistry and advise the taking of tainted gold, even though it comes from the class that most nearly corresponds to those whom Jesus denounced as the devourers of widows' houses, who for a pretence make long prayers.

Happily, aside from the disheartening moral recreancy and viciously sophisticated opportunism present in the pulpit and the religious press, the present crisis has also revealed great moral heroes—men worthy to rank with the old-time prophets and leaders who in all great crucial moments in human history have become the forlorn hope of civilization's advance and humanity's uplift. These men have thundered against the seduction of the church when that seduction meant the destruction of its moral power. On Sunday, April 9th, the Rev. George F. Pentecost, from the pulpit of the Madison Avenue Baptist Church of New York, the wealthiest Baptist church in the metropolis, denounced in unequivocal terms the attempt to buy the silence of the church, declaring that if the conscience of the church approved and accepted the gifts of trusts and corporations, either the trusts would stand in spite of all efforts to overthrow them, or the church would sink out of sight as a maker of national conscience. On the other hand, he asserted that if the conscience of the church should condemn and refuse to be made rich by the gains of the trusts, deemed to be wrongfully acquired, no power on earth could prevent those trusts from being overthrown.

The Rev. Josiah Strong, president of the American Institute of Social Service, in voicing the convictions of those who give more than a perfunctory acceptance to the teachings of Jesus, said:

"It is not true, as is so commonly said, that to reject the Rockefeller gift would compel the board to reject the gifts of most business men, because the money of all is more or less 'tainted.' There are many business men whose methods are honorable and righteous. There is such a thing as legitimate competition, and to denounce the Standard Oil trust is not to condemn the men who have won success by legitimate competition. The critics of the Standard Oil trust condemn it because it has resorted to illegitimate competition.

"Modern civilization, and especially American civilization, is beset by no greater peril than the worship of wealth. It is corrupting both business and politics; it is commercializing the very atmosphere we breathe; it is 'drowning men in destruction and perdition.' This peril is growing with the enormous increase of wealth. We are now every year creating more surplus wealth than the entire assets of the nation eighty-five years ago. This god, Mammon, is become only less than omnipotent, and his glory is dazzling and blinding even the churches.

"The conscience of the church touching wealth profoundly needs quickening. The new conditions of society demand higher ethical standards. This is a most favorable time to respond to the new need. We love the American Board for the services it has rendered to the Kingdom of Christ in other lands. Here is an opportunity to render a signal service to the Kingdom of Christ in America, by refusing to serve even as trustee of 'cankered heaps of strange achieved gold.'"

Mr. Robert Hunter, the well-known university-settlement worker and author of the remarkable book entitled *Poverty*, speaks for the new conscience in the following stirring words:

"I believe the Boston clergymen were right in their action. In my opinion corruption took root in the church at the moment it began to accept tainted money. Corruption will not be rooted out of the church until the church prefers poverty and godliness to wealth and insincerity. Good cannot come out of a church which subsists on the patronage of the rapacious."

The Rev. Reuben Thomas, one of the leading Congregational clergymen of New Eng-

land, adds his voice to the general protest in these words:

"Mr. Rockefeller stands before the whole country as the representative of un-Christian, oppressive and cruel business methods. Clergymen cannot consistently endorse monopoly, tyranny, heartlessness. The effect of applauding success of this kind before young men everywhere is morally disastrous."

In commenting on the action of the Prudential Committee of the American Board of Foreign Missions, Dr. Washington Gladden makes the following severe strictures:

"The Prudential Committee has placed itself on the broad and intelligible position that all gifts must be received, no matter what may be the character of the giver, nor by what immoralities or crimes his gains may have been gathered.

"No discrimination is henceforth to be made. The pirate or the train-robber may bring his booty to the treasury of the American Board and it will be thankfully received, and if sufficiently large will be described as a 'magnificent gift.'

"By the decision the Prudential Committee rejects the word of Him who said, 'I hate robbery for burnt offerings,' and reverses the ethical judgment respecting the rewards of iniquity which has guided Christendom hitherto. It openly proclaims that money to which the giver has no moral right may be rightfully given to a missionary society if only his motive is to do good with it; and it assumes the power of judging the motive of the giver.

"It knows and declares to the world that there can be no motive but that of benevolence in the bestowal of this gift.

"That is a great testimony from such a high authority. From this decision the appeal will now be taken to the conscience of the Congregational churches and the conscience of Christendom."

These quotations from leading representative Protestant clergymen are typical of the protests that have come from scores of those who represent the conscience-element in the church, since the brave, able and convincing stand was taken by Dr. Gladden against the action of the Prudential Committee of the American Board of Foreign Missions. The

action of that board, however, in accepting the gift, as well as the action of the Baptist church in accepting similar gifts, cannot fail to work great moral damage to the church and further alienate a large proportion of the most moral men and women from the church.

THE EQUITABLE LIFE-INSURANCE SCANDAL.

THE EXPOSURE of conditions in the administration of the Equitable Insurance Company, made by the charges and counter-charges of those in the high councils of the company and who are cognizant of all the financial crookedness that has been practiced by those in authority, fully confirms the accuracy of the strictures made by Professor Whittlesey and other competent insurance critics when they claimed that the interests of policy-holders were not properly safe-guarded by the Big Three companies of New York. So grave have been the revelations incidentally brought out by the Alexander-Hyde contest that the multimillionaire directors have evinced great alarm lest there be a genuine and searching investigation into the conditions and workings of the company, and all possible efforts are now being made to hush up the scandal. Sufficient to say that the charges made will confirm the impressions produced by the exposures in the *Era* magazine and those of Mr. Lawson in *Everybody's* as to the necessity for a genuine, thorough and honest investigation, with an incorruptible inquisitor like Governor Folk at the head.

THE STANDARD OIL COMPANY AT BAY.

THE REVELATIONS of moral criminality and rapacity by which John D. Rockefeller, H. H. Rogers and their associates have acquired untold millions that could not have been obtained had it not been for unfair practices, moral crimes and monopoly rights, have at last aroused the conscience of the better portion of society. On every side there are signs of a moral renaissance, and so strong are these signs that through scores of avenues the "interests" or the "system," of which the Standard Oil Company is the most powerful single representative, are striving now to silence the rising tide of moral righteousness.

John D. Rockefeller is at his old practices of seeking by donations to buy the silence of

the pulpit and the religious press or to gag with hush-money the supposed moral leaders of the people by giving a moiety of his vast stores of wealth to different religious organizations. He recognizes the fact that it is all-important to either silence or win over a large proportion of the clergy and the religious papers. Hence from the Baptist and the Methodist the master-spirit of the ill-famed Standard Oil Company has turned to the Congregational church, seeking with the lure of gold to buy the silence of the pulpit.

But this is not all. Mr. H. H. Rogers has found it necessary to give Mr. Rockefeller a clean bill of moral health—something that is amusing though not edifying, all that is needed to complete the farce being a similar bill of health for Mr. Rogers signed by Mr. Rockefeller. Mr. Rogers in his defence betrayed such amazing absence of moral ideals and revealed so perfectly the dominant thought of a certain class of modern commercial brigands—that nothing is reprehensible, no matter how morally criminal, if it is not technically illegal—that the Standard Oil Company found it necessary to call another Richmond into the field. Mr. S. C. T. Dodd comes out in a brief for his clients. The picture he paints of the Standard Oil Company deserves to be placed side by side with Mr. Garfield's picture of the

philanthropic Beef-Trust. In the case of Mr. Dodd, as with that of Mr. Garfield, however, the special-pleader has made the mistake of painting so angelic a figure that the intelligence of the nation is insulted, and thoughtful people feel disgust to think that the hirelings of plutocracy dare to so presume upon their ignorance.

These direct attempts to silence the church and check the rising tide of righteous indignation by donations or special pleadings by Standard Oil magnates and their attorneys, are being complemented by circulars sent out to editors by a so-called Civic Association, written in behalf of the Standard Oil Company and carrying editorials from different papers favorable to that corporation. But as we desire to say something more of this Civic Association and its work for plutocracy in a future issue, we merely allude to it at present as one of the many silent and less obvious instruments being employed by the alarmed corporate interests to check the rising tide of public indignation which threatens to destroy the reign of graft, corruption, extortion and oppression which has grown up as a result of corporate domination of partisan machines, or the union of predatory wealth and special privilege with party-bosses and false public-servants, for the exploiting of the people and the subversion of free institutions.

THE SOCIAL AND ECONOMIC AWAKENING IN ENGLAND.

THE LIBERAL REACTION IN GREAT BRITAIN.

EVIDENCES are multiplying on every hand which show that Great Britain is rapidly recovering from the imperialistic and reactionary debauch which has marked the government of that island since the day when Chamberlain's malign influence became dominant in the Salisbury cabinet. From that time the noblest traditions, ideals and practices of modern England—ideals, traditions and practices that made her one of the foremost moral, liberal and inspiring powers of the world—have given place to reactionary and Bourbon measures and policies such as marked the reign of the Georges. After the

passage of the Reform Bill in the early thirties, and especially after the repeal of the Corn-Laws and the inauguration of Free Trade in the later forties, England became imbued with the spirit of progressive democracy and was preëminently the land of toleration, of peace and of Free Trade, being marked by a degree of prosperity, growth and development such as had rarely if ever before been known in her history. But with the passing of Gladstone and the ascendancy of Chamberlain came the baleful spirit of militarism, with war hard on its heels; while treading in the wake of war came widespread suffering among the people. Meanwhile the military and imperialistic policy of the government had shown its reactionary tendencies in other directions, notably in

the passage of the infamous Education Bill—a measure as thoroughly in accord with the autocratic spirit that dominates Russia as it is inimical to the genius of democracy. And lastly came the promulgation of the dogma of protection and the proposal for the reimposition of the bread-tax, which formerly had fostered privileged interests and created such widespread want and misery in England in the dawn of the Victorian age that the present misery of her people, so largely incident to the Chamberlain policy, is as nothing compared to it.

If we except the general arbitration treaties which have come since the tide toward Liberalism has so strongly set in as to frighten the reactionaries, almost every notable measure and positive stand taken since Chamberlain became a positive factor in the Salisbury cabinet, has been reactionary in spirit and character. Balfour, though less daring than Chamberlain, has been content to echo the real master's sentiments in so far as he has felt it safe to do so.

Seldom in history has a government drifted from high, noble and inspiring ideals, such as prevailed in the days when Gladstone was the greatest power in her political life, as has England during the last decade. But as in America, so in England, the people are at last awakening to the peril of the situation; and with this awakening, even though they have no great leader, they are expressing themselves in the most positive and unmistakable tones. During the past two or three years a great number of the seats that have been vacated have been filled by Liberal or Labor candidates. Rarely indeed in the history of the nation has the tide set in so strongly against the dominant party. The latest Conservative defeat is the most unexpected and amazing of recent years.

Brighton has for a score of years been regarded as one of the great Conservative strongholds. No matter how the country went, this district could be relied upon to return Conservative members. When it became necessary for Mr. Balfour to appoint a Junior Lord of the Treasury, he looked for a member from some district which was so overwhelmingly Conservative in its majority that there would be no danger in the appeal to the constituency that necessarily follows the appointment, and he decided that by the appointment of Gerald W. E. Loder, one of the representatives of the

Brighton district, he was making a selection where the candidate was certain to be returned by a handsome, even if a reduced, majority. Neither the Conservatives nor the Liberals imagined that there was a probability of the defeat of Mr. Loder; yet when the votes were counted it was found that the Liberal candidate had won by a majority of eight hundred votes. Just as the news of this amazing overturn had reached London, Mr. Balfour entered the House of Commons, whereupon he was greeted by shouts of "Resign! Resign!" The Prime Minister on hearing this ominous demand turned on his heel and without a word left the House. None knew better than he that those tumultuous shouts of the members represented the voice of the nation, but as in his policy he has proved himself to be thoroughly Bourbon, so in his contempt for the wishes of the electorate he further evinces the spirit of the reactionaries and the imperialists in refusing to appeal to the country, so long as he can by any means muster a majority.

We are far from believing that this exhibition of the reactionary spirit is unfortunate, as it shows the English people the dangers of enthroning in power undemocratic men and parties; and the longer the government refuses to acquiesce in the known wish of the nation, the more overwhelming will be the defeat when the appeal is made. Moreover, with every passing month the truly democratic temper is gaining. The Liberal members who will be successful at the next election will be far more radical, outspoken and progressive than would have been those elected six months ago. The tide of progressive democracy is steadily rising in England. The reactionary government is proving, through its Bourbon course, a powerful ally of radical Liberalism, as events in the near future will demonstrate.

THE COUNTESS OF WARWICK AND HER WORK AMONG THE POOR.

A NUMBER of years ago the Countess of Warwick, one of the most beautiful, gifted and cultured women of the titled aristocracy of Great Britain, had her attention called to the miserable condition of the poor in rural England. Especially did the comparatively hopeless outlook of the poor boys and girls appeal to her sympathies. She immediately set to work to lighten, so far as lay

in her power, the load of the very poor within her reach, and especially were her efforts directed to aiding the young. She founded a home at Warwick for crippled children, and a hostel at Reading in connection with the College, training daughters of professional men in horticulture, dairying, bee and poultry-keeping. She became president of the Essex Needlework Guild and an active member of other industrial and helpful societies; and the work she wrought in feeding the hungry, aiding the unfortunate and lightening the burdens of the overburdened very poor endeared her to the hearts of tens of thousands within and without the sphere of her immediate influence, as well as made her one of the most loved women in England.

Her interest in the condition of the poor, however, was neither ephemeral nor superficial in character. The more she studied the question and came into intimate relation with the submerged classes, the more the pitiful inadequacy of all palliative measures became apparent. She saw what all of us must sooner or later see who have labored in the slums or among the very poor: that there are fundamentally unjust conditions operating in present-day society which contribute in an appalling manner to the sum total of poverty, misery, vice and crime.

Those who have read *Pilgrim's Progress* will remember that Christian was perplexed on seeing a fire before which stood a man steadily pouring quantities of water upon the flame, which, however, instead of being quenched grew in volume and intensity. At length the mystery was solved by his being shown that back of the fire stood one feeding the flames with oil. So with the problem of uninvited poverty, and, indeed, with the larger questions of poverty, vice and crime. He who seriously studies these grave questions will soon understand that fundamentally unjust conditions are at present so operating as to feed the flames of poverty and misery, quite apart from the weaknesses of the poor. He will see that however much water may be poured on the flame, in the form of palliative remedies, the fire will gain in volume and intensity until the evil conditions are replaced by measures that are fundamentally just and righteous.

These are precisely the conclusions which were forced upon the Countess of Warwick after her long and earnest labor in relieving

the sufferings and the unhappy condition of the poor around her. These convictions led her to make a deep study of social questions and philosophies, the result being very similar to that which was arrived at by the poet-artist, William Morris, in England, our own novelist, Howells, in this country, and Emilé Zola in France. She became, partially at least, a convert to the tenets of progressive Social Democracy.

THE COUNTESS OF WARWICK AS A PROPAGANDIST OF SOCIAL DEMOCRACY.

When the recent International Congress of Socialists was held at Amsterdam, the Countess attended, and in common with scores of others, many of whom went thither highly prejudiced through the false, misleading and slanderous attacks which had been made by the reactionary press of various lands, she was impressed by the presence of an international spirit of fraternity, the unanimity of the opposition to war and to militarism in every form, and the passion for justice and that economic emancipation that should render starvation, want, involuntary prostitution and crime impossible. Here were delegates from all the great nations of the civilized world, from Russia to Japan, knowing no petty partisanship, no racial prejudices, no barriers of caste; all united as brothers battling in a common cause for the triumph of the ideal of universal brotherhood based on justice, freedom and fraternity. And these things appealed to her in a compelling way. The spectacle of a Russian Socialist putting a motion which was immediately seconded by a Japanese Socialist, and the picture of these two men clasping hands and symbolizing the new spirit of fraternity at the time when the autocracy of Russia and the monarchical power of Japan were in deadly combat, revealed to her as to others, how wide indeed was the chasm between the new twentieth-century spirit of fraternity and the reactionary, selfish, egoistic spirit that has dominated civilization in the past. It also showed how pitifully false and misleading were the attacks made by privileged interests and reactionary classes against those who were battling for a broader, nobler, juster social order.

Shortly after this great convention the Countess applied for membership in the Social-Democratic Federation, and since her entrance

into that body she has been a zealous and influential worker in a practical and effective way, especially in London.

To a representative of the *New York World* who recently called upon her, the Countess, in speaking of her present interest in social work said:

"I have quite given up what we describe as society. Society is divided into two parts, those who bore and those who are bored. I have always tried not to belong to the first section, and have decided not to belong to the second. On the other hand, I am doing all I can in a quiet way to assist the Socialist cause. For instance, I have taken a flat in Victoria street. Mrs. Bridges Adams, for years the only labor representative on the London School Board, is always there, and I call nearly every day. There earnest workers of the various sections of the great Labor and Socialist movement in England frequently gather in homely fashion and talk over questions bearing upon the welfare of the people. Of course there are many people who give dinners, and privately entertain politicians, but this is not the same thing as our informal gatherings. Sometimes Sir John Gorst or Mr. Winston Churchill, or some other politician not identified with the Socialist propaganda, comes in to join in the conversation.

"The conference which was held at the Guildhall in the city of London the other day is symptomatic of the progress which we are making. Just think of it! The meeting was convened by the London Trades Council, the Parliamentary Committee of the Trades Union Congress, and the Social Democratic Federation; yet the Lord Mayor opened the meeting and the chairman was a leading Conservative.

Years ago the notion of the children who attend State schools being fed by the State was thought to be dreadfully socialistic, yet now the notion has the support of some Conservative statesmen!

"I am hoping that we may see a revival of Socialistic sentiment among the young men of Oxford and Cambridge, and, indeed, in all the universities throughout the world."

In reply to a question, Lady Warwick said:

"Lord Warwick does not go so far as I do in my opinions upon labor questions, but he helps me in every possible way."

THE PLATFORM OR DEMANDS AS SUMMARIZED BY THE COUNTESS.

In discussing the positive demands or the platform for which she and her co-laborers are working, Lady Warwick enumerated the following twelve demands:

1. Abolition of land monopoly.
2. Taxation of land values.
3. Democratization of governmental machinery.
4. Abolition of the House of Lords.
5. Adult suffrage, irrespective of sex.
6. Abolition of indirect taxation.
7. Free maintenance of children in State schools.
8. Abolition of school-rates.
9. Nationalization of the land.
10. Control of labor on coöperative principles.
11. Forty-eight hours the maximum of a week's work.
12. Disestablishment and disendowment of all churches.

"THE PLUM-TREE": THE MOST IMPORTANT NOVEL OF THE YEAR.

A BOOK-STUDY.

I.

DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS' latest novel, *The Plum-Tree*, is for Americans the most important story of the year, or, indeed, of recent years—by far the most important. Not that considered simply as literature it is so strong or so finished as many romances of recent decades. Not that it is so strong in plot or so dramatic in character as many works of fiction; for plot it has none, and though it contains some strong dramatic situations, there are many present-day novels that would rank far above it in this particular. Not that it is remarkable for wealth of background or the love interest, for in these particulars *The Plum-Tree* is inferior to Mr. Phillips' preceding romance, *The Cost*. And yet it is in our judgment far and away the most important novel of recent years, because it unmasks present political conditions in a manner so graphic, so convincing and so compelling that it cannot fail to arouse the thoughtful to the deadly peril which confronts our people. Here as never before, with the fidelity of a historian and with the power of a man who is a trained journalist and a close observer of political life in all its aspects, Mr. Phillips has given the most faithful and vivid pen-picture of the overthrow of our republic and the establishment of a commercial despotism by the money-controlled machine that has been written. So true is it to the actual conditions that the historian of the future will find no more realistic portrayal of the present degradation of political life, from the municipality to the graft-permeated, corporation-owned and controlled state and national governments, than is given in *The Plum-Tree*; while to Americans who have slept over-long under the brain and conscience-deadening spell of party fealty, it will come as a disquieting revelation that in many instances will lead to an investigation, and such an investigation can only show that in this instance the novelist is also the historian, and that he has not one whit overstated the facts.

If anyone doubts this, let him become a pa-

tient student of the literature of the past quarter of a century which has dealt with the legal evidence and indisputable facts relating to corporation and public-service influence in public life. Let him read the amazing revelations of debauchery and control of congressmen, senators and other government officials by railroad influences, as disclosed in the famous Huntington letters written to General Colton and afterwards put in evidence in the suit brought by General Colton's widow against Mr. Huntington. These letters were at the time of the legal proceedings published *verbatim* in the *San Francisco Chronicle*. Let him then read the evidence brought out by the New York legislative committees that investigated the Erie Railroad, and later the New York Central Railroad, in the seventies. Let him read Henry D. Lloyd's *Wealth Against Commonwealth* and Ida M. Tarbell's *History of the Standard Oil Company*. Let him examine the reports of the Interstate Commerce Commission, revealing the systematic defiance of law by the over-powerful masters of the people and of the government—the railways and such lawless monopolies as the Armour Refrigerator-Car Trust. Let him read the reports which the grand juries of St. Louis and Missouri have brought in in recent years, revealing the carnival of corruption through the influence of public-service companies and privileged interests in controlling the legislation of St. Louis and the State of Missouri. Let him carefully peruse the masterly and circumstantial *exposés* of the political domination of the great state of Pennsylvania during the last forty years, as described by Rudolph Blankenburg in *THE ARENA* of this year. Let him read the admirable papers by Lincoln Steffens that have been running in *McClure's*, and other absolutely authentic revelations, all showing how completely in reality the republic has passed from the control of the people to the absolute domination of privileged interests.

The congressional, state and other authorized investigations and the authentic literature dealing with these, and the history of public-service companies, trusts and monopolies in recent years, are such as to establish beyond

* *The Plum-Tree*. By David Graham Phillips. Illustrated. Cloth. Pp. 390. Price \$1.50. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

all cavil the accuracy of Mr. Phillips' pen-picture of American politics of to-day,—a fact which shows only too vividly how the great republic has been overthrown by a commercial despotism as absolutely and completely as was the republic of Florence overthrown by Cosimo di Medici. Here as in Florence the overthrow has been accomplished without any interference with the shell of republicanism. Ostensibly the republic is as it was before the privileged interests, or the "system," became the real masters of the nation. Indeed, by change of name and number, it would be difficult to find a more graphic description of the transformation that has been wrought in America than that given by the distinguished historian, Professor Vallari,* of the Royal Institute of Florence, in the following pen-picture of the overthrow of the Florentine republic through the subtle work of Cosimo di Medici:

"He succeeded in solving the strange problem of becoming absolute ruler of a republic that was keenly jealous of its liberty, without holding any fixed office, without suppressing any previous form of government, and always preserving the appearance and form of a private citizen."

The great importance of this book is found in the fact that it uncovers the evil conditions in so convincing a manner that it cannot fail to appeal to the imagination of every thoughtful reader. With the power, genius and art of the novelist, Mr. Phillips has torn aside the mask revealing the real inside conditions of present-day American political life; he has shown the enemies of the republic at work under the panoply of democracy, the new despotism in its secret conclaves, with its puppets, its machines, its minions and its multitudinous agents through which it has become the master of the millions—the virtual or real autocrat in what was once the world's greatest and truest republic.

In this book we see the republic stricken in its vitals by corrupt wealth acting through money-controlled machines and venal bosses who for the lure of wealth or ambition for gold or place, play the part of lackeys to corporate wealth and traitors to their nation. Indeed, the shameful use of money in politics has never before been more impressively described in fiction. In Mr. Blankenburg's history of the Republican machine in the state of Pennsyl-

* *Encyclopedia Britannica*. Ninth edition.

vania and its control of Philadelphia since the morning of the Quay régime we have a concrete and typical historical example of the conditions that Mr. Phillips describes as obtaining throughout the nation.

But our novelist is not didactic in his method. He does little moralizing. He simply relates the whole story of the rise to absolute mastership of the nation of privileged wealth acting through political bosses and party machines.

To thoughtful persons the value of this book will be apparent, for nothing to-day is so necessary as such an unmasking of conditions as to arouse the conscience and reason of the American electors to a realization of the deadly peril that confronts our nation—a work that shows exactly how the people are being systematically exploited and plundered by trusts, monopolies and public-service corporations; for the history of the Anglo-Saxon race shows that when once the people are thoroughly aroused and are made to clearly apprehend the nature of the evil that confronts them, they become as strenuous as they have been apathetic. The spirit of justice and right finds temples in its Hampdens and Cromwells, its Hancocks, Otises and Adamses, its Jeffersons, Henrys, Paines and Franklins. They become the high-priests of progress whose voices find answering chords in the mind of the multitude, who in turn arise in their might and overthrow their enslavers. So to-day the first and most important thing is to show the dangers that confront the people and to make plain the methods by which the victories of the Revolution are being wrested from the people; and this is precisely what David Graham Phillips has accomplished in *The Plum-Tree*.

The tale is written in the form of an autobiography and considered simply as a romance is a capital story that is sure to hold the reader's interest from cover to cover, as it is written in that simple, direct and spirited style so characteristic of all this author's work; and its human, realistic and dramatic qualities are sufficient to meet the demands of the mere seeker after a good tale.

II.

In the opening of the story we catch a glimpse of one of those heroic struggles that made the elder days of our republic so glorious—struggles against grim poverty, with everything seemingly pitted against youth, and with the lure of success offered and scorned because

its acceptance could not be obtained without sacrificing the high ideals of ennobled manhood.

The hero who is the narrator of his life-story has an idolized mother to support, and he is deeply in love with a high-minded girl who has moved from the western town in which he lives to Boston, but of whose loyalty the youth entertains no doubts. The struggle for success and a livelihood grows desperate. Starvation confronts the mother and son. The pall of debt hangs over them. At this juncture an escape through politics is offered the young man, but he shrinks from the proffered life-plank, extended as it is by the corrupt and depraved boss of his party, and his mind reverts to a memorable scene in his early life, when his father, a high-minded statesman of the old order, was defeated by the corruptionists. He calls to mind the scene when in his father's office he witnessed the first crude beginnings of the money-machine in the politics of his native town.

"I can shut my eyes and see that courthouse yard, the long line of men going up to vote, single file, each man calling out his name as he handed in his ballot, and Tom Weedon—who shot an escaping prisoner when he was deputy sheriff—repeating the name in a loud voice. Each oncoming voter in that curiously regular and compact file was holding out his right arm stiff so that the hand was about a foot clear of the thigh; and in every one of those thus conspicuous hands was a conspicuous bit of white paper—a ballot. As each man reached the polling window and gave in his name, he swung that hand round with a stiff-armed, circular motion that kept it clear of the body and in full view until the bit of paper disappeared in the slit in the ballot-box. . . . I was witnessing the crude beginnings of the money-machine in politics,—the beginnings of the downfall of parties,—the beginnings of the overthrow of the people as the political power."

He remembers that his father lost the election, and in commenting on this episode says:

"My father was defeated. He saw that, in politics, the day of the public servant of public interests was over, and that the night of the private servant of private interests had begun."

Politics had gone from bad to worse since then. A corrupt machine had been built up with one Dominick as master,—a low and

brutal but masterful man. At length the respectables revolted, but the boss and his brother boss of the opposition party united (as have the bosses of New York and other cities so often worked together) and practiced such flagrant frauds (even such as are so graphically described by Mr. Blankenburg in the *May ARENA*) that the corruptionist ticket was elected, but not before the opposition boss had been caught red-handed in his corrupt practices. The public compelled the prosecuting attorney to proceed against the criminal. He did so and the offender was convicted. But, "of course, following the custom in cases of yielding to pressure from public sentiment, he made the trial errors necessary to insure reversal in the higher court."

It is after this episode and while the hero, Harvey Saylor is facing starvation, that he encounters the temptation which he thus describes:

"Buck Fessenden appeared in my office one afternoon in July, and, after a brief parley, asked me how I'd like to be prosecuting attorney of Jackson county. Four thousand a year for four years, and a reelection if I should give satisfaction; and afterwards, the bench or a seat in Congress! I could pay off everything; I could marry!

"It was my first distinct vision of the plum-tree. To how many thousands of our brightest, most promising young Americans it is shown each year in just such circumstances!"

That night Saylor repairs to Dominick's headquarters in a beer-garden in the lower part of the town. On entering he finds the boss surrounded by his creatures and those desirous of securing further favors and privileges from the people's servants. "On one side of him sat James Spencer, judge of the circuit court,—'Dominick's judge'; on the other side Henry De Forest, principal owner of the Pulaski Gas and Street Railway Company."

The boss is thus described:

"He was a huge, tall man, enormously muscular, with a high head like a block, straight in front, behind and on either side; keen, shifty, pig eyes, pompous cheeks, a raw, wide mouth; slovenly dress, with a big diamond as a collar button and another on his puffy little finger. He was about forty years old, had graduated from a blacksmith too lazy to work into a prize-fighter, thence into a saloon-keeper.

It was as a saloon-keeper that he founded and built his power, made himself the local middleman between our two great political factors, those who buy and break laws and those who aid and abet the lawlessness by selling themselves as voters or as office-holders."

After Dominick is satisfied that Sayler has no "reform germs" in his system and that he will be loyal at all times to the party—which was the euphonious way of expressing servility to the all-powerful boss—he sends him away with the expectation of being made prosecuting attorney. Later, however, the boss finds a more available man for the place and compels the impecunious young lawyer to accept instead the position of state representative. Sayler shows great disappointment at losing the four-thousand-dollar position and obtaining an office that will give him but a thousand dollars a year. But the boss' henchman thus consoles or rather seeks to enlighten him in regard to modern politics, since the money-controlled machine has come to rule the people:

"'The pay ain't much,' confessed Buck, 'but there ain't nothing to do except vote according to order. Then there's a great deal to be picked up on the side,—the old man understands that others have got to live beside him. Salaries in politics do n't cut no figure nowadays, anyhow. It's the chance the place gives for pick-ups.'"

Here we have the degradation of state politics touched upon in a manner that reminds us of Mr. Blankenburg's amazing revelation in his powerful paper in the April ARENA. Arriving at the capital the young legislator is soon filled with disgust.

"I had not been long in the legislature before I saw that my position was even more contemptible than I anticipated. So contemptible, indeed, was it that, had I not been away from home and among those as basely situated as myself, it would have been intolerable,—a convict infinitely prefers the penitentiary to the chain-gang. Then, too, there was consolation in the fact that the people, my fellow-citizens, in their stupidity and ignorance about political conditions, did not realize what public office had come to mean. At home they believed what the machine-controlled newspapers said of me—that I was a 'manly, independent young man,' that I was 'making a vigorous stand for what was honest in public

affairs,' that I was the 'honorable and distinguished son of an honorable and distinguished father.' How often I read those and similar eulogies of young men just starting in public life! And is it not really amazing that the people believe, that they never say to themselves: 'But, if he were actually what he so loudly professes to be, how could he have got public office from a boss and a machine?'

"I soon gave up trying to fool myself into imagining I was the servant of the people by introducing or speaking for petty little popular measures. I saw clearly that graft was the backbone, the whole skeleton of legislative business, and that its fleshly cover of pretended public service could only be seen by the blind. I saw, also, that no one in the machine of either party had any real power. The state boss of our party, United States Senator Dunkirk, was a creature and servant of corporations. Silliman, the state boss of the opposition party, was the same, but got less for his services because his party was hopelessly in the minority and its machine could be useful only as a sort of supplement and scapegoat.

"With the men at the top, Dunkirk and Silliman, mere lackeys, I saw my own future plainly enough. I saw myself crawling on year after year,—crawling one of two roads. Either I should become a political scullion, a wretched party hack, despising myself and despised by those who used me, or I should develop into a lackey's lackey or a plain lackey, lieutenant of a boss or boss, so-called—a derisive name, really, when the only kind of bossship open was head political procurer to one or more rich corporations or groups of corporations."

At length he rebels, defies the boss, and returns to private life. Here the boss sets about to ruin him, and succeeds. Again starvation confronts him, while his mother has aged rapidly and is now in feeble health. At this juncture the tempter appears to him in the guise of an old college class-mate, the son of a railway magnate. The father has recently died, and the son, Edward Ramsay, is now called upon to take charge of the great business. He, in company with his mother and sister has come to the town to look after some corporation interests that they have in the place. In the course of a conversation young Ramsay suggests that he will be able to secure for Sayler the law business of the Power-Trust. This corporation is one of the most powerful mo-

nopolies in America, with the great financier, Roebuck, at its head. Sayler is incredulous. He has been fighting the Power-Trust vigorously, and indeed has given it considerable trouble; and he is too young to understand that the corporation policy is to buy up those lawyers who show marked ability and who are persistent in their fight for the people's rights. Young Ramsay explains that they have no lawyer in this town at the present time, as Mr. Roebuck had secured the circuit-judgeship for their former lawyer, feeling it necessary to have a safe and sane man on the bench to look after their interests. Sayler soon sees that Ramsay and his mother are desirous of bringing him into the family by having him marry young Ramsay's sister Carlotta. He does not love the girl, she does not love him; but she sees in him a brilliant, masterful mind, ambitious and destined to rise, and therefore she wants him. Without Carlotta, Ramsay's and Roebuck's support will vanish. Yet for a time Sayler shrinks from the proposition, as it would be one of those hideous, debasing unions of convenience that conventional society smiles on and the church winks at, and yet which is one of the most degrading forms of prostitution. For any union without love is a shameful form of prostitution which no priest or law can sanctify. But in the end the ideals and noble dreams of youth are sacrificed, and the rich daughter is taken as a wife, after which, naturally enough, the young lawyer launches out boldly upon the high seas of modern commercial piracy as a procurer of corporate wealth and a powerful political boss. He is soon guilty of far greater treason than ever blackened the character of Benedict Arnold. He poses as the people's friend and a master-spirit in a political party of moral ideals, while he conspires with corporate wealth to turn over the people's servants body and soul to the interests. He undertakes to secure for the "system" or for privileged parties and classes any and all special legislation they desire, though in so doing he knows that the republic ceases to be a government of the people and becomes in fact a despotism of corporate interests masquerading in the livery of democracy and in which a few men who for protection (knowing the magic of words) style themselves the business interests, plunder the producing and consuming millions at will in the most brazen and merciless manner, and secure from the purchased mis-representatives of the people in city, state and nation, franchises and

privileges that by right belong to all the people and which are worth hundreds of millions of dollars, merely paying the bosses and machine manipulators bribe-money, which is euphoniously termed campaign-funds or "necessary expenses for party-services."

On almost every page Mr. Phillips gives luminous pen-pictures of methods that have been pursued and the view-point of the exploiters, corrupters and plunderers of the nation—the real assassins of the republic. Thus for example, when Harvey Sayler, aspiring to be a master-boss, determines to undermine the old boss of the state, Senator Dunkirk, who while serving the people has become a multimillionaire and who has been so avaricious that the greedy corporations are becoming restive under his rule, he goes to Roebuck, the typical colossal, money-mad trust-magnate, and shows him that Dunkirk is strong only because he is the master of the machine by virtue of the money the corporations give him, and being master of the machine, the voters follow his dictation.

"Take Dunkirk, for example," I pushed on. "His lieutenants and heelers hate him because he does n't divide squarely. The only factor in his power is the rank and file of the voters of our party. They, I'm convinced, are pretty well aware of his hypocrisy,—but it does n't matter much what they think. They vote like sheep and accept whatever leaders and candidates our machine gives them. They are almost stone-blind in their partisanship and they can always be fooled up to the necessary point. And we can fool them ourselves, if we go about it right, just as well as Dunkirk does it for hire."

"But Dunkirk is *their* man, is n't he?" he suggested.

"Any man is their man whom you choose to give them," replied I. "And do n't you give them Dunkirk? He takes the money from the big business interests, and with it hires the men to sit in the legislature and finance the machine throughout the state. It takes big money to run a political machine. His power belongs to you people, to a dozen of you, and you can take it away from him; his popularity belongs to the party, and it would cheer just as loudly for any other man who wore the party uniform."

"I see," he said, reflectively; "the machine rules the party, and money rules the machine,

and we supply the money and do n't get the benefit."

The upshot is that a secret combine of a dozen big corporations is formed, with Harvey Sayler as the master-spirit, though of course this is known only to the inner circle. Sayler finds an inestimably valuable aid in one Doc. Woodruff, a man who burrows underground but leaves no trail; a master as a lobbyist and corruptionist; a born general with keen and brilliant intellect, and innocent of conscientious scruples. These men soon gain complete control of the machine and the local bosses. Sayler is elected to the United States Senate and becomes *the* master-spirit of the party. He then sets to work to make a president who shall be a puppet. One Burbank, a congressman, is selected and put in training. Finally he is made governor and as such, after satisfying the interests by the favorable consideration of many of their outrageous measures, at Sayler's command he calls a halt on the rapacity of corporate wealth and vetoes some of the most iniquitous bills, accompanying the vetoes with ringing messages calculated to thrill and enthuse the people, who are already so exasperated that they are turning their eyes to the opposition party whose master-spirit, Senator Scarborough, is absolutely incorruptible, bold and fearless. Burbank's summersault makes him in a day the popular idol of the party, but the interests are enraged and seek to have a safe and sane man nominated in his stead. Then ensues a battle between two bosses, one seeking to secure the nomination of a man wholly acceptable to Wall-street, while Sayler pushes Burbank to the front. Southern delegates have been secured for the safe and sane Wall-street candidate, but Sayler buys them right and left and finally succeeds in nominating Burbank. Then the interests refuse to give money to the campaign until Sayler, working with several purchaseable opposition bosses, succeeds in gaining a general demand for Scarborough the incorruptible, and he is nominated by the opposition party; and inasmuch as the interests fear him more than any other man in public life, Sayler feels safe after this nomination takes place, being confident that he will be able to throw the Wall-street gamblers, the grafters and the wholesale corrupters of the people's servants into a panic. This he does, largely through his controlled press, through adroit interviews, and by convinc-

ing the interests that Scarborough cannot be bought or influenced. With an enormous corruption fund that alarmed Wall-street and the privileged interests have contributed, he buys the election of Burbank by turning the tide in a few doubtful states. Burbank, however, has become alarmed lest the interests may desert him, and has made his peace with a corrupt eastern boss, pledging many of the offices and practically mortgaging himself to the interests. He is therefore more completely under their thumb than Sayler intended him to be, and a rupture finally takes place between the once all-powerful boss and the president he has made. Sayler sails for Europe and leaves matters to take their course. At the next election Scarborough is chosen president.

Never before has our literature given a finer or truer picture of the maze of political crookedness, indirection and corruption which has marked the last quarter of a century of American history and by which the master-ship of the republic has been gained by political machines managed by men like the Quays, the Hannas, the Platts, the News, the Gormans, the Belmonts, the Hills, the Taggarts and the Cortelyous, all working under or eager to work under the direction of Wall-street and the interests, provided the latter furnish campaign-funds sufficient to enable them to become masters of the elections and viceroys of the commercial despotism. On almost every page are to be found illuminating facts and details well-known to newspaper men and all those cognizant of present-day political life. Here, for example, are a few quotations which illustrate this and throw impressive sidelights on the inner workings of the "system" which to-day is the real master of the republic. Roebuck, who often suggests Rockefeller, but who is in reality a colossal figure, a composite of Rockefeller and other well-known personages that have been baleful influences in American public life, is thus depicted:

"He appreciated that Roebuck was one of those unconscious hypocrites who put conscience out of court in advance by assuming that whatever they wish to do is right or *they* could not wish to do it. He led Roebuck on to show off this peculiarity of his,—a jumbling, often in the same breath, of the most sonorous piety and the most shameless business perfidy."

"The Plum-Tree": The Most Important Novel of the Year. 669

One of the typical bosses thus describes the venal sub-bosses and their hired voters secured to battle for the party and win victories for the machine-ticket:

"We must have money to run our organization, and to run our campaign. Our workers can't live on air; and to speak of only one other factor, there are thousands and thousands of our voters, honest fellows, too, who must be paid to come to the polls. They would n't vote against us for any sum; but, unless we pay them for the day lost in the fields, they stay at home. Now, where does our money come from? The big corporations are the only source,—who else could or would give largely enough? And it is necessary and just that they should be repaid. But they are no longer content with moderate and prudent rewards for their patriotism. They make bigger and bigger, and more and more unreasonable, demands on us, and so undermine our popularity,—for the people can't be blinded wholly to what's going on. And thus, year by year, it takes more and more money to keep us in control."

The independent press has only an inkling of the extent of the mastership of the people by privileged wealth. This fact is admirably touched upon in these lines:

"They had not found out the worst things that were done; nor had they grasped how little the legislature and the governor were doing other than the business of the big corporations, most of it of doubtful public benefit, to speak temperately. An hour's study of the facts, and I realized as never before why we are so rapidly developing a breed of multi-millionaires in this country with all the opportunities to wealth in their hands. I had only to remember that the system which ruled my own state was in full blast in every one of the states of the Union. Everywhere, no sooner do the people open or propose to open a new road into a source of wealth, than men like these clients of mine hurry to the politicians and buy the rights to set up toll-gates and to fix their own schedule of tolls."

When the corporations are alarmed they allow the bosses to make meaningless concessions to the people to catch the popular vote; for, as the boss puts it, "the people must have their way *before* election, Senator, if the interests are to continue to have their way *after* election."

Why are the people robbed and despoiled? Why have the railways and the trusts been able to fill the United States Senate with political bosses, railway and corporation lawyers, and other tools of the "system," so that it is impossible for the people to obtain relief from the carnival of graft and the reign of plunder and extortion carried on by the railways and corporations? This question is admirably answered in the following:

"The people are scattered; the powers confer, man to man, day by day. The people are divided by partisan and other prejudices; the powers are bound together by the one self-interest. The people must accept such political organizations as are provided for them; the powers pay for, and their agents make and direct, those organizations. The people are poor; the powers are rich. The people have not even offices to bestow; the powers have offices to give and lucrative employment of all kinds, and material and social advancement,—everything that the vanity or appetite of man craves. The people punish but feebly—usually the wrong persons—and soon forget; the powers relentlessly and surely pursue those who oppose them, forgive only after the offender has surrendered unconditionally, and they never forget where it is to their interest to remember. The powers know both what they want and how to get it; the people know neither."

Below we have a strong characterization of present corrupt political conditions and the incapacity of the average American citizen to realize the extent of the prevailing moral degradation among the masters of the republic—the oligarchy of corporate wealth:

"And I have no doubt that to the average citizen, leading a small, quiet life and dealing with affairs in corner-grocery retail, the stupendous facts of accumulations of wealth and wholesale, far-and-wide purchases of the politicians, the vast system of bribery, with bribes adapted to every taste and conscience, seem impossibilities, romancings of partisanship and envy and sensationalism. Nor can he understand the way superior men play the great games, the heartlessness of ambition, the cynicism of political and commercial prostitution, the sense of superiority to the legal and moral codes which comes to most men with success."

Nothing is more amazing to thoughtful people than the continued lethargy of the

voters in the presence of the systematic robbery of the people of franchises that are worth millions and hundreds of millions of dollars, by the corporations. For these franchises the real owners—the people—get nothing; but the traitors they have elected to represent them, and the bosses, are rewarded by fat bribes given directly or indirectly for betraying the interests of the public and robbing communities and commonwealths of legitimate sources of income, which, if enjoyed by the people, would reduce the taxes to a minimum. On this point the hero of *The Plum-Tree*, in describing a young man who happened to be the son of one of these modern commercial brigands, says:

"He had just succeeded, through the death of his father, to the privilege of levying upon the people of eleven counties by means of trolley-franchises which the legislature had granted his father in perpetuity in return for financial services to 'the party.' It is, by the way, an interesting illustration of the human being's lack of thinking power that a legislature could not give away a small gold-mine belonging to the public to any man for even a brief term of years without causing a revolution, but could and does give away far more valuable privileges to plunder and to tax, and give them away forever, without causing any real stir."

There are many bright epigrams in the volume, of which the following are examples:

"Public sentiment,—so easily defeated if it be not defied."

"Our people always reason that it is better to rot slowly by corruption than to be frightened to death by revolution."

"I've won by playing on the weaknesses and fears of men which my own weaknesses and fears enabled me to understand."

"A man may lose his own character and still survive, and even go far. But if he lose belief in character as a force, he is damned. He could not survive in a community of scoundrels."

There are some bright lights. The glimpses of Scarborough at the convention and the wife who idolizes him, and the description of the incorruptible statesman's lofty and ennobling

ideals as enunciated after he has been elected President of the United States, are among the most charming and inspiring passages in the volume and show in a true way how, even in the midst of a sordid night of materialistic commercialism, the great moral verities are all that hold the potentiality of eternal life, of true happiness and of enduring success and growth. So also, the fine, true character of Elizabeth Crosby, with which the story deals in its opening chapter and with which it is concerned in its closing paragraphs, gives not only a beautiful glimpse of a noble type of American womanhood, but also enables Mr. Phillips to impress again the fact that only they who hold to their high ideals are the real victors or the really happy of earth. And scattered through the work are high, fine moralizings that shine forth effectively from the dark setting. Here, for illustration, is a typical example:

"No man of trained reasoning power could fail to see that the Golden Rule is not a piece of visionary altruism, but a sound principle of practical self-interest. Or, could anything be clearer, to one who takes the trouble to really think about it, than that he who advances himself at the expense of his fellow-men does not advance, but sinks down into the class of murderers for gain, thieves, and all those who seek to advance themselves by injustice? Yet, so feeble is man's reason, so near to the brute is he, so under the rule of brute appetites, that he can not think beyond the immediate apparent good, beyond to-day's meal."

This book should be read by every parent in America, and every parent should place it in the hands of his son and discuss with him the vital truths with which it deals, while striving to show the boy the eternal obligations which patriotism, justice and manhood impose upon the American voter of to-day. He should strive to show him that a supreme duty devolves upon every young man in the republic—the duty not only of holding true to high ideals, but of working ceaselessly to destroy the domination of corrupt wealth through machine-rule and to restore the republic to the people,—a victory that can be won peacefully and speedily through the adoption of the initiative, referendum and right of recall.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.*

The Struggle for Existence. By Walter Thomas Mills, A.M. Cloth. Pp. 640. Price, \$2.50. Chicago: The International school of Social Economy. New England Agents, W. W. Winegar, 642 Washington street, Boston, Mass.

THE DAY has passed when any one who wishes to be considered fairly intelligent can remain ignorant in regard to the real tenets of Socialism. Until recently, it is true, those who knew nothing of its philosophy could and frequently did hide their ignorance by indulging in unpopular epithets, coupling Socialism with anarchy, and denouncing both as breeders of forcible revolution, whose promoters were seeking to establish reigns of terror while they trampled under foot the fundamental demands of justice and morality. But those days are happily past. None but the very ignorant or those who have lost all concern for moral rectitude to-day indulge in such tirades to mask their ignorance or in lieu of arguments they cannot meet.

Now the ordinarily intelligent man knows that Socialism and anarchy are at the two extremes in political economy. The Socialists demand a fraternal state, where all members who toil shall be recipients of the wealth created and of the bounty of nature, and where no able-bodied man shall reap where he has refused to sow, or gather the harvest that is due to another's industry; a state where the happiness, prosperity and development of each is the concern of all; where economic independence shall supplement political independence; where there shall be no involuntary poverty, no child robbed of its childhood-rights by being forced to labor, and where all women shall be so economically free that there shall be no enforced degradation of womanhood, no involuntary prostitution within or without the marriage-bond, for with economic independence no woman would be compelled to marry for a home, for support or for any other cause than for love; a social order in which it would

be possible for man to yield to society the best that was in him, amid conditions that would foster the highest possible physical, mental and moral development; or, in a word, a social order in which society should make all environing conditions so just, equitable and free for each as to favor the highest possible development of all.

The Socialists stand unswervingly against militarism and war. They are the one great body in every Christian land that demands disarmament and universal arbitration. They are a unit against child-labor, insisting that every child shall have a right to his childhood, to healthful and proper freedom and to the best educational advantages during the formative period, and that the State that is so criminally negligent that it permits children to become the victims of capitalistic greed and avarice foredooms itself and curses the oncoming generation.

In the third place, Socialists are the unswerving advocates of conditions that must more than other external influences make for true sexual morality in regard to woman.

But this is not all. Socialism would provide for the liberal maintenance of the aged and those incapacitated in the performance of duties. Therefore it would lift the awful pall of fear that to-day canopies the mental horizon of the majority of mankind in civilized lands.

These are a few of the cardinal results that Socialists claim would follow the introduction of their scientific theory of government,—merely results that would be inevitable in an organization of society where justice and brotherhood were the all-dominating theories and which provides for no parasite class, recognizing the right, the duty and the moral necessity of every able-bodied person contributing to the support, enrichment, happiness and development of the social organism.

To understand Socialism one must study its philosophy, and until he has done so he has no right to express an opinion on the question, much less to parrot the fallacies, falsehoods and stupid utterances of men employed to mislead the people on the subject. The stu-

* Books intended for review in THE ARENA should be addressed to B. O. Flower, Editorial Department, THE ARENA, Boston, Mass.

dent who has time at his command and the inclination to thoroughly master the philosophy of a great subject, should study the writings of Karl Marx as well as those of the later apostles of Socialism. The very busy readers who are not especially interested in the subject and yet who wish to have a fair and just conception of Socialism, should by all means peruse the article on Socialism in the Ninth Edition of the *Encyclopedia Britannica*, as it gives a brief but impartial outline of the tenets of Socialism. There are, however, tens of thousands of earnest men and women who desire a clear, full exposition of Socialism—an exposition that shall be at once as simple as a primer of the philosophy can be made, and yet so full and complete that every point for and against the system is touched upon and the subject is treated in the light of man's evolutionary advance and the evolutionary growth of the social organism.

To such persons we heartily recommend this volume by Walter Thomas Mills, A.M. It is by far the most comprehensive yet thoroughly popular exposition that we have seen. It is a work that though primarily intended for students or those in sympathy with Socialism who desire to familiarize themselves thoroughly with all its tenets, so as to be able to discuss it intelligently, is nevertheless admirably adapted to the general reader who merely wishes to possess a clear knowledge of the theory of Socialism and the views advanced by American Socialists in answer to objections made by upholders of the capitalistic system. In it the author constantly makes comparisons between the two mutually exclusive theories of government, and in a clear, succinct and orderly manner unfolds and advocates the theory of society based on the recognition of the law of solidarity and the mutual dependence and obligations of every unit in the social organism. There is no abstruse reasoning, there are no lengthy arguments. Perhaps we cannot in a few words give a clearer idea of the contents of the work than by mentioning the following principal extended discussions as found in the volume:

"Capitalism and Socialism," "Primitive Life," "Order of Primitive Progress," "Slavery," "Serfdom," "The Wage System," "The Era of Invention," "The Trust and the World Market," "The Collapse of Capitalism," "Collectivism, Democracy and Equality," "The Ownership of the Earth," "Religious and Political Democracies," "Modern Science

and Socialism," "Machine Production," "Utopias and Coöperative Society," "Growth of Sense of Solidarity," "The Irrepressible Conflict," "Collapse of Capitalism the Triumph of Socialism," "The Purposes of the State," "Assumptions in Economics," "Theories of Value," "The Money Question," "Theories of Population," "Rent, Interest and Profit," "The Fine Arts and Socialism," "Religion and Socialism," "Education and Socialism," "The Farmer and Socialism," "The Middle Class and Socialism," "The Trust, Imperialism and Socialism," "Labor Unions and Socialism," "Municipal Misrule and Socialism," "Unjust Taxation and Socialism," "Public Ownership and Socialism," "Civil Service and Socialism," "Status of Women and Socialism," "The Race Problem and Socialism," "The Traffic in Vice and Socialism," "Charity Organizations and Socialism," "The Nature of a Political Party," and "The Socialist Party."

All these subjects are clearly presented and discussed in a manner entirely comprehensible even by the young. How real and general is the interest in practical expositions of Socialism is seen from the fact that this work, which was only published a few months ago, is already in its fourth edition, ten thousand copies having been issued. This for a large volume costing \$2.50, is at once a striking indication of the general interest in the subject and also that the work is one which meets a real popular want. We can heartily recommend it to all wishing to know just what the American Socialists believe in order to be able to intelligently consider the philosophy and to discuss its tenets.

John Brown the Hero. Personal Reminiscences by J. W. Winkley, M.D. Illustrated. Cloth. Pp. 126. Price, 85 cents net. Boston: James H. West Company.

THIS charming little volume by Dr. J. W. Winkley contains in a series of graphic pictures the personal reminiscences of the author on the plains of Kansas as a soldier of freedom under the leadership of John Brown, when the first great fight was made to check the extension of slavery,—the conflict that proved the prelude to the greatest civil war of modern times. The author's admiration for John Brown is very marked. The moral heroism of the stern old man, who reminds one of the old Hebrew prophets and leaders, will

ever exert a compelling influence over lofty imaginations, even though such persons deprecate the use of force in waging the war for what are believed to be the highest principles of justice and morality. We are glad Dr. Winkley has set down his personal experiences and impressions in so interesting and vivid a manner, as they are a valuable addition to the all-too-meagre authentic facts of this strange and terrible passage in the history of the Massachusetts of the trans-Mississippi region.

Dear Fatherland. A novel by Ex-Lieutenant Bilse. Cloth. Pp. 258. Price, \$1.50. New York: John Lane.

THIS novel is by the author of *Life in a Garrison Town*, a story which consisted largely of the writer's own experiences in the German army, and which, being at once a true picture of present-day garrison-life and a most shameful revelation of arrogant and despotic action, of shameful abuses and gross immoralities,—in a word, a picture of despotism and degradation, created a profound sensation in Germany; and the author was court-martialed and driven from the service, though the disgraceful exposures of the book were expressly admitted to be true by the Minister of War in the Reichstag. The infamous treatment accorded this brave young author and the suppression of his work by the Emperor failed to daunt him, as the present romance, though it contains two or three politic references to the Kaiser which, however necessary to prevent its suppression, one regrets to see, is another terrible arraignment of German garrison-life.

Seldom has the morally disintegrating influence of military life been so clearly outlined as in *Dear Fatherland*. Here the absolute despotism exercised by officers who are frequently indolent, cruel, vain, shallow and subject to whims and caprices, is painted in vivid colors, and the effect of such rule on the soldiers, together with the life of routine and monotony and the contagious influence of certain disreputable characters are shown in the series of catastrophes that fill a large part of the novel. The destruction of ideals, the progressive degradation of life, the commission of crimes that reach their climax in murder and suicide—all these things serve to impress in a truly realistic manner the essentially degrading effect of barrack-life—the moral eclipse that must sooner or later mark the lives of professional man-slayers, those indi-

viduals whose trade or calling is an affront to Christ and Christianity. Besides being an interesting story of the realistic school, the work has a two-fold value. It presents a striking picture of present-day garrison-life in Germany and illustrates how degrading and subversive of all that is worthiest in man is such an existence.

Famous Men of the Old Testament. By Morton Bryan Wharton, D.D. Cloth. Pp. 334. Price, \$1.50. New York: E. B. Treat & Company.

IN THIS work the author presents biographical sketches of the following prominent and typical characters of the Old Testament: Abraham, Jacob, Joseph, Moses, Joshua, Gideon, Jephthah, Eli, Saul, David, Solomon, Elijah, Jonah, Daniel, Balaam, Absalom and Nehemiah.

The work is from the pen of an orthodox thinker of the old school, but there is greater clarity of vision in the discussions than in most works by scholars who take the Old Testament literally, and there is present a degree of frankness and fearlessness in condemning evil and immoral acts among the great Biblical characters that renders the work wholesome and helpful to persons who share the author's views. To us these views are at times amazing, when we remember that we are living in the twentieth century. Thus, for example, Dr. Wharton appears to accept as a literal fact the story of Jonah being swallowed by a fish and living in its body for three days. If, however, one is prepared to accept as literal history the wonder-stories of the Old Testament, he will find this work satisfying; and by virtue of its sturdy ethics it is far superior to most volumes which from a similar viewpoint deal with Old Testament men and miracles.

The author possesses a clear and vigorous style. He is a good story-teller and the volume bears every evidence of the writer's sincerity.

Rebels of the New South. By Walter Marion Raymond. Illustrated. Cloth. Pp. 294. Price, \$1.00. Chicago: Charles H. Kerr & Company.

IN THIS story Mr. Raymond has set forth clearly and with admirable spirit the ethics of Socialism as they relate to the sex question,

while boldly and strikingly contrasting the fundamental ethics, as they relate to social and economic conditions, of Socialism and the present reactionary capitalistic and imperialistic politico-economic régime. The book is an excellent answer to the absurd and viciously unjust novel of a one-time preacher, who seems to be pandering to the blind prejudice of the unthinking by false, distorted or partial views of Socialism and of certain passages in our own history.

Mr. Raymond shows very clearly and truthfully the strong points in common between the ethics of Jesus and those of Socialism, and he also shows how inherently antagonistic in spirit is the present arrogant, conscienceless capitalistic order to the exalted social communion established by the Great Nazarene.

Barring the introduction of some phrases, mostly expletives, on the part of the central characters, which we could wish were omitted, little criticism can be made against the ethics presented in the work, which indeed deals with some delicate questions in so exceptionally wholesome and vitally normal a manner that it would be difficult to overpraise the author's method of treatment or the views he advances.

From a purely literary standpoint the story is not so strong. Indeed, if the cunning of the literary craftsman had been in keeping with the ethical excellence of the novel, the story would be entitled to rank as a distinctly great romance of social progress. As it is it deserves wide circulation as a social and ethical propaganda novel, and the romance interest is sufficient to make it read with deep interest by thousands who would not peruse a similar work in the form of abstract discussions. Socialists would do well to give this book wide circulation. It is a book that it will do them good to read as well as one that will enlighten and tend to place other readers in a sympathetic attitude toward Socialism.

Immortality. By William Colby Cooper, M.D. Cloth. Pp. 172. Published by the author at Cleves, Ohio.

THIS volume merits the consideration of thoughtful people. It is a serious and very able discussion, from the purely philosophical viewpoint, of the logical arguments for and against the theory of the persistence of life after the crisis of death. In Frederic W. H. Myers' great work, *Human Personality*

and *Its Survival of Bodily Death*, and in Alfred Russel Wallace's *Miracles and Modern Spiritualism*, the English-speaking world has two inestimably valuable contributions to the affirmative side of the question, in which the principal arguments are adduced from psychical phenomena as witnessed during the past seventy-five years. But in this work the author chiefly relies upon philosophical arguments and upon logical deductions rather than physical manifestations of a psychical character. We are all familiar with the religious arguments that have proved satisfactory to so many but which are wholly inconclusive to a growing number of inquiring minds, and to such searchers after truth this book will, we think, prove of real value. It represents the ripest thoughts and conclusions of a well-known physician who for many years has been a deep student of life in its many aspects. The philosophical arguments against the theory of immortality or life after death, are stated with strength, clearness and conspicuous impartiality; after which the arguments advanced in answer to these positions are presented.

Seldom has an author with strong convictions maintained so judicial a mental attitude or evinced so little of the special-pleader's art as has Dr. Cooper. He holds that the weight of philosophical argument favors the belief in a future life, and he presents his reasons in a clear, dispassionate and logical manner that cannot fail to arrest and hold the attention of those interested in the subject treated.

The exacting duties of a busy life have prevented the author from giving the time and attention to the literary presentation of the work that would have marked it had the demands upon his time been less onerous. He has, as he observes in his preface, been more deeply concerned in presenting a well-reasoned argument that should appeal to logical thinkers than in the form of his presentation, and though the work is lucid, there are places where the choice of words would have given a finish or setting more in keeping with the marked ability of the production as a logical argument.

The method of presentation, however, is less open to criticism than the typography. The volume is one that is as valuable as it is timely, and it should have been brought out by a well-established book-publishing house where the art of book-making receives the attention that is due books that are worth the making. A work published by the author

goes out with a certain handicap, because there is in the popular mind a prejudice against such works—a prejudice, indeed, that is in most cases not without warrant; but in exceptional instances some really great or extremely valuable books are thus published, and in this instance we have a work worthy of a far better presentation in type than it has received.

We can recommend this discussion to thinking men and women who are desirous of having presented, clearly and in easily understandable language, the arguments for and against the theory of life after death from a purely philosophical point-of-view, by an able reasoner who through rationalistic methods and long and careful investigation has come to believe in the reality of a life after death.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

MUNICIPAL CORRUPTION AND ITS APOLOGISTS: In Mr. BLANKENBURG'S paper in this issue we have a record of municipal corruption that seems almost incredible. It is difficult to imagine, even in a state where republican government has been overthrown and where the despotism of a machine as corrupt as the bureaucracy of Russia, in partnership with public-service companies that are innocent of all moral scruples, has reduced free institutions to a farce, that the people who once enjoyed political liberty and free government could be so degraded, so lost to all sentiments of manhood and self-respect, as to tolerate for a month the carnival of political debauchery so circumstantially described by our author. These papers of Mr. BLANKENBURG'S should be carefully filed. They are among the most important historical records of the present time and should be saved for reference in the great pending struggle which shall determine the fate of the republic.

Our Commerce with Latin America: True friends of American commerce will find in Professor NOA'S paper in this issue of THE ARENA a contribution of special value. The author is a graduate of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, holding the degree of Bachelor of Science from that institution. For several years Professor NOA has been prominently engaged in educational and reformatory work in connection with such leaders as WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON, MARY A. LIVERMORE, JULIA WARD HOWE, and Rev. CHARLES G. AMES, striving to further such movements as universal peace, abolition of capital punishment, prison reform, woman's suffrage, free trade, and the abolition of the spoils-system through rigid civil-service examinations and tenure of office during good behavior. Few American scholars have given more time in recent years to a careful study of historical, social and economic conditions in the Latin-American states than Professor NOA. He has traveled extensively in Cuba, making an intimate study of the people, their condition, their history and their needs. His studies of the South American republics impressed him with the immensely valuable field for American commerce, if our republic is great and wise enough to take advantage of the opening and by a policy of conciliation, of peace, liberality and the spirit of enlightened twentieth-century civilization to foster

and encourage the most friendly and reciprocal relations. On this and kindred subjects he has lectured extensively in leading cities before important bodies. He has also lectured extensively before educational institutions, his last course being delivered before the visiting Porto Rican teachers at Harvard University in last July. The paper which we present this month should receive the thoughtful consideration which it merits, and be productive of much good.

A Russian Student Throws a Strong Light on the Despotism of Russia: This month we publish a paper of special interest, being the personal narrative of a Russian student, which has been taken down and edited by our valued contributor, Dr. WILLIAM LEE HOWARD. In perusing this story the reader should bear in mind that this youth, who in the flush of health and with brain full of high, patriotic and noble thoughts was seized and thrown into prison for two years, and then exiled for three years, for merely receiving books published in the Polish language and writing to friends in a foreign land of his patriotic aspirations, is but one of many. The story which he relates is in substance the story of the fate of thousands of Russia's high-minded young men and women, with somewhat varying ultimate results. Many have died in prison and exile; others, perhaps a larger proportion, have become insane; while the survivors are physical and nervous wrecks. And this blasting and destroying of the best life of young Russia, for no moral crime, for nothing, indeed, that would be accounted an offence in a civilized land, renders it easy for us to understand how the educators, the students, and indeed the highest and noblest-minded of Russia are the bitterest foes of the inhuman and despotic government of the Czar. The recital also should serve to stimulate a deathless passion in the hearts of our own young—a holy determination to guard the fundamental principles of freedom and justice from the subtle encroachments of reaction, privilege and centralization, which are already at work in our government.

Ryan Walker's "Fairy Stories from Real Life": The admirable series of "Fairy Stories from Real

Life," which appeared in our sketch of RYAN WALKER in the April ARENA, were taken from *The Socialist*, of Toledo, Ohio. They would have been duly credited, but at the time we were under the impression that *The Socialist* had been discontinued. We make this special announcement, as it is the desire of THE ARENA at all times to fully credit the publications from which cartoons are taken.

An Able Exposé of the Fallacies of the Railway Apologists: In the February ARENA Mr. W. G. JOERNS exposed the shameful robbery of the consumers and producers by the Armour Refrigerator-Car Trust. In the present issue this careful reasoner takes up the three principal pleas that have been made by the railway interests and their representatives, and shows how pitifully fallacious and misleading they are. This paper is a valuable contribution to the solid literature that is preparing the public mind for radical reform measures that will in a few years be rendered inevitable.

Mrs. Trask's Appeal to the Conscience of the Anglo-Saxon World: There is something of the high moral enthusiasm of the true prophet in the noble appeal of Mrs. TRASK to the conscience of the Anglo-Saxon peoples in her stirring poem. If the English-speaking world would throw aside its hypocrisy and cant, and boldly, bravely and earnestly set out upon a persistent campaign for the creation of a public sentiment that would render compulsory arbitration inevitable, in a few years civilized nations would no more think of appealing to the arbitrament of force than they would to-day think of sanctioning the slave-trade, which was once justified in much the same manner as the present apologists justify war. And with the strong peace tendencies of King EDWARD, if the republic had at its head a true statesman and a man of broad, enlightened spiritual sensibilities,—such, for example, as CHARLES SUMNER,—there would, we think, be little doubt but that within the next four years advance along these lines would be so positive as to render war among civilized nations extremely improbable if not impossible. Unhappily our President is far more enamored of the "big stick" than of the olive-branch. The Emperor WILLIAM rather than GROTIUS, GLADSTONE, VICTOR HUGO or CHARLES SUMNER is his ideal.

Professor Parsons on Municipal-Ownership: We have few thinkers in America so well qualified to speak authoritatively on municipal-ownership as Professor FRANK PARSONS. He has intimately and exhaustively studied various municipal and state experiments in public-ownership and opera-

tion, in Great Britain and various Continental nations during his extended travels in the Old World. He has also made an exhaustive study of the practical results of public-ownership in Australasia. The views, therefore, which he embodies in his brief but highly suggestive paper are worthy of special consideration, and we earnestly trust that those actively interested in public-ownership will act on the suggestions contained therein. We are in the midst of a political, social and economic crisis, and no true American can afford to prove a laggard in the present battle of the people against corporate domination.

Mr. Partridge's Head of Tennyson: In this issue we present another of our art pictures representing the typical work of leading sculptors, artists and architects of America. Mr. PARTRIDGE's head of TENNYSON is one of a series of busts made by this eminent sculptor representing leading men of letters of the English-speaking world. It is our purpose to publish a paper on this phase of Mr. PARTRIDGE's work in an early issue of THE ARENA, which will carry photographic reproductions of a number of these interesting heads. Mr. PARTRIDGE possesses the genius of the true artist which enables him to give a life-like effect to his sculptured work. He catches the soul, as it were, of the subject, and as a rule his busts also express in an eminent degree the subtle mental and spiritual qualities that dominated the life and work of the subject in question.

Important Papers Crowded Out of this Issue: There are a number of exceptionally interesting and important papers which have been unavoidably crowded out of this issue. Among these we especially mention "The Charm of Emerson," one of the most discriminating and fascinating essays on the great Concord philosopher that has been written in recent years, prepared for THE ARENA by Professor J. R. MOSLEY, Ph.D., of Macon, Georgia; "The Divorce Question: A Lawyer's View," a timely discussion of the subject by ERNEST DALE OWEN; "Yellow Journalism," by LYDIA KINGSMILL COMMANDER, in which the excellent as well as the objectionable features of the modern popular press which has proved the terror of the rich and powerful evil-doers are dwelt upon in a manner that will commend the discussion to the unprejudiced and judicial; "The Identity of Socialism and Christianity," by JAMES T. VAN RENSSELAER. This very scholarly paper will appeal to a large number of conscientious and thoughtful persons in the church and out, who recognize the disintegrating influence of present materialistic commercialism on the millions of the nation and the prosperity and happiness of the multitude.

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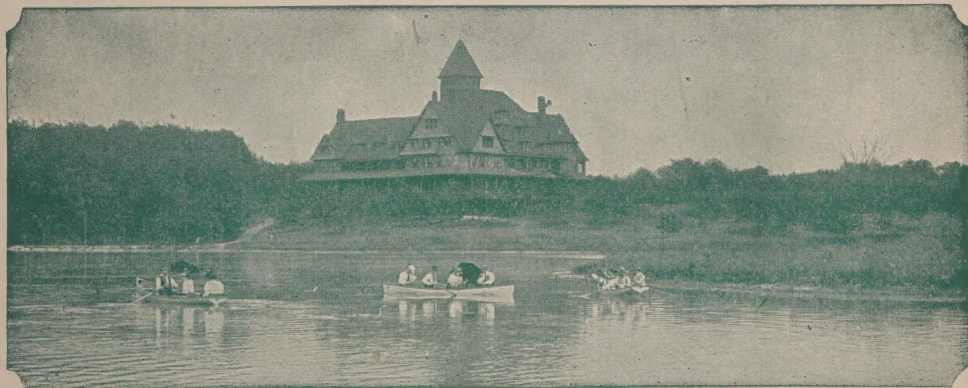
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